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P. 1311

23 Feb., 1861.

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CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE

The Gift of
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23 June, 1860.

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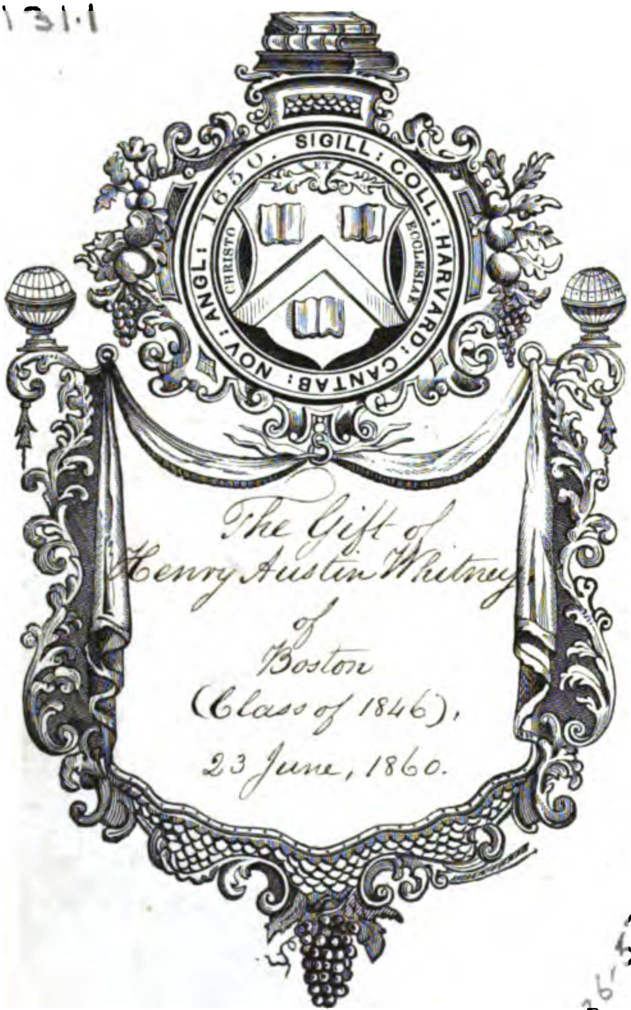
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that dark transaction. The mind is insensibly drawn away from the issue; indignation is aroused, to be directed successively at one subordinate agent after another, until the great and principal offender has time to escape, and the full torrent of invective bursts on the guilty and miserable head of one accomplice.

The brilliancy of the narrative reminds us of the startling effects of those scenic representations which have given a distinctive character to the Adelphi Theatre. At the end of the piece the Demon stands confessed in the person of the Master of Stair; a thunderbolt whizzes across the stage, and the Monster falls in a blaze of red fire; Lord Macaulay, in the garb of the Muse of History, leads King William to the foot-lights to receive absolution at the hands of the pit, and we experience a confused sensation mixed up of Bishop Burnett and the Flying Dutchman, Lord Macaulay's brilliant periods, Madame Celeste's more brilliant eyes, her silvery ringing voice, and her graceful figure most bewitchingly arrayed in the Knickerbockers of Vanderdecken.

It is essential to a correct judgment upon the case to understand distinctly the relation in which the Glencoe men stood to the government of William. The terms rebels, marauders, thieves, banditti, murderers, have been so freely and so fraudulently used by historians and political partisans, from the close of the seventeenth century down even to our own day, and such is the effect of positive, reckless, and often-repeated assertion, that some of our readers may be disposed to smile incredulously when we state, as we do most positively, that none of these terms are justly applicable to the Macdonalds of Glencoe at the time of the massacre.

In the summer of 1691, the war which was being vigorously carried on in Ireland was smouldering but not extinguished in Scotland. The clans remained faithful to James, but a year had elapsed since they had made any overt demonstration in his favour. Colonel Hill, who commanded William's garrison at Inverlochy, writing on the 12th of May 1691, says, "The people hereabouts have robbed none all this winter, but have been very peaceable and civil."* On the 3d of June he writes to the Earl of Melville, "We are at present as peaceable hereabouts as ever." † On the 29th of July the Privy Council report that "the Highland rebels have of late been very peaceable, acting no hostilities." ‡ On the 22d of August, Colonel Hill writes from Fort-William to Lord Raith, "This acquaints your Lordship that we are here still in the same peaceable condition that we have been for more than a year past." § The chiefs, indeed, only awaited the arrival of permission from St. Germains to enable them to lay down their arms without blemish to their honour or taint upon their fidelity.

On the 30th of June, a suspension of arms was agreed upon, and a truce was entered into in the following terms, between the commander of the forces of James, and the Earl of Breadalbane on behalf of William:—

"We, Major-General Buchan, Brigadier, and Sir Geo. Barclay, general officers of King James the Seventh his forces within the kingdom of Scotland, to testifie our aversion of shedding Christian blood, and y^t we design to appear good Scotsmen, and to wish y^t this nation may be restored to its wonted and happy peace, doe agree and consent to a forebearance of all acts of hostilitie and depreda^n to be committed upon the subjects of this nation or England, until the first day of October next; providing that there be no acts of hostility or depreda^n committed upon any of the King's subjects, who have been or are ingaged in his service, under our command, either by sea or land; we having given all necessary orders to such as are under our command to forbear acts of hostility, by sea or land, untill the afors^d tyme.—Subscribed at Achallader y^e 30th June 1691.

"Whereas the chieftains of clans have given bonds not to commit acts of hostility or depreda^n before the first day of October next, upon the conditions contained in the afs^d bonds; and in regard that the officers sent by King James to command the s^d chieftains have by one unanimous consent in their council of war agreed to the s^d forbearance: Therefore I, as having warrant from King William and Queen Mary to treat with the foresaid Highlanders concerning the peace of the kingdom, doe hereby certify y^t the s^d officers and chieftains have signed a forbearance of acts of hostilitie and $depreda^n$ till the first of October next. Wherefore it's most necessary, just, and reasonable, y^t noe acts of hostility by sea or land or $depreda^n$ be committed upon the s^d officers, or any of their party whom they doe command, or upon the chieftains, or their kinsmen, friends, tennents, or followers, till the for^d first day of October.—Subscribed at Achallader the 30th day of June 1691.—BREADALBINE."*

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* Hill to Tarbat, *Highland Papers*, Maitland Club.

† *Leven and Melville Papers*, p. 617. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid., p. 648.

This document is conclusive that those who were in arms for James in Scotland were legitimate belligerents, enemies who might lawfully be shot down in battle, but who might treat and be treated with, and who were entitled to all those rights which the laws of nations award to an enemy.

The treaty of Limerick was signed on the 3d of October in the same year. It will be admitted by every one, that to have shot or hanged Sarsfield as a rebel, would have been an outrage as much on the laws of war as on those of humanity. It served the interests of those who desired to shield the perpetrators of an infamous crime from opprobrium, to call Macdonald of Glencoe a rebel. He was as much a rebel as Sarsfield was, and no more; in both cases the distinction is broad and clear —so broad and clear, that we should have supposed it impossible for any one honestly to be blind to it. Neither Sarsfield nor Glencoe had ever owned the authority of William. As long as James was in arms to defend his crown, as long as subjects who had never owned any other allegiance flocked round his standard, so long were those subjects entitled to all the rights which the laws of war concede to enemies.

Cotemporaneously with the signature of the treaty we have referred to, negotiations for a permanent pacification were going on. Colonel Hill, in one of the letters we have already quoted, says, "The Appin and Glencoe men have desired they may go in to my Lord Argyle, because he is their superior, and I have set them a short day to do it in."† The Privy Council in the next month report that the Highlands had of late been very peaceable, that many had accepted the oath from Colonel Hill, "never to rise in arms against their Majesties or the Government,"‡ and that others were living quietly and peaceably.

We have been thus precise in our statement of the position of the Highland adherents of James during the summer and autumn of 1691 for the purpose of showing, by the best possible testimony—that of the civil and military servants of William—that there was nothing to provoke or excuse any measure of severity; that the war, though not extinguished, was suspended, and that the conduct of the Highlanders, considering the unsettled state of the country, was singularly peaceful and orderly.

Immediately after the signature of the treaty, the Earl of Breadalbane invited the heads of the clans to a meeting at Achallader, with the view of arranging a final cessation of hostilities.§ Amongst others, Glencoe was invited, and obeyed the summons. Lord Macaulay attempts with great ingenuity to depreciate the position held by Glencoe amongst his brother chiefs. It is true that the fighting men who owned his command did not exceed one-fourth of the number of those who, at the summons of the fiery cross, flocked together to obey the behests of Lochiel or Glengarry; but he commanded half as many as Keppoch, and a number equal to the haughty chief of Barra, who boasted that he was the fourteenth Roderick M'Neill who had reigned in uninterrupted succession from father to son over his island kingdom, and who handed down that patriarchal sway to our own time.*

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* *Culloden Papers*, p. 18.

† *Leven and Melville Papers*, p. 607, June 1691. ‡ Ibid., July 29, 1691.

§ Achallader was a house of the Earl of Breadalbane, situate near the north-eastern end of Loch Tullich, in the neighbourhood of the shooting-lodge of the present Marquis, and of the famous deer forest of the Black Mount. It was on the opposite side of the lake to the present Inn of Inveroran, a place probably well known to many of our readers.

Much of the influence of Glencoe was due to his personal character. "He was a person of great integrity, honour, good nature, and courage. He was strong, active, and of the largest size; much loved by his neighbours, and blameless in his conduct."† Such is the character of Glencoe, drawn by the biographer of Lochiel.

It is by no means improbable, however, that amongst the tribe of which he was the head there were some who felt little scruple in possessing themselves of the flocks and herds of hostile clans, and who, as Lord Macaulay remarks, as little thought themselves thieves for doing so as "the Raleighs and Drakes considered themselves thieves when they divided the cargoes of Spanish galleons."‡

Feuds had been of frequent occurrence between the Glencoe men and the neighbouring clansmen of Breadalbane. An ancient antipathy, deepened by political differences, existed between the Macdonalds and that branch of the Campbells. Breadalbane, either forgetful for the moment of the important business he had in hand, or, which appears more probable, desirous to pick a quarrel and prevent an amicable settlement with one whom he hoped to be able to crush, if he could find a plausible excuse for doing so, reproached Glencoe "about some cows that the Earl alleged were stolen from his men by Glencoe's men."§ Glencoe left Achallader in anger, as Breadalbane probably intended he should, and returned with his two sons to his patriarchal home. He knew the malice of Breadalbane; but the truce was not to expire until October, and till then, at least, he and those for whose safety he was responsible were secure.

Lord Macaulay, with some philological assumption, introduces his description of the glen by telling his readers that "in the Gaelic tongue 'Glencoe' signifies the Glen of Weeping." It signifies no such thing. According to the simplest and most apparent derivation, it signifies the Glen of the Dogs, "con" being the genitive plural of "cù," a dog. Had Lord Macaulay's knowledge of Gaelic been sufficient to tell him this, he would probably have urged it as conclusive proof of the estimation in which the inhabitants were held. But in fact the name signifies no more than the Valley of the Conn or

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* The following document shows the proportionate strength of the clans at this time:—

"We, Lord James Murray, Pat. Stewart of Ballechan, Sir John M'Lean, Sir Donald M'Donald, Sir Ewen Cameron, Glengarrie, Benbecula, Sir Alexander M'Lean Appin, Enveray, Keppoch, Glencoe, Strowan, Calochele, Lieut.-Col. M'Gregor, Bara, Larg, M'Naughton, do hereby bind and oblige ourselves, for his Majesty's service, and our own safeties to meet at the day of Sept. next, and bring along with us fencible men, that is to say—

Lord James Murray and Ballechan,		Euveray,	100
		Keppoch,	100
Sir John M'Lean,	200	Lieut.-Col. M'Gregor,	100
Sir Donald M'Donald,	200	Calochele,	50
Sir Ewen Cameron,	200	Strowan,	60
Glengarrie,	200	Bara,	50
Benbecula,	200	Glencoe,	50
Sir Alex. M'Lean,	100	M'Naughton,	50
Appin,	100	Larg,	50

But in case any of the rebels shall assault or attack any of the above-named persons betwixt the date hereof, and the first day of rendezvous, we do all solemnly promise to assist one another to the utmost of our power,—as witness these presents signed by us, at the Castle of Blair, the 24th Aug. 1689." (Here follow the signatures.)—Browne's *History of the Clans*, vol. ii. p. 183.

† *Memoirs of Lochiel*, 321.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 307.

§ See the very plain and simple account given in the depositions of John and Alexander M'Ian, 13 *State Trials*, p. 897; and Lord Macaulay's picturesque paraphrase, vol. iv. p. 193.

Cona,* that being the name which the stream flowing through it bears in common with many other rivers in Scotland, derived either from the Scotch fir, or from the common moss which covers the valley, both of which bear the name of "cona." The word which signifies lamentation or weeping, is the unmanageable compound of letters "caoidh," which probably would be quite as great an enigma to Lord Macaulay as the mystical M.O.A.I. was to Malvolio.

His picture of Glencoe is painted with the historian's usual brilliancy, and his usual fidelity. It bears the same relation to the place itself as Mr. Charles Kean's scenery at the Princess's Theatre does to Harfleur, Agincourt, or Eastcheap. We have seen the glen in the extremes of weather; we have been drenched and scorched in it. We have wrung rivers out of our plaid, and we have knelt down to suck up through parched lips the tiny rivulets that trickled over the rocks. We therefore consider ourselves entitled to criticise Lord Macaulay's description.

Lord Macaulay says: "In truth, that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all Scottish passes—the very valley of the shadow of death. . . . . . Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog or the bleat of a lamb: the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock."† The reader must not suppose that this exaggerated description of the desolation of Glencoe is without an object, or that it is due only to the pleasure which Lord Macaulay feels in soaring on the powerful wings of his imagination. We shall presently see that in the most studied and ingenious manner he seeks to diminish the feeling of sympathy for the Macdonalds, by showing that they were "banditti," "thieves," "robbers," "freebooters," "ruffians," "marauders who in any well-governed country would have been hanged thirty years before,"‡ and by this means gradually to lead to the conclusion that it was the cruelty and treachery which accompanied the execution of the order for their "extirpation" which constitutes the crime, and not the giving of the order itself.

The Macdonalds, he infers, *must* have been thieves—honest men could not have existed in such a wilderness; and accordingly in the next page he says that "the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter which it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder." Now, from the entrance to the glen down to its termination at the village of Invercoe is about six miles, and in this distance there is at least one farmhouse—if our memory serves us correctly, there are two, and several cottages; so that if Lord Macaulay looked in vain for the smoke of a hut, it must have been because at that moment the fires were not lighted. As to not hearing the bark of a dog or the bleat of a lamb, at our last visit we were almost deafened by both, for Glencoe is a sheep-walk occupied by that well-known sportsman and agriculturist, Mr. Campbell of Monzie, one of whose deer-forests it immediately adjoins, and who, on the occasion we refer to, was superintending in person the gathering of his flocks from the mountains, preparatory to starting for Falkirk. At the lower end (the scene of the massacre) the glen expands, and forms a considerable plain of arable and pasture land, where the reapers were busy gathering in the harvest in the fields round the village, which still stands surrounded by flourishing trees on the same spot where it stood in 1692, and where it is marked under the name of Innercoan upon Visscher's map of Scotland, published at Amsterdam in 1700,—pretty good proof that it was not then a very inconsiderable place. A mile or two farther on, Loch Leven glittered in the setting sun, round the island burial-place of the M'Ians, where the murdered chieftain sleeps with his fathers. The chink of hammers sounded from the busy slatequarries of Mr. Stewart of Ballachulish, and in the distance the wood of Lettermore (the scene of another foul outrage,) stretched forward toward the broad waters of the Linnhe Loch.

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* See Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 485.

† Vol. iv. p. 191.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 203.

If Lord Macaulay had said that the Pass of Glencoe excels all others in Scotland in stern beauty, he would, as far as our knowledge goes, have said what was perfectly correct; but we know many passes far more "desolate and melancholy," none grander, but many "sadder" and "more awful." The pass from Loch Kishorn to Applecross is more awful and more desolate; the head of Loch Torridon is more dreary; and even Glen Rosa in Arran is more destitute of the signs of human habitation. Many others will occur to the mind of any one whose steps have wandered out of the beaten track of cockney tourists. Such is Glencoe at the present day. It was described not long after the massacre by the author of the *Memoirs of Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel* in the following words:—

> "The country of Glencoe is, as it were, the mouth or inlet into Lochaber from the south, and the inhabitants are the first we meet with that appeared unanimously for King James. They are separated from Breadalbane on the south by a large desert, and from Lochaber by an arm of the sea on the north; on the east and west it is covered by high, rugged, and rocky mountains, almost perpendicular, rising like a wall on each side of a *beautiful valley, where the inhabitants reside*."*

Just midway between the time of the massacre and the present day, we have the testimony of another perfectly competent witness to its state. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, at that time a girl of nineteen, was residing with her father, who was barrack-master at Fort-Augustus. She was distantly connected with the family of Glencoe, and the granddaughters of the chief himself of that day, who had been carried off to the hills by his nurse on the night of the massacre, when he was an infant of two years old, had been her schoolfellows. She writes in May 1773, from Fort-William, speaks of an invitation she had received from her schoolfellow to visit her at Glencoe, and then proceeds as follows:—

> "Glencoe she has often described to me as very singular in its appearance and situation;—a glen so narrow, so warm, so fertile, so overhung by mountains which seem to meet above you—with sides so shrubby and woody!—the haunt of roes and numberless small birds.
>
> "They told me it was unequalled for the chorus of 'wood-notes wild' that resounded from every side. The sea is so near that its roar is heard and its productions abound; it was always accounted (for its narrow bounds) *a place of great plenty and security*." †

Lord Macaulay must have seen this description, for he alludes to the letter in a contemptuous note,‡ in which he says that Mrs. Grant's account of the massacre is "grossly incorrect,"§ and that she makes a mistake of *two years* as to the date. Mrs. Grant's account of the massacre is just what we might expect from a girl deeply imbued with the Ossianic furor, writing from tradition without even the pretence of historical accuracy. It is curious, however, that Lord Macaulay imports into his History the most improbable incident that she relates—namely, that "the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home." Mrs. Grant's bard bears too evident a likeness to the gentleman of the same profession who sat

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming
flood,"

and committed suicide in its "roaring tide," to be acknowledged as an historical personage. Her mistake as to time, which Lord Macaulay condemns so harshly, is a mistake of six weeks—not, as he asserts, of two years. She says the massacre took place during the festivities of Christmas: it occurred, in fact, on the

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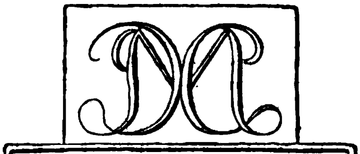
* *Memoirs of Lochiel*, Maitland Club, p. 315.

† *Letters from the Mountains*, vol. i. p. 50.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 213.

§ Vol. iv. p. 213.

13th of February. Notwithstanding these inaccuracies, Mrs. Grant is a perfectly good witness as to what the state of the glen was in her time; and any one who visits it now, unless he is a cockney boxed up inside the "Rob Roy," somnolent from the effect of the coach dinner at Tyndrum, or unaccustomed potations of toddy at King's House, will see much to confirm the correctness of her description. Two mistakes we must guard him against. The site of the house of Achtriaten, about half-way down the glen, is pointed out by some as the scene of the massacre. Achtriaten himself was murdered—not, however, in his own house, but in that of his brother at Auchnaion.* Others, better informed as to the localities, state that a ruined gable, still standing, formed part of Glencoe's house: it very possibly occupies the same site as the house of the chief, which was burned on the night of the massacre; but the date and monogram, upon a stone inserted under one of the windows, show that it was probably the house of John Macdonald, the eldest son and successor of the chief, rebuilt on his return to the glen after his father's murder.



We copied the inscription faithfully, as it appeared in 1857.

We must now leave Glencoe for the present in his mountain home, and Breadalbane proceeding with his negotiations with the other chiefs. Another actor comes upon the stage—the Master of Stair—according to Lord Macaulay, "the most politic, the most eloquent, the most powerful of Scottish statesmen," "the original author of the massacre," the "single mind" from whom all the "numerous instruments employed in the work of death," "directly or indirectly, received their impulse," the "one offender who towered high above the crowd of offenders, pre-eminent in parts, knowledge, rank, and power;" the "one victim demanded by justice in return for many victims immolated by treachery."† Such is Lord Macaulay's judgment. We are not about to dispute the justice of the sentence which consigns the Master of Stair to eternal execration; but it is the duty of the historian to mete out with an unsparing hand the judgment of posterity to all; and it is not by heaping upon one head the punishment due to many that the claims of justice are satisfied.

It is difficult, in dealing with the memory of a man whose crimes excite such just indignation as do those committed by the Master of Stair, to gird one's-self up to the duty of saying, that of part of that which he has been charged with he was not guilty. Black as he was, he was not so black as he has been painted. Lord Macaulay dooms him from the first to be the Demon of the piece. He is the Iago of the tragedy, "more deep damned than Prince Lucifer," no "fiend in hell so ugly;" and accordingly Lord Macaulay suppresses every particle of evidence which tends in the slightest degree to lighten the load of guilt. It is not pleasant to discharge the duty of devil's advocate, but we shall lay this evidence before the reader: when all is done, the Master of Stair will remain quite black enough to satisfy any moderate amateur of villains.

Lord Macaulay introduces him to the reader in the following passage:—

> "The Master of Stair was one of the first men of his time, a jurist, a statesman, a fine scholar, an eloquent orator. His polished manners and lively conversation were the delight of aristocratical societies; and none who met him in such societies would have thought it possible that he could bear the chief part in any atrocious crime. His political principles were lax, yet not more lax than those of most Scotch politicians of that age. Cruelty had never been imputed

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* *Report*, p. 21.

† Macaulay, vol. iv. p. 198, 578, 580.

to him. Those who most disliked him did him the justice to own that, where his schemes of policy were not concerned, he was a very good-natured man. There is not the slightest reason to believe that he gained a single pound Scots by the act which has covered his name with infamy. He had no personal reason to wish the Glencoe men ill. There had been no feud between them and his family. His property lay in a district where their tartan was never seen. Yet he hated them with a hatred as fierce and implacable as if they had laid waste his fields, burned his mansion, murdered his child in the cradle." . . .—(Vol. iv. p. 198.)

"He was well read in history, and doubtless knew how great rulers had, in his own and other countries, dealt with such banditti. He doubtless knew with what energy and what severity James the Fifth had put down the moss-troopers of the Border; how the chief of Henderland had been hung over the gate of the castle in which he had prepared a banquet for the king: how John Armstrong and his thirty-six horsemen, when they came forth to welcome their sovereign, had scarcely been allowed time to say a single prayer before they were all tied up and turned off. Nor probably was the Secretary ignorant of the means by which Sixtus the Fifth had cleared the ecclesiastical state of outlaws. The eulogists of that great pontiff tell us that there was one formidable gang which could not be dislodged from a stronghold among the Apennines. Beasts of burden were therefore loaded with poisoned food and wine, and sent by a road which ran close to the fastness. The robbers sallied forth, seized the prey, feasted and died; and the pious old pope exulted greatly when he heard that the corpses of thirty ruffians, who had been the terror of many peaceful villages, had been found lying among the mules and packages. The plans of the Master of Stair were conceived in the spirit of James and of Sixtus; and the rebellion of the mountaineers furnished what seemed to be an excellent opportunity for carrying those plans into effect. Mere rebellion, indeed, he could have easily pardoned. On Jacobites, as Jacobites, he never showed any inclination to bear hard. He hated the Highlanders, not as enemies of this or that dynasty, but as enemies of law, of industry, and of trade. In his private correspondence he applied to them the short and terrible form of words in which the implacable Roman pronounced the doom of Carthage. His project was no less than this, that the whole hill-country from sea to sea, and the neighbouring islands, should be wasted with fire and sword; that the Camerons, the Macleans, and all the branches of the race of Macdonalds, should be rooted out. He therefore looked with no friendly eye on schemes of reconciliation, and, while others were hoping that a little money would set everything right, hinted very intelligibly his opinion that whatever money was to be laid out on the clans would be best laid out in the form of bullets and bayonets. To the last moment he continued to flatter himself that the rebels would be obstinate, and would thus furnish him with a plea for accomplishing that great social revolution on which his heart was set. The letter is still extant in which he directed the commander of the forces in Scotland how to act, if the Jacobite chiefs should not come in before the end of December. There is something strangely terrible in the calmness and conciseness with which the instructions were given. 'Your troops will destroy entirely the country of Lochaber, Locheil's lands, Keppoch's, Glengarry's, and Glencoe's. Your power shall be large enough. I hope the soldiers will not trouble the Government with prisoners."*—(Vol. iv. p. 202.)

"His design was to butcher the whole race of thieves—the whole damnable race. Such was the language in which his hatred vented itself. He studied the geography of the wild country which surrounded Glencoe, and made his arrangements with infernal skill. If possible, the blow must be quick, and crushing, and altogether unexpected. But if MacIan should apprehend danger, and should attempt to take refuge in the territories of his neighbours, he must find every road barred. The pass of Rannoch must be secured. The Laird of Weems, who was powerful in Strath Tay, must be told that, if he harbours the outlaws, he does so at his peril. Breadalbane promised to cut off the retreat of the fugitives on one side, MacCallum More on another. It was fortunate, the Secretary wrote, that it was winter. This was the time to maul the wretches. The nights were so long, the mountain-tops so cold and stormy, that even the hardiest men could not long bear exposure to the open air without a roof or a spark of fire. That the women and the children could find shelter in the desert was quite impossible. While he wrote thus, no thought that he was committing a great wickedness crossed his mind. He was happy in the approbation of his own conscience. Duty, justice, nay, charity and mercy, were the names under which he disguised his cruelty; nor is it by any means improbable that the disguise imposed upon himself."*

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* That the plan originally framed by the Master of Stair was such as I have represented it, is clear from parts of his letters which are quoted in the report of 1695; and from his letters to Breadalbane of October 27, December 2, and December 3, 1691. Of these letters to Breadalbane, the last two are in Dalrymple's Appendix. The first is in the appendix to the first volume of Mr. Burton's valuable *History of Scotland.* "It appeared," says Burnett (ii. 157), "that a black design was laid, not only to cut off the men of Glencoe, but a great many more clans, reckoned to be in all above six thousand persons."—*Note by Lord Macaulay.*

Much of this brilliant passage is true. But we distinctly deny that the Master of Stair "looked with no friendly eye on schemes of reconciliation." On the contrary, the correspondence which Lord Macaulay suppresses shows distinctly that for months the Master of Stair was most active and urgent in promoting schemes of reconciliation, by negotiation, by threats, by money; and it was not until all these means had failed that he gave in to Breadalbane's "scheme for *mauling* them,"—a scheme, which Lord Macaulay most unjustifiably attributes not to the Earl, to whom it belongs of right, but to the Master of Stair,† who has quite enough to answer for without bearing any share of other men's crimes.

It was upon the failure of the negotiation that all the tiger broke out in the disposition of the Master of Stair; it was then, and not till then, that he joined in the determination to "extirpate" (for such was the terrible word selected for the order which William signed and countersigned with his own hand) the whole clan of M'Ian of Glencoe.

In June 1691 the Master of Stair was with William in the Netherlands; from thence he sent the following letter to the Earl of Breadalbane:—

STAIR to LORD BREADALBANE.

"*From the Camp at Approbata, June* 25 [15], 1691.

"MY LORD,—I can say nothing to you, All things are as you wish, but I do long to hear from you. By the King's letter to the Council you will see *he has stopped all hostilities against the Highlanders till he may hear from you,* and that your time be elapsed without coming to some issue, which I do not apprehend, for there will come nothing to them. . . . . But if they will be mad, before Lammas, they will repent it; for the army will be allowed to go into the Highlands, which some thirst so much for, and the frigates will attack them; but *I have so much confidence in your conduct and capacity to let them see the ground they stand on, that I think these suppositions are vain.* I have sent your instructions.—My dear Lord, adieu."‡

On the 24th of August he writes again:—

"NYNCOUR, *Aug.* 24. *O. S.*, 1691.

"The more I do consider our affairs, I think it the more necessary that your lordship do with all diligence post from thence,§ and that you write to the clans to meet you at Edinburg, to save your trouble of going further. They have been for some time excluded from that place, so they are fein, and will be fond to come there."‖

STAIR to BREADALBANE.

"DEEREN, *Sept.* 30 [20], 1691.

"MY LORD,—I had yours from London signifying that you had not been then despatched, for which I am very uneasy. I *spoke immediately to the King*, that without money the Highlanders would never do; and there have been so many difficulties in the matter, that a resolution to do, especially in money matters, would not satisfy. The King said they were not presently to receive it, which is true, but that he had ordered it to be delivered out of his treasury, so they need not fear in the least performance; besides, *the paper being signed by his majesty's hand* for such sums so to be employed, or their equivalent. . . . . There wants no endeavours to render you suspicious to the King, but he asked what proof there was for the information? and bid him tell you to go on in your business; *the best evidence of sincerity was the bringing that matter quickly to a conclusion.* . . . *I hope your lord-*

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* Vol. iv. p. 206.

† Ibid.

‡ Dal. Ap., Pt. ii. p. 210.

§ *i. e.* from London.

‖ Dal. Ap., Pt. ii. p. 210.

ship will not only keep them from giving any offence, but bring them to take the allegiance, which they ought to do very cheerfully; for their lives and fortunes they have from their majesties."*

Stair to Breadalbane.

"London, *Nov.* 24, 1691.

"My Lord,— . . . . I must say your cousin Locheil hath not been so wise as I thought him, not to mention gratitude; for truly, to gratify your relative, *I did comply to let his share be more than was reasonable.* There were no pleas betwixt him and Argyle to be bought in, *and I well know he, nor Keppoch, nor Appin, cannot lie one night safe in winter from the garrison ot Fort-William. I doubt not Glengarry's house will be a better mid-garrison betwixt Inverness and Inverlochy, than ever he will be a good subject to this government.* . .

"P.S.—Though Locheil were as he should have been, *yet he must to the bargain dispone that moss that lies nearest to Fort-William for a place constantly to provide fewel to that garrison.*"†

It is impossible to read these letters without perceiving the strong desire, on the part of the Master of Stair, that the Highlands should be pacified, if possible, by means of negotiation. This desire comes out even more strongly in the next letter, mingled with feelings of bitter vexation at the approaching failure of the plans, and threatenings of the storm which was about to burst in consequence of his disappointment.

Stair to Breadalbane.

"London, *Dec.* 2, 1691.

"My Lord,—I shall not repeat my thoughts of your doited cousin.‡ I perceive half-sense will play a double game, but it requires solidity to embrace an opportunity, which to him will be lost for ever; and the garrison of Inverlochy is little worth, if he can either sleep in his own bounds, or if he ever be master there. *I repent nothing of the plan. . . . Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, Deputy-Governor of Inverlochy, is a discreet man; you may make use of him.* I should be glad to find, before you get any positive order, that your business is done. for shortly we will conclude a resolution for the winter campaign. . . . I think the clan Donell must be rooted out, *and Locheil.* Leave the M'Lean's to Argyle. But [for] this, Leven and Argyle's regiments, with two more, would have been gone to Flanders. Now, all stops, and no more money from England to entertain them. God knows whether the £12,000 sterling had been better employed to settle the Highlands, or to ravage them; but since we will make them desperate, I think we should root them out before they can get that help they depend upon."§

Even then the Master of Stair did not give up all hope. The following letter, written the very next day, contains so curious and valuable a picture of his state of mind that we give it entire:—

Stair to Breadalbane.

"London, *December* 3, 1691.

"My Lord,—The last post brought datal letters from Glengarry, or from his lady and Rorry, upon a message Glengarry had sent to him to Edinburg. *This hath furnished him opportunity to discourse the King on all these matters.* He tells me he hath vindicated you; only the share that the Macdonalds get is too little, and unequal to your good cousin's‖ (really that's true); and he would have the money given to Glengarry, and leave Argyle and him to deal for the plea. He thought his share had been only £1000 sterling. *I have satisfied the King in these points*, that his share is £1500 sterling, and that he nor none of them can get the money if Argyle consent not; for that destroys all that is good in the settlement, which is to take away grounds of hereditary feuds. To be brief, I'll assure you that I shall never consent anybody's meddling shall be so much regarded as to get any of your terms altered. By the next I expect to hear *either that these people are come to your hand, or else your scheme for mauling them*; for it will not delay. On the next week the officers will be despatched from this, with instructions to garrison Invergarry, and Buchan's regiment will join Leven, which will be force enough; they will have petards and some cannon. *I am not changed as to the expediency of doing things by the easiest means and at leisure*, but the madness of these people, and their ungratefulness to you, makes me plainly see there is no reckoning on them: but *delenda est Carthago.* Yet who have accepted, and do take the oaths, will be safe, but deserve no kindness;

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[*] Dal. Ap., Pt. ii. p. 212.

[†] Dal. Ap., Pt. ii. p. 214.

[‡] Locheil.

[§] Dal. Ap., Pt. ii. p. 214.

[‖] Locheil.

and even in that case there must be hostages of their nearest relations, for there is no regarding men's words when their interest cannot oblige. Menzies, Glengarry, and all of them have written letters and taken pains to make it believed that all you did was for the interest of King James. Therefore look on, *and you shall be satisfied of your revenge.*—Adieu."*

Two things are clear from this correspondence,—

1st, That up to December the Master of Stair did everything in his power to promote a peaceable and bloodless settlement with the Highland chieftains.

2d, That every step was communicated to William, and that so far from having been, as Burnett and Lord Macaulay represent him,† indifferent and ignorant, he attended to all the minutiæ of the affair, down even to the distribution of a small sum of money.

Strangely enough, the only two passages in these letters to which Lord Macaulay refers, are the scheme for "mauling," which he attributes to Stair instead of to Breadalbane,‡ and the "words in which the implacable Roman pronounced the doom of Carthage,"§ which he refers to without quoting the sentence in which they occur, and exactly reversing the meaning of the passage. The Master of Stair expresses regret that this must occur, because other means had failed; and on account of the madness and ingratitude of the Highlanders. Lord Macaulay cites it as a proof of his implacable determination to destroy them. A reference to the letter shows at once the sense in which it is used. We know nothing even in Lord Macaulay's History more unfair than the suppression of these letters, Lord Macaulay's knowledge of which is proved by the two instances in which he misquotes them.

We left M'Ian at Glencoe protected from the vindictiveness of Breadalbane by the treaty of the 30th of June. In August a proclamation was issued by the Government, offering a free indemnity and pardon to all Highlanders who had been in arms, upon their coming in and taking the oath of allegiance before the 1st of January following.‖ Breadalbane's negotiation failed, and he returned to court "to give an account of his diligence and to bring back the money."¶ Such is Burnett's account, and this is a point upon which, from his connection with William, he was likely to be well informed, and (which is of quite equal importance) it is one as to which he does not appear to have had any interest in misstating the facts.

About the end of December, such are the words of the Report, M'Ian** presented himself before Colonel Hill at Inverlochy, and desired that the oath of allegiance should be administered to him. Hill appears to have considered that, as a military officer, he had no power to administer the oath. He, however, urged his going without delay to Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinlas, the sheriff-depute of Argyle, at Inverary, to whom he gave him a letter urging Ardkinlas to receive him "as a lost sheep."†† M'Ian hastened to Inverary with all the speed that a country rough and destitute of roads and a tempestuous season would permit; he crossed Loch Leven within half a mile of his own house, but did not even turn aside to visit it. As he passed Barcaldine, which appears then to have been in the possession of Breadalbane, he ‡‡ was seized upon by Captain Drummond (of whom we shall hear more presently), and detained twenty-four hours. He arrived at Inverary on the 2d or 3d of January; but here again luck was against him, for Ardkinlas (detained by the bad weather) did not arrive until three days afterwards. On the 6th of January, Ardkinlas, after some scruple, and upon the earnest solicitation of M'Ian, administered the oath.§§

M'Ian returned to Glencoe, "called

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[*] Dal. App., Pt. ii. p. 217. [†] BURNETT, 4, 154. MAC., vol. iv. p. 204.

[‡] The passage in the letter leaves no doubt that the "scheme for mauling them" was Breadalbane's; whether the brutal expression was his or Stair's is of little consequence.

[§] Vol. iv. p. 201. [‖] *Report*, p. 14. [¶] BURNETT, vol. iv. p. 153.

[**] *Report*, p. 14. [††] *Report.* [‡‡] *Report*, p. 26. [§§] *Report*, p. 16.

his people together, told them that he had taken the oath of allegiance and made his peace, and therefore desired and engaged them to live peaceably under King William's government."[*] He considered that he and his people were now safe. Ardkinlas forwarded a certificate that Glencoe had taken the oath to Edinburgh, written on the same paper with some certificates relating to other persons. When the paper was afterwards produced by the clerk of the Council, Sir Gilbert Elliot, upon the occasion of the inquiry which took place some years afterwards, the part relating to Glencoe was found scored through and obliterated, but so nevertheless that it was still legible. Lord Macaulay attributes this, as he attributes everything foul, to the Master of Stair. "By a dark intrigue," he says, "of which the history is but imperfectly known, but which was in all probability directed by the Master of Stair, the evidence of M'Ian's tardy submission was suppressed."[†] The circumstances are set forth in the Report, and do not appear to us to be shrouded in much mystery. Ardkinlas forwarded to his namesake, Colin Campbell, the sheriff-clerk of Argyle, who was in Edinburgh at the time, along with the certificates, Hill's letter to himself, urging that he should receive "the lost sheep," and at the same time wrote how earnest Glencoe was to take the oath of allegiance—that he had taken it on the 6th of January, but that he (Ardkinlas) was doubtful if the Council would receive it.[‡] The sheriff-clerk took the certificate to the clerks of the Council, Sir Gilbert Elliot and Mr. David Moncrieff, who refused to receive it because the oath was taken after the time had expired. The sheriff-clerk and a writer to the Signet, another Campbell, then applied to Lord Aberuchill, also a Campbell, who was a member of the Privy Council, who, after advising with some other privy councillors, of whom, according to one account, Lord Stair,[§] the father of the Master, was one, gave it as their opinion that the certificate could not be received with safety to Ardkinlas or advantage to Glencoe, without a warrant from the King. It was therefore obliterated, and in that condition given in to the clerk of the Council. But it did not appear that the matter was brought before the Council, "that their pleasure might be known upon it, though it seemed to have been intended by Ardkinlas, who both wrote himself and sent Colonel Hill's letter for to make Glencoe's excuse, and desired expressly to know the Council's pleasure."[‖] There appears to be nothing to connect the master of Stair, who was in London at the time, with this transaction; indeed, his letter of the 9th of January, in which he says "that they have had an account that Glencoe had taken the oaths at Inveraray,"[¶] and regrets his being safe; and that of the 11th, in which he says "that Argyle told him Glencoe had not taken the oaths,"[**] seem conclusively to negative his having had any correct knowledge of what had taken place.

In the mean time, Breadalbane, eager to satisfy old grudges, and the Master of Stair, in whose mind disappointment for the failure of his scheme seems to have awakened a feeling of ferocity, the intenseness of which appears hardly compatible with sanity, had determined upon the destruction of the Glencoe men.

Burnett states that the proposal for a military execution upon the Glencoe men emanated from Breadalbane; that he had the double view of gratifying his own revenge, and rendering the King hateful.[††] If this were so, he certainly attained both objects. Here, however, we find no guide whom we can safely follow, for Burnett's narrative, written long after, and with the manifest design of excusing William, is full of inaccuracies and false statements. We have, however, the fact as to which there can be no doubt whatever, that the following order was signed by William on the 16th of January 1692:—

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[*] *Report*, p. 18. [†] Vol. iv. p. 208. [‡] *Report*, p. 17.

[§] Mr. Burton, in his *History of Scotland*, falls into a not unnatural but rather important mistake, which he will no doubt be glad to correct, between the father and son, and states that the *Master of Stair* was consulted, &c.

[‖] *Report*, p. 18. [¶] *Gal. Red.*, pp. 101, 104. [**] *Ibid.*

[††] BURNETT, vol. iv. p. 158.

> "INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE KING TO COLONEL HILL.
>
> *16th January*, 1692.
>
> "WILLIAM R.—1. The copy of that paper given by Macdonald of Aughtera to you hath been shown us. We did formerly grant passes to Buchan and Cannon, and we do authorise and allow you to grant passes to them, and ten servants to each of them, to come freely and safely to Leith; and from that to be transported to the Netherlands before the 15th of March next; to go from thence when they please, without any stop or trouble.
>
> "2. We do allow you to receive the submissions of Glengarry and those with him, upon their taking the oath of allegiance and delivering up the house of Invergarry; to be safe as to their lives, but as to their estates to depend upon our mercy.
>
> "In case you find the house of Invergarry cannot probably be taken in this season of the year, with the artillery and provisions you can bring there; in that case we leave it to your discretion to give Glengarry the assurance of entire indemnity for life and fortune, upon delivering of the house and arms, and taking the oath of allegiance. In this you are to act as you find the circumstances of the affair to require; but it were much better that those who have not taken the benefit of our indemnity, in the terms within the diet prefixt by our proclamation, should be obliged to render upon mercy. The taking the oath of allegiance is indispensable, others having already taken it.
>
> "4. If M'Ean of Glenco and that trybe can be well separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that sect of thieves. The double of these instructions is only communicated to Sir Thomas Livingston.—W. REX."*

The advocates of William have framed various defences for this act. Burnett says he signed the order without inquiry.† Lord Macaulay sees, as every one must, that it is impossible to support this in the face of the facts; he therefore takes the bolder course, and justifies the order. He says that, "even on the supposition that he read the order to which he affixed his name, there seems to be *no reason for blaming him*," that the words of the order—

> "Naturally bear a sense *perfectly innocent*, and would, but for the horrible event which followed, have been universally understood in that sense. It is undoubtedly one of the first duties of every government to extirpate gangs of thieves. This does not mean that every thief ought to be treacherously assassinated in his sleep, or even that every thief ought to be publicly executed after a fair trial, but that every gang, as a gang, ought to be completely broken up, and that whatever severity is indispensably necessary for that end ought to be used.
>
> "If William had read and weighed the words which were submitted to him by his secretary, he would probably have understood them to mean that Glencoe was to be occupied by troops; that resistance, if resistance were attempted, was to be put down with a strong hand; that severe punishment was to be inflicted on those leading members of the clan who could be proved to have been guilty of great crimes; that some active young freebooters, who were more used to handle the broadsword than the plough, and who did not seem likely to settle down into quiet labourers, were to be sent to the army in the Low Countries; that others were to be transported to the American plantations; and that those Macdonalds who were suffered to remain in their native valley were to be disarmed, and required to give hostages for good behaviour."‡

We can hardly suppose that Lord Macaulay intended his readers to accept these transparent sophisms as his deliberate opinion. We suspect he is laughing in his sleeve at the credulity of the public. The only charge against the Macdonalds was that they had been in arms against the Government, and had omitted to take the oaths of allegiance before a specified day. There was no question before William of any suppression of a "gang of freebooters." There was no accusation even of offences committed against life or property. But supposing there had been such a charge—supposing that Breadalbane had accused certain individuals of the tribe of stealing his cows, or even of firing his house, does Lord Macaulay mean gravely to assert that such an accusation would have justified William, without inquiry or trial, in issuing an order for the "extirpation" of three hundred men, women, and children, simply for bearing the name and owning the blood of the offenders.

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* *Culloden Papers*, p. 19. † BURNETT, vol. iv. p. 154. ‡ Vol. iv. p. 205.

Hardly a month passes without worse offences than any the Glencoe men had ever been accused of, being committed at the present time in Ireland. What would Lord Macaulay think of a government that proceeded to "extirpate" by military execution, without trial and without warning, all the inhabitants of the parish where a murder had been committed, with particular instructions that the squire of the parish and his sons should by no means be allowed to escape?

If the order is to be justified, as Lord Macaulay here attempts to justify it, as an act of the civil power done in execution of "one of the first duties of every government," it should have been preceded by the trial and conviction of the offenders. It should have been addressed not to the military governor of Inverlochy, but to the Lord Advocate or the sheriff-depute of the county. The attempt to justify the order on the ground of its being a civil act is therefore clearly untenable; and Lord Macaulay himself subsequently abandons it when he attempts to justify William for not inflicting punishment on the perpetrators of the act, on the ground that they were compelled to do it by the military duty of obedience to their superior officers. If the subject was less horrible, if the duties of an historian were less solemn, Lord Macaulay's attempt to introduce a new meaning for the word "extirpate" would be simply amusing. We are quite satisfied to abide by the authority of Johnson and of old Bailey the φιλόλογος, who agree that it means to "root out," "to destroy;" and we have no doubt William knew enough of English to attach the same meaning to the word.

This order, it will be observed, is dated on the 16th of January. Few facts in history are proved by better evidence than the fact (denied both by Burnett and Lord Macaulay*) that William, at the time he signed it, knew that M'Ian had taken the oath.

A reference to the Master of Stair's letters of the 25th of June, 20th of September, and 3d of December, will show how minute an attention was paid by the King to all that was going on in Scotland with relation to the clans. On the 9th of January, the Master of Stair wrote from London, where he was in constant communication with William,—"We have an account that Lockart and Macnaughten, Appin and Glenco, took the benefit of the indemnity at Inveraray;" and, he adds, "I have been with the King; he says your instructions shall be despatched on Monday."† When we couple these facts with the subsequent impunity which William granted to all, and the rewards he bestowed upon some of those who executed the order, we think no reasonable doubt can be entertained that he knew both the fact that Glencoe had taken the oath and the nature of the warrant he gave, though we do not think that he contemplated (indeed it was hardly possible he should) the peculiar circumstances of treachery and barbarity which attended the execution of the order.

Most of the accounts of these transactions give only the concluding paragraph of the order. The whole of the document is material. It contains internal evidence which places it beyond doubt that William had considered and approved of its contents. The particular directions as to the passes to be granted to Buchan and Cannon, the instructions as to the line to be pursued with regard to Glengarry, bear the marks of having been under his consideration; and it is particularly deserving of observation that it is assumed that Glengarry and the

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* Burnett, vol. iv. p. 164; Mac., vol. iv. p. 204.

† *Gal. Red*, p. 101-104.

Macdonalds had not taken the oath, yet they were to be safe as to their lives, and in certain circumstances as to their property also, whilst Glencoe and the M'Ians were to be "extirpated." The only circumstance to distinguish Macdonald of Glengarry from Macdonald of Glencoe was, that the former was at this moment holding his castle in open and avowed defiance to the Government, whilst the latter had taken the oath of allegiance, and had brought his people into a state of peaceful submission to the Government. Yet Lord Macaulay thinks that there is "no reason for blaming" the King for signing an order to spare Glengarry and to "extirpate" Glencoe, and that the order itself was "perfectly innocent."

The Master of Stair lost no time in putting William's commands into execution. He forwarded the order forthwith in duplicate to Livingstone, the commander of the forces, and to Hill, the governor of the garrison of Inverlochy; and he wrote on the 16th January, the very day on which the order was signed, the following letter to the former:—

STAIR TO LIVINGSTONE.

"LONDON, *Jan.* 16, 1692.

"SIR,—By this flying packet I send you further instructions concerning the propositions by Glengarry; none know what they are but only Col. Hill, &c. . . . *The King does not at all incline to receive any after the diet but on mercy,* &c. . . . But for a just example of vengeance, I intreat that the thieving tribe of Glenco may be rooted out in earnest. . . . Let me know whether you would have me expede your commission as a brigadier of the army in general, or if you would rather want it *till the end of this expedition; that I hope your success may be such as to incline the King to give you a further advancement,*" &c.

He wrote on the same day to Hill:—

"I shall entreat you, that for a just vengeance and public example the thieving tribe of Glenco may be rooted out to purpose. The Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane have promised they shall have no retreat in their bounds. The passes to Rannoch would be secured, &c. A party that may be posted in Island Stalker must cut them off," &c.*

Again on the 30th of January he wrote:—" . . . Let it be secret and sudden. . . . It must be quietly done, otherwise they will make shift both for the men and their cattle. Argyle's detachment lies in Keppoch well† to assist the garrison to do all on a sudden."‡

Other letters from the Master of Stair contain expressions even more savage. In one of them he informs Livingstone with exultation that a report had reached him, through Argyle, that Glencoe had not taken the oath; but these which we have quoted refer immediately and expressly to William's order for "extirpation" of the 16th of January.

Hill was a time-serving but not an inhuman man. He had kept in with every government since the Commonwealth, but he had no taste for unnecessary bloodshed, though he had not manliness or courage to oppose the slaughter. Ready agents were, however, found in Sir Thomas Livingstone, Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, Major Duncanson, Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, Captain Drummond, and the two Lindsays. These names have been handed down to an immortality of infamy, as the willing and remorseless tools of the King, of Breadalbane, and the Master of Stair, in the work of murder. On the 23d of January, immediately after the receipt of the Master's letter of the 16th, Sir Thomas Livingstone wrote to Lieut.-Col. Hamilton as follows:—

"EDINBURGH, *Jan.* 23, 1692.

SIR,—Since my last I understand that the Laird of Glenco, coming after the prefixt time, was not admitted to take the oath, *which is very good news to us here, being that at Court it is wished that he had not taken it*—so that the very nest might be entirely routed out; for the Secretary, in three of his last letters, has made mention of him, and it is known at Court that he has not taken it. So, sir, here is a fair occasion to show you that your garrison serves for some use; *and being that the order is so positive from Court to me not to spare*

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* *Highland Papers*, Maitland Club, p. 66.

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‡ *Gal. Red.*, 102. *Report*, 30, 31.

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"SIR,—Pursuant to the Commander-in Chief and my colonel's order to me, for putting in execution the King's command against these rebels of Glenco, wherein you, with the party of the Earl of Argyll's regiment under your command, are to be concerned: you are, therefore, forthwith to order your affairs so as that the several posts already assigned you be by you and your several detachments faln in activeness precisely by five of the clock to-morrow morning, being Saturday; at which time I will endeavour the same with those appointed from this regiment for the other places. It will be most necessary you secure well those avenues on the south side, that the old fox, nor none of his cubs, get away. The orders are, that none be spared of the sword, nor the Government troubled with prisoners; which is all until I see you, from, sir, your most humble servant,

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"Please to order a guard to secure the ferry and boats there; and the boats must be all on this side the ferry after your men are over."

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Glenco, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have an especial care that the old fox and his sons do not escape your hands; you are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at five of the clock perciesly; and by that time, or very shortly after it, I will strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on. This is by the king's special command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cut off, root and branch. See that this be put in execution without fear or favour, or you may expect to be dealt with as one not true to King or Government, nor a man fit to carry commission in the King's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself—I subscribe this with my hand at Ballychylls the 12th Feb. 1692.

"ROBERT DUNCANSON."

We now return to the narrative of events in Glencoe, and the mode in which Glenlyon executed these orders.

"But on the 13th day of February, being Saturday, about four or five in the morning, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of the foresaid soldiers, came to old Glenco's house, where, having called in a friendly manner, and got in, they shot his father dead, with several shots, as he was rising out of his bed; and their mother having got up and put on her clothes, the soldiers stripped her naked, and drew the rings off her fingers with their teeth; as likewise they killed one man more, and wounded another grievously at the same place. And this relation they say they had from their mother, and is confirmed by the deposition of Archibald Macdonald, indweller in Glenco, who further depones that Glenco was shot behind his back with two shots—one through the head, and another through the body; and two more were killed with him in that place, and a third wounded and left for dead: and this he knows, because he came that same day to Glenco house, and saw his dead body lying before the door, with the other two that were killed, and spoke with the third that was wounded, whose name was Duncan Don, who came there occasionally with letters from the Brae of Mar. . . .

"The said John Macdonald, eldest son to the deceased Glenco, depones: The same morning that his father was killed there came soldiers to his house before day, and called at his window, which gave him the alarm, and made him go to Innerriggen, where Glenlyon was quartered; and that he found Glenlyon and his men preparing their arms, which made the deponent ask the cause; but Glenlyon gave him only good words, and said they were to march against some of Glengarrie's men; and if they were ill intended, would he not have told Sandy and his niece?—meaning the deponent's brother and his wife—which made the deponent go home and go again to his bed, until his servant, who hindered him to sleep, roused him; and when he rose and went out, he perceived about twenty men coming towards his house, with their bayonets fixed to their muskets; whereupon he fled to the hill, and having Auchnaion, a little village in Glenco, in view, he heard the shots wherewith Auchintriaten and four more were killed; and that he heard also the shots at Innerriggen, where Glenlyon had caused to kill nine more, as shall be hereafter declared; and this is confirmed by the concurring deposition of Alexander Macdonald, his brother, whom a servant waked out of sleep, saying, It is no time for you to be sleeping when they are killing your brother at the door; which made Alexander to flee with his brother to the hill, where both of them heard the foresaid shots at Auchnaion and Innerriggen. And the said John, Alexander, and Archibald Macdonald, do all depone, that the same morning there was one Serjeant Barber with a party at Auchnaion, and that Auchintriaten being there in his brother's house, with eight more sitting about the fire, the soldiers discharged upon them about eighteen shots, which killed Auchintriaten and four more; but the other four, whereof some were wounded, falling down as dead, Serjeant Barber laid hold of Auchintriaten's brother, one of the four, and asked him if he were alive? He answered that he was, and that he desired to die without rather than within. Barber said, that for his meat that he had eaten, he would do him the favour to kill him without; but when the man was brought out, and soldiers brought up to shoot him, he having his plaid loose, flung it over their faces, and so escaped; and the other three broke through the back of the house and escaped. And at Innerriggen, where Glenlyon was quartered, the soldiers took other nine men, and did bind them hand and foot, and killed them one by one with shot; and when Glenlyon inclined to save a young man of about twenty years of age, one Captain Drummond came and asked how he came to be saved, in respect of the orders that were

any of them that were not timeously come in, as you may see by the orders I sent to your colonel, I desire you would begin with Glenco, and spare nothing of what belongs to them; *but do not trouble the Government with prisoners.* I shall expect with the first occasion to hear the progress you have made in this, and remain, sir, your obedient servant, T. LIVINGSTONE."*

Hamilton lost no time.† Campbell of Glenlyon was selected for the service. On the 1st of February 1692 he entered the glen with his two subalterns, Lieutenant and Ensign Lindsay, and one hundred and twenty men. The story of the massacre has been told in eloquent prose and in impassioned verse, but never, in our opinion, so vividly, so impressively, as in the words of the Report of 1695:—

"The slaughter of the Glenco men was in this manner; viz, John and Alexander Macdonald, sons to the deceased Glenco, depone that, Glengarry's house being reduced, the forces were called back to the south, and Glenlyon, a captain of the Earl of Argyle's regiment, with Lieutenant Lindsay and Ensign Lindsay, and six-score soldiers, returned to Glenco about the 1st of February 1692, where at their entry the elder brother John met them, with about twenty men, and demanded the reason of their coming; and Lieutenant Lindsay showed him his orders for quartering there, under Colonel Hill's hand, and gave assurance that they were only come to quarter; whereupon they were billeted in the country, and had free quarters and kind entertainment, living familiarly with the people until the 13th day of February. And Alexander further depones, that Glenlyon, being his wife's uncle, came almost every day and took his morning drink at his house; and that the very night before the slaughter, Glenlyon did play at cards in his own quarters with both the brothers. And John depones, that old Glenco, his father, had invited Glenlyon, Lieutenant Lindsay, and Ensign Lindsay, to dine with him upon the very day the slaughter happened."

Here we must break in upon the narrative, and show how this 12th of February, which was passed by Glenlyon in playing cards with the young Macdonalds in his quarters, and receiving invitations from their father, was employed by Hill, Hamilton, and Duncanson. This will appear from the following letters, all of which are dated on that day:—

COL. HILL TO LIEUT.-COL. HAMILTON.

FORT-WILLIAM, 12*th Feb.*, 1692.

"SIR,—You are, with four hundred of my regiment, and the four hundred of my Lord Argyle's regiment under the command of Major Duncanson, to march straight to Glenco, and there put in execution the orders you have received from the Commander-in-Chief. Given under my hand at Fort-William the 12th [Feb.] 1692. J. HILL."

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given, and shot him dead. And another young boy, of about thirteen years, ran to Glenlyon to be saved; he was likewise shot dead. And in the same town there was a woman, and a boy about four or five years of age, killed. And at Auchnaion there was also a child missed, and nothing found of him but the hand. There were likewise several killed at other places, whereof one was an old man about eighty years of age. And all this, the deponents say, they affirm, because they heard the shot, saw the dead bodies, and had an account from the women that were left. And Ronald Macdonald, indweller in Glenco, farther depones,—That he being living with his father in a little town in Glenco, some of Glenlyon's soldiers came to his father's house, the said 13th day of February, in the morning, and dragged his father out of his bed, and knocked him down for dead at the door; which the deponent seeing, made his escape; and his father recovering after the soldiers were gone, got into another house; but this house was shortly burnt, and his father burnt in it; and the deponent came there after and gathered his father's bones and buried them. He also declares, that at Auchnaion, where Auchintriaten was killed, he saw the body of Auchintriaten and three more cast out and covered with dung. And another witness of the same declares, that upon the same 13th day of February, Glenlyon and Lieutenant Lindsay, and their soldiers, did, in the morning before day, fall upon the people of Glenco, when they were secure in their beds, and killed them; and he being at Innerriggen, fled with the first, but heard shots, and had two brothers killed there, with three men more and a woman, who were all buried before he came back. And all these five witnesses concur, that the aforesaid slaughter was made by Glenlyon and his soldiers, after they had been quartered, and lived peaceably and friendly with the Glenco men about thirteen days, and that the number of those whom they knew to be slain were about twenty-five, and that the soldiers, after the slaughter, did burn the houses, barns, and goods, and carried away a great spoil of horse, nolt, and sheep, above 1000. And James Campbell, soldier in the castle of Stirling, depones, that in January 1692, he then being a soldier in Glenlyon's company, marched with the company from Inverlochie to Glenco, where the company was quartered, and very kindly entertained for the space of fourteen days; that he knew nothing of the design of killing the Glenco men till the morning that the slaughter was committed, at which time Glenlyon and Captain Drummond's companies were drawn out in several parties, and got orders from Glenlyon and their other officers to shoot and kill all the countrymen they met with; and that the deponent, being one of the party which was at the town where Glenlyon had his quarters, did see several men drawn out of their beds, and particularly he did see Glenlyon's own landlord shot by his order, and a young boy about twelve years of age, who endeavoured to save himself by taking hold of Glenlyon, offering to go anywhere with him if he would spare his life; and was shot dead by Captain Drummond's order. And the deponent did see about eight persons killed, and several houses burnt, and women flying to the hills to save their lives. And lastly, Sir Colin Campbell of Aberuchil depones, that after the slaughter, Glenlyon told him that Macdonald of Innerriggen was killed with the rest of the Glenco men, with Colonel Hill's pass or protection in his pocket, which a soldier brought and showed to Glenlyon."

Some circumstances still remain strangely obscure. We have been unable to discover whether the clan gave up their arms when they made their submission to the Government. It is difficult to suppose that a fact which would add so greatly to the atrocity of the deed should have been passed over unnoticed; yet it is equally difficult to suppose that a body of from fifty to a hundred men, trained to arms, should have permitted themselves, their wives, and children, to be butchered without striking a single blow in their defence; and unequal as the numbers were, and sudden as was the attack, it can hardly be supposed that such defence would have been wholly without effect.

Another point which has never been cleared up, relates to the plunder of the glen by the troops. The soldiers of William, who, according to Lord Macaulay, were executing justice upon thieves and marauders, did not content themselves with murder, but added the crimes of robbery and arson. The flocks and herds, the only movables of value, were swept away, and all that could not be removed was ruthlessly burned. The plunder was considerable—above a thousand head of cattle, horses, and sheep rewarded the murderers. Of this they appear to have retained quiet possession; at least we can nowhere trace any act of restitution. The Parliament of Scotland addressed the King, recommending that some reparation might be made to the survivors of the massacre for their losses, and "such orders given for supplying their necessities as his majesty should think fit." William was deaf to their prayer. The only effect was the remission of a cess which had been imposed upon the valley, and which they appear to have been utterly unable to pay.[*]

Such is the story of the massacre of Glencoe. Lord Macaulay observes—"It may be thought strange that these events should not have been followed by a burst of execration from every part of the civilised world."[†] It would have been strange indeed had they passed unnoticed. Official publication in England was of course suppressed. The London Gazettes, the monthly Mercuries, and the licensed pamphlets were silent. But the *Paris Gazette* of the 12th April 1692, under date of the 23d March (less than six weeks after the event), has the following announcement:—

> "D'EDIMBOURG, 23 *Mars*, 1692.
>
> "Le Laird de Glencow a esté massacré depuis quelques jours, de la manière la plus barbare, *quoy qu'il se fust soûmis au Gouvernement présent.* Le Laird de Glenlion, capitaine dans le régiment d'Argyle, suivant l'ordre exprés du Colonel Hill, gouverneur d'Inverlochie, se transporta la nuit à Glencow, avec un corps de troupes; et les soldats estant entrez dans les maisons, tüerent le Laird de Glencow, deux de ses fils, trente six hommes ou enfans et quatre femmes.
>
> "Ils avoient résolu d'exterminer ainsi le reste des habitans, *nonobstant l'amnestie qui leur avoit esté accordée:* mais environ deux cents se sauvérent. On fait courir le bruit qu'il a esté tué dans une embuscade les armes à la main, pour diminuer d'horreur d'une action si barbare, capable de faire connoistre à toute la nation, le peu de sureté qu'il y a dans les paroles de cuix qui gouvernement."[‡]

This account, it is true, contains few particulars. It is silent as to the peculiar treachery of Glenlyon; but it states the slaughter of peaceful men, women, and children, in violation of an amnesty. How Lord Macaulay, who refers to this passage, can state that "in this there was nothing very strange or shocking,"[§] we confess ourselves wholly unable to understand. If murder committed in violation of pledged faith is not shocking, we should be glad to know what is. A detailed and very accurate account, entitled "A letter from a Gentleman in Scotland to his Friend in London, &c.," dated April 20th, 1692, next appeared. Lord Macaulay intimates his opinion that this letter was not published until the following year, and reminds his readers that the date of 1692 was at that time used down to the 25th March 1693. But Lord Macaulay has failed to observe that the date of the letter is *April*, and April 1692 was always April 1692.

It is no doubt difficult to fix the precise date—great obstacles were thrown in the way of publication. But the contents of the letter were certainly known in London before June 1692, for in that month Charles Leslie, the writer of the *Gallienus Redivivus*, went in consequence of this letter to Brentford, where Glenlyon and Drummond, with the rest of Lord Argyle's regiment, were quartered, and there heard the account of the massacre from the soldiers who had been actors in it, one of whom said, "Glencoe hangs about Glenlyon night and day; *you may see him in his face.*"[‖]

It is strange that Lord Macaulay, who is not scrupulous as to the sacrifices he makes for the sake of the picturesque, should have lost the poetry of this passage by using a doubtful term, substituting a place for a person, and a prosaic paraphrase for the simple words and poetical imagination of the Highlander who saw the image of the murdered man reflected in the face of his murderer.*

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[*] *Highland Papers*, Mait. Cl.

[†] Vol. iv. p. 213.

[‡] *Paris Gazette*, 12 *Avril* 1692.

[§] Vol. iv. p. 214.

[‖] *Gal. Red*, p. 92.

The *Gallienus Redivivus*, which, Lord Macaulay says, "speedily followed," did not appear until after the execution of the commission in 1695. Lord Macaulay bestows a note † upon the singular name of this pamphlet, which deserves a passing notice, as it betrays the care with which he has availed himself of every opportunity to divert indignation from William to the Master of Stair. He says,‡ "An unlearned or even a learned reader may be at a loss to guess why the Jacobites should have selected so strange a title for a pamphlet on the massacre of Glencoe." The reader, learned or unlearned, who found himself at any loss in the matter, must be singularly stupid, inasmuch as the reason is fully stated at page 107 of the pamphlet, where a parallel is drawn between William and the Emperor Gallienus, and a comparison instituted between the "Extirpation" order of the former, and a letter of the Emperor to Venianus. This letter, which the writer of the pamphlet quotes, and which Gibbon describes as "a most savage mandate from Gallienus to one of his ministers after the suppression of Ingenuus, who had assumed the purple in Illyricum," § concludes with the following words—"language to which" (says Lord Macaulay) "*that of the Master of Stair bore but too much resemblance:*"—"Perimendus est omnis sexus virilis. Occidendus est quicunque maledixit. Occidendus est quicunque male voluit. Lacera, Occide, Concide: *animum meum intelligere potes, mea mente irascere qui hæc manu mea scripsi.*" Lord Macaulay, quoting the passage which is given entire in the *Gallienus Redivivus*, omits the words which we have put in italics, which contain the sting, from their similarity to the facts of William having signed the "extirpation" order with his own hand. Another point of similarity consisted in the filial impiety of William and Mary. "Whilst Rome lamented the fate of her sovereign (says Gibbon), the *savage coldness* of his son was extolled by the servile courtiers as the perfect firmness of a hero and a stoic."‖ Lord Macaulay substitutes the Master of Stair for William, and his letters for the "extirpation" order, and garbles the quotation to make it fit. In dealing with a book which is in the hands of so few as the *Gallienus Redivivus*, this is hardly fair.

We owe the knowledge we derive of the massacre from the evidence taken before the Commission to a fortunate combination of circumstances.

The excitement of public feeling rendered it impossible for William to resist the demand for inquiry, and the jealousy of Johnston made that inquiry searching and complete, with the view of destroying his colleague, the Master of Stair. We agree with Lord Macaulay, that the report of the commission is an "excellent digest of evidence."¶ The character of "austere justice," which he claims for it, we wholly deny. "The conclusion," says Lord Macaulay, "to which the commission came, and *in which every intelligent and candid inquirer will concur*, was that the slaughter of Glencoe was a barbarous murder, and *that of this barbarous murder the letters of the Master of Stair were the sole warrant and cause.*" ** At the risk of having our intelligence or our candour denied by Lord Macaulay, we are compelled to dissent from the latter portion of this judgment. Admitting in its full extent the atrocity of these letters, they formed, in our opinion, but a small and secondary part of the cause of the slaughter. There was another greater than Stair, or than Breadalbane, who must, according to the

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* Lord Macaulay's words are as follows: "Some of his soldiers, however, who observed him closely, whispered that all this bravery was put on. He was not the man that he had been before that night. The form of his countenance was changed. In all places, at all hours, whether he waked or slept, Glencoe was for ever before him."—Vol. iv. p. 216.

† See note, p. 213. ‡ Vol. iv. p. 213. § Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, vol. i. p. 412.

‖ Gibbon, vol. i. p. 407. ¶ Vol. iv. p. 574. ** Vol. iv. p. 574.

"austere justice" of history, share the responsibility of this great crime with them. Lord Macaulay misleads his readers, and obscures the question, by treating the slaughter, when it suits his purpose, as the exercise of a wild and irregular justice against a band of murderers and freebooters. To prepare the mind of the reader, he evokes from past centuries horrible tales of outrages committed by the tenth cousins of the great-grandfathers of the Macdonalds of Glencoe on the people of Culloden, by the inhabitants of Eig on the Macleods, and by the Macleods again on the people of Eig. He narrates a story, unsupported by a single tittle of evidence, of M'Ian having at some former period executed with his own hand the wild justice of the tribe on a member of his own clan.* He likens the Macdonalds to the mosstroopers of the Border and the banditti of the Apennines, and describes them as "marauders who, in any well-governed country, would have been hanged thirty years before."† Lord Macaulay is an accomplished advocate, and is will aware of the effect that declamation of this kind will produce on the minds of nine out of ten of his readers. The tenth man knows that he has the testimony of Colonel Hill to the quiet, peaceable, and honest demeanour of the Macdonalds, and the conclusive fact, that during the whole of the inquiry, though abundance of hard language was used, there was no attempt to bring even a single charge of any offence whatever against the Macdonalds. This puts an end at once to any defence of William's "extirpation" order, grounded on the supposition of its being directed against civil offenders. We may therefore confine our attention to the inquiry into how far it was justified, and who was responsible for it as a military act.

The Parliament of Scotland found the slaughter to be murder, and demanded that Glenlyon, Drummond, the Lyndsays, and Sergeant Barber should be sent home to be prosecuted for the crime of murder under trust. Lord Macaulay says that the Parliament was here severe in the wrong place;‡ that the crimes of these men, horrible as they were, were nevertheless not the fitting subject of punishment, inasmuch as each was compelled to act as he had done by the subordination necessary in an army. Lord Macaulay runs up the ladder of responsibility from the sergeant to the ensign, and so on up to Glenlyon, and from him to his colonel, Hamilton; but he appears not to be aware to what this argument necessarily leads. If Glenlyon was justified by the order of Hamilton, Hamilton was in like manner justified by the order of Livingstone. Thus we reach the commander-in-chief. Does the responsibility rest there? If it did, loud would have been the cry of vengeance for innocent blood; yet the Scottish Parliament acquitted Livingstone, and Lord Macaulay passes him over unnoticed. That the slaughter in Glencoe was a barbarous murder, murder under trust, the foulest and highest degree of crime, all are agreed. We have traced the responsibility up to the commander-in-chief; who was *his* superior? Not the Master of Stair. The Secretary of State for Scotland has no authority in military matters over the commander-in-chief, except so far as he is the mouthpiece of the King. Livingstone derived his orders direct from William. If he exceeded those orders, the blood-guiltiness rests on his head. It is of no avail for him to say, "I obeyed the Master of Stair," unless the Master of Stair spoke and wrote as the agent of the King; and if he did his orders were William's orders. The Parliament of Scotland voted that the order signed by William did not authorise the slaughter of Glencoe. If *Johnson's Dictionary* had been in existence, and if they had consulted it to discover the meaning of the King's words they would have found that his design was to "root out, to eradicate, to exscind, to destroy," and the following example given: "We in vain endeavour to drive the wolf from our own to another's door; *the breed ought to be* EXTRIPATED *out of the island.*"* It would be difficult to point out any passage in the Master of Stair's letters which exceeds this. Inhuman as they are, they add nothing to the plain and simple words of the order. The execution certainly fell far short. Instead of "extirpation," not more than about one tenth part of the clan was destroyed. Here, then, following out Lord Macaulay's own principle—the principle known to the law as "respondeat superior"—the responsibility rests with William. The only escape is the one suggested by Burnett, namely, that William affixed his signature to a paper, presented to him by Stair and Breadalbane, in ignorance of its contents. We have already shown how entirely this hypothesis is unsupported by evidence, how strong the presumptions are against it. But there remains one piece of evidence, which to our minds is conclusive. Had William been thus entrapped, how terrible would have been his wrath when he discovered the crime to which he had been unwittingly made a party! How signal his vengeance on the traitors Stair and Breadalbane! Instead of this, we find that, when he was obliged to dismiss Stair from office in compliance with public opinion and the intrigues of his colleagues, instead of handing him over to justice, consigning him to the trial, the conviction, and the death of shame, which he most unquestionably would have deserved, he grants him full pardon, immunity, and protection for all his acts, and especially for his share in the slaughter of the men of Glencoe.

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* This story was first told by Dalrymple in 1771. There is no trace whatever of it to be discovered in the cotemporary proceedings, where, no doubt, it would have been found, had there been even the slightest foundation for it.

† Vol. iv. p. 203.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 576.

We are not aware that the following document has been cited in any history of the massacre: to us it appears conclusive of the original participation of William in that great crime:—

"SCROLL OF DISCHARGE TO JOHN VISCOUNT STAIR.

"His majesty, considering that John Viscount of Stair hath been employed in his majesty's service for many years, and in several capacities, first as his majesty's Advocate, and thereafter as Secretary of State, in which eminent employments persons are in danger, either by exceeding or coming short of their duty, to fall under the severities of law, and become obnoxious to prosecutions or trouble therefor; and his majesty being well satisfied that the said Viscount of Stair hath rendered him many faithful services, and being well assured of his affection and good intentions, and being graciously pleased to pardon, cover, and secure him now after the demission of his office, and that he is divested of public employment, from all questions, prosecutions, and trouble whatsoever; and particularly his majesty, considering that *the manner of execution* of the men of Glenco was contrary to the laws of humanity and hospitality, being done by those soldiers who for some days before had been quartered amongst them and entertained by them, which was a fault in the actors, or those who gave the immediate orders on the place. But that the said Viscount of Stair, then Secretary of State, being at London, many hundred miles distant, he could have no knowledge of nor accession to the method of that execution; and his majesty being willing to pardon, forgive, and remit any excess of zeal or going beyond his instructions by the said John Viscount of Stair, and that *he had no hand in the barbarous manner of execution;* therefore his majesty ordains a letter of remission to be made, and passed his great seal of his majesty's antient kingdom, &c., and particularly any excess, crime, or fault done or committed by the said John Viscount of Stair in that matter of Glenco, and doth exoner, discharge, pardon, indemnify, and remit the said John Viscount of Stair, &c."†

It is to be observed that the very gentle censure contained in this document is confined entirely to "*the manner of execution.*" The King shows no disapproval whatever either of the order—his signature to which, Burnett says, was obtained by the fraud of Stair—or of those letters which Lord Macaulay asserts to have been the "sole warrant and cause of this barbarous murder." If anything were wanting to prove without a possibility of doubt the King's participation in the crime, it would be supplied by the fact that this "Scroll of Discharge" is immediately followed by a grant from William of the teind duties and others of the regality of Glenluce, as a "mark of his favour to John Viscount Stair."

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* LOCKE. † *Papers Illustrative of the Highlands of Scotland,* Maitland Club.

None of the actors in the transaction, so far as we are aware, incurred any marks of the displeasure of the King. They appear to have had prosperous lives: Colonel Hill becomes Sir John; Glenlyon, when he reappears on the page of history, is a colonel; Livingstone becomes Lord Teviot.* The Master of Stair, though withdrawn for a time from active employment, in obedience to the voice of the Parliament and public opinion, was, as we have seen, rewarded by William, and not many years afterwards reappears an earl instead of a viscount.

We do not think that it is a task of any great difficulty to measure out the degree of responsibility which fairly attaches to each of the actors in this horrible tragedy.

First to our minds comes the King. He had not the excuse, poor as it may be, that he was urged on by personal wrong and animosity, like Breadalbane; or by chagrin and disappointment at the failure of a favourite scheme, like the Master of Stair. We cannot doubt that William's signature was affixed to the order with full knowledge of the facts, and that his intention was to strike terror into the Highlanders by the "extirpation" of a clan too weak to offer any formidable resistance, but important enough to serve as a formidable example.

Next come Breadalbane and the Master of Stair, between whom the scales balance so nicely that it is hard to say to which the larger share of execration is due.

Livingstone, Hamilton, Duncanson, Drummond, Glenlyon and his subalterns, must share amongst themselves the responsibility for the peculiar circumstances of treachery and breach of hospitality attendant upon the execution. For this we think neither William, Breadalbane, nor the Master of Stair can justly be held answerable.

The blundering partisans of the day attempted to make light of the atrocity of the slaughter. Lord Macaulay is too skilful to be betrayed even by his partisanship into supporting so false an issue. He denounces the crime with unsparing severity. But by suppression, by sophism, by all the arts which may be tolerated in an advocate, but which are intolerable in a judge, he seeks to obtain a verdict of acquittal for William—to limit his culpability to his remissness in failing to bring the Master of Stair to justice, and, by dwelling in strong terms on that offence, to keep out of view his participation in the original crime. The readers of the *Decameron* know by what means San Ciappelletto obtained canonisation; the readers of Lord Macaulay's History see how the meed of justice and humanity may be awarded to the murderer of Glencoe. They may compare the portrait of Marlborough with the portrait of William, and judge what fidelity is likely to be found in the rest of Lord Macaulay's picture-gallery.

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* *Life of William III.*, p. 357.

THE LIFTED VEIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE time of my end approaches. I have lately been subject to attacks of *angina pectoris;* and in the ordinary course of things, my physician tells me, I may fairly hope that my life will not be protracted many months. Unless, then, I am cursed with an exceptional physical constitution, as I am cursed with an exceptional mental character, I shall not much longer groan under the wearisome burthen of this earthly existence. If it were to be otherwise—if I were to live on to the age most men desire and provide for—I should for once have known whether the miseries of delusive expectation can outweigh the miseries of true prevision. For I foresee when I shall die, and everything that will happen in my last moments.

Just a month from this day, on the 20th of September 1850, I shall be sitting in this chair, in this study, at ten o'clock at night, longing to die, weary of incessant insight and foresight, without delusions and without hope. Just as I am watching a tongue of blue flame rising in the fire, and my lamp is burning low, the horrible contraction will begin at my chest. I shall only have time to reach the bell, and pull it violently, before the sense of suffocation will come. No one answers my bell. I know why. My two servants are lovers, and will have quarrelled. My housekeeper will have rushed out of the house in a fury, two hours before, hoping that Perry will believe she has gone to drown herself. Perry is alarmed at last, and is gone out after her. The little scullery-maid is asleep on a bench: she never answers the bell; it does not wake her. The sense of suffocation increases: my lamp goes out with a horrible stench: I make a great effort, and snatch at the bell again. I long for life, and there is no help. I thirsted for the unknown: the thirst is gone. O God, let me stay with the known, and be weary of it: I am content. Agony of pain and suffocation—and all the while the earth, the fields, the pebbly brook at the bottom of the rookery, the fresh scent after the rain, the light of the morning through my chamber window, the warmth of the hearth after the frosty air—will darkness close over them for ever?

Darkness — darkness — no pain — nothing but darkness: but I am passing on and on through the darkness: my thought stays in the darkness, but always with a sense of moving onward. . . . .

Before that time comes, I wish to use my last hours of ease and strength in telling the strange story of my experience. I have never fully unbosomed myself to any human being; I have never been encouraged to trust much in the sympathy of my fellow-men. But we have all a chance of meeting with some pity, some tenderness, some charity, when we are dead: it is the living only who cannot be forgiven—the living only from whom men's indulgence and reverence are held off, like the rain by the hard east wind. While the heart beats, bruise it—it is your only opportunity; while the eye can still turn towards you with moist timid entreaty, freeze it with an icy unanswering gaze; while the ear, that delicate messenger to the inmost sanctuary of the soul, can still take in the tones of kindness, put it off with hard civility, or sneering compliment, or envious affectation of indifference; while the creative brain can still throb with the sense of injustice, with the yearning for brotherly recognition—make haste—oppress it with your ill-considered judgments, your trivial comparisons, your careless misrepresentations. The heart will by-and-by be still—*ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit;*[*] the eye will cease to entreat; the ear will be deaf; the brain will have ceased from all wants as well as from all work. Then your charitable speeches may find vent; then you may remember and pity the toil and the struggle and the failure; then you may give due honour to the work achieved; then you may find extenuation for errors, and consent to bury them.

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[*] Inscription on Swift's tombstone.

That is a trivial schoolboy text; why do I dwell on it? It has little reference to me, for I shall leave no works behind me for men to honour. I have no near relatives who will make up, by weeping over my grave, for the wounds they inflicted on me when I was among them. It is only the story of my life that will perhaps win a little more sympathy from strangers when I am dead, than I ever believed it would obtain from my friends while I was living.

My childhood perhaps seems happier to me than it really was, by contrast with all the after years. For then the curtain of the future was as impenetrable to me as to other children: I had all their delight in the present hour, their sweet indefinite hopes for the morrow; and I had a tender mother: even now, after the dreary lapse of long years, a slight trace of sensation accompanies the remembrance of her caress as she held me on her knee—her arms round my little body, her cheek pressed on mine. I had a complaint of the eyes that made me blind for a little while, and she kept me on her knee from morning till night. That unequalled love soon vanished out of my life, and even to my childish consciousness it was as if that life had become more chill. I rode my little white pony with the groom by my side as before, but there were no loving eyes looking at me as I mounted, no glad arms opened to me when I came back. Perhaps I missed my mother's love more than most children of seven or eight would have done, to whom the other pleasures of life remained as before; for I was certainly a very sensitive child. I remember still the mingled trepidation and delicious excitement with which I was affected by the tramping of the horses on the pavement in the echoing stables, by the loud resonance of the grooms' voices, by the booming bark of the dogs as my father's carriage thundered under the archway of the courtyard, by the din of the gong as it gave notice of luncheon and dinner. The measured tramp of soldiery which I sometimes heard—for my father's house lay near a county town where there were large barracks—made me sob and tremble; and yet when they were gone past, I longed for them to come back again.

I fancy my father thought me an odd child, and had little fondness for me: though he was very careful in fulfilling what he regarded as a parent's duties. But he was already past the middle of life, and I was not his only son. My mother had been his second wife, and he was five-and-forty when he married her. He was a firm, unbending, intensely orderly man, in root and stem a banker, but with a flourishing graft of the active landholder, aspiring to county influence: one of those people who are always like themselves from day to day, who are uninfluenced by the weather, and neither know melancholy nor high spirits. I held him in great awe, and appeared more timid and sensitive in his presence than at other times; a circumstance which, perhaps, helped to confirm him in the intention to educate me on a different plan from the prescriptive one with which he had complied in the case of my elder brother, already a tall youth at Eton. My brother was to be his representative and successor; he must go to Eton and Oxford, for the sake of making connections, of course: my father was not a man to underrate the bearing of Latin satirists or Greek dramatists on the attainment of an aristocratic position. But, intrinsically, he had slight esteem for "those dead but sceptred spirits;" having qualified himself for forming an independent opinion by reading Potter's *Æschylus*, and dipping into Francis's *Horace*. To this negative view he added a positive one, derived from a recent connection with mining speculations; namely, that a scientific education was the really useful training for a younger son. Moreover, it was clear that a shy, sensitive boy like me was not fit to encounter the rough experience of a public school.

Mr. Letherall had said so very decidedly. Mr Letherall was a large man in spectacles, who one day took my small head between his large hands, and pressed it here and there in an exploratory, suspicious manner—then placed each of his great thumbs on my temples, and pushed me a little way from him, and stared at me with glittering spectacles. The contemplation appeared to displease him, for he frowned sternly, and said to my father, drawing his thumbs across my eyebrows.

"The deficiency is there, sir—there; and here," he added, touching the upper sides of my head, "here is the excess. That must be brought out, sir, and this must be laid to sleep."

I was in a state of tremor, partly at the vague idea that I was the object of reprobation, partly in the agitation of my first hatred—hatred of this big, spectacled man, who pulled my head about as if he wanted to buy and cheapen it.

I am not aware how much Mr. Letherall had to do with the system afterwards adopted towards me, but it was presently clear that private tutors, natural history, science, and the modern languages, were the appliances by which the defects of my organisation were to be remedied. I was very stupid about machines, so I was to be greatly occupied with them; I had no memory for classification, so it was particularly necessary that I should study systematic zoology and botany; I was hungry for human deeds and human emotions, so I was to be plentifully crammed with the mechanical powers, the elementary bodies, and the phenomena of electricity and magnetism. A better-constituted boy would certainly have profited under my intelligent tutors, with their scientific apparatus; and would, doubtless, have found the phenomena of electricity and magnetism as fascinating as I was, every Thursday, assured they were. As it was, I could have paired off, for ignorance of whatever was taught me, with the worst Latin scholar that was ever turned out of a classical academy; whence I have been led to conclude that the only universal rule with regard to education is, that no rule should be held universal, a good education being that which adapts itself to individual wants and faculties. I read Plutarch, and Shakespeare, and Don Quixote by the sly, and supplied myself in that way with wandering thoughts, while my tutor was assuring me that "an improved man, as distinguished from an ignorant one, was a man who knew the reason why water ran down-hill." I had no desire to be this improved man; I was glad of the running water; I could watch it and listen to it gurgling among the pebbles, and bathing the bright green water-plants, by the hour together. I did not want to know *why* it ran; I had perfect confidence that there was good reason for what was so very beautiful.

There is no need to dwell on this part of my life. I have said enough to indicate that my nature was of the sensitive, unpractical order, and that it grew up in an uncongenial medium, which could never foster it into happy, healthy development. When I was sixteen I was sent to Geneva to complete my course of education; and the change was a very happy one to me, for the first sight of the Alps, with the setting sun on them, as we descended the Jura, seemed to me like an entrance into heaven; and the three years of my life there were spent in a perpetual sense of exaltation, as if from a draught of delicious wine, at the presence of Nature in all her awful loveliness. You will think, perhaps, that I must have been a poet, from this early sensibility to Nature. But my lot was not so happy as that. A poet pours forth his song and *believes* in the listening ear and answering soul, to which his song will be floated sooner or later. But the poet's sensibility without his voice—the poet's sensibility that finds no vent but in silent tears on the sunny bank, when the noonday light sparkles on the water, or in an inward shudder at the sound of harsh human tones, the sight of a cold human eye—this dumb passion brings with it a fatal solitude of soul in the society of one's fellow-men. My least solitary moments were those in which I pushed off in my boat, at evening, towards the centre of the lake;

it seemed to me that the sky, and the glowing mountain-tops, and the wide blue water, surrounded me with a cherishing love such as no human face had shed on me since my mother's love had vanished out of my life. I used to do as Jean Jacques did—lie down in my boat and let it glide where it would, while I looked up at the departing glow leaving one mountain-top after the other, as if the prophet's chariot of fire were passing over them on its way to the home of light. Then, when the white summits were all sad and corpse-like, I had to push homeward, for I was under careful surveillance, and was allowed no late wanderings. This disposition of mine was not favourable to the formation of intimate friendships among the numerous youths of my own age who are always to be found studying at Geneva. Yet I made *one* such friendship; and, singularly enough, it was with a youth whose intellectual tendencies were the very reverse of my own. I shall call him Charles Meunier; his real surname—an English one, for he was of English extraction—having since become celebrated. He was an orphan, who lived on a miserable pittance while he pursued the medical studies for which he had a special genius. Strange! that with my vague mind, impressionable and unobservant, hating inquiry and given up to contemplation, I should have been drawn towards a youth whose strongest passion was science. But the bond was not an intellectual one; it came from a source that can happily blend the stupid with the brilliant, the dreamy with the practical; it came from community of feeling. Charles was poor and ugly, derided by Genevese *gamins*, and not acceptable in drawing-rooms. I saw that he was isolated, as I was, though from a different cause, and, stimulated by a sympathetic resentment, I made timid advances towards him. It is enough to say that there sprang up as much *camaraderie* between us as our different habits would allow; and in Charles's rare holidays we went up the Salève together, or took the boat to Vevay, while I listened dreamily to the monologues in which he unfolded his bold conceptions of future experiment and discovery. I mingled them confusedly in my thought with glimpses of blue water and delicate floating cloud, with the notes of birds and the distant glitter of the glacier. He knew quite well that my mind was half absent, yet he liked to talk to me in this way; for don't we talk of our hopes and our projects even to dogs and birds, when they love us? I have mentioned this one friendship because of its connection with a strange and terrible scene which I shall have to narrate in my subsequent life.

This happier life at Geneva was put an end to by a terrible illness, which is partly a blank to me, partly a time of dimly-remembered suffering, with the presence of my father by my bed from time to time. Then came the languid monotony of convalescence, the days gradually breaking into variety and distinctness as my strength enabled me to take longer and longer drives. On one of these more vividly remembered days, my father said to me, as he sat beside my sofa:

"When you are quite well enough to travel, Latimer, I shall take you home with me. The journey will amuse you and do you good, for I shall go through the Tyrol and Austria, and you will see many new places. Our neighbours, the Filmores, are come; Alfred will join us at Basle, and we shall all go together to Vienna, and back by Prague" . . .

My father was called away before he had finished his sentence, and he left my mind resting on the word *Prague*, with a strange sense that a new and wondrous scene was breaking upon me: a city under the broad sunshine, that seemed to me as if it were the summer sunshine of a long-past century arrested in its course—unrefreshed for ages by the dews of night, or the rushing rain-cloud; scorching the dusty, weary, time-eaten grandeur of a people doomed to live on in the stale repetition of memories, like deposed and superannuated kings, in their regal gold-inwoven tatters. The city looked so thirsty that the broad river seemed to me a sheet of metal; and the blackened statues, as I passed under their blank gaze, along the unending bridge, with their ancient garments and their saintly crowns, seemed to me the real inhabitants and owners of this place, while the busy, trivial men and women, hurrying to and fro, were a swarm of ephemeral visitants infesting it for a day. It is such grim, stony beings as these, I thought, who are the fathers of ancient faded children, in those tanned, time-fretted dwellings that crowd the steep before me; who pay their court in the worn and crumbling pomp of the palace which stretches its monotonous length on the height; who worship wearily in the stifling air of the churches, urged by no fear or hope, but compelled by their doom to be ever old and undying, to live on in the rigidity of habit, as they live on in perpetual mid-day, without the repose of night or the new birth of morning.

A stunning clang of metal suddenly thrilled through me, and I became conscious of the objects in my room again: one of the fire-irons had fallen, as Pierre opened the door to bring me my draught. My heart was palpitating violently, and I begged Pierre to leave my draught beside me; I would take it presently.

As soon as I was alone again, I began to ask myself whether I had been sleeping. Was this a dream—this wonderfully distinct vision—minute in its distinctness down to a patch of coloured light on the pavement, transmitted through a coloured lamp in the shape of a star—of a strange city, quite unfamiliar to my imagination? I had seen no picture of Prague: it lay in my mind as a mere name, with vaguely remembered historical associations—ill-defined memories of imperial grandeur and religious wars.

Nothing of this sort had ever occurred in my dreaming experience before, for I had often been humiliated because my dreams were only saved from being utterly disjointed and commonplace by the frequent terrors of nightmare. But I could not believe that I had been asleep, for I remembered distinctly the gradual breaking-in of the vision upon me, like the new images in a dissolving view, or the growing distinctness of the landscape as the sun lifts up the veil of the morning mist. And while I was conscious of this incipient vision, I was also conscious that Pierre came to tell my father Mr. Filmore was waiting for him, and that my father hurried out of the room. No, it was not a dream; was it—the thought was full of tremulous exultation—was it the poet's nature in me, hitherto only a troubled, yearning sensibility, now manifesting itself suddenly as spontaneous creation? Surely it was in this way that Homer saw the plain of Troy, that Dante saw the abodes of the departed, that Milton saw the earthward flight of the Tempter. Was it that my illness had wrought some happy change in my organisation—given a firmer tension to my nerves—carried off some dull obstruction? I had often read of such effects—in works of fiction at least. Nay; in genuine biographies I had read of the subtilising or exalting influence of some diseases on the mental powers. Did not Novalis feel his inspiration intensified under the progress of consumption?

When my mind had dwelt for some time on this blissful idea, it seemed to me that I might perhaps test it by an exertion of my will. The vision had commenced when my father was speaking of our going to Prague. I did not for a moment believe it was really a representation of that city; I believed—I hoped it was a picture that my newly-liberated genius had painted in fiery haste, with the colours snatched from lazy memory. Suppose I were to fix my mind on some other place—Venice, for example, which was far more familiar to my imagination than Prague: perhaps the same sort of result would follow. I concentrated my thoughts on Venice; I stimulated my imagination with poetic memories, and strove to feel myself present in Venice, as I had felt myself present in Prague. But in vain. I was only colouring the Canaletto engravings that hung in my old bedroom at home; the picture was a shifting one, my mind wandering uncertainly in search of more vivid images; I could see no accident of form or shadow without conscious labour after the necessary conditions. It was all prosaic effort, not rapt passivity, such as I had experienced half an hour before. I was discouraged; but I remembered that inspiration was fitful.

For several days I was in a state of excited expectation, watching for a recurrence of my new gift. I sent my thoughts ranging over my world of knowledge, in the hope that they would find some object which would send a reawakening vibration through my slumbering genius. But no; my world remained as dim as ever, and that flash of strange light refused to come again, though I watched for it with palpitating eagerness.

My father accompanied me every day in a drive, and a gradually lengthening walk as my powers of walking increased; and one evening he had agreed to come and fetch me at twelve the next day, that we might go together to select a musical snuff-box, and other purchases, rigorously demanded of a rich Englishman visiting Geneva. He was one of the most punctual of men and bankers, and I was always nervously anxious to be quite ready for him at the appointed time. But, to my surprise, at a quarter past twelve he had not appeared. I felt all the impatience of a convalescent who has nothing particular to do, and who has just taken a tonic in the prospect of immediate exercise that would carry off the stimulus.

Unable to sit still and reserve my strength, I walked up and down the room, looking out on the current of the Rhone, just where it leaves the dark-blue lake; but thinking all the while of the possible causes that could detain my father.

Suddenly I was conscious that my father was in the room, but not alone: there were two persons with him. Strange! I had heard no footstep, I had not seen the door open; but I saw my father, and at his right hand our neighbour Mrs. Filmore, whom I remembered very well, though I had not seen her for five years. She was a commonplace middle-aged woman, in silk and cashmere; but the lady on the left of my father was not more than twenty, a tall, slim, willowy figure, with luxuriant blond hair arranged in cunning braids and folds that looked almost too massive for the slight figure and the small-featured, thin-lipped face they crowned. But the face had not a girlish expression: the features were sharp, the pale grey eyes at once acute, restless, and sarcastic. They were fixed on me in half-smiling curiosity, and I felt a painful sensation as if a sharp wind were cutting me. The pale-green dress, and the green leaves that seemed to form a border about her blond hair, made me think of a Water-Nixie,—for my mind was full of German lyrics, and this pale, fatal-eyed woman, with the green weeds, looked like a birth from some cold, sedgy stream, the daughter of an aged river.

"Well, Latimer, you thought me long," my father said. . . . .

But while the last word was in my ears, the whole group vanished, and there was nothing between me and the Chinese painted folding-screen that stood before the door. I was cold and trembling; I could only totter forward and throw myself on the sofa. This strange new power had manifested itself again. . . . . . But *was* it a power? Might it not rather be a disease—a sort of intermittent delirium, concentrating my energy of brain into moments of unhealthy activity, and leaving my saner hours all the more barren? I felt a dizzy sense of unreality in what my eye rested on; I grasped the bell convulsively, like one trying to free himself from nightmare, and rang it twice. Pierre came with a look of alarm in his face.

"Monsieur ne se trouve pas bien?" he said, anxiously.

"I'm tired of waiting, Pierre," I said, as distinctly and emphatically as I could, like a man determined to be sober in spite of wine; "I'm afraid something has happened to my father—he's usually so punctual. Run to the Hôtel des Bergues and see if he is there."

Pierre left the room at once, with a soothing "Bien, Monsieur;" and I felt the better for this scene of simple, waking prose. Seeking to calm myself still further, I went into my bedroom, adjoining the salon, and opened a case of eau-de-cologne; took out a bottle; went through the process of taking out the cork very neatly, and then rubbed the reviving spirit over my hands and forehead, and under my nostrils, drawing a new delight from the scent because I had procured it by slow details of labour, and by no strange sudden madness. Already I had begun to taste something of the horror that belongs to the lot of a human being whose nature is not adjusted to simple human conditions.

Still enjoying the scent, I returned to the salon, but it was not unoccupied, as it had been before I left it. In front of the Chinese folding-screen there was my father, with Mrs. Filmore on his right hand, and on his left—— the slim blond-haired girl, with the keen face and the keen eyes fixed on me in half-smiling curiosity.

"Well, Latimer, you thought me long," my father said. . . .

I heard no more, felt no more, till I became conscious that I was lying with my head low on the sofa, Pierre and my father by my side. As soon as I was thoroughly revived, my father left the room, and presently returned, saying,

"I've been to tell the ladies how you are, Latimer. They were waiting in the next room. We shall put off our shopping expedition to-day."

Presently he said, "That young lady is Bertha Grant, Mrs. Filmore's orphan niece. Filmore has adopted her, and she lives with them, so you will have her for a neighbour when we go home—perhaps for a near relation; for there is a tenderness between her and Alfred, I suspect, and I should be gratified by the match, since Filmore means to provide for her in every way as if she were his daughter. It hadn't occurred to me that you knew nothing about her living with the Filmores."

He made no further allusion to the fact of my having fainted at the moment of seeing her, and I would not for the world have told him the reason: I shrank from the idea of disclosing to any one what might be regarded as a pitiable peculiarity, most of all from betraying it to my father, who would have suspected my sanity ever after.

I do not mean to dwell with particularity on the details of my experience. I have described these two cases at length, because they had definite, clearly traceable results in my after lot.

Shortly after this last occurrence —I think the very next day—I began to be aware of a phase in my abnormal sensibility, to which, from the languid and slight nature of my intercourse with others since my illness, I had not been alive before. This was the obtrusion on my mind of the mental process going forward in first one person, and then another, with whom I happened to be in contact: the vagrant, frivolous ideas and emotions of some uninteresting acquaintance — Mrs. Filmore, for example — would force themselves on my consciousness like an importunate, ill-played musical instrument, or the loud activity of an imprisoned insect. But this unpleasant sensibility was fitful, and left me moments of rest, when the souls of my companions were once more shut out from me, and I felt a relief such as silence brings to wearied nerves. I might have believed this importunate insight to be merely a diseased activity of the imagination, but that my prevision of incalculable words and actions proved it to have a fixed relation to the mental process in other minds. But this superadded consciousness, wearying and annoying enough when it urged on me the trivial experience of indifferent people, became an intense pain and grief when it seemed to be opening to me the souls of those who were in a close relation to me—when the rational talk, the graceful attentions, the bon-mots, and the kindly deeds, which used to make the web of their characters, were seen as if thrust asunder by a microscopic vision, that showed all the intermediate frivolities, all the suppressed egoism, all the struggling chaos of puerilities, meanness, vague, capricious memories, and indolent make-shift thoughts, from which human words and deeds emerge like leaflets covering a fermenting heap.

At Basle we were joined by my brother Alfred, now a handsome self-confident man of six-and-twenty —a thorough contrast to my fragile, nervous, ineffectual self. I believe I was held to have a sort of half-womanish, half-ghostly beauty; for the portrait-painters, who are thick as weeds at Geneva, had often asked me to sit to them, and I had been the model of a dying minstrel in a fancy picture. But I thoroughly disliked my own physique, and nothing but the belief that it was a condition of poetic genius would have reconciled me to it. That brief hope was quite fled, and I saw in my face now nothing but the stamp of a morbid organisation, framed for passive suffering—too feeble for the sublime resistance of poetic production. Alfred, from whom I had been almost constantly separated, and who, in his present stage of character and appearance, came before me as a perfect stranger, was bent on being extremely friendly and brother-like to me. He had the superficial kindness of a good-humoured, self-satisfied nature, that fears no rivalry, and has encountered no contrarieties. I am not sure that my disposition was good enough for me to have been quite free from envy towards him, even if our desires had not clashed, and if I had been in the healthy human condition that admits of generous confidence and charitable construction. There must always have been an antipathy between our natures. As it was, he became in a few weeks an object of intense hatred to me; and when he entered the room, still more when he spoke, it was as if a sensation of grating metal had set my teeth on edge. My diseased consciousness was more intensely and continually occupied with his thoughts and emotions, than with those of any other person who came in my way. I was perpetually exasperated with the petty promptings of his conceit and his love of patronage, with his self-complacent belief in Bertha Grant's passion for him, with his half-pitying contempt for me—seen not in the ordinary indications of intonation and phrase and slight action, which an acute and suspicious mind is on the watch for, but in all their naked skinless complication.

For we were rivals, and our desires clashed, though he was not aware of it. I have said nothing yet of the effect Bertha Grant produced in me on a nearer acquaintance. That effect was chiefly determined by the fact that she made the only exception, among all the human beings about me, to my unhappy gift of insight. About Bertha I was always in a state of uncertainty; I could watch the expression of her face, and speculate on its meaning; I could ask for her opinion with the real interest of ignorance; I could listen for her words and watch for her smile with hope and fear; she had for me the fascination of an unravelled destiny. I say it was this fact that chiefly determined the strong effect she produced on me; for, in the abstract, no womanly character could seem to have less sympathy with that of a shrinking, romantic, passionate youth than Bertha's. She was keen, sarcastic, unimaginative, prematurely cynical, remaining critical and unmoved in the most impressive scenes, inclined to dissect all my favourite poems, and, most of all, contemptuous towards the German lyrics, which were my pet literature at that time. To this moment I am unable to define my feeling towards her: it was no ordinary boyish admiration, for she was the very opposite, even to the colour of her hair, of the ideal woman who still remained to me the type of loveliness; and she was without that enthusiasm for the great and good, which, even at the moment of her strongest dominion over me, I should have declared to be the highest element of character. But there is no tyranny more complete than that which a self-centred negative nature exercises over a morbidly sensitive nature perpetually craving sympathy and support. The most independent people feel the effect of a man's silence in heightening their value for his opinion — feel an additional triumph in conquering the reverence of a critic habitually captious and satirical: no wonder then, that an enthusiastic self-distrusting youth should watch and wait before the closed secret of a sarcastic woman's face, as if it were the shrine of the doubtfully benignant deity who ruled his destiny. For a young enthusiast is unable to imagine the total negation in another mind of the emotions that are stirring his own: they may be feeble, latent, inactive, he thinks, but they are there, they may be called forth—sometimes, in moments of happy hallucination, he believes they may be there in all the greater strength because he sees no outward sign of them. And this effect, as I have intimated, was heightened to its utmost intensity in me, because Bertha was the only being who remained for me in the mysterious seclusion of soul that renders such youthful delusion possible. Doubtless there was another sort of fascination at work—that subtle physical attraction which delights in cheating our psychological predictions, and in compelling the men who paint sylphs, to fall in love with some *bonne et brave femme*, heavy-heeled and freckled.

Bertha's behaviour towards me was such as to encourage all my illusions, to heighten my boyish passion, and make me more and more dependent on her smiles. Looking back with my present wretched knowledge, I conclude that her vanity and love of power were intensely gratified by the belief that I had fainted on first seeing her purely from the strong impression her person had produced on me. The most prosaic woman likes to believe herself the object of a violent, a poetic passion; and without a grain of romance in her, Bertha had that spirit of intrigue which gave piquancy to the idea that the brother of the man she meant to marry was dying with love and jealousy for her sake. That she meant to marry my brother, was what at that time I did not believe; for though he was assiduous in his attentions to her, and I knew well enough that both he and my father had made up their minds to this result, there was not yet an understood engagement—there had been no explicit declaration; and Bertha habitually, while she flirted with my brother, and accepted his homage in a way that implied to him a thorough recognition of its intention, made me believe, by the subtlest looks and phrases, slight feminine nothings that could never be quoted against her, that he was really the object of her secret ridicule; that she thought him, as I did, a coxcomb, whom she would have pleasure in disappointing. Me she openly petted in my brother's presence, as if I were too young and sickly ever to be thought of as a lover; and that was the view he took of me. But I believe she must inwardly have delighted in the tremors into which she threw me by the coaxing way in which she patted my curls, while she laughed at my quotations. Such caresses were always given in the presence of our friends, for when we were alone together, she affected a much greater distance towards me, and now and then took the opportunity, by words or slight actions, to stimulate my foolish timid hope that she really preferred me. And why should she not follow her inclination? I was not in so advantageous a position as my brother, but I had fortune, I was not a year younger than she was, and she was an heiress, who would soon be of age to decide for herself.

The fluctuations of hope and fear, confined to this one channel, made each day in her presence a delicious torment. There was one deliberate act of hers which especially helped to intoxicate me. When we were at Vienna her twentieth birthday occurred, and as she was very fond of ornaments, we all took the opportunity of the splendid jewellers' shops in that Teutonic Paris, to purchase her a birthday present of jewellery. Mine, naturally, was the least expensive; it was an opal ring—the opal was my favourite stone, because it seemed to blush and turn pale as if it had a soul. I told Bertha so when I gave it to her, and said that it was an emblem of the poetic nature, changing with the changing light of heaven and of woman's eyes. In the evening she appeared elegantly dressed, and wearing conspicuously all the birthday presents except mine. I looked eagerly at her fingers, but saw no opal. I had no opportunity of noticing this to her during the evening; but the next day, when I found her seated near the window alone, after breakfast, I said, "You scorn to wear my poor opal. I should have remembered that you despised poetic natures, and should have given you coral, or turquoise, or some other opaque unresponsive stone." "Do I despise it?" she answered, taking hold of a delicate gold chain which she always wore round her neck and drawing out the end from her bosom with my ring hanging to it; "it hurts me a little, I can tell you," she said, with her usual dubious smile, "to wear it in that secret place; and since your poetical nature is so stupid as to prefer a more public position, I shall not endure the pain any longer."

She took off the ring from the chain and put it on her finger, smiling still, while the blood rushed to my cheeks, and I could not trust myself to say a word of entreaty that she would keep the ring where it was before.

I was completely fooled by this, and for two days shut myself up in my own room whenever Bertha was absent, that I might intoxicate myself afresh with the thought of this scene, and all it implied.

I should mention that during these two months—which seemed a long life to me from the novelty and intensity of the pleasures and pains I underwent—my diseased participation in other people's consciousness continued to torment me; now it was my father, and now my brother, now Mrs. Filmore or her husband, and now our German courier, whose stream of thought rushed upon me like a ringing in the ears not to be got rid of, though it allowed my own impulses and ideas to continue their uninterrupted course. It was like a preternaturally heightened sense of hearing, making audible to one a roar of sound where others find perfect stillness. The weariness and disgust of this involuntary intrusion into other souls was counteracted only by my ignorance of Bertha, and my growing passion for her; a passion enormously stimulated, if not produced, by that ignorance. She was my oasis of mystery in the dreary desert of knowledge. I had never allowed my diseased condition to betray itself, or to drive me into any unusual speech or action, except once, when, in a moment of peculiar bitterness against my brother, I had forestalled some words which I knew he was going to utter—a clever observation, which he had prepared beforehand. He had occasionally a slightly-affected hesitation in his speech, and when he paused an instant after the second word, my impatience and jealousy impelled me to continue the speech for him, as if it were something we had both learnt by rote. He coloured and looked astonished, as well as annoyed; and the words had no sooner escaped my lips than I felt a shock of alarm lest such an anticipation of words, very far from being words of course easy to divine, should have betrayed me as an exceptional being, a sort of quiet energumen, that every one, Bertha above all, would shudder at and avoid. But I magnified, as usual, the impression any word or deed of mine could produce on others; for no one gave any sign of having noticed my interruption as more than a rudeness, to be forgiven me on the score of my feeble nervous condition.

While this superadded consciousness of the actual was almost constant with me, I had never had a recurrence of that distinct prevision which I have described in relation to my first interview with Bertha; and I was waiting with eager curiosity to know whether or not my vision of Prague would prove to have been an instance of the same kind. A few days after the incident of the opal ring, we were paying one of our frequent visits to the Lichtenberg Palace. I could never look at many pictures in succession; for pictures, when they are at all powerful, affect me so strongly that one or two exhaust all my capability of contemplation. This morning I had been looking at Giorgione's picture of the cruel-eyed woman, said to be a likeness of Lucrezia Borgia. I had stood long alone before it, fascinated by the terrible reality of that cunning, relentless face, till I felt a strange poisoned sensation, as if I had long been inhaling a fatal odour, and was just beginning to be conscious of its effects. Perhaps even then I should not have moved away if the rest of the party had not returned to this room, and announced that they were going to the Belvedere Gallery to settle a bet which had arisen between my brother and Mr. Filmore about a portrait. I followed them dreamily, and was hardly alive to what occurred till they had all gone up to the gallery, leaving me below; for I refused to come within sight of another picture that day. I made my way to the Grand Terrace, for it was agreed that we should saunter in the gardens when the dispute had been decided. I had been sitting here a short space, vaguely conscious of trim gardens, with a city and green hills in the distance, when, wishing to avoid the proximity of the sentinel, I rose and walked down the broad stone steps, intending to seat myself further on in the gardens. Just as I reached the gravel walk, I felt an arm slipped within mine, and a light hand gently pressing my wrist. In the same instant a strange intoxicating numbness passed over me, like the continuance or climax of the sensation I was still feeling from the gaze of Lucrezia Borgia. The gardens, the summer sky, the consciousness of Bertha's arm being within mine, all vanished, and I seemed to be suddenly in darkness, out of which there gradually broke a dim firelight, and I felt myself sitting in my father's leather chair in the library at home. I knew the fireplace—the dogs for the wood fire—the black marble chimney-piece with the white marble medallion of the dying Cleopatra in the centre. Intense and hopeless misery was pressing on my soul; the light became stronger, for Bertha was entering with a candle in her hand—Bertha, my wife—with cruel eyes, with green jewels and green leaves on her white ball-dress; every hateful thought within her present to me. . . . . "Madman, idiot! why don't you kill yourself, then?" It was a moment of hell. I saw into her pitiless soul—saw its barren worldliness, its scorching hate, and felt it clothe me round like an air I was obliged to breathe. She came with her candle and stood over me with a bitter smile of contempt; I saw the great emerald brooch on her bosom, a studded serpent with diamond eyes. I shuddered—I despised this woman with the barren soul and mean thoughts; but I felt helpless before her, as if she clutched my bleeding heart, and would clutch it till the last drop of life blood ebbed away. She was my wife, and we hated each other. Gradually the hearth, the dim library, the candle-light disappeared—seemed to melt away into a background of light, the green serpent with the diamond eyes remaining a dark image on the retina. Then I had a sense of my eyelids quivering, and the living daylight broke in upon me; I saw gardens, and heard voices; I was seated on the steps of the Belvedere Terrace, and my friends were round me.

The tumult of mind into which I was thrown by this hideous vision made me ill for several days, and prolonged our stay at Vienna. I shuddered with horror as the scene recurred to me; and it recurred constantly, with all its minutiæ, as if they had been burnt into my memory; and yet, such is the madness of the human heart under the influence of its immediate desires, I felt a wild hell-braving joy that Bertha was to be mine; for the fulfilment of my former prevision concerning her first appearance before me left me little hope that this last hideous glimpse of the future was the mere diseased play of my own mind, and had no relation to external realities. One thing alone I looked towards as a possible means of casting doubt on my terrible conviction—the discovery that my vision of Prague had been false—and Prague was the next city on our route.

Meanwhile, I was no sooner in Bertha's society again, than I was as completely under her sway as before. What if I saw into the heart of Bertha, the matured woman—Bertha, my wife? Bertha, the girl, was a fascinating secret to me still: I trembled under her touch; I felt the witchery of her presence; I yearned to be assured of her love. The fear of poison is feeble against the sense of thirst. Nay, I was just as jealous of my brother as before—just as much irritated by his small patronising ways; for my pride, my diseased sensibility, were there as they had always been, and winced as inevitably under every offence as my eye winced from an intruding mote.

The future, even when brought within the compass of feeling by a vision that made me shudder, had still no more than the force of an idea, compared with the force of present emotion—of my love for Bertha, of my dislike and jealousy towards my brother.

It is an old story, that men sell themselves to the tempter, and sign a bond with their blood, because it is only to take effect at a distant day; then rush on to snatch the cup their souls thirst after with no less savage an impulse, because there is a dark shadow beside them for evermore. There is no short cut, no patent tram road, to wisdom: after all the centuries of invention, the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderness which must be still trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by them of old time.

My mind speculated eagerly on the means by which I should become my brother's successful rival, for I was still too timid, in my ignorance of Bertha's actual feeling, to venture on any step that would urge from her an avowal of it. I thought I should gain confidence even for this, if my vision of Prague proved to have been veracious; and yet, the horror of that certitude! Behind the slim girl Bertha, whose words and looks I watched for, whose touch was bliss, there stood continually that Bertha with the fuller form, the harder eyes, the more rigid mouth,—with the barren selfish soul laid bare; no longer a fascinating secret, but a measured fact, urging itself perpetually on my unwilling sight. Are you unable to give me your sympathy—you who read this? Are you unable to imagine this double consciousness at work within me, flowing on like two parallel streams that never mingle their waters and blend into a common hue? Yet you must have known something of the presentiments that spring from an insight at war with passion; and my visions were only like presentiments intensified to horror. You have known the powerlessness of ideas before the might of impulse; and my visions, when once they had passed into memory, were mere ideas—pale shadows that beckoned in vain, while my hand was grasped by the living and the loved.

In after days I thought with bitter regret that if I had foreseen something more or something different—if instead of that hideous vision which poisoned the passion it could not destroy, or if, even along with it, I could have had a foreshadowing of that moment when I looked on my brother's face for the last time, some softening influence would have been shed over my feeling towards him: pride and hatred would surely have been subdued into pity, and the record of those hidden sins would have been shortened. But this is one of the vain thoughts with which we men flatter ourselves, trying to believe that the egoism within us would have easily been melted, and that it was only the narrowness of our knowledge which hindered our generosity, our awe, our human piety, from flooding our hard cruel indifference to the sensations and feelings of our fellow, with the tenderness and self-renunciation which have only come when the egoism has had its day, when, after our mean striving for a triumph that is to be another's loss, the triumph comes suddenly, and we shudder at it because it is held out by the chill hand of death.

Our arrival in Prague happened at night, and I was glad of this, for it seemed like a deferring of a terribly decisive moment, to be in the city for hours without seeing it. As we were not to remain long in Prague, but to go on speedily to Dresden, it was proposed that we should drive out the next morning and take a general view of the place, as well as visit some of its specially interesting spots, before the heat became oppressive—for we were in August, and the season was hot and dry. But it happened that the ladies were rather late at their morning toilette, and to my father's politely repressed but perceptible annoyance, we were not in the carriage till the morning was far advanced. I thought with a sense of relief, as we entered the Jews' quarter, where we were to visit the old synagogue, that we should be kept in this flat, shut-up part of the city, until we should all be too tired and too warm to go farther, and so we should return without seeing more than the streets through which we had already passed. That would give me another day's suspense—suspense, the only form in which a fearful spirit knows the solace of hope. But, as I stood under the blackened, groined arches of that old synagogue, made dimly visible by the seven thin candles in the sacred lamp, while our Jewish cicerone reached down the Book of the Law, and read to us in its ancient tongue,—I felt a shuddering impression that this strange building, with its shrunken lights, this surviving withered remnant of medieval Judaism, was of a piece with my vision. Those darkened dusky Christian saints, with their loftier arches and their larger candles, needed the consolatory scorn with which they might point to a more shrivelled death in life than their own.

As I expected, when we left the Jews' quarter, the elders of our party wished to return to the hotel. But now, instead of rejoicing in this, as I had done beforehand, I felt a sudden overpowering impulse to go on at once to the bridge, and put an end to the suspense I had been wishing to protract. I declared, with unusual decision, that I would get out of the carriage and walk on alone; they might return without me. My father, thinking this merely a sample of my usual "poetic nonsense," objected that I should only do myself harm by walking in the heat; but when I persisted, he said angrily that I might follow my own absurd devices, but that Schmidt (our courier) must go with me. I assented to this, and set off with Schmidt towards the bridge. I had no sooner passed from under the archway of the grand old gate leading on to the bridge, than a trembling seized me, and I turned cold under the mid-day sun; yet I went on; I was in search of something—a small detail which I remembered with special intensity as part of my vision. There it was—the patch of coloured light on the pavement transmitted through a lamp in the shape of a star.

CHAPTER II.

Before the autumn was at an end, and while the brown leaves still stood thick on the beeches in our park, my brother and Bertha were engaged to each other, and it was understood that their marriage was to take place early in the next spring. In spite of the certainty I had felt from that moment, on the bridge at Prague, that Bertha would one day be my wife, my constitutional timidity and distrust had continued to benumb me, and the words in which I had sometimes premeditated a confession of my love, had died away unuttered. The same conflict had gone on within me as before—the longing for an assurance of love from Bertha's lips, the dread lest a word of contempt and denial should fall upon me like a corrosive acid. What was the conviction of a distant necessity to me? I trembled under a present glance, I hungered after a present joy, I was clogged and chilled by a present fear. And so the days passed on: I witnessed Bertha's engagement and heard her marriage discussed as if I were under a conscious nightmare—knowing it was a dream that would vanish, but feeling stifled under the grasp of hard-clutching fingers.

When I was not in Bertha's presence—and I was with her very often, for she continued to treat me with a playful patronage that wakened no jealousy in my brother—I spent my time chiefly in wandering, in strolling, or taking long rides while the daylight lasted, and then shutting myself up with my unread books; for books had lost the power of chaining my attention. My self-consciousness was heightened to that pitch of intensity in which our own emotions take the form of a drama that urges itself imperatively on our contemplation, and we begin to weep, less under the sense of our suffering than at the thought of it. I felt a sort of pitying anguish over the pathos of my own lot—the lot of a being finely organised for pain, but with hardly any fibres that responded to pleasure—to whom the idea of future evil robbed the present of its joy, and for whom the idea of future good did not still the uneasiness of a present yearning or a present dread: I went dumbly through that stage of the poet's suffering, in which he feels the delicious pang of utterance, and makes an image of his sorrows.

I was left entirely without remonstrance concerning this dreamy wayward life: I knew my father's thought about me:—"That lad will never be good for anything in life: he may waste his years in an insignificant way on the income that falls to him: I shall not trouble myself about a career for him."

One mild morning in the beginning of November, it happened that I was standing outside the portico patting lazy old Cæsar, a Newfoundland almost blind with age, the only dog that ever took any notice of me—for the very dogs shunned me, and fawned on the happier people about me—when the groom brought up my brother's horse which was to carry him to the hunt, and my brother himself appeared at the door, florid, broad-chested, and self-complacent, feeling what a good-natured fellow he was not to behave insolently to us all on the strength of his great advantages.

"Latimer, old boy," he said to me in a tone of compassionate cordiality, "what a pity it is you don't have a run with the hounds now and then. The finest thing in the world for low spirits!"

"Low spirits!" I thought bitterly, as he rode away; "that's the sort of phrase with which coarse, narrow natures like yours think you completely define experience of which you can know no more than your horse knows. It is to such as you that the good of this world falls: ready dulness, healthy selfishness, good-tempered conceit—these are the keys to happiness."

The quick thought came, that my selfishness was even stronger than his—it was only a suffering selfishness instead of an enjoying one. But then again, my exasperating insight into Alfred's self-complacent soul, his freedom from all the doubts and fears, the unsatisfied yearnings, the exquisite tortures of sensitiveness, that had made the web of my life, seemed to absolve me from all bonds towards him. This man needed no pity, no love; those fine influences would have been as little felt by him as the delicate white mist is felt by the rock it caresses. There was no evil in store for *him:* if he was not to marry Bertha, it would be because he had found a lot pleasanter to himself.

Mr. Filmore's house lay not more than half a mile beyond our own gates, and whenever I knew my brother was gone in another direction, I went there for the chance of finding Bertha at home. Later on in the day I walked thither. By a rare accident she was alone, and we walked out in the grounds together, for she seldom went on foot beyond the trimly swept gravel-walks. I remember what a beautiful sylph she looked to me as the low November sun shone on her blond hair, and she tripped along teasing me with her usual light banter, to which I listened half fondly, half moodily: it was all the sign Bertha's mysterious inner self ever made to me. To-day perhaps the moodiness predominated, for I had not yet shaken off the access of jealous hate which my brother had raised in me by his parting patronage. Suddenly I interrupted and startled her by saying, almost fiercely, "Bertha, how can you love Alfred?"

She looked at me with surprise for a moment, but soon her light smile came again, and she answered sarcastically, "Why do you suppose I love him?"

"How can you ask that, Bertha?"

"What! your wisdom thinks I must love the man I'm going to marry? The most unpleasant thing in the world. I should quarrel with him; I should be jealous of him; our *ménage* would be conducted in a very ill-bred manner. A little quiet contempt contributes greatly to the elegance of life."

"Bertha, that is not your real feeling. Why do you delight in trying to deceive me by inventing such cynical speeches?"

"I need never take the trouble of invention in order to deceive you, my small Tasso"—(that was the mocking name she usually gave me). "The easiest way to deceive a poet is to tell him the truth."

She was testing the validity of her epigram in a daring way, and for a moment the shadow of my vision—the Bertha whose soul was no secret to me—passed between me and the radiant girl, the playful sylph whose feelings were a fascinating mystery. I suppose I must have shuddered, or betrayed in some other way my momentary chill of horror.

"Tasso!" she said, seizing my wrist, and peeping round into my face, "are you really beginning to discern what a heartless girl I am? Why, you are not half the poet I thought you were; you are actually capable of believing the truth about me."

The shadow passed from between us, and was no longer the object nearest to me. The girl whose light fingers grasped me, whose elfish charming face looked into mine—who, I thought, was betraying an interest in my feelings that she would not have directly avowed,—this warm-breathing presence again possessed my senses and imagination like a returning syren melody that had been overpowered for an instant by the roar of threatening waves. It was a moment as delicious to me as the waking up to a consciousness of youth after a dream of middle age. I forgot everything but my passion, and said with swimming eyes—

"Bertha, shall you love me when we are first married? I wouldn't mind if you really loved me only for a little while."

Her look of astonishment, as she loosed my hand and started away from me, recalled me to a sense of my strange, my criminal indiscretion.

"Forgive me," I said, hurriedly, as soon as I could speak again; "I did'nt know what I was saying."

"Ah, Tasso's mad fit has come on, I see," she answered quietly, for she had recovered herself sooner than I had. "Let him go home and keep his head cool. I must go in, for the sun is setting."

I left her—full of indignation against myself. I had let slip words which, if she reflected on them, might rouse in her a suspicion of my abnormal mental condition—a suspicion which of all things I dreaded. And besides that, I was ashamed of the apparent baseness I had committed in uttering them to my brother's betrothed wife. I wandered home slowly, entering our park through a private gate instead of by the lodges. As I approached the house I saw a man dashing off at full speed from the stable-yard across the park. Had any accident happened at home? No; perhaps it was only one of my father's peremptory business errands that required this headlong haste. Nevertheless I quickened my pace without any distinct motive, and was soon at the house. I will not dwell on the scene I found there. My brother was dead—had been pitched from his horse, and killed on the spot by a concussion of the brain.

I went up to the room where he lay, and where my father was seated beside him with a look of rigid despair. I had shunned my father more than any one since our return home, for the radical antipathy between our natures made my insight into his inner self a constant affliction to me. But now, as I went up to him, and stood beside him in sad silence, I felt the presence of a new element that blended us as we had never been blent before. My father had been one of the most successful men in the money-getting world: he had had no sentimental sufferings, no illness. The heaviest trouble that had befallen him was the death of his first wife. But he married my mother soon after; and I remember he seemed exactly the same to my keen childish observation, the week after her death as before. But now, at last, a sorrow had come—the sorrow of old age, which suffers the more from the crushing of its pride and its hopes, in proportion as the pride and hope are narrow and prosaic. His son was to have been married soon—would probably have stood for the borough at the next election. That son's existence was the best motive that could be alleged for making new purchases of land every year to round off the estate. It is a dreary thing to live on doing the same things year after year, without knowing why we do them. Perhaps the tragedy of disappointed youth and passion is less piteous than the tragedy of disappointed age and worldliness.

As I saw into the desolation of my father's heart, I felt a movement of deep pity towards him, which was the beginning of a new affection—an affection that grew and strengthened in spite of the strange bitterness with which he regarded me in the first month or two after my brother's death. If it had not been for the softening influence of my compassion for him—the first deep compassion I had ever felt—I should have been stung by the perception that my father transferred the inheritance of an eldest son to me with a mortified sense that fate had compelled him to the unwelcome course of caring for me as an important being. It was only in spite of himself that he began to think of me with anxious regard. There is hardly any neglected child, for whom death has made vacant a more favoured place, that will not understand what I mean.

Gradually, however, my new deference to his wishes, the effect of that patience which was born of my pity for him, won upon his affection, and he began to please himself with the endeavour to make me fill my brother's place as fully as my feebler personality would admit. I saw that the prospect which by-and-by presented itself of my becoming Bertha's husband was welcome to him, and he even contemplated in my case what he had not intended in my brother's—that his son and daughter-in-law should make one household with him. My softened feeling towards my father made this the happiest time I had known since childhood;—these last months in which I retained the delicious illusion of loving Bertha, of longing and doubting and hoping that she loved me. She behaved with a certain new consciousness and distance towards me after my brother's death; and I too was under a double constraint—that of delicacy towards my brother's memory, and of anxiety as to the impression my abrupt words had left on her mind. But the additional screen this mutual reserve erected between us only brought me more completely under her power: no matter how empty the adytum, so that the veil be thick enough. So absolute is our soul's need of something hidden and uncertain for the maintenance of that doubt and hope and effort which are the breath of its life, that if the whole future were laid bare to us beyond to-day, the interest of all mankind would be bent on the hours that lie between; we should pant after the uncertainties of our one morning and our one afternoon; we should rush fiercely to the Exchange for our last possibility of speculation, of success, of disappointment; we should have a glut of political prophets foretelling a crisis or a no-crisis within the only twenty-four hours left open to prophecy. Conceive the condition of the human mind if all propositions whatsoever were self-evident except one, which was to become self-evident at the close of a summer's day, but in the meantime might be the subject of question, of hypothesis, of debate. Art and philosophy, literature and science, would fasten like bees on that one proposition that had the honey of probability in it, and be the more eager because their enjoyment would end with sunset. Our impulses, our spiritual activities, no more adjust themselves to the idea of their future nullity, than the beating of our heart, or the irritability of our muscles.

Bertha, the slim, fair-haired girl, whose present thoughts and emotions were an enigma to me amidst the fatiguing obviousness of the other minds around me, was as absorbing to me as a single unknown to-day—as a single hypothetic proposition to remain problematic till sunset; and all the cramped, hemmed-in belief and disbelief, trust and distrust, of my nature, welled out in this one narrow channel.

And she made me believe that she loved me. Without ever quitting her tone of badinage and playful superiority, she intoxicated me with the sense that I was necessary to her, that she was never at ease unless I was near her, submitting to her playful tyranny. It costs a woman so little effort to besot us in this way! A half-repressed word, a moment's unexpected silence, even an easy fit of petulance on our account, will serve us as *hashish* for a long while. Out of the subtlest web of scarcely-perceptible signs, she set me weaving the fancy that she had always unconsciously loved me better than Alfred, but, that, with the ignorant fluttered sensibility of a young girl, she had been imposed on by the charm that lay for her in the distinction of being admired and chosen by a man who made so brilliant a figure in the world as my brother. She satirised herself in a very graceful way for her vanity and ambition. What was it to me that I had the light of my wretched prevision on the fact that now it was I who possessed at least all but the personal part of my brother's advantages? Our sweet illusions are half of them conscious illusions, like effects of colour that we know to be made up of tinsel, broken glass, and rags.

We were married eighteen months after Alfred's death, one cold, clear morning in April, when there came hail and sunshine both together; and Bertha, in her white silk and pale-green leaves, and the pale sunshine of her hair and eyes, looked like the spirit of the morning. My father was happier than he had thought of being again: my marriage, he felt sure, would complete the desirable modification of my character, and make me practical and worldly enough to take my place in society among sane men. For he delighted in Bertha's tact and acuteness, and felt sure she would be mistress of me, and make me what she chose: I was only twenty-one, and madly in love with her. Poor father! He kept that hope a little while after our first year of marriage, and it was not quite extinct when paralysis came and saved him from utter disappointment.

I shall hurry through the rest of my story, not dwelling so much as I have hitherto done on my inward experience. When people are well known to each other, they talk rather of what befalls them externally, leaving their feelings and sentiments to be inferred.

We lived in a round of visits for some time after our return home, giving splendid dinner-parties, and making a sensation in our neighbourhood by the new lustre of our equipage, for my father had reserved this display of his increased wealth for the period of his son's marriage; and we gave our acquaintances liberal opportunity for remarking that it was a pity I made so poor a figure as an heir and a bridegroom. The nervous fatigue of this existence, the insincerities and platitudes which I had to live though twice over—through my inner and outward sense—would have been maddening to me, if I had not had that sort of intoxicated callousness which came from the delights of a first passion. A bride and bridegroom, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, hurried through the day by the whirl of society, filling their solitary moments with hastily-snatched caresses, are prepared for their future life, together, as the novice is prepared for the cloister, by experiencing its utmost contrast.

Through all these crowded excited months, Bertha's inward self remained shrouded from me, and I still read her thoughts only through the language of her lips and demeanour; I had still the delicious human interest of wondering whether what I did and said pleased her, of longing to hear a word of affection, of giving a delicious exaggeration of meaning to her smile. But I was conscious of a growing difference in her manner towards me; sometimes strong enough to be called haughty coldness, cutting and chilling me as the hail had done that came across the sunshine on our marriage morning; sometimes only perceptible in the dexterous avoidance of a *tête-à tête* walk or dinner, to which I had been looking forward. I had been deeply pained by this—had even felt a sort of crushing of the heart, from the sense that my brief day of happiness was near its setting; but still I remained dependent on Bertha, eager for the last rays of a bliss that would soon be gone for ever, hoping and watching for some after-glow more beautiful from the impending night.

I remember—how should I not remember?—the time when that dependence and hope utterly left me—when the sadness I had felt in Bertha's growing estrangement became a joy that I looked back upon with longing, as a man might look back on the last pains in a paralysed limb. It was just after the close of my father's last illness, which necessarily withdrew us from society, and threw us more upon each other. It was the evening of my father's death. On that evening the veil that had shrouded Bertha's soul from me, and made me find in her alone among my fellow-beings the blessed possibility of mystery, and doubt, and expectation, was first withdrawn. Perhaps it was the first day since the beginning of my passion for her, in which that passion was completely neutralised by the presence of an absorbing feeling of another kind. I had been watching by my father's death-bed: I had been witnessing the last fitful yearning glances that his soul had cast back on the spent inheritance of life—the last faint consciousness of love that he had gathered from the pressure of my hand. What are all our personal loves when we have been sharing in that supreme agony? In the first moments when we come away from the presence of death, every other relation to the living is merged, to our feeling, in the great relation of a common nature and a common destiny.

It was in that state of mind that I joined Bertha in her private sitting-room. She was seated in a leaning posture on a settee, with her back towards the door; the great rich coils of her blond hair surmounting her small neck, visible above the back of the settee. I remember, as I closed the door behind me, a cold tremulousness seizing me, and a vague sense of being hated and lonely—vague and strong, like a presentiment. I know how I looked at that moment, for I saw myself in Bertha's thought as she lifted her cutting grey eyes, and looked at me: a miserable ghost-seer, surrounded by phantoms in the noon-day, trembling under a breeze when the leaves were still, without appetite for the common objects of human desire, but pining after the moonbeams. We were front to front with each other, and judged each other. The terrible moment of complete illumination had come to me, and I saw that the darkness had hidden no landscape from me, but only a blank prosaic wall: from that evening forth, through the sickening years that followed, I saw all round the narrow room of this woman's soul—saw petty artifice and mere negation where I had delighted to believe in coy sensibilities, and in wit at war with latent feeling—saw the light floating vanities of the girl defining themselves into the systematic coquetry, the scheming selfishness, of the woman—saw repulsion and antipathy hardening into cruel hatred, giving pain only for the sake of wreaking itself.

For Bertha too, after her kind, felt the bitterness of disillusion. She had believed that my wild poet's passion for her would make me her slave; and that, being her slave, I should execute her will in all things. With the essential shallowness of a negative, unimaginative nature, she was unable to conceive the fact that sensibilities were anything else than weaknesses. She had thought my weaknesses would put me in her power, and she found them unmanageable forces. Our positions were reversed. Before marriage, she had completely mastered my imagination, for she was a secret to me; and I created the unknown thought before which I trembled, as if it were hers. But now that her soul was laid open to me, now that I was compelled to share the privacy of her motives, to follow all the petty devices that preceded her words and acts, she found herself powerless with me, except to produce in me the chill shudder of repulsion—powerless, because I could be acted on by no lever within her reach. I was dead to worldly ambitions, to social vanities, to all the incentives within the compass of her narrow imagination, and I lived under influences utterly invisible to her.

She was really pitiable to have such a husband, and so all the world thought. A graceful, brilliant woman, like Bertha, who smiled on morning callers, made a figure in ball-rooms, and was capable of that light repartee which, from such a woman, is accepted as wit, was secure of carrying off all sympathy from a husband who was sickly, abstracted, and, as some suspected, crack-brained. Even the servants in our house gave her the balance of their regard and pity. For there were no audible quarrels between us; our alienation, our repulsion from each other, lay within the silence of our own hearts; and if the mistress went out a great deal, and seemed to dislike the master's society, was it not natural, poor thing? The master was odd. I was kind and just to my dependants, but I excited in them a shrinking, half-contemptuous pity; for this class of men and women are but slightly determined in their estimate of others by general considerations of character. They judge of persons as they judge of coins, and value those who pass current at a high rate.

After a time I interfered so little with Bertha's habits, that it might seem wonderful how her hatred towards me could grow so intense and active as it did. But she had begun to suspect, by some involuntary betrayals of mine, that there was an abnormal power of penetration in me—that fitfully, at least, I was strangely cognisant of her thoughts and intentions, and she began to be haunted by a terror of me, which alternated every now and then with defiance. She meditated continually how the incubus could be shaken off her life—how she could be freed from this hateful bond to a being whom she at once despised as an imbecile, and dreaded as an inquisitor. For a long while she lived in the hope that my evident wretchedness would drive me to the commission of suicide; but suicide was not in my nature. I was too completely swayed by the sense that I was in the grasp of unknown forces, to believe in my power of self-release. Towards my own destiny I had become entirely passive; for my one ardent desire had spent itself, and impulse no longer predominated over knowledge. For this reason I never thought of taking any steps towards a complete separation, which would have made our alienation evident to the world. Why should I rush for help to a new course, when I was only suffering from the consequences of a deed which had been the act of my intensest will? That would have been the logic of one who had desires to gratify, and I had no desires. But Bertha and I lived more and more aloof from each other. The rich find it easy to live married and apart.

That course of our life which I have indicated in a few sentences filled the space of years. So much misery—so slow and hideous a growth of hatred and sin, may be compressed into a sentence! And men judge of each other's lives through this summary medium. They epitomise the experience of their fellow-mortal, and pronounce judgment on him in neat syntax, and feel themselves wise and virtuous—conquerors over the temptations they define in well-selected predicates. Seven years of wretchedness glide glibly over the lips of the man who has never counted them out in moments of chill disappointment, of head and heart throbbings, of dread and vain wrestling, of remorse and despair. We learn *words* by rote, but not their meaning; *that* must be paid for with our life-blood, and printed in the subtle fibres of our nerves.

But I will hasten to finish my story. Brevity is justified at once to those who readily understand, and to those who will never understand.

Some years after my father's death, I was sitting by the dim firelight in my library one January evening—sitting in the leather chair that used to be my father's—when Bertha appeared at the door, with a candle in her hand, and advanced towards me. I knew the ball-dress she had on—the white ball-dress, with the green jewels, shone upon by the light of the wax candle which lit up the medallion of the dying Cleopatra on the mantelpiece. Why did she come to me before going out? I had not seen her in the library, which was my habitual place, for months. Why did she stand before me with the candle in her hand, with her cruel contemptuous eyes fixed on me, and the glittering serpent, like a familiar demon, on her breast? For a moment I thought this fulfilment of my vision at Vienna marked some dreadful crisis in my fate, but I saw nothing in Bertha's mind, as she stood before me, except scorn for the look of overwhelming misery with which I sat before her. . . . "Fool, idiot, why don't you kill yourself, then?" —that was her thought. But at length her thoughts reverted to her errand, and she spoke aloud. The apparently indifferent nature of the errand seemed to make a ridiculous antichmax to my prevision and my agitation.

"I have had to hire a new maid. Fletcher is going to be married, and she wants me to ask you to let her husband have the public-house and farm at Molton. I wish him to have it. You must give the promise now, because Fletcher is going to-morrow morning—and quickly, because I'm in a hurry."

"Very well; you may promise her," I said, indifferently, and Bertha swept out of the library again.

I always shrank from the sight of a new person, and all the more when it was a person whose mental life was likely to weary my reluctant insight with worldly ignorant trivialities. But I shrank especially from the sight of this new maid, because her advent had been announced to me at a moment to which I could not cease to attach some fatality: I had a vague dread that I should find her mixed up with the dreary drama of my life—that some new sickening vision would reveal her to me as an evil genius. When at last I did unavoidably meet her, the vague dread was changed into definite disgust. She was a tall, wiry, dark-eyed woman, this Mrs. Archer, with a face handsome enough to give her coarse hard nature the odious finish of bold, self-confident coquetry. That was enough to make me avoid her, quite apart from the contemptuous feeling with which she contemplated me. I seldom saw her; but I perceived that she rapidly became a favourite with her mistress, and after the lapse of eight or nine months, I began to be aware that there had arisen in Bertha's mind towards this woman a mingled feeling of fear and dependence, and that this feeling was associated with ill-defined images of candle-light scenes in her dressing-room, and the locking-up of something in Bertha's cabinet. My interviews with my wife had become so brief and so rarely solitary, that I had no opportunity of perceiving these images in her mind with more definiteness. The recollections of the past become contracted in the rapidity of thought till they sometimes bear hardly a more distinct resemblance to the external reality than the forms of an oriental alphabet to the objects that suggested them.

Besides, for the last year or more a modification had being going forward in my mental condition, and was growing more and more marked. My insight into the minds of those around me was becoming dimmer and more fitful, and the ideas that crowded my double consciousness became less and less dependent on any personal contact. All that was personal in me seemed to be suffering a gradual death, so that I was losing the organ through which the personal agitations and projects of others could affect me. But along with this relief from wearisome insight, there was a new development of what I concluded—as I have since found rightly—to be a prevision of external scenes. It was as if the relation between me and my fellow-men was more and more deadened, and my relation to what we call the inanimate was quickened into new life. The more I lived apart from society, and in proportion as my wretchedness subsided from the violent throb of agonised passion into the dulness of habitual pain, the more frequent and vivid became such visions as that I had had of Prague—of strange cities, of sandy plains, of gigantic ruins, of midnight skies with strange bright constellations, of mountain-passes, of grassy nooks flecked with the afternoon sunshine through the boughs: I was in the midst of all these scenes, and in all of them one presence seemed to weigh on me in all these mighty shapes—the presence of something unknown and pitiless. For continual suffering had annihilated religious faith within me; to the utterly miserable—the unloving and the unloved—there is no religion possible, no worship, but a worship of devils. And beyond all these, and continually recurring, was the vision of my death—the pangs, the suffocation, the last struggle, when life would be grasped at in vain.

Things were in this state near the end of the seventh year. I had become entirely free from insight, from my abnormal cognisance of any other consciousness than my own, and instead of intruding involuntarily into the world of other minds, was living continually in my own solitary future. Bertha was aware that I was greatly changed. To my surprise she had of late seemed to seek opportunities of remaining in my society, and had cultivated that kind of distant yet familiar talk which is customary between a husband and wife who live in polite and irrevocable alienation. I bore this with languid submission, and without feeling enough interest in her motives to be roused into keen observation; yet I could not help perceiving something triumphant and excited in her carriage and the expression of her face—something too subtle to express itself in words or tones, but giving one the idea that she lived in a state of expectation or hopeful suspense. My chief feeling was satisfaction that her inner self was once more shut out from me; and I almost revelled for the moment in the absent melancholy that made me answer her at cross purposes, and betray utter ignorance of what she had been saying. I remember well the look and the smile with which she one day said, after a mistake of this kind on my part: "I used to think you were a clairvoyant, and that was the reason why you were so bitter against other clairvoyants, wanting to keep your monopoly; but I see now you have become rather duller than the rest of the world."

I said nothing in reply. It occurred to me that her recent obtrusion of herself upon me might have been prompted by the wish to test my power of detecting some of her secrets; but I let the thought drop again at once: her motives and her deeds had no interest for me, and whatever pleasures she might be seeking, I had no wish to baulk her. There was still pity in my soul for every living thing, and Bertha was living—was surrounded with possibilities of misery.

Just at this time there occurred an event which roused me somewhat from my inertia, and gave me an interest in the passing moment that I had thought impossible for me. It was a visit from Charles Meunier, who had written me word that he was coming to England for relaxation from too strenuous labour, and would like to see me. Meunier had now a European reputation; but his letter to me expressed that keen remembrance of an early regard, an early debt of sympathy, which is inseparable from nobility of character; and I too felt as if his presence would be to me like a transient resurrection into a happier pre-existence.

He came, and as far as possible, I renewed our old pleasure of making *tête à-tête* excursions, though, instead of mountains and glaciers and the wide blue lake, we had to content ourselves with mere slopes and ponds and artificial plantations. The years had changed us both, but with what different result! Meunier was now a brilliant figure in society, to whom elegant women pretended to listen, and whose acquaintance was boasted of by noblemen ambitious of brains. He repressed with the utmost delicacy all betrayal of the shock which I am sure he must have received from our meeting, or of a desire to penetrate into my condition and circumstances, and sought by the utmost exertion of his charming social powers to make our reunion agreeable. Bertha was much struck by the unexpected fascinations of a visitor whom she had expected to find presentable only on the score of his celebrity, and put forth all her coquetries and accomplishments. Apparently she succeeded in attracting his admiration, for his manner towards her was attentive and flattering. The effect of his presence on me was so benignant, especially in those renewals of our old *tête-à-tête* wanderings, when he poured forth to me wonderful narratives of his professional experience, that more than once, when his talk turned on the psychological relations of disease, the thought crossed my mind that, if his stay with me were long enough, I might possibly bring myself to tell this man the secrets of my lot. Might there not lie some remedy for *me*, too, in his science? Might there not at least lie some comprehension and sympathy ready for me in his large and susceptible mind? But the thought only flickered feebly now and then, and died out before it could become a wish. The horror I had of again breaking in on the privacy of another soul, made me, by an irrational instinct, draw the shroud of concealment more closely around my own, as we automatically perform the gesture we feel to be wanting in another.

When Meunier's visit was approaching its conclusion, there happened an event which caused some excitement in our household, owing to the surprisingly strong effect it appeared to produce on Bertha—on Bertha, the self-possessed, who usually seemed inaccessible to feminine agitations, and did even her hate in a self-restrained hygienic manner. This event was the sudden severe illness of her maid, Mrs. Archer. I have reserved to this moment the mention of a circumstance which had forced itself on my notice shortly before Meunier's arrival, namely, that there had been some quarrel between Bertha and this maid, apparently during a visit to a distant family, in which she had accompanied her mistress. I had overheard Archer speaking in a tone of bitter insolence, which I should have thought an adequate reason for immediate dismissal. No dismissal followed; on the contrary, Bertha seemed to be silently putting up with personal inconveniences from the exhibitions of this woman's temper. I was the more astonished to observe that her illness seemed a cause of strong solicitude to Bertha; that she was at the bedside night and day, and would allow no one else to officiate as head-nurse. It happened that our family doctor was out on a holiday, an accident which made Meunier's presence in the house doubly welcome, and he apparently entered into the case with an interest which seemed so much stronger than the ordinary professional feeling, that one day when he had fallen into a long fit of silence after visiting her, I said to him,

"Is this a very peculiar case of disease, Meunier?"

"No," he answered, "it is an attack of peritonitis, which will be fatal, but which does not differ physically from many other cases that have come under my observation. But I'll tell you what I have on my mind. I want to make an experiment on this woman, if you will give me permission. It can do her no harm—will give her no pain—for I shall not make it until life is extinct to all purposes of sensation. I want to try the effect of transfusing blood into her arteries after the heart has ceased to beat for some minutes. I have tried the experiment again and again with animals that have died of this disease, with astounding results, and I want to try it on a human subject. I have the small tubes necessary, in a case I have with me, and the rest of the apparatus could be prepared readily. I should use my own blood—take it from my own arm. This woman won't live through the night, I'm convinced, and I want you to promise me your assistance in making the experiment. I can't do without another hand, but it would perhaps not be well to call in a medical assistant from among your provincial doctors. A disagreeable, foolish version of the thing might get abroad."

"Have you spoken to my wife on the subject?" I said, "because she appears to be peculiarly sensitive about this woman: she has been a favourite maid."

"To tell you the truth," said Meunier, "I don't want her to know about it. There are always insuperable difficulties with women in these matters, and the effect on the supposed dead body may be startling. You and I will sit up together, and be in readiness. When certain symptoms appear I shall take you in, and at the right moment we must manage to get every one else out of the room."

I need not give our farther conversation on the subject. He entered very fully into the details, and overcame my repulsion from them, by exciting in me a mingled awe and curiosity concerning the possible results of his experiment.

We prepared everything, and he instructed me in my part as assistant. He had not told Bertha of his absolute conviction that Archer would not survive through the night, and endeavoured to persuade her to leave the patient and take a night's rest. But she was obstinate, suspecting the fact that death was at hand, and supposing that he wished merely to save her nerves. She refused to leave the sick-room. Meunier and I sat up together in the library, he making frequent visits to the sick-room, and returning with the information that the case was taking precisely the course he expected. Once he said to me, "Can you imagine any cause of ill-feeling this woman has against her mistress, who is so devoted to her?"

"I think there was some misunderstanding between them before her illness. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have observed for the last five or six hours—since, I fancy, she has lost all hope of recovery—there seems a strange prompting in her to say something which pain and failing strength forbid her to utter; and there is a look of hideous meaning in her eyes, which she turns continually towards her mistress. In this disease the mind often remains singularly clear to the last."

"I am not surprised at an indication of malevolent feeling in her," I said. "She is a woman who has always inspired me with distrust and dislike, but she managed to insinuate herself into her mistress's favour." He remained silent after this, looking at the fire with an air of absorption, till he went up-stairs again. He remained away longer than usual, and on returning, said to me quietly, "Come now."

I followed him to the chamber where death was hovering. The dark hangings of the large bed made a background that gave a strong relief to Bertha's pale face as I entered. She started forward as she saw me enter, and then looked at Meunier with an expression of angry inquiry; but he lifted up his hand as if to impose silence, while he fixed his glance on the dying woman and felt her pulse. The face was pinched and ghastly, a cold perspiration was on the forehead, and the eyelids were lowered so as almost to conceal the large dark eyes. After a minute or two, Meunier walked round to the other side of the bed where Bertha stood, and with his usual air of gentle politeness towards her begged her to leave the patient under our care—everything should be done for her—she was no longer in a state to be conscious of an affectionate presence. Bertha was hesitating, apparently almost willing to believe his assurance and to comply. She looked round at the ghastly dying face, as if to read the confirmation of that assurance, when for a moment the lowered eyelids were raised again, and it seemed as if the eyes were looking towards Bertha, but blankly. A shudder passed through Bertha's frame, and she returned to her station near the pillow, tacitly implying that she would not leave the room.

The eyelids were lifted no more. Once I looked at Bertha, as she watched the face of the dying one. She wore a rich peignoir, and her blond hair was half covered by a lace cap: in her attire she was, as always, an elegant woman, fit to figure in a picture of modern aristocratic life: but I asked myself how that face of hers could ever have seemed to me the face of a woman born of woman, with memories of childhood, capable of pain, needing to be fondled? The features at that moment looked so preternaturally sharp, the eyes were so hard and eager—she looked like a cruel immortal, finding her spiritual feast in the agonies of a dying race. For across those hard features there came something like a flash when the last hour had been breathed out, and we all felt that the dark vail had completely fallen. What secret was there between Bertha and this woman? I turned my eyes from her with a horrible dread lest my insight should return, and I should be obliged to see what had been breeding about two unloving women's hearts. I felt that Bertha had been watching for the moment of death as the sealing of her secret: I thanked Heaven it could remain sealed for me.

Meunier said quietly, "Gone." He then gave his arm to Bertha, and she submitted to be led out of the room.

I suppose it was at her order that two female attendants came into the room, and dismissed the younger one who had been present before. When they entered, Meunier had already opened the artery in the long thin neck that lay rigid on the pillow, and I dismissed them, ordering them to remain at a distance till we rang: the doctor, I said, had an operation to perform—he was not sure about the death. For the next twenty minutes I forgot everything but Meunier and the experiment in which he was so absorbed, that I think his senses would have been closed against all sounds or sights that had no relation to it. It was my task at first to keep up the artificial respiration in the body after the transfusion had been effected, but presently Meunier relieved me, and I could see the wondrous slow return of life: the breast began to heave, the inspirations became stronger, the eyelids quivered, and the soul seemed to have returned beneath them. The artificial respiration was withdrawn: still the breathing continued, and there was a movement of the lips.

Just then I heard the handle of the door moving: I suppose Bertha had heard from the women that they had been dismissed: probably a vague fear had arisen in her mind, for she entered with a look of alarm. She came to the foot of the bed and gave a stifled cry.

The dead woman's eyes were wide open, and met hers in full recognition—the recognition of hate. With a sudden strong effort, the hand that Bertha had thought for ever still was pointed towards her, and the haggard face moved. The gasping eager voice said,

"You mean to poison your husband . . . . the poison is in the black cabinet . . . . I got it for you . . . . you laughed at me, and told lies about me behind my back, to make me disgusting . . . . because you were jealous . . . . are you sorry . . . . now?"

The lips continued to murmur, but the sounds were no longer distinct. Soon there was no sound—only a slight movement: the flame had leaped out, and was being extinguished the faster. The wretched woman's heart-strings had been set to hatred and vengeance; the spirit of life had swept the chords for an instant, and was gone again for ever. Good God! This is what it is to live again . . . to wake up with our unstilled thirst upon us, with our unuttered curses rising to our lips, with our muscles ready to act out their half-committed sins.

Bertha stood pale at the foot of the bed, quivering and helpless, despairing of devices, like a cunning animal whose hiding-places are surrounded by swift-advancing flame. Even Meunier looked paralysed; life for that moment ceased to be a scientific problem to him. As for me, this scene seemed of one texture with the rest of my existence: horror was my familiar, and this new revelation was only like an old pain recurring with new circumstances.

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Since then Bertha and I have lived apart—she in her own neighbourhood, the mistress of half our wealth, I as a wanderer in foreign countries, until I came to this Devonshire nest to die. Bertha lives pitied and admired—for what had I against that charming woman, whom every one but myself could have been happy with? There had been no witness of the scene in the dying room except Meunier, and while Meunier lived, his lips were sealed by a promise to me.

Once or twice, weary of wandering, I rested in a favourite spot, and my heart went out towards the men and women and children whose faces were becoming familiar to me: but I was driven away again in terror at the approach of my old insight—driven away to live continually with the one Unknown Presence revealed and yet hidden by the moving curtain of the earth and sky. Till at last disease took hold of me and forced me to rest here—forced me to live in dependence on my servants.

And then the curse of insight—of my double consciousness, came again, and has never left me. I know all their narrow thoughts, their feeble regard, their half-wearied pity.

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It is the 20th of September 1850. I know these figures I have just written, as if they were a long familiar inscription. I have seen them on this page in my desk unnumbered times, when the scene of my dying struggle has opened upon me. . . .

DR. MANSEL'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

DR. Mansel's Bampton Lectures were listened to by crowded and enthusiastic congregations; they furnished for some time the prominent subject of conversation at the University of Oxford; they cannot fail to have had a considerable influence, and an influence at Oxford is one which gradually pervades the whole country. Dr. Mansel, moreover, has established for himself the reputation of a profound thinker, or, at all events, of a learned metaphysician. Selected to write the article "Metaphysics" in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* selected to be one of the editors of the Works of the late Sir William Hamilton,—the philosopher of Magdalen College stands before the public at large as one invested with whatever authority the learning of the schools, past and present, can bestow. It is possible that Dr. Mansel may be more distinguished for the erudition of an historian of philosophy, than for those acute powers of reasoning which constitute a man to be preeminently the philosopher, or which enable him to walk with an assured tread, and a straightforward course, amongst the shadowy abstractions which metaphysics are wont to conjure up around us. Be that as it may, the present series of Bampton Lectures, on account both of the author and the subject of them, have a claim upon our especial attention; and if some of the positions maintained in them appear to us erroneous—erroneous, and not without an evil tendency—we need make no apology for entering into controversy with them.

Let all due acknowledgments be made to the scholastic learning of the author, and to the vigorous style in which he has clothed a very abstruse class of ideas. We occasionally have to regret a want of distinctness; but when we consider that the exigencies of the preacher were added to those of the essayist, we cannot be surprised at a few passages of obscurity. It is not our wish to detract in the least from the literary merit or reputation of the volume before us. We have simply to deal with the substantial thought it gives us, with the line of reasoning it puts forth. We dissent from Dr. Mansel in the explanation he has given us of the "Limits of Religious Thought," or the limits of the human mind in its knowledge of the Creator of the world. He has, to our apprehension, so restricted these limits, as to render a system of revealed religion as impossible as a system of religion based on the unaided exercise of the human intellect. Strictly speaking, they are not *limits* that he has described, for a limit would imply some capacity for theological knowledge; whereas he has virtually asserted that we have no capacity whatever for reasoning upon theology. We can only repeat propositions that we do not understand, or adopt, for our guidance, certain other propositions which we do understand, but which are *adaptations* to the human intellect, and of which we can never know how far they have, or have not, an objective truth.

Such conclusions as these we may be excused for controverting. We firmly believe them to be erroneous as well as mischievous. Such a defence of revealed religion ends in a

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The Limits of Religious Thought Examined in Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford, &c. &c. By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B.D.

sacrifice of all religion whatever. It is open to Dr. Mansel, or any other metaphysical divine, to put before us the *Theistic* and the *Atheistic* representation of the universe; he may show (if such is his opinion) that, resting solely on the uninspired teaching of the human intellect, *either* of these representations might be adopted, and he may proceed to say that it is Revelation which gives the casting vote, the peremptory decision in favour of one of them. Here the highest honour possible is done to Revelation. Of two roads which the mind was equally capable of taking, it chooses for us that which leads up to light and hope; it determines that the world is the manifestation of a supernal intelligence, and rescues us from that dark atheistic view which detects nothing in the universe but unconscious forces breaking out, in their last development, into the phenomena of consciousness. This line of argument may be tenable, though we should shrink even from this, because it would present the Atheistic view as having a certain rationality which we should not accord to it. But it is not open to any metaphysical divine whatever to prove to us, in the first place, that Theism is essentially inconceivable by the human mind, or that it involves an irreconcilable contradiction, and then to introduce Revelation as our sole teacher of theology. To adopt Locke's well-known metaphor, this is to put out the eyes of a man at the same moment that you present him with a telescope. "So far," says Dr. Mansel, "is human reason from being able to construct a scientific theology independent of, and superior to, Revelation, that it cannot even read the alphabet out of which that theology must be framed."—P. 61. We are in such a condition, it seems, that we cannot read this alphabet, nor can we be taught to read it by any teacher whatsoever.

If it be asked how it is that we find ourselves in this desperate condition, the answer is that we have "no philosophy of the Infinite." We cannot explain what scholastic men have been pleased to call the Absolute and the Infinite. Tear up for me these gates of Gaza! You cannot. Then hold forth your hands for the fetters and set yourself to grind, like a slave, at the public mill. Solve me this problem of the Infinite! You cannot. Then renounce for ever all free activity, all intellectual inquiry, in the domain of theology. Repeat our dogmas, and live according to our precepts, with implicit and unresisting obedience. This is your only duty. Such defence of our orthodox Christianity we do not desire to see current in the world. It is true that the divine who proceeds upon this method will have reduced his opponent to perfect silence. He can object to nothing; but neither can he assent to anything. He has the alternative offered him of quitting the region of theology altogether, or of sitting down in it in mere mute and stolid subjection. Rational assent he cannot give, but he can repeat with a certain sense of duty, propositions he does not comprehend, or he can regulate his conduct according to certain intelligible representations of the Divine Being, which, however, he is to understand are condescending accommodations to the weakness of humanity. These latter are *regulative* truths; he is to believe in them for all practical purposes; but should he proceed to reason upon these intelligible and vivid conceptions of the Just and Beneficent character of God, he is immediately to be reminded that they are adaptations to human reason, and that the attributes of the Absolute and the Infinite can never be known to man. There is, in fact, so incurable a contradiction in our ideas upon these abstruse subjects, that it amounts to an utter incapacity to think of them at all. Yet think of them it seems we must, and precisely in this contradictory manner. "Not only," it seems, "is the Absolute, as conceived, incapable of a necessary relation to anything else; but it is also incapable of containing, by the constitution of its own nature, an essential relation within itself."—P. 49. As in every cognition there is some relation, it is evident that the Absolute can be no object of cognition, and we are distinctly told that "the Absolute is a term expressing no object of thought, but only a denial of the relation by which thought is constituted."—P. 76. Nevertheless this Absolute is to keep its stand in the human mind, and lies in the very alphabet of theology. So of the Infinite—"The Infinite, if it is to be conceived at all, must be conceived as potentially everything, and actually nothing."—P. 76. Such a conception escapes entirely from the arena of human thought. Many other hard things are said of the Infinite. "Yet all along, though our positive religious consciousness is of the Finite only, there yet runs through the whole of that consciousness the accompanying conviction that the Infinite does exist, and must exist, though of the manner of that existence we can form no conception; and that it exists along with the Finite; though we know not how such a coexistence is possible." Thus we lie fettered down in contradictory faiths, doomed to believe in contradictory propositions—doomed, it seems, to believe, if such a state of mind can be entitled to the name of belief, but evidently not enabled to stir one step in the way of reasoning.

The conclusions to which we are finally conducted are these: 1. That the Reason is incapable of criticising Revelation, the fundamental truths of theology lying beyond its apprehension; that it can neither criticise in the way of *Rationalism*, which is a tendency to abstract from the given doctrine, nor in the way of *Dogmatism*, which is here described as the method of systematising the doctrines of Revelation by supplement or addition. 2. That, while the reason has no other office than implicitly to receive the doctrines in favour of which it is assured that a miracle has been wrought, these doctrines themselves are (from the very limits of our thought) either wholly incomprehensible, or else are adaptations and accommodations to the weakness of the human intellect. They are either to be believed without being understood, or they are to be understood and believed as merely subjective or regulative truths. In fact, in Revelation, according to Dr. Mansel, no truth *is* revealed—only a duty of believing; of believing propositions which are unintelligible, or statements which are indeed not only intelligible, but extremely impressive, but which are to be understood by the philosophic mind as condescending adaptations to the human intellect. Of these adaptations, these representatives or symbols, it is impossible to say how near, or how remote, they may be to the real truth. All that is true is comprehensible, and all that is comprehensible is, or may be, a delusion.

Thus, even the given and intelligible statements of Scripture are not allowed to be fundamental truths on which we may be permitted to reason, so that one part of Scripture may be tested or explained by another. We are altogether impotent in theology, except to enter into the question of the historical character or credibility of certain Greek and Hebrew documents. Our Oxford metaphysician, it will be seen, is at once the most dogmatic and the most sceptical of men. The Church of Rome could not require a more abject submission of the reason; but the Church of Rome does profess to give its disciples a positive truth. Our Protestant divine tells us that even what we believe with the understanding and the heart, is but a representation put forward for our discipline and culture; it is not to be reasoned on as positive truth. If the Protestant would give us somewhat more liberty in investigating the historical value of the document (a department of theological study, however, which, judging from the notes appended to these lectures, Dr. Mansel is evidently not much inclined to, and apparently very little versed in), there is one point in which the Protestant lies at so manifest a disadvantage to the Catholic, that it appears to us the most natural thing in the world that the advanced pupil of the Oxford metaphysician should run for aid and shelter into the bosom of the infallible church. For it is admitted that the Scriptures do not give us a system of divinity; and if some systematic view is needed, and if the human reason is incapable of framing it, what other resource is there but an infallible and inspired church? Rationalism and Dogmatism, the only two modes of framing such a system, are *both* at fault.

"Each represents," says Dr. Mansel in his opening paragraph, "a system from which, when nakedly and openly announced, the well-regulated mind almost instinctively shrinks back." And a little further on he says that "*both alike* have prejudged or neglected the previous inquiry,—Are there not definite and discernible limits to the province of reason itself, whether it be exercised for advocacy or criticism?"—P. 10. Meanwhile there slips in this perplexing avowal, "whether a complete system of Scientific Theology could or could not have been given by direct revelation, consistently with the existing laws of human thought, and the purposes which Revelation is designed to answer, it is at least certain that such a system is *not* given in the Revelation which we possess, but, if it is to exist at all, must be constructed out of it by human interpretation."—P. 5. Now as some system, whether you choose to call it of *scientific* theology or not, the intelligent man does require, and does, in fact, receive, as the product of this or that church; and as mere human interpretation is unequal to any system whatever, we are at a loss to perceive on what grounds any such system is to be maintained if not upon the claims of a continuously inspired or infallible church.

Short of the alternative of atheism (which the logic of these Lectures perpetually offers to the mind), it would be impossible to adopt a more disastrous position on the great subject of religion than the metaphysical advocate for orthodox Christianity has here assumed. The Reason, in her great office of inquiry, is silenced, and that in favour not of truth, but of something which is to be received *as* truth, and which we know is more or less a delusion. We are bound hand and foot before the altar, and lo! the statue which has fallen from heaven is confessedly *not* the image of the God. We say that if it were possible for men to assume or retain such an attitude as this in presence of Revelation, it would be accompanied by the most pernicious consequences. For religious faith would be sapped, while the natural intelligence of men would be excluded from its due exercise in the highest region of thought. A religion that is divorced from the genuine and earnest exercise of human reason, lives only as the superstition of the vulgar, or lives only to crush and torture the more generous mind that has adopted it. Instead of advancing, it checks the intellectual culture and moral progress of society. You say, perhaps, that its moral precepts might at all events remain for our guidance; but a high standard of moral excellence will not long be secured in a society forbidden to think upon speculative truth. You cannot deal with the intellect of man in this arbitrary manner—ask from it its highest efforts in one direction, and put a veto upon any effort whatever in another direction. In his late *History of Civilisation*, Mr. Buckle has stated a great truth in a partial and a somewhat paradoxical manner, when he enlarges on the value, as a social element, of the spirit of philosophical scepticism. It is not scepticism by which society has made its great strides of progress; it is Faith of some kind, religious or patriotic, which has been the great motor force; but it is a *faith that thinks;* and as inquiry implies some measure of scepticism, this latter becomes a test of intellectual activity. It is this intellectual activity in the high regions of thought that is the real thing wanted; it is a faith that thinks, that inquires, that *energises*, and lives in the energy it creates. We do not want scepticism for its own sake; we want a living and progressing faith, a religion capable of being animated by the last and noblest efforts of the intellect. It would be no gain, therefore (if this were possible), but a great misfortune, if the truths of Revelation were abstracted entirely from the region of controversy and inquiry. It would be the decay and destruction of religion, as well as a great detriment to the general growth and vigour of the intellect. We have no wish to see the great doctrines of Revelation *shunted* aside out of the direct tracks of human thinking—men of the world looking only to see that they *are* so completely shunted as to keep the way open for science and philosophy. We desire that the religion of a society should feel the legitimate influence of the whole culture of that society, and itself react upon that culture. If indeed Dr. Mansel is correct in the view he presents to us of the "Limits of Religious Thought"—if his exposition is complete of the faculties we possess, by God's original gift, to look into theology, or of the nature of that "alphabet" which it is said we cannot read—then, indeed, rather than lapse into the alternative of utter darkness, we may be glad to accept his scheme of a passive recipiency of whatever time has brought down to us. But we are persuaded that Dr. Mansel's exposition is far from being correct and complete; we do not accept him as our guide in the matter of this "alphabet of Theology."

Be it remembered that it is we here who stand upon the old paths—not Dr. Mansel. It is he who is facing the world with dangerous novelties, with untried and precarious dogmas. There is no harm in that, if he has truth on his side, but, at all events, the great teachers of the English Church, and of Christendom in general, have constantly proclaimed that Revelation came in aid of human reason; very few religious men have asserted that there was no independent faculty in the human mind for the discovery of the great fundamental truth of theology. What says Bishop Butler, the especial favourite of Dr. Mansel, and at present the extravagantly applauded of our English clergy? He spends a large portion of his work in proving the truth of what it is customary to call by the ambiguous name of Natural Religion; he asserts that Revelation is the re-publication, with authority, of this religion of the reason; and in one rather striking passage he expresses himself thus:—"But it is to be remembered that how much soever the establishment of natural religion in the world is owing to the Scripture Revelation, this does not destroy the proof of religion from reason, any more than the proof of Euclid's *Elements* is destroyed by a man's knowing that he should never have seen the truth of the several propositions contained in it, nor had those propositions come into his thoughts, but for that mathematician." So opposite to this is the view taken by our Bampton lecturer, that according to him, there would not only be no mathematics without our Euclid, but (and this must inevitably follow) our Euclid no longer repeats for us any positive and intelligible truth; we may learn the demonstrations by rote, or we may apply the problems to practical purposes, but their eternal veracity is gone. What is true is not comprehensible, and what is comprehensible is not absolute truth.

Our readers, we are sure, have agreed with us in these general remarks; but they have perhaps doubted whether we have given a faithful representation of the views put forth in these Lectures. We must trespass a little upon their patience while we show the correctness of our statement, and also endeavour to contribute something towards dispersing that obscurity which our author has contrived to throw over the whole subject of religious truth. Dr. Mansel's position (as a few extracts will speedily show) is, that the essential requisite to a knowledge of God—that which is identical with such knowledge—is the capacity to frame "a philosophy of the Infinite." We cannot frame what he and some other metaphysicians are pleased to call a philosophy of the Infinite—we cannot comprehend what scholastic minds have conjured up as *the* Absolute and *the* Infinite—and therefore must for ever confess ourselves incapable of reasoning upon religious truth. This is asserted again and again. Here is one statement as explicit as any:—

"If Revelation is a communication from an infinite to a finite intelligence, the conditions of a criticism of Revelation on philosophical grounds must be identical with those which are required for constructing a philosophy of the Infinite. For Revelation can make known the Infinite Being only in one of two ways; by *presenting* Him as He is, or by *representing* Him under symbols more or less adequate. A presentative Revelation implies faculties in man which can receive the presentation; and such faculties will also furnish the conditions of constructing a philosophical theory of the object presented. If, on the other hand, Revelation is merely representative, the accuracy of the representation can only be ascertained by a knowledge of the object represented; and this again implies the possibility of a philosophy of the Infinite. Whatever impediments, therefore, exist to prevent the formation of such a philosophy, the same impediments must likewise prevent the accomplishment of a complete criticism of Revelation. Whatever difficulties or contradictions are involved in the philosophical idea of the Infinite, the same, or similar ones, must naturally be expected in the corresponding idea which Revelation either exhibits or implies. And if an examination of the problem of philosophy and the conditions of their solution should compel us to admit the existence of principles and modes of thought, which must be accepted as true in practice, though they cannot be explained in theory, the same practical acceptance may be claimed, on philosophical grounds, in behalf of the corresponding doctrines of religion."—P. 27.

The contradiction in philosophy which Dr. Mansel has to prove, and by aid of which he is to abash and silence all who recoil from contradiction in any system of divinity, is, that we have at the same time a belief and a disbelief, and therefore, at the same time, some conception, and no conception, of what he calls the Absolute and the Infinite. Through what intricate paths a man so versed in the history of philosophy, and so accustomed to expose the fallacies of others, has wrought himself into this curious position, or how he really can or does maintain his two contrary truths, we are really at a loss to explain. One thing is noticeable, that all the stress of the argument, and all the ingenuity of the lecturer, is bestowed on the negative proposition — the impossibility of conceiving the Infinite. He adopts most decidedly the exposition of Sir William Hamilton, that all our cognitions are of the conditioned and the finite. He will not allow to Schelling and other mysterious teachers their transcendental intuitions. Very little is said in favour of the positive proposition, that we have a belief in the infinite. Nevertheless having proved that the conception of the Absolute and Infinite Being is impossible, and yet satisfied himself that this impossible conception is an article of philosophical belief—having fixed upon the reason this incurable contradiction —he laughs to scorn all the objections of restless theologians, fretted with the contradictions which certain systems of divinity may possibly disclose to them. He has an answer for all such objections. You believe in an Infinite Being, and you can give no account of your belief. After this what do you expect in theology *but* contradiction? And it must be confessed that, in one respect, he is consistent enough, for throughout his book he deals out with his right hand, and his left hand, the most contradictory statements. This is Dr Mansel's method of satisfying all the demands that his subject can make upon him. Do you complain that his idea of God resolves itself into a mere verbal abstraction?—he pushes before you a most vivid personality for your devotion. Would you reason upon the attributes of this personal God?—he veils it altogether from your sight. And after shutting out every avenue of philosophic or rational criticism, he tells you, with placid assurance, not to limit your *evidences* of Christianity to any one specific inquiry, but to embrace the whole subject, the *doctrine* as well as the *history*. He seems to have established the right to assert the most contradictory propositions, and would doubtless protest against the injustice of any criticism which did not give him full and equal credit for opposite and conflicting statements.

And what are these conceptions of the Absolute and the Infinite, which, strange to say, we *have*, and we have *not?* What are these subtleties of ratiocination which are to fix us in a state of self-contradiction, and therefore, it seems, of impotent credulity? They are the old subtleties that, three thousand years ago, led Indian philosophers to refine upon their idea of God till they found it impossible any longer to conceive of Him as the Creator of the world. He became *Brahm*, the Absolute and Infinite, who can have no conceivable relation to the finite, and *Brahma* took the place of Creator. Men first proved the existence of God from the world, and from their own humanity; they reasoned *up* to a wise and beneficent Being, who had planned, and therefore produced, this great scheme of material and mental phenomena: they inferred that this Being was eternal, and of infinite power; they next refined upon this abstraction of an eternal and infinite Being till they demonstrated to themselves that such a Being could not possess the attributes from which alone they had inferred its existence; and reasoning *down* from their definitions of the Absolute and the Infinite, they proved that the supreme God could have no relation whatever to the world or to humanity. Creation became impossible to a Being already infinite; it was a derogation to a Being already perfect. Some lower god, some avatar, some personification of an attribute (whose apparition and nature, however, it would be impossible to explain), must be interposed to perform the now degraded and subordinate task of creation. But if God is no longer the Creator and Governor of the world —if He has no conceivable relation to us—if, moreover, we do not know Him by any attributes, as of wisdom, justice, and benevolence—then is there no God at all for us. We have nothing left but a profound conviction of our own utter and hopeless ignorance. Accordingly, the European intellect, more sedate and better balanced, has almost invariably replied to the subtle Asiatic—"It is the infinite variety of the finite, it is the beautiful harmony of organic wholes, each a harmony in itself, that forms the very basis of my conception of the supreme and eternal Mind. If you bring before me some definition of Infinite Being which is destructive of my conception of a Supreme Intelligence, embracing as thought this harmony of the universe, I must challenge you to show me whence you obtained the right to argue at all about an Infinite Being. I have no conception of God but of a Being possessing these attributes of wisdom and benevolence: if you convince me that these attributes are the mere coinage of my own brain, I have no God at all; I have no knowledge left me but of the bare earth I tread on, and the mere feelings and imaginations I am pleased or bewildered with. As to your abstractions of the Infinite or the Absolute—which are at one moment identical with the *all*, and the next moment identical with *non-entity*—they plainly destroy themselves by their contradictory nature; they are just nothing at all, or mere circuitous expressions of total ignorance—an obscure formula for atheism." We say that the European intellect has generally answered in this manner; but the Asiatic mode of thought, if we may so describe it, has had its partisans in the West, and of late it has been reproduced with unexampled force and power by some of our Teutonic philosophers. Dr Mansel has been involving himself in these abstruse and shadowy speculations, and then has rushed into the Oxford pulpit to tell all English students, that if they think at all upon theology, they will be lost for ever in a maze of contradiction.

We refuse to walk in his labyrinth. We would indicate as briefly as we can the position which we believe that every mature and thoughtful mind will take up from whence to survey without alarm the sort of labyrinth, or rather the metaphysical chaos, which the learned Doctor displays before us. We know, and can know, God only by His attributes: only by its attributes do we know what we call mind or matter. We say that the world manifests the existence, out of itself, of intelligence; we have no conception of this intelligence but as the attribute of a being. On the other hand, we have no conception of this being other than of that which possesses and exercises this and other attributes. If, now, some metaphysician chooses to fasten upon the abstraction of Being in itself, or of Infinite being, he is evidently going forth into the region of the unknowable; and if he comes back from this excursion, and tells us that of the Infinite Being we cannot predicate such attributes as those of wisdom and benevolence,—what has he done but just destroyed the only grounds he had for thinking of such a Being at all? We must think God as the being who possesses these attributes, or resign all attempt to think in this direction, and obliterate religion at once from the rational human mind. Such definitions as we have here of the Absolute and the Infinite will do nothing for us; nor can we extract a truth out of manifest and incurable contradictions.

"The conception," Dr. Mansel tells us, "of the Absolute and the Infinite, from whatever side we view it, appears encompassed with contradictions. There is a contradiction in supposing such an object to exist, whether alone or in conjunction with others; and there is a contradiction in supposing it not to exist. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as one; and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as many. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as personal, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as impersonal. It cannot, without contradiction, be represented as active; nor, without equal contradiction, be represented as inactive. It cannot be conceived as the sum of all existence; nor can it be conceived as a part only of this sum."—P. 59.

Does not the conviction at once arise to our readers that such a conception as this is the mere unauthorised coinage of scholastic ingenuity? An attempt is made to think of the Absolute or the Infinite *per se*—of Being, in fact, *per se*, without attributes—which attempt we are told, at the same time, is utterly fruitless. It is fruitless, for every conception of being or power that we form must be, at the instant, *finite*, and our only idea of the *infinite* is of an inexhaustible power, by which the finite passes on into other forms, or may be extended, or multiplied, infinitely. The infinite can only be thought of by aid of the finite, and our conception of God as truly embraces the finite as the infinite. What conception have we of His infinite power, but of a power that manifests itself in endless *finites*, whether thoughts, or creations in space? Or how is our idea of God rendered more exalted or distinct by fastening upon this mere abstraction, the *infinite alone*, and thus rendering the conception of the Supreme Reason impossible—rendering impossible any conception whatever? Let us see the results as described by our present author, which come out from the employment of a stringent logic on such premises as these scholastic notions of the Absolute and the Infinite. And indeed such of our readers who have not perused these Lectures will be impatient all this time to hear Dr. Mansel's own exposition.

"There are three terms, familiar as household words in the vocabulary of Philosophy, which must be taken into account in every system of Metaphysical Theology. To conceive the Deity as He is, we must conceive Him as First Cause, as Absolute, and as Infinite. By the *First Cause* is meant that which produces all things, and is itself produced by none. By the *Absolute*, is meant that which exists in and by itself, having no necessary relation to any other being. By the *Infinite*, is meant that which is free from all possible limitation; that than which a greater is inconceivable; and which consequently, can receive no additional attribute or mode of existence which it had not from all eternity.

"The Infinite, as contemplated by this philosophy, cannot be regarded as consisting of a limited number of attributes, each unlimited in its kind. It cannot be conceived, for example, after the analogy of a line, infinite in length, but not in breadth; or of a surface, infinite in two dimensions of space, but bounded in the third; or of an intelligent being, possessing some one or more modes of consciousness in an infinite degree, but devoid of others. Even if it be granted, which is not the case, that such a partial infinite may without contradiction be conceived, still it will have a relative infinity only, and be altogether incompatible with the Absolute. The metaphysical representations of the Deity as absolute and infinite must necessarily, as the profoundest metaphysicians have acknowledged, amount to nothing less than the sum of all reality. . . . That which is conceived as Absolute and Infinite, must be conceived as containing within itself the sum not only of all actual, but of all possible being. . . .

"But these three conceptions—the Cause, the Absolute, the Infinite—all equally indispensable, do they not imply contradiction to each other, when viewed in conjunction, as attributes of one and the same Being? A cause cannot, as such, be absolute: the Absolute cannot, as such, be a cause. The cause, as such, exists only in relation to its effect: the cause is a cause of the effect; the effect is an effect of the cause. On the other hand, the conception of the Absolute implies a possible existence out of all relation. We attempt to escape from this apparent contradiction by introducing the idea of succession in time. The Absolute exists first by itself, and afterwards becomes a cause. But here we are checked by the third conception, that of the Infinite. How can the Infinite become that which it was not from the first? If Causation is a possible mode of existence, that which exists without causing is not infinite; that which becomes a cause has passed beyond its former limits. Creation at any moment of time being thus inconceivable, the philosopher is reduced to the alternative of Pantheism, which pronounces the effect to be mere appearance, and merges all real existence in the cause. The validity of this alternative will be examined presently."—P. 44.

We interrupt this perfect artillery of scholastic argument to suggest that these definitions or abstractions of the Absolute and the Infinite may not really belong to the "Alphabet of Theology.' The idea of limitless power may, and surely we can be said to have this idea, although we cannot, of course, embrace all the actual or possible manifestations of that power. But we must continue our quotation. After some remarks on Pantheism, which for the sake of brevity we must omit, he proceeds:—

"Pantheism thus failing us, the last resource of Rationalism is to take refuge in that which, with reference to the highest idea of God, is speculative Atheism, and to deny that the Infinite exists at all. And it must be admitted that, so long as we confine ourselves to one side only of the problem, that of the inconceivability of the Infinite, this is the only position logically tenable by those who would make man's power of thought the exact measure of his duty of belief. *For the infinite, as inconceivable, is necessarily shown to be non-existent; unless we renounce the claims of reason to supreme authority in matters of faith, by admitting that it is our duty to believe what we are altogether unable to comprehend.* But the logical advantage of the atheistic alternative vanishes, as soon as we view the question from the other side, and endeavour positively to represent in thought the sum total of existence as a limited quantity. A limit is itself a relation; and to conceive a limit as such is virtually to acknowledge the 'existence of a correlative' on the other side of it. By a law of thought, the significance of which has perhaps not yet been fully investigated, it is impossible to conceive a finite object of any kind, without conceiving it as one out of many—as related to other objects, coexistent and antecedent. A first moment of time, a first unit of space, a definite sum of all existence, are thus as inconceivable as the opposite suppositions of an infinity of each. While it is impossible to represent in thought any object except as finite, it is equally impossible to represent any finite object, or any aggregate of finite objects, as exhausting the universe of being. Thus the hypothesis which would annihilate the Infinite is itself shattered to pieces against the rock of the Absolute; and we are involved in the self-contradicting assumption of a limited universe, which yet can neither contain a limit in itself nor be limited by anything beyond itself."—P. 57.

We hope that the hypothesis of Atheism will meet with a more certain fate than this of being "shattered on the rock of the Absolute." But if Dr. Mansel forces upon the mind a conception of God which he at the same moment pronounces to be inconceivable—if he strips God of all his attributes, and leaves us—nothing!—it is something very like Atheism he conducts us to. It is the only Atheism known to modern philosophy, the acknowledged incapacity of the human mind to apprehend the very first article of theology. It is quite in vain for Dr. Mansel, or all the doctors in Christendom, to tell us it is our *duty* to believe what is altogether incomprehensible. *To carry our belief where all cognition, all ideation has ceased*, is a manifest impossibility. We may believe in what we do not fully comprehend—what is there that we *do* fully comprehend? What is there whose relations to all other known objects are perceived, and stand out clearly without an apparent contradiction? But we must have some *object* of our faith: we cannot believe in what at the same moment we pronounce to be utterly inconceivable. We are surprised that Dr. Mansel can repeat, as he does, again and again, this duty to believe the incomprehensible, without perceiving that it is not the partially incomprehensible, but the utterly inconceivable that he is calling upon us here to believe. The results of his logic should have warned him to retrace his steps, to re-examine his premises, to re-assure himself upon his scholastic definitions of the Absolute and the Infinite: if he throws utter darkness on the subject of theology, he cannot restore us to light by reiterating our duty of belief. We cannot believe when you have shown us that we cannot even think—cannot have any intelligible object of faith. The familiar case of the freedom of the will is frequently brought forward as an instance of a firm faith in the incomprehensible. We believe, it is said, in this freedom, and yet cannot reconcile it with the physical and psychological laws we see established in the world. But how stands the case? The man who believes in the freedom of the will has a very distinct object of faith; he is determined in his opinion by feelings which have a most indisputable existence; if he is an unsophisticated man, you will have great difficulty in shaking his faith, or making him comprehend why he should have any doubts upon the matter. But if you call upon him to frame some "philosophy of freedom"—if you succeed in proving to him that his old faith in freedom is inconsistent with other and better established truths—if you convince him that what he thought was a distinct conception, is no intelligible conception at all, he no longer does believe in the freedom of the will; he becomes a Calvinist, and believes with Jonathan Edwards, or he altogether modifies his ideas on the subject of moral and religious responsibility. Dr. Mansel has written eight learned lectures on "The Limits of Religious Thought," and it seems never once to have occurred to him that the limits of religious *thought* must of necessity be the limits of religious *belief.*

It is superfluous, perhaps, to point out contradictions in Dr. Mansel's philosophical statements, because it is in contradictions that he revels; to establish incurable contradictions is precisely his object. Yet we cannot avoid noticing the quite opposite positions which he thinks himself at liberty to take up at pleasure on this subject of the Infinite. Sir William Hamilton's *Essay on the Unconditioned* is his great authority—or, let us say it is the composition which most completely expresses his own philosophical views—and in accordance with Sir William Hamilton he insists on the impossibility of framing any such conceptions as those of the Absolute and the Infinite. "To think is to condition," therefore the Unconditioned, or the Absolute, is at once pronounced *unthinkable.* Our author has also more than once enlarged on the impossibility of the Infinite bearing any relation to the Finite, for it must absorb the Finite —unless by another curious process of logic you prove (by the admitted unity of the Infinite) that it is identical with *nothing;* in which form it certainly cannot enter into any known relation with the Finite. Having pronounced these scholastic notions of the Absolute and the Infinite to be mere shadows—unrealities—words, not thoughts—his next most legitimate object is, nevertheless, to reinstate them in our plenary conviction. Forgetting all that he has said about the impossibility of a relation between the Infinite and the Finite, he very confidently tells us that "we are compelled, by the constitution of our minds, to believe in the existence of an Absolute and Infinite Being—a belief which appears forced upon us as the *complement* of our consciousness of the relative and the finite." After asserting that there is *no* thought out of the relative and the finite, he finds this *complement,* which, we presume, *is* a thought, and which is a relation.

Metaphysicians have differed, and still differ, on this abstruse subject of the idea we have of the Infinite. Some of us rest satisfied with the definition which Locke has given, and think it sufficient for all the grand purposes of theology. The Infinite can never be known except as that which we *cannot* embrace. Those who feel convinced that we have some more *positive* idea of the Infinite, and regard it not as a possibility or as an inevitable conception attached to the Finite, may take what seems to them higher ground. In later times the Essay of Sir William Hamilton has put forth one view of the subject with singular power and distinctness; it is the most striking composition that came from the pen of Sir William Hamilton, and probably the most remarkable contribution to the philosophical literature of England that has been made in our time. We cannot here do justice to it, nor point out what we consider to be its true bearing upon theology. Those who wish to see the subject canvassed from another point of view, would do well to read Mr. Calderwood's *Essay on the Infinite*, which is a reply to Sir William Hamilton. It does not often succeed, in our judgment, in shaking the position of the elder philosopher, but it is the very model of an earnest, painstaking, candid disquisition; and those who have not leisure to read many books, and are curious to see how this controversy has been conducted in our own times, could not do better than peruse together the *Essay on the Unconditioned*, and Mr. Calderwood's reply in his *Essay on the Infinite.* What is peculiar in our Oxford metaphysician is this—that from some solitary altitude to which he has reached, he embraces the opposite views of *both* these essays; at least he so far coincides with both, that at one moment he exposes the utter unreality of the scholastic conceptions of the Absolute and the Infinite, and, the next moment, asserts the ineffaceable nature of such conceptions:—

> "The almost unanimous voice of philosophy" (thus runs his lucid exposition), "in pronouncing that the Absolute is both one and simple, must be accepted as the voice of reason also, so far as reason has any voice in the matter. But the absolute unity, as indifferent and containing no attributes, can neither be distinguished from the multiplicity of finite beings by any characteristic feature, nor be identified with them in their multiplicity. Thus we are landed in an inextricable dilemma. The Absolute cannot be conceived as conscious, neither can it be conceived as unconscious; it cannot be conceived as complex, neither can it be conceived as simple; it cannot be conceived by difference, neither can it be conceived by the absence of difference; it cannot be identified with the universe, neither can it be distinguished from it."—P. 50.

Surely all this sufficiently proves that this conception of the Absolute is altogether a mistake, and to be dismissed accordingly. Not at all: his very object is to fasten on us all these contradictions. A little further on he says:—"The whole of this web of contradictions is woven from one original warp and woof; namely, the impossibility of conceiving the co-existence of the Infinite and the Finite." And yet we have seen that we are compelled by the constitution of our minds to think the Absolute and the Infinite "as the complement of our consciousness of the relative and the finite," which is surely thinking their co-existence.

Is all this straining after impossible conceptions, all this hopeless effort to combine the contradictory, the indispensable prelude to the "alphabet of Theology?" Can we not ascend from nature and our own consciousness up to Nature's God—ascend to the conception of an Intelligent and beneficent Creator? Must we flounder for ever in this declared chaos of the Absolute and the Infinite? Such has not been hitherto the creed of Christendom. But we must now glance for a moment at the use Dr. Mansel makes of the web of contradictions he has so laboriously woven for us.

The application of this web of sophistries (for it is nothing better) is found in an extension of Bishop Butler's argument from Analogy. Here you have in philosophy the same contradiction that you object to in the doctrines of Revelation—the same, or still more violent. You cannot understand how this Infinite is both one and many—how it is both *all*, and yet related to the Finite? Do you cavil at the Trinity? What say you to the Infinite developing itself in the Finite? Do you stand amazed at the double nature of Christ? Explain to me how the Absolute is, in one phase, identical with Nonentity, and in another the sum of all realities. And thus he passes in review the various questions of theology, which we need not further particularise, as it is no part of our design to enter into a discussion of them. He always has a puzzle in philosophy greater than what you find in Revelation. Ought not that to satisfy you, or to keep you quiet at the least?

Dr. Mansel apparently overlooks a very essential difference between the manner in which Bishop Butler employs this argument, and the application which he has made of it. The Bishop draws an analogy between portions of God's revelation to which objections have been raised, and certain *facts* in the world which God has also created, or in the constitution of man. About these facts it is presumed there could be no dispute. Dr. Mansel extends the argument to an analogy between the doctrines of Revelation and a *doctrine of philosophy*. The opponent of Bishop Butler could not very well reject the facts to which the Bishop appealed, but the opponent of Dr. Mansel may feel himself at liberty to dispute that medley of scholastic dogmas, and throw aside that farago of contradictions which is here appealed to under the name of philosophy.

But, indeed, this argument from analogy, even when the analogy is between undisputed facts on the one side, and certain doctrines of theology, or certain portions of sacred history, on the other, is open to great abuse; no mode of reasoning has, in truth, been more egregiously abused, none is so facile, and none more fallacious. The right application of the argument, we are told, is not to prove any doctrine of Revelation; if the doctrine could have been proved, there would have been no necessity for its miraculous teaching, but to repel any objections which may be raised against it. Dull indeed must be that doctor of divinity who cannot find, out of all nature and human society, something analogous to the objected doctrine or precept. All parties, all sects, can use this argument; all doctrines, and all perversions of Christianity, can equally claim its support; it stands a ready defence for every man's orthodoxy, and every man's heresy. We are not disputing that it has not its legitimate application, or that it has not rendered its acknowledged service to the cause of truth, but there is one frequent fallacy in its use which it is well to notice—it is this: That the very same divine who argues for the claim of revelation, for the need of revelation, for the exalted character of revelation, from the weakness, error, and corruption of humanity, sometimes thinks fit, the next moment, to defend his assailed doctrine or precept by drawing an analogy between it and the weakness, error, and corruption of humanity. The divine argues at his pleasure on the principle of *contrast*, or the principle of *similarity*. The world is full of injustice—we want a perfect justice; the mind of man is full of error—we want a certain truth. Here they are. Do you object against the revealed rule that it is *not* just, against the revealed doctrine that it is *not* clear, but contradictory? Look around you! What injustice has not God permitted in this world! What obscurity and contradiction do you find in the mind of man! Is not the God of revelation the God also of this world!

By this process of reasoning, if it deserve the name, the most opposite tenets can be defended with equal dexterity. The extreme Calvinist and the latest Rationalist alike resort to it. "You yearn for a divine equity, and you do not like our doctrine," says the Calvinist; "of election and reprobation. But open your eyes; what see you in the world around you? Here is one man born to wealth, and culture, and high and ennobling occupations, and there is some ragged urchin thrown out into the streets to beg, and thieve, and lie, and starve. What is this but election and reprobation?" But perhaps the most curious application of the argument, and one which may interest Dr. Mansel more than any other, is that which we lately read in what is called a Rationalistic production of his own University. Even the Rev. Baden Powell, in his *Christianity without Judaism*, could not resist the temptation offered by this facile mode of defending *his* doctrine of "adaptation." He solves the difficulties that beset him by the theory that inspired and miraculous teaching has been *adapted* at different stages to the intellectual and moral standard of the times, and that like the normal products of the human mind, it has had at each epoch its requisite measure of error and of truth. A lay philosopher might be excused for thinking that the human intellect (from the natural energies with which God has endowed it) might be trusted to give forth from time to time such admixture of truth and error as was needful for the human society; he might be excused for thinking that doctrines which admit of being canvassed, criticised, and finally dismissed by the human reason, might have originated in the uninspired intellect; and he would most assuredly object that if the miracle is to be recognised as supporting what proves to be error, there is an end at once to its peculiar office as voucher for the truth. But all the murmurs of the layman are at once silenced by this argument from analogy. You object that God should teach error miraculously, but you see that He teaches it, or permits it, in the natural order of the world. Triumphant logic! You are in the dark, you want light, light from heaven. But the light we bring, goes out, or gives bewildering or perplexing guidance. Well, were you not in the dark before? It is an additional argument for the genuineness of our revelation that it shares the same obscurity to which you have been always accustomed. Alas! it was *because* of this obscurity, because of these doubts and difficulties, and of the imperfection of our philosophy, that we hoped to find rest in your divine teaching.

Dr. Mansel, it must be confessed, has an answer prepared for us here. The human mind, according to our author, is so restricted in its powers of cognition, that no divine teaching whatever *can* enlighten it. He has tested our faculties, and finds them incapable of the knowledge of God, or what is precisely the same thing, he has tested our idea of God, and found it a maze of contradictions. Our author, indeed, amongst the minor confusions to which he is attached, labours to create a distinction between testing our faculties to know God, and examining, so far as we are able, the nature of the Divine Being. But the distinction is one only of words. You can test your faculties for the knowledge of an object that is *unique*—to which there is nothing similar or analogous in the universe —in no other way than by endeavouring to understand that object. It is by exerting your faculties in this endeavour that you discover their limits. The result of the endeavour may be the humiliating confession that the object is altogether beyond our cognition, and we may *then* draw the distinction between pronouncing on the existence or non-existence of the object, and on our faculties to determine the question. But there is but one mode of testing our faculties—namely, the endeavour made to comprehend the object. Our metaphysician frequently reminds us that the limits of human thought are not the limits of existence. He must be a strange presumptuous man who thinks they are. But the limits of human thoughts are the limits of existence *for us*. That of which we have no cognition has no existence for us. He who denies that we can form any idea of God, denies that a God exists for human beings. "A philosophy of religion," writes Dr. Mansel, "may be conceived either as a philosophy of the object of religion—that is to say, as a scientific exposition of the nature of God; or as a philosophy of the subject of Religion—that is to say, as a scientific inquiry into the constitution of the human mind, so far as it receives and deals with religious ideas." Of the latter, to which he professes to attach himself, he says, "Its primary concern is with the operations and laws of the human mind; and its special purpose is to ascertain the nature, the origin, and the limits of the religious element in man; *postponing till after that question has been decided, the further inquiry into the absolute nature of God.*" As if the question could be decided in any other possible manner than by undertaking the inquiry into the nature of God! If you have satisfied yourself you can form an idea of God, it is by having formed one; if that you cannot, it is by having failed to form one. In either case what "further inquiry" can there be?

Dr. Mansel professes to have failed, and why has he failed? Whence comes this lamentable result—if indeed it be a genuine result—in a theologian of a Protestant Church? Because he has turned away from manifest truths before his eyes, to go in search of scholastic pedantries. We can know God only, we repeat, by His attributes; these attributes, His wisdom, His creative power, His beneficence, no mortal man ever professed to know in their full extent; he believes them capable of an infinite exaltation: this *can* be his only conception of their infinity. But our learned Doctor, instead of fixing his attention upon these attributes, fastens upon something that he calls *the* Infinite, *the* Absolute, of which he finds no attribute can be predicated. Of course he sees nothing: he goes forth into the inane, into outer darkness, and comes back with the cheering intelligence that, if we attempt to use our own eyes, we shall be in utter midnight.

But the most curious and most infelicitous portion of Dr. Mansel's Lectures remains still to be noticed. This is where he more especially touches on those representations and doctrines of Scripture which *are* intelligible in themselves. Some doctrines, as that of the Trinity, convey no distinct idea; others, on the contrary, impress us very vividly. But the moral attributes put forward in Revelation as those of God, are not, it seems, the real attributes of the Infinite Being; they are put forward for our guidance; it is our duty to believe in them as "regulative" truths; but how nearly they resemble any real attribute of the Absolute and the Infinite, is a question we cannot possibly answer. We must conclude, from what has been determined of the "limits of religious thought," that we are nowhere, throughout Revelation, in the presence of an intelligible absolute truth; or if we are, we can never know it.*

We are encouraged to believe that the moral representations of God may be *partly* accordant with reality or truth. How it happens that our scholastic metaphysician can admit a part knowledge of the infinite, and of that infinite he has again and again withdrawn from human cognition, is what we will not undertake to explain. It is clear enough, however, that, according to his own exposition, we can never know which is the part that represents the real truth, or how nearly it accords with reality.

Such a doctrine as this appears to us to destroy the very vitality of our faith. All those representations of God which kindle our emotions, and which stir the heart of man, are more or less delusions. We are to believe them, because it is our duty to believe; they have been taught us miraculously that we should believe. A strange duty! And a very extraordinary power it is which our metaphysician accords to this sense of duty. We saw that where there was no possible conception, there was still a duty to believe. Here there is a declared delusion, but the same duty to believe. Accordingly, our preacher becomes, from time to time, very eloquent, on the moral, and, in part, human, representations of the Deity given us in the Scriptures; he is indignant at those metaphysicians who would introduce into criticisms of revelation their "morbid horror of what they are pleased to call Anthropomorphism." But if, fully impressed with these vivid representations of the goodness and justice of God, you proceed to reason on them, as premises from which deductions may be drawn, you are reminded that you are not in the region of speculative or positive truth. Behind this scriptural representation there lies the Absolute, with a "morality of the Absolute" utterly beyond your conception. To hear our preacher at one moment, you would think you were sitting under the most devout and simple-minded of divines. It is thus he castigates our "modern philosophers when they attempt to be wise above what is written, and seek for a metaphysical exposition of God's nature and attributes":—

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* Archbishop King, Bishop Copleston, Archbishop Whately, and others have expressed some subtle opinions upon the attributes of God, which approximate more or less to those of Dr. Mansel. What we call His attributes are analogies, and resemblances, rather than realities. But these subtleties have been always looked upon by the majority of divines with a wise distrust, and it would be easy to quote a long list, especially of our elder theologians, which should include such names as Berkeley and Cudworth and Clarke, who have controverted those fallacious subtleties. The only legitimate way of avoiding an objectionable Anthropomorphism is not to include amongst the Divine attributes any that are incompatible with our conception of Supreme Reason personified.

> "They may not, forsooth, think of the unchangeable God as if He were their fellow-man, influenced by human motives, and moved by human supplications They want a truer, a juster idea of the Deity as He is, than that under which He has been pleased to reveal Himself; and they call in their reason to furnish it. Fools! to dream that man can escape from himself, that human reason can draw aught but a human portrait of God! They do but substitute a marred and mutilated humanity for one exalted and entire. . . . . Surely downright idolatry is better than this *rational* worship of a fragment of humanity. Better is the superstition (*sic*) which sees the image of God in the wonderful whole which God has fashioned, than the philosophy which would carve for itself a Deity out of the remnant which man has mutilated."—Pp. 17, 20.

All this and much more which we might quote to the same purpose, may be very eloquent, and it certainly seems calculated to confirm men in their simple genuine faith. But turn the page, and we soon find that this metaphysician, who censures others so indignantly for mutilating the scriptural representation of God, virtually destroys the whole representation, obliterates it in its character of absolute truth.

> "The various mental attributes which we ascribe to God—benevolence, holiness, justice, wisdom, for example—can be conceived by us only as existing in a benevolent, and holy, and just and wise Being, who is not identical with any one of His attributes, but the common subject of them all—in one word, in a Person. But personality, as we conceive it, is essentially a limitation and a relation. Our own personality is presented to us as relative and limited. Personality is presented to us as a relation between the conscious self and the various modes of His consciousness. Personality is also a limitation; for the thought and the thinker are distinguished from, and limit each other."

In short, we are again involved in our old problem of the Infinite and the Absolute; and as there can be no knowledge of these in themselves, it follows (as our author says with still more distinctness in one of his notes) "that no human representation, whether derived from without or from within, from revelation or from natural religion, can adequately exhibit the absolute nature of God"—can, in fact, exhibit it at all, if he argues consistently from his own premises. It will not be supposed, for a moment, that Dr. Mansel abstracts this divine personality from the teaching of the Church. He says very energetically,

> "We dishonour God far more by identifying Him with the feeble and negative impotence of thought, which we are pleased to style the Infinite, than by remaining content within those limits which He, for His own good purposes, has imposed upon us, and confining ourselves to a manifestation, imperfect indeed, and inadequate, and acknowledged to be so, but still the highest idea that we can form, the noblest tribute that we can offer. Personality with all its limitations, *though far from exhibiting the absolute nature of God as He is*, is yet *truer*, grander, more elevating, more religious than those barren, vague, meaningless abstractions in which men babble about nothing under the name of the Infinite."—P. 85.

Nevertheless we have all this "babble about the Infinite," and it constitutes the staple of these Lectures; and strange and ominous are the applications which the Bampton lecturer, in his office of Defender of the Faith, has made of his babble, or his philosophy, of the Infinite. To the faithful disciple of the church the Personality of God is indeed put forward; but should the disciple object to any part of the church's representation of God, that it is not in accordance with the morality or goodness ascribed to the Divine Being, he forthwith withdraws that Personality, and tells the refractory disciple that there is an "absolute morality," a morality which he can never know, belonging to the Absolute, and without knowing that he can never criticise the revelation of God.

But we must quote the author's own words, for our representations will never be credited by any one who has not perused the Lectures themselves. In ethics, our philosopher treads, as may be supposed, the "high *a priori* road;" but this, it will be observed, avails nothing against the mystery of the Absolute.

> "The Moral Sense is, like the intuitions of Time and Space, an *a priori* law of the human mind, not determined by experience as it is, but determining beforehand what experience ought to be. But it is not thereby elevated above the conditions of human intelligence; and the attempt so to elevate it is especially inadmissible in that philosophy which resolves Time and Space into forms of the human consciousness, and limits their operation to the field of the phenomenal and the relative.
>
> "That there is an Absolute Morality based upon, or rather identical with, the Eternal Nature of God, is indeed a conviction forced upon us by the same evidence as that on which we believe that God exists at all. But *what* that Absolute Morality is, we are as unable to fix in any human conception, as we are to define the other attributes of the same Divine Nature. To human conception it seems impossible that absolute morality should be manifested in the form of a *law of obligation;* for such a law implies relation and subjection to the authority of a lawgiver. And as all human morality is manifested in this form, the conclusion seems unavoidable, that human morality, even in its highest elevation, is not identical with nor adequate to measure, the Absolute Morality of God."—P. 205.

The moral nature of God is generally understood to be one with His wisdom and goodness. He exacts morality from us, but if the term moral obligation is ever applied to God, the obligation meant is that which is identical with the obligation of reason. But we pass on to some of the special applications made of this novel doctrine of an Absolute Morality. We will not even stop to inquire how it comes to pass that we are so certain that an Absolute Morality belongs to that *Absolute* which is confessedly beyond the limits of our cognition; or how it is that after showing that our definitions of morality are inapplicable to the Absolute, we can still talk of Absolute Morality at all. Sometimes Dr. Mansel speaks as if fragments or certain elements of this Absolute Morality were mingled up with the ordinary elements of the human conscience; but, of course, if this be so, they are undistinguishable by us as such Absolute Morality.

Some of the strangest applications made of this novel invention of an Absolute Morality, of which we are utterly ignorant except that it exists, refer to the doctrines of the Atonement and of Eternal Punishment; we prefer to touch upon the latter subject. On this topic Dr. Mansel writes in the following strain:—

"And is not the same conviction of the ignorance of man, and of his rashness in the midst of ignorance, forced upon us by the spectacle of the arbitrary and summary decision of human reason on the most mysterious as well as the most awful of God's revealed judgments against sin—the sentence of Eternal Punishment? *We know not what is the relation of Sin to Infinite Justice.*"—P. 220. Nevertheless he cannot resist the temptation of exercising his own ingenuity in the way of repelling objections, and of somewhat explaining this relation.

> "And it is assumed," he continues, "that punishment will be inflicted solely with reference to the sins committed during this earthly life:—that the guilt will continue finite, while the misery is prolonged to infinity. Are we then so sure, it may be asked, that there can be no sin beyond the grave? Can an immortal soul incur God's wrath and condemnation only so long as it is united to a mortal body? With as much reason might we assert that the angels are incapable of obedience to God, that the devils are incapable of rebellion. What if the sin perpetuates itself,—if the prolonged misery be the offspring of the prolonged guilt?"

This spectacle of an eternal spirit of rebellion kept up by the eternal agony which both punishes and produces it, is one which he feels his readers will revolt from, and which he is not satisfied with himself. But then Dr. Mansel suggests that, after all, "the real riddle of existence is that evil exists *at all.*" And again, this question of the origin of evil is "but one aspect of a more general problem; it is but the moral form of the ever-recurring secret of the Infinite."

> "How the Infinite and the Finite, in any form of antagonism, or other relation, can exist together:—how infinite power can co-exist with finite activity: how infinite goodness can co-exist with finite evil; how the Infinite can exist in any manner without exhausting the universe of reality; this is the riddle which Infinite Wisdom alone can solve. When Philosophy can answer this question;—when she can even state intelligibly the notions which its terms involve,—then, and not till then, she may be entitled to demand a solution of the far smaller difficulties which she finds in revealed religion:—or rather she will have solved them already; for from this they all proceed, and to this they all ultimately return."—P. 223.

In like manner, if the foreknowledge or eternal decrees of God seem incompatible with the retributive punishment of the sinner, our metaphysician faintly suggests, as "an apparent escape from the dilemma, that God's knowledge is not properly *foreknowledge*, as having no relation to time." But he immediately afterwards returns to his old ground, and to his invariable shield of defence—his impenetrable philosophy of the Infinite. "But the whole meaning of the difficulty vanishes as soon as we acknowledge *that the Infinite is not an object of human thought at all.*" Admirable theology! Sublime and elevating Doctrine! Knowledge, Wisdom, Justice and Benevolence, are unmeaning terms when applied to the Infinite Being!

Certain commands or special precepts recorded in the Old Testament as having been given by God to the Israelites, which apparently contradict the broad principles of ethics, have from a very early time been a stumbling-block to the Christian believer. It is in explanation of these deviations from what is generally understood as the moral conduct demanded of us from God, that Dr. Mansel has put forth his utmost ingenuity—has produced (if we could venture to say this of an Oxford metaphysician) his most astounding absurdity. These deviations from the ethical rules God generally teaches, are but the breaking through of the Absolute Morality! The new and exceptional command may be compared to the pure light breaking through some lower system of half-illuminated clouds, better adapted in general to human vision and the necessities of man.

Dr. Mansel sees a very "obvious analogy" between the miracles of the Old and New Testament, and these occasional deviations from the moral precepts which God, in His ordinary government of the world, enforces on His creatures. He calls them "moral miracles." The analogy does not appear to us very obvious. In the ordinary miracle, God is presumed to interpose to alter the usual sequence of events, to produce, for the occasion, new sequences, new relations, or, in other words, quite new and abnormal events. What new event is it that is produced in the Moral Miracle? Are the moral sentiments of man supposed to be, for the occasion, miraculously changed? Perhaps our readers may extract something more intelligible than we have been able to do from the Doctor's own words. We will give them as fully as space permits. Let us premise that what is here said of the difference between an occasional command to be obeyed by one man, or for one purpose, and a general rule, to be obeyed by all men and at all times, is well worth consideration; it is an observation which has been frequently made by other divines; the rest of the passage is the peculiar and indisputable property of the Bampton lecturer.

> "Now an appeal of this kind (that is, an appeal to the moral sentiments of mankind) may be legitimate or not, according to the purpose for which it is made, and the manner in which it is applied. The primary and proper employment of man's moral sense, as of his other faculties, is not *speculative* but *regulative*. It is not designed to tell us what are the absolute and immutable principles of Right, as existing in the eternal nature of God;

but to discern those relative and temporary manifestations of them, which are necessary for human training in this present life. But if morality, in its human manifestation, contains a relative and temporary, as well as an absolute and eternal element, an occasional suspension of the human Law is by no means to be confounded with a violation of the Divine Principle. We can only partially judge of the Moral Government of God, on the assumption that there is an analogy between the divine nature and the human: and in proportion as the analogy recedes from perfect likeness, the decision of the human reason necessarily becomes more and more doubtful. The primary and direct inquiry, which human reason is entitled to make concerning a professed revelation, is, How far does it tend to promote or to hinder the moral discipline of man? It is but a secondary and indirect question, and one very liable to mislead, to ask how far it is compatible with the Infinite Goodness of God.

"Thus, for example, it is one thing to condemn a religion on account of the habitual observance of licentious and inhuman rites of worship, and another to pronounce judgment on isolated acts, historically recorded as having been done by divine command, but not perpetuated in precepts for the imitation of posterity. The former are condemned for their regulative character, as contributing to the perpetual corruption of mankind; the latter are condemned on speculative grounds, as inconsistent with our preconceived notions of the character of God." (Here follows a quotation from Bishop Butler, which, like the portion of the text already quoted, is not free from the objection that even the occasional precept, if understood as a direct command from God, cannot be without some "regulative" influence.)

"There is indeed an obvious analogy between these temporary suspensions of the laws of moral obligation, and that corresponding suspension of the laws of natural phenomena which constitutes our ordinary conception of a Miracle. So much so, indeed, that the former might without impropriety be designated as *Moral Miracles.* In both, the Almighty is regarded as suspending for special purposes, not the eternal laws which constitute His own absolute Nature, but the created laws which he imposed at a certain time upon a particular portion of His creatures."—P. 241.

Our readers, we suspect, have not found this obvious analogy very clear to their apprehension: God is said to manifest His power in an established order of events which we call laws of nature; when He breaks this order of events, and interposes some abnormal exercise of His power, we call it a miracle. The Creator has also ordained in man certain moral sentiments; is now the *moral miracle* a partial suspension and alteration of *these* sentiments, so that certain individuals have suddenly perceived that to be *right* which in the normal exercise of their judgment, or their conscience, they would have pronounced to be *wrong*? or does the miracle consist in some change or altered action we cannot follow in the Divine mind itself? Perhaps we had better not attempt any explanation, but leave this "moral miracle" to such exposition as its own inventor has vouchsafed.

It may illustrate the curious position into which Dr. Mansel has brought himself, to observe that precisely what the Reverend Baden Powell, in his theory of adaptation, would describe as a condescending accommodation to the ignorance and passions of men, Dr. Mansel would explain as the absolute morality breaking, with miraculous effulgence, through that lower system of ethics which is condescendingly framed for the general good of mankind. With our philosopher the regular and highest ethics of mankind is the *adaptation;* the exceptional precept is a fragment of the absolute morality. God exhibits himself to us more nearly as *He is* when His commands depart from the general precepts He gives of justice and beneficence: we are more certainly under some measure of delusion when He inculcates our human and indispensable morality.

Have we said enough, or extracted enough, to justify the opinion we expressed at the commencement, that these Lectures are neither pre-eminently wise, nor are they altogether wholesome food for the minds of men? Our author plunges both friend and foe into hopeless obscurity. What good is attainable by such a feat of logical dexterity as this? And the logical legerdemain is only accomplished on the condition that we permit him the free use of a few abstract terms utterly devoid of any real meaning. "Extension and motion," some such verbal conjuror might say, "are attributes, and imply a substance in which they inhere. But now, by pondering on and well defining this abstract *substance* or being, I prove that it is altogether removed from your cognition, and you cannot know its attributes, and therefore extension and motion are not really its attributes." We ask our conjuror, since he has proved them not to be real attributes, how it comes to pass that he is talking about *substance* at all?

It is idle of Dr. Mansel, after having driven the attributes of God into the category of "subjective," or merely "regulative" truths, to seek, with much indignant eloquence, to re-establish our simple genuine faith in them. According to his philosophy, God has miraculously revealed, not truth, but statements which it is for our good to believe. How, under his philosophy, we can even recognise God as the worker of the miracle, we cannot understand. But passing this over, what *can* be our belief, under such a representation, but a verbal assent—a virtuous hypocrisy? It can be nothing better. To believe, is to think a thing true: if you tell us that it is not true, we can only pretend to believe. We can act, under penalties, as if it were true. But this cannot last long, for the suspicion must occur that the penalties also are, or may be, merely "regulative" truths, not absolute realities—not events that will really take place, only suppositions that it may be useful to believe in. Once placed on such an inclined plane as Dr. Mansel glides us on, there is no logical *break* that can prevent our descent into sheer scepticism. The true reality, we repeat, for each one of us lies in those divine attributes manifested in the very nature of the world and of humanity, and from which we necessarily infer the *Divine Being*, and not in scholastics' notions of the Absolute and the Infinite—which, if they are incompatible with these attributes, are at least themselves at once convicted (by this incompatibility) of their own shadowy and unreal nature.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.

CHAPTER XI.—THE CONFESSOR.

FOR many days Isola had lain upon the couch to which she had been carried on her first arrival at the fortress, utterly exhausted in body and spirit, and appearing barely conscious of the anxious cares of her hostesses. Her senses had never wholly forsaken her; but she remained in that state of prostration in which scenes and objects pass before the eyes and are partially understood and recognised, but leave the mind merely passive, without the power or the inclination to inquire or reason upon them. Her health had not actually suffered from the exposure to the storm, but the nerves had been overstrained while she was yet weak from recent illness; and it was well for her that Giacomo had been compelled to choose Willan's Hope as her place of shelter. Elfhild's calm experience, and the warm-hearted devotion of Gladice, whose feelings, once roused, confessed to no fatigue and grudged no exertion, were far more valuable in her case than any resources which the profoundest medical science could have brought to bear. Slowly, day by day, her eyes regained their expression, and looked inquiringly from one kind face to the other, and then were closed with a grateful but weary smile. Once, and only once, in the dusk of the evening, Gladice had been told that the yeoman who had been her escort had called to make inquiry after his lady's health; but before she could effect her escape to the castle-hall — which she fully intended to have done, in spite of her aunt's dignified scruples—he had already received his answer, and was gone. Picot, however, had several times made his appearance at the fortress, and had shown a very natural and praiseworthy interest in the fair traveller's recovery; and it was equally praiseworthy that the two ladies should have summoned the forester to their presence to relieve his anxiety by their personal assurances, and perhaps equally natural that they should question him as to the circumstances of his encounter with the travellers on that terrible night, when he had the good fortune to become, in a humble sense, the deliverer of a lady in distress. As Picot belonged to Ladysmede, and therefore might be considered almost as an actual retainer of their own house, it was by no means derogatory—as Elfhild was at the pains to observe, in her own and her niece's vindication — to hold those communications with him on this interesting subject, which it would have been quite indecorous to have entered upon with a stranger whose degree and general belongings were utterly unknown. The forester remained firm in his account of the adventure; which, if not strictly true, had the vast advantage which a silent falsehood always has over the richest inventive faculty: it defied cross-questioning, and led the originator into no mistakes or self-contradictions. And when Picot once found that he was looked upon by Gladice (whose notions of the heroic, it will be remembered, were scarcely orthodox) rather in the light of a hero, he was careful to present the adventures of the night to his fair questioners as much as possible in that point of view; not so much, let it be said in justice, for the sake of claiming any undue credit to himself, as in the hope of fixing their attention upon his own desperate exertions, and the perils which his courage and sagacity had surmounted, rather than on the previous history of the stranger lady and her companion. So well did he succeed, that he received from the noble hands of Elfhild herself a cup of wine, with a gracious intimation of her high favour and approval; to which the younger lady added a piece of silver, which Picot accepted with many thanks, and little scruple of conscience. Even if he felt it was given upon a somewhat overrated estimate of his deserts as a hero, he was content to take it as the reward of virtuous self-denial in the matter of the Italian's gold. If any one had cared to track the forester on his return after these visits of inquiry, it might have been noticed that he always met Father Giacomo either by the river-side or in the neighbourhood of his chapel at Lowcote.

However naturally desirous the ladies of Willan's Hope might be to learn something of the history of the stranger who had been thus left helpless in their charge, their kindness was much stronger than their curiosity. Even when Isola had so far recovered as to be able to express her thanks in words, no question ever passed the lips of Elfhild or Gladice which could have implied that they sought any explanation of the circumstances which had made her their guest. Neither of them were conscious that they were showing any peculiar delicacy in this reserve, or were exercising any but the simplest duties of hospitality.

It need not be supposed, however, that in the privacy of their own chamber the aunt and niece felt any obligation to silence upon so interesting a subject. If their sick visitor was indebted to them for her life, they in their turn had very much to thank her for. It would have been not far from the truth to say of both of them — certainly of Gladice, and Elfhild's youth was a long time to look back upon—that they had never been so happy in their lives. They had become possessed of two things most necessary to woman's happiness — something upon which to lavish their whole hearts-full of spontaneous and uncalculating love and kindness, and something to talk about. The possible unworthiness of the object — the positive mystery which attached to it — were additional points of attraction. Instead of sitting dreaming in the window, Gladice was now always busy either devising something for the comfort of their new charge, or inventing and suggesting to her relative some ingenious elucidation of the stranger's history, which the elder lady usually pronounced impossible, and thereby gave her niece the opportunity of following out in her mind a new train of conjecture for the morrow.

It was possible, also, that another break in the isolated life of the old fortress had contributed to enliven the spirits of its occupants, and to make them less sensible of the weariness of their daily cares in the sick-chamber. Twice there had been visitors from Ladysmede. Once Sir Godfrey had accompanied his guest, and passed an hour or two in converse with his fair kinswomen; and again both had listened with delighted attention to the stirring incidents of war told by the eloquent tongue of the Crusader. The second time Sir Nicholas had come alone, followed only by his squire, and had besought the ladies' company to witness the performance of a cast of foreign hawks which he had brought with him, and which bore a wonderful reputation. Elfhild had on this occasion prayed to be excused; but the younger lady had been delighted to join in the sport under the seneschal's protection, and had returned with many praises of the prowess of the birds, and the delicate skill shown by the knight in handling them. And the gallant falcons — an almost priceless gift — were left at Willan's Hope for the Lady Gladice's future delectation, to the pride and joy of Warenger, a keen lover of the gentle sport, whose word of commendation, never lightly bestowed, was thenceforth never wanting either for the birds themselves or for their noble donor.

The visits of brother Ingulph from the monastery had always been looked forward to, especially by Gladice, as an agreeable distraction from the daily round of stitching and window-gazing, and promenading on the narrow rampart, which, with the exception of occasional rides under Warenger's escort, were the ordinary rule of her life. The interval which had passed since his last appearance at the fortress had now been longer than usual; and when he was ushered rather suddenly into their presence by Judith — as a person who had the privilege of entrance, by virtue of his office, in season and out of season—his welcome from both ladies was proportionately cordial. To quarrel with a neighbor because he had not found it convenient to show himself quite so often as usual, was not only repugnant to the unenlightened code of hospitality current at the time, but was a luxury which could scarcely have been afforded in such a limited circle of society. When, therefore, the good Benedictine, long expected, was at last announced, the warmth of his reception was such as almost to embarrass his modesty. Brother Ingulph's insensibility to the attractions of the fairer sex, in any ordinary sense, was no ascetic affectation, or even the result of careful self-discipline, as with many of his order; but an honest natural indifference, whether to be regarded as a merit or a defect. Probably this qualification had not been overlooked by the superiors of his house when he was intrusted with the charge of the spiritual interests of Willan's Hope. Certain it was that he looked upon both ladies with very sincere respect and impartial admiration. He might have been aware that Dame Elfhild was the elder of the two; if he had ever noticed that Gladice had the brightest smile, he had often been heard to avouch that her aunt was a very discreet woman. His embarrassment that morning arose from another cause besides his natural modesty. Good brother Ingulph was hardly in his usual spirits, or prepared to reciprocate any unusually sprightly greeting. There was plainly something on his mind. He sighed over the refection set before him as if it had been an act of penance, and poured himself a second draught of wine—contrary to his usually abstemious habits—with an air of resigned mortification. He was in trouble, and he had too little worldly wisdom to conceal it. It was not possible that his fair entertainers should not notice the change from the simple cheerfulness which made him at other times so agreeable a visitor; nor was it long before they drew from him an explanation. Indeed he was very ready to give it to those from whom he felt so sure of sympathy.

"Alas! kind dames," said he, "I have good cause to bear a sorrowful countenance; the spoilers have been in our camp this morning, and have made prey of us."

"What can you mean, father?" said Gladice in some alarm, for such an event as the literal sacking and plundering of a religious house overnight, was quite within the possible items of morning intelligence.

"His majesty King Richard hath laid his royal hands upon us," said the monk.

"How!" exclaimed the elder lady—"the king is surely in Palestine?"

"Ay," replied Ingulph; "but his gracious majesty hath a long arm. He is pleased to borrow money of us for the war, whereas it is but too well known we have more need to become borrowers ourselves; and we have been put to sore straits to meet his demand. I know not how it is," continued the worthy brother with a distressed air—"we pass among men for a wealthy house, I dare warrant; and our lord abbot keeps a very seemly state—as is but becoming his position, no doubt—I mean not to gainsay it; but there have been sore difficulties of late in providing for our needful wants. Twice I have made requisition to the abbot for parchment for our scriptorium, and am ashamed to ask again, and yet our work lies idle for lack of it. It is hardly for me to say it, but it were well that the ordering of our revenues were somewhat better looked to."

The most unpractical of scholars, ignorant as an angel of all the base debtor-and-creditor transactions of this commercial world, Ingulph had a little hidden conceit in a corner of his honest heart, that he possessed an unrecognised talent for business. On most other points none could have conceived a lower opinion of his capabilities than he entertained himself: had he been called to take upon him the office of a bishop, he would have pronounced the *nolo episcopari* with the utmost humility and sincerity; but he would have liked much to have been appointed to some office of trust in the financial department of his convent; and it might safely be prophesied that any society enjoying the benefit of his services in such a character, would have been bankrupt within the year.

"But you were enabled, I trust, by some means, to provide for his majesty's requirements?" said Dame Elfhild, who shared to some extent the popular notion that churchmen were generally rich, and generally disclaimed it.

"Alas!" replied the monk, "we have given, as I may say, of our life-blood in his service. Nathaniel the Jew has been in conference with the lord abbot and the prior this morning, and has carried off with him—whether on pledge or sale I cannot tell, for such as I are little consulted in such dealings—sundry precious things that it shames us to have parted with—ay, if it were for all the gold in Israel. Would you believe it, gentle lady," he continued, turning to Gladice,—"our copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch — there was not another in England except at Canterbury, and that, as I have heard, wants a leaf—you have heard me speak of it—written in a most fair character, in letters of silver upon purple vellum — well, this dog of a Jew hath that away with him. It had silver embossed covers, too; it was the goodliest volume my eyes ever lighted on, and was the blessed Queen Etheldreda's gift to us; well-a-way! to think it should have fallen into the hands of a misbeliever!"

"Was it very choice reading, father?" inquired Gladice innocently. She had not the most distant conception of what a Pentateuch might be; but her taste in literature, so far as it went, had more regard to the subject-matter of the work than its external attractions.

"It was the choicest volume in Christendom," said Ingulph, rather pursuing his own private lamentations than replying to Gladice.

"You have read it yourself, doubtless?" persevered the maiden, with laudable interest and curiosity, only still further excited by the librarian's enthusiastic praises.

"Read it!" exclaimed he, roused by what he considered almost an insult to his lost treasure—"there was not one amongst our brotherhood that could pretend to read it. Young Wolfert, the abbot's new chaplain, professed that he knew the characters, but not the dialect; there was none of us could contradict him, be that as it may: the precentor of Jumiéges, when he was on a visit with us in Abbot Aldred's time, said it was Syriac—and he passed for a fine scholar! Ha, ha! a little learning goes far in that fraternity!" and the monk laughed with honest delight at the impregnable front which his darling manuscript had presented against the assaults of pretenders. "Read it?" He did not say quite so much, but it was in his eyes as a maiden castle, and would have lost something of its fair fame and repute if ever adventurous champion could boast of having scaled its defences.

The disappointed Gladice asked no further questions, and was content to think that the Pentateuch, whatever it might be, was as great a mystery to the learned as to herself. But the monk could hardly leave a subject which on that particular morning lay so near his heart.

"It was said," he continued, "that there were fearful Samaritan curses written at the end of the volume, against any man who should in time to come steal or otherwise misappropriate it. St. Mary vouchsafe us that they fall not upon our house!"

"We will trust they may not, father," said the lady. Curses in a tongue which even the learned Benedictine could not read, must have seemed to her fearful indeed.

Dame Elfhild was rather wearied of hearing of the good father's troubles, with which she felt less sympathy than her niece; or perhaps she kindly judged that the most effectual way to distract their visitor's thoughts from dwelling upon such painful matters, was to give him an interest for the time in something else. She announced to him therefore the fact — strange enough in itself to be interesting—that they had a guest now at Willan's Hope; and put him in possession of all the particulars of her sudden arrival.

"It might be, Gladice," said she, turning to her niece when she had finished her recital, "that the lady would be well pleased to take some ghostly counsel with the reverend father, if she knew that he were here with us?"

Gladice at once volunteered to announce to their guest the arrival of the Benedictine, as an opportunity that occurred but seldom in their retired position, and sought Isola's chamber for that purpose.

Their patient showed more progress towards convalescence that morning than for some days. She always welcomed Gladice with a gentle word and smile; and indeed it was not for many hours in the day that the young mistress of the castle left her alone, though she had purposely abstained as much as possible from all but the most ordinary conversation. Isola was sitting up on her couch, with her rosary in her hand, when Gladice entered. There were traces of tears fresh upon her cheeks, but of this her hostess took no notice. Briefly but kindly, and with some little embarrassment—for Gladice's own devotion was very undemonstrative — she explained to her the nature of Ingulph's connection with their household, and that he would gladly make it a part of his duties to extend to her any comfort or direction which she might require.

The pale cheeks of the invalid flushed brightly, as she thanked Gladice for her thoughtful kindness. "Tell me," she said, after a few moments' thought, as she laid her thin hand upon her visitor's rounded arm, with more of a caressing gesture than she had seemed to venture upon before — "Tell me — this Father Ingulph, I think, you named him"— she hesitated again—"is he one to whom *you* would lay bare your heart if—if, which Heaven forbid, you had sin and sorrow heavy on it like mine?" And she hid her face in her hands.

A slight colour rose over Gladice's cheek, but it passed away; and when the other looked up again and met her gaze, the clear sweet eye and calm brow showed no emotion.

"I know not," she replied; "I cannot tell: I confess to him always."

"God keep you pure and good!" said the other with an almost passionate earnestness, bending down her lips to kiss the arm she held; "let me not vex you with my questions — you have confidence in him, then?"

"He is an honest, good man, as I believe," returned Gladice, somewhat coldly: the conversation puzzled her. She had no especial secrets of her own to confide to any one; she was not quite sure that she should choose good Father Ingulph for their depositary if she had—or indeed any one else; but that was a case which it would be time enough to provide for when it should arrive. Whatever troubles of conscience she might have, were only such as she could either struggle with alone, or relieve by very general terms of confession. She did not know, happily for herself, the yearnings of an overburdened heart to rest its load anywhere—were it even on a broken reed like itself — that proffers support for the moment.

"He is honest, you say, dear lady," said Isola, after another pause; "and you have known him long. I would gladly see him, if you will kindly be my messenger."

Gladice waited only to find some little office of kindness to perform for her patient, whose appeal for advice and half-offered confidence she was uncomfortably conscious of having felt unable to respond to with the warmth that might have been expected; and having thus made such atonement as she could to her own feelings, she left the chamber, and returning to the monk, informed him of their guest's desire to see him. He received the summons with his usual good-humoured smile, and with little anxiety or embarrassment. It was some testimony in favour of Elfhild and her niece that their spiritual director—and to them his experience of the sex had been limited — did not appear to consider the confidential treatment of feminine transgressions or weaknesses as a very onerous responsibility.

He ascended the narrow turret-stair with an active step, and if not with a very light heart, it was a tender regret for the lost treasures of his library which still affected him, and not any unusually grave anticipations of the coming interview.

He was absent more than an hour; a length of time which caused some surprise in the minds of those whom he had left below, for each of whom a few minutes' conference amply sufficed for all matters of confession and absolution; and Gladice began to expect his return with some degree of painful interest. He re-entered their apartment slowly, and with an expression of troubled thought upon his face, which Gladice marked at once, and did not connect in her own mind with any of the tribulations of the monastery. Though Father Ingulph seemed rather to avoid her glance, she could not withdraw her eyes from his countenance; and strange as it seemed even to herself, she half-longed to read there the history which but an hour since she felt that a word of encouragement would have sufficed to draw from Isola's own lips. But she was silent, and did not intend to question him even by her look. The elder lady, less consciously interested, did not feel bound to such scrupulous reserve. She would have shrunk as naturally as Gladice would, from any thought of intrusion into the sacred confidence between the priest and his spiritual patient; but she could not help hoping that the good monk would naturally have asked some questions which were not included among the secrets of the confessional, and that in this manner she might be able partly to gratify her irresistible wish to know something of the stranger's character and history; a wish which scarcely deserved the name of curiosity, since it had been restrained within such careful bounds. She had rather expected that Ingulph would have been the first to make some remark upon the subject; for the honest-hearted Benedictine was not used to affect taciturnity, and was rather inclined to compensate himself for the silence which his rule enjoined in the cloister, by all reasonable indulgence of his liberty of speech abroad. But he was silent now; and Elfhild's sharp eyes soon discovered that he was ill at ease, and embarrassed also. It is a woman's privilege, in such circumstances to take the initiative; and Elfhild—her desire for information by no means diminished by these symptoms on his part—boldly proceeded to interrogate him, while Gladice listened with eyes and ears.

"What think you of our lady guest, father?"

It was a question admitting of so many varieties of reply, that perhaps for that reason Ingulph was at a loss to choose one. He only uttered one of those unintelligible interjections which serve to gain time.

Elfhild repeated her question.

"Alas! poor soul!" said the monk, feelingly, "she has much need of consolation; it is well for her that she has fallen into such gentle hands. She has spoken much to me of your kindness; and it pains her to have been burdensome to you so long."

"It is no burden," said the elder lady with some dignity; "our doors—my niece's, I should say—have ever been open to the stranger. Be she who she may, she is right welcome to the shelter of our roof so long as she needs it."

"You know nothing, as I understand," said Ingulph, "of her miserable story?"

"We have never sought to know," replied Elfhild.

"She fears that she may have seemed ungrateful; but this much I may assure you of—what she conceals is more for the sake of others than her own. And she is loth, too, to trouble a peaceful life such as yours by making known what could only pain and shock you."

"If we could be of any help"—said the younger lady without raising her eyes.

"I see not how you could," replied the monk dejectedly; "I see little that any one can do; she is not friendless, or in poverty, though in a land of strangers—for you have learnt that she is not English born?"

"She spoke of Genoa as her home," said Gladice; "did you mark a wondrous sweetness in her voice, father—such as we northern maidens never attain to?"

"Nay," interposed the elder lady, "under your favour, my fair niece, that is an excellence for which the dames of our blood are not wont to be so discommended; even if the Norman tongue be shrill—which I grant not—the old British royal house through which we claim inheritance had a tongue more melodious even than the Southrons—your own ancestress, the princess of Gwent, whose name you bear, was better known in bardic lay as *Eos evrin*—the golden nightingale—by reason of her tuneful voice."

Father Ingulph had neither a critical ear for voices, nor a happy talent for compliment, otherwise it would have been the easiest and truest possible remark for him to have made, that Gladice's own voice was perfection. He was content with honestly confessing that he had noticed no peculiar modulation in the Italian lady's tones. He might have added in his defence, that he had never been able to learn the notes in the whole course of his novitiate, and had been pronounced first contumacious, and finally incapable, by the precentor; and even to this day made sounds in choir which excruciated the accomplished ears of his brethren. But he might have given a graver reason for his lack of discrimination in this particular instance; the matter of his penitent's communication had been too absorbing for him to pay much heed to the voice.

"In this poor lady's case," said the worthy father as he took his leave, "whatever it becomes you to know, as touching an inmate of your house—whatever, I may say, you would desire to ask—she will not refuse to tell you; nay, it seems to me she would even wish it. Fare ye well, noble ladies, and Saint Mary reward you for your charitable deed."

CHAPTER XII.—THE GUESTS OF RIVELSBY.

The Benedictine's thoughts, on his homeward walk to Rivelsby, had been more busy with the troubles of others than with his own. He had never before been brought into such close contact with the bitterness of a wounded spirit, and he was humbled to think how little help or consolation, beyond the formal language of his office, he had been able to afford. He was returning to the cloister, which had been the home of his childhood, with a strengthened conviction that the world was indeed an evil place. Holier and wiser than himself were they who had called it so; and he was even meditating some little self-imposed penance because, in the simple goodness of his own heart, which had hitherto kept him from seeing evil in others, he had sometimes been led to doubt whether that broad assertion of the world's wickedness were wholly true. He was more thankful than ever that those who had the care of him (he had never known a father) had dedicated him to the cloister in childhood, and so kept him safe from what might have been his own wayward choice, and a secular life's temptations.

He walked slowly, and the bell rang out for vespers while he was yet at some distance from the monastery. He stopped as the sound ceased, and having reverently crossed himself thrice, proceeded gravely on his way, reciting audibly to himself the familiar words of the office. Thus piously engaged, he had got within a short distance of the abbey gate, when he was startled by a rustling movement in the low alder-bushes close beside him. As he turned, a wild-looking half-clad figure crept out, and stood in the pathway. Ragged and stubbly hair and beard, eyes that glared fiercely out of hollow sockets, and a haggard countenance which might express either anger, fear, or madness, made up an appearance at which the worthy monk might well stand for a moment aghast, and repeat the holy sign with eager precaution. But it was soon evident that the wretched object before him intended no hostile demonstration; and though Ingulph started back again a step or two when the man threw himself forward, and, dropping on his knees, tried to clutch the folds of his habit, he soon recovered himself sufficiently to address the suppliant, whose gestures were more intelligible than his words, in a tone of kindness.

"What do you seek of me, my son?"

The man made some unintelligible

reply, and did not move from his position. The monk's first impression was, that he was some wandering lunatic who had escaped from the chains and torture in which such miserable beings were commonly kept, and though not seriously alarmed, since he appeared harmless, he paused for a few moments to bethink himself of some approved form of exorcism, in case he might require it. But it was really none other than Cuthwin, exhausted with hunger and watching, who had been encouraged by the sight of the monastic garb to appeal to its wearer for help or protection. The Benedictine rule of almsgiving was to give first, and to ask questions, if need were, afterwards; utterly unsound political economy, but having this advantage over improved systems, that if the questions were sometimes omitted, the alms never were; and even if the applicant's tale were sometimes false, the charity was always genuine. The story which the basketmaker had to tell was confused and unsatisfactory, but hunger and suffering spoke plainly in every line of his face; and the monk at once bid him follow him to the monastery, where his necessities would receive due attention. Cuthwin rudely but earnestly expressed his thanks, and followed his benefactor at a humble distance, yet near enough to claim his instant protection in case of need, and casting many a watchful look behind him, as if he still dreaded pursuit. Old Peter, dozing in his stone seat within the gateway, opened his sleepy eyes wider than usual to take cognisance of the unsightly figure which limped after brother Ingulph; but the poor and needy had too often crowded the gates of Rivelsby for him to feel any astonishment at such visitors, and many an outcast wanderer before Cuthwin had found there food, and warmth, and shelter. He was soon seated in the porch of the guest-hall, whilst his new-found friend went in search of the kitchener to provide for his necessities.

Gervase, the lay brother who bore that office at Rivelsby, was engaged at the moment in earnest consultation with some of his subordinate officials in the kitchen, and was in no very amiable mood. He was not a man of patient temper naturally; but indeed there had been much to try it that day. The fishermen had come in with an unusually short supply of what was one of the staple resources of the community; the prevalent thunderstorms of late, as they declared, had driven the fish into the deep waters, where no net could reach them. Even the eels,—of which the tenants of two farms upon the river were bound to furnish a certain number weekly,—were not forthcoming in full tale. And the beans for the soup, just sent in, were villanous; and what was worse, it would hardly do to make any serious complaint, inasmuch as the last supply had not yet been paid for. Brother Gervase was vexed to the heart, for he was sure to be held responsible by his brethren for any deficiency or unsavouriness in their daily fare. And the monks of Rivelsby, though they had little opportunity of becoming gourmands, and were well content with the simple dietary ordered by their rule, were marvellously nice in their discrimination between good and evil in such plain viands as they were accustomed to. If a man drinks only water, he becomes a wonderful judge of its quality, and detects the slightest tinge of impurity where the palate which is used to stronger potations swallows all alike. A musty lentil in one of their pittances was a grievance which called for redress; and a batch of ill-salted fish had once well-nigh caused a domestic revolution. No wonder, then, if, with such anxieties weighing heavily on his mind, the kitchener listened in no very patient mood to his brother monk who came innocently to add to his troubles, though the demand for food and drink for a single starving man was no very unreasonable or formidable requisition. But it is the last straw which is said to break the back of the much-enduring camel: Brother Gervase had borne much that day, and in the matter of the beans had been obliged to bear it in ill-tempered silence. Nor had he any great confidence in the worthy librarian's discretion in selecting objects of charity.

"A pittance for a hungry wayfarer

saidst thou?" said the vexed official; "mark me, good brother, far be it from me to put any slight upon the Christian duty of almsgiving, and for the best of reasons; if matters go on long as they have done of late, we may all have to fare forth one day, like a rascal herd of friars mendicant, and beg charity of our neighbors."

"How now, brother?" said Ingulph, "has any new mischief befallen us?"

"Nay," returned the other, "'tis nothing new for us to lack money—it has been so ever since I first took office; but 'tis one of those evils which time will scarcely mend; and 'twill be something new for my lord abbot, and for all of ye, to find bowl and platter set before ye empty—a consummation towards which, it seems to me, we are wending fast.'

"What is the matter, brother Gervase?" asked Simon, the sub-prior, in a good-humoured tone. He had stolen down to the kitchen surreptitiously to inspect the fresh arrival of fish, in which he took a very cordial interest.

"I am seeking an answer to a very serious question, father," said the kitchener, eyeing him as one of the most determined consumers on the establishment. "How many days in the week, now, do you consider it possible to live upon prayers and promises?"

It was a dietary on which the sub-prior could form no opinion.

"Because," continued the other, "I am like to have nought besides, that I can see, to provide the house with till next St. Thomas's tide. Here is our winter store of ling and herring not yet laid in, and the fisheries falling short every day. See here, what they bring me this afternoon—scarce anything fit to furnish forth the lord abbot's table to-morrow, when he hath guests of rank to dine with him."

"This is a goodly fish," said the sub-prior, selecting from the heap on the floor a large pike which had a plumper look than the rest, and weighing it in his hands admiringly.

"He is lank in the withers," said Gervase, with a glance of his more experienced eye, "and hath but stuffed his maw with frogs, or some such vermin."

One of the cook's assistants took the fish from the sub-prior's hands, and performed a rapid act of dissection, which brought forth convincing proofs that the kitchener was correct in his judgment.

"And what noble guests is our reverend father expecting?" inquired Ingulph.

"Nay," replied Gervase, "has not Sir Nicholas le Hardi sent word that he will come to-morrow in person to receive our loyal contribution to his majesty's service? and has not my lord abbot sent to pray that Sir Godfrey will please to ride with him? and shall we be niggard in our hospitality to such gracious visitors?"

"Certes, 'tis a piece of the Christian rule to feed our enemies," remarked the sub-prior.

"Yea, and good worldly policy likewise, brother," said Gervase: "catch your unruly beast with good oats—no need to waste them on your tame one, whom you may take by the forelock when you will; but how to feed either friends or foes out of an empty purse—there is a question, now, which brother Ingulph here, with all his lore, shall find hard to resolve us."

"I would rather at this moment, good Gervase," said Ingulph, "that you would bestow something on the poor wayfarer I spoke of; neither my philosophy nor thine will go far to feed the hungry."

With a little grumbling, more affected than real, the kitchener bid a serving-boy follow the monk with some broken meat for the object of his charity.

"I will go see him eat it," said brother Simon, to whom the sight appeared to promise a little gentle excitement.

Cuthwin's eyes glared like a famished hound's at the food set before him, and scarcely waiting to mutter thanks to his benefactors, he applied himself to it with a power of appetite which, fortunately for the kitchener's calculations, was seldom seen within the abbey walls. It was not to be wondered at; for ever since he had been in hiding from Sir Godfrey's wrath, he had subsisted on such wild berries as the thickets about the marsh could supply, with the eggs of water-birds, and such of their young as he could occasionally catch, and which he had made no scruple of devouring raw.

Brother Simon seated himself opposite the hungry man, and watched his performance with much interest and admiration.

"Poor soul!" said he, "'tis a pleasure to see him eat! I will e'en go fetch him another trencher," he added good naturedly, observing how rapidly the first liberal supply was disappearing.

From this purpose, however, he was dissuaded by his brother monk, both on the ground that the kitchener might fairly hold this second demand somewhat unreasonable, and on account of the danger—to say nothing of the sin—of such an inordinate indulgence of appetite. At this moment, too, one of the novices entered, and, with a respectful salutation, informed the sub-prior that it was time to visit the infirmary, which was one of the peculiar duties of his office. Cuthwin looked a little disappointed, but the hospitable monk made what amends he could to him by filling again from the flagon the little bowl which had contained his beer.

"If you be the lord abbot, as I guess," said Cuthwin, taking breath at last, and looking gratefully upon the sub-prior, whose placid features and well-fed person bore about them a certain look of comfortable dignity—"I could tell something it might content your reverence to know."

"I am not the abbot," replied brother Simon, simple enough to feel innocently flattered by the peasant's mistake—"but you may speak to me as well as to him, if it be aught that concerns our house; I will report it to the abbot, if there seem need."

The honest sub-prior had not the least intention of intercepting any private communication; but he did not expect that any communication at all from such a quarter could be of real importance. Cuthwin, however, was shrewder in his generation than the churchman; he was certainly more cunning. Shuffling uneasily in his seat, and looking from one monk to the other, he replied, "I would fain see the abbot himself, so please ye both."

"Thou art a bold knave," said the sub-prior, with a little snort, expressing as much offended self-importance as his easy nature was capable of; "wouldst have the lord abbot bestow his time no better, I warrant thee, than in listening to every idle tale that such as thou bring to the gate?"

But the librarian, now that he found that his unprepossessing acquaintance professed to have news to communicate, did not choose to have his importance underrated. He looked upon him as a little windfall of his own; and trusting to the known kindliness of Abbot Martin's disposition, even should the man's desire to speak to him personally prove, as it well might, to be a mere delusion, or a pretext to obtain more alms, he rose from his seat, and having bid Cuthwin remain where he was for the present, explained to the sub-prior that he would at least go and inform their superior of this persevering request.

The abbot sat in his chamber, with the young Giulio on his knee. His hand was playing with the fair curls, and the boy looked up to him with a beaming smile of affection. In many respects the little guest of Rivelsby was greatly improved by his new companionship. Abbot Martin had already imparted something of his own frank and bold nature to the young spirit, whose ungenial childhood hitherto had fostered some of the finer sensibilities at the expense of those stronger qualities which would be looked for in a boy of noble blood. There was still enough of the soldier under the churchman's robes, to make him less careful to encourage his young charge in the clerkly learning for which he already showed a taste and capacity far beyond his years, than to instil into him all the nobler principles of true chivalry which had formed his own early training, and in which Giulio's character might have run some risk of proving deficient. He had quietly withdrawn him as much as possible from his dearly-loved sittings in the library and scriptorium—for Ingulph would soon have made his darling pupil as accomplished in the arts of the penman and illuminator as he was himself; and though he never suffered him to mix alone with the novices, the youngest of whom were his elders by some years, yet he sent him, under the special care of one of his chaplains, or some other of the fraternity whom he could implicitly trust, to be instructed in all such athletic exercises as the wide precincts of the abbey afforded space for, and in which all the younger brethren were permitted and encouraged to join, and which, indeed, at Rivelsby formed a regular part of the monastic training. It was a source of constant regret to his kind protector that the present apparent necessity for keeping his place of refuge unknown, if possible, to the household of Ladysmede, made it imprudent to take him as a companion in the frequent excursions to the distant manors and granges belonging to the abbey, which formed at once part of Abbot Martin's duties and his favourite relaxation; for the dull routine of the cloister life sometimes, it must be confessed, sat heavy on an active mind. He would gladly have had him thus acquire that practical skill in horsemanship (which he took care, however, should not be wholly untaught him within the abbey bounds), and at the same time have given mind and body the advantage of free range of air and scene. Still, both promised to thrive well under this semi-conventual training; and the young face which now looked up into the abbot's had lost nothing of its intellectual beauty, while it had gained much in healthy colour and firmness of contour. The somewhat quaint effect of his little monastic habit—for it had been judged more prudent to clothe him in the usual dress of the novitiate—was not ill-suited to the child's regular features and clear liquid eyes; and his friend the librarian, who possessed considerable manual skill in the higher branches of illumination, had twice endeavored surreptitiously to transfer a resemblance of his little favourite to the brilliant pages of a life of Saint Wolstan, which was being copied at that time with lavish ornament in the scriptorium. It could hardly be said that either attempt was successful; for the younger monks who were there employed always considered that the portraits were intended to represent the saint himself, who was never known to wash, and died in the odour of sanctity at a hundred and fifteen years.

Wolfert the chaplain, who had been busy as usual near the window, laid down the figurative weapons with which he was busily mauling the obnoxious canons, and replied to Ingulph's modest knock. The boy sprang joyously forward when he recognised the familiar face, and welcomed the librarian cordially. The abbot could hardly have been found in happier mood. Ingulph humbly stated to his superior Cuthwin's strange request for an interview.

"The man hath a wild look about him, reverend father," said he, "which indeed is no great marvel, if his tale be true that he hath lived the life of a hunted wolf some three weeks past; he had done somewhat, if I caught his meaning rightly, to displeasure the knight of Ladysmede, his lawful lord and master, and deems he goes in peril of his life: well-nigh famished I may dare swear he was, for never did I see christened man swallow food so ravenously; but his wit is as sound, for aught I can see, as such churls' wits are like to be; and nothing will serve him but to see my lord abbot himself; having, as he professes, some tidings that may come to no other ears. The subprior, who was by, would have had him speak out, but the fellow said nay; and so I thought it but right to ask your worshipful pleasure in the matter."

"He is some bondman of Sir Godfrey, say you?"

"Is or was; for he swore with an unseemly oath, for which I rebuked him, that he would enter into bond with Sathanas — praying your reverence's pardon—rather than have to do with Sir Godfrey again."

"It were as well, perhaps, that I saw him, since he stands so much upon it," said the abbot; "bring him hither at once, if you will."

The monk bowed and retired. Wolfert, also, at a sign from his superior, withdrew from the chamber, taking the boy with him. In a few minutes Ingulph returned and introduced the basketmaker, who had been subjected to some slight initiatory religious discipline in the way of ablution, and presented a less repulsive appearance than before.

The monk lingered at the door, and recounted again at greater length, for the abbot's information, all the particulars of his first meeting with Cuthwin. He had some hope that his presence might be required at the interview in the character of interpreter; for the peasant wore at first an air of stolid abashment which did not promise to make his communications very intelligible. He considered also that he had a lawful claim to a share in the forthcoming secret, such as it might be; and his honest face put on a look of disappointment and mortification when the superior signified to him a gracious permission to withdraw.

Left alone with the abbot, Cuthwin appeared to employ himself at first, as some animals will do under similar circumstances, in taking the exact relative bearings of the apartment and all its furniture, from the floor to the ceiling. The abbot wisely allowed him time to complete his investigations, and recover his self-possession as far as possible, merely expressing in a few brief words his pity for what he understood had been his sufferings.

"And you fear, even now, to go back within Sir Godfrey's reach?" said the abbot, judging that he would speak most readily of what concerned himself; "you would have me plead with the knight on your behalf, I doubt not—is it not so?" The errand which the man deemed of such importance might, he thought, after all, be no more than this.

"Curses light on him!" said Cuthwin, becoming eloquent in his excited recollection, and gathering courage perhaps from the good cheer of the guest-hall, "he set his hands on my woman yonder as she had been e'en a brock or a foulmart." (He had stolen back to his hut one dark and stormy night, and had an interview with Swytha.) "If ever I go nigh him or his again, may the—"

But the abbot raised a warning finger, and having had a lecture on language already that afternoon, he came to an abrupt stop, which was even more emphatic, and less objectionable.

"You wished to have speech of me, as I have been told," said the superior, satisfied that the peasant was now in full possession of all his powers of speech and comprehension; "speak if you will, honestly, and without fear."

"Have ye a child of Sir Godfrey's here among ye?" said Cuthwin in a cautious voice."

"Nay, friend," replied the abbot, "I thought to hear somewhat from thee; it were hardly my place to answer every wayfarer's questions. If that be all that I am called to hearken to, I trow it were as well for thee, having had food and drink, to go thy ways again."

Cuthwin regarded the speaker with a half-timid leer of low cunning; he saw, as he thought, that the abbot was fencing with him, and respected him the more for a diplomacy which just came within his own powers of moral appreciation. But in fact, though Abbot Martin did not choose to answer an interrogatory put in such fashion from such a mouth, he had not the slightest thought of misleading his questioner, or engaging him in a contest of evasions. His suspicion at the moment was that Cuthwin was an emissary of Sir Godfrey's, who had procured admission into the monastery, under pretence of seeking alms, and was now pursuing his inquiries with more zeal than shrewdness.

"Well," rejoined Cuthwin, "no offence, I beseech thee, father; they have lost him from Ladysmede—that much is certain, for there was stir enough made about it for a while: whether ye have him or no, matters little to me; if all the breed were strangled, the earth were well rid of them. In case the imp be not amongst ye, what I have to say will concern your reverence but little; but the talk at Ladysmede is of making search here for him."

The abbot looked at his strange visitor to judge whether he was playing him false; but Cuthwin's features had resumed their usual stolid apathy, and Abbot Martin was at best no keen reader of countenances.

"And how is it, friend," said he, "that you—a hunted fugitive as I hear—should be thus acquainted with Sir Godfrey's intentions?"

Then Cuthwin, taking courage at finding himself addressed as human flesh and blood—a mode of treatment little in fashion with such of his superiors as he had hitherto made acquaintance with—launched forth into a long and somewhat confused narrative. He had been lying hid in the swamp by the roadside when Sir Nicholas passed that day towards Willan's Hope; and the knight, diverging a little from the path, had ridden so close to his lurking-place, that when he suddenly stopped and called to his esquire to adjust some point that was wrong about his horse's gear, Cuthwin, not daring to move until they were gone, had overheard a conversation which had then passed between them. Dubois had told his master that he had now learnt for certain that it was Sir Godfrey's child whom he had seen at Rivelsby: he was surely there, he said, and from certain information which he had gained, he knew that he was in the abbot's charge, and lay in his chamber; and then Sir Nicholas had laughed for joy, and said that they would surely have the boy away on the morrow. And the squire asked, would it not be well to avoid all force, of which there should be no need? for it were easy enough for a trusty few to seek the abbot's chamber while he was feasting with his guests, and possess themselves of the lad without stir or difficulty. And so there had been more talk between them,—much that Cuthwin did not hear, and much that he did not understand or remember; but what he had learnt he had thought well to let the abbot know.

"There were thanks due for thy tidings and thy good-will," said the abbot, "could I only assure myself of thy good faith; but why one such as thee should so concern thyself in our matters—unless for some purpose of thine own—I confess I understand not."

"I had found a friend here in my need, father," said the basket-maker, blinking at the abbot with his restless eyes.

"True," replied the abbot thoughtfully, scarcely satisfied.

"And I would go far to disappoint mine enemy," added the other, and the glance was steady for a moment, gleaming with malice.

"In that I dare swear thou hast said truly. I do not say I trust thee, but thou shalt remain in keeping here awhile—so will it be the safer, if thy tale be true, for all of us."

"I am well content," replied Cuthwin.

Abbot Martin summoned his chaplain from a neighbouring chamber, and gave him charge to see the peasant safely bestowed but kindly treated. "And hearken, Wolfert," he added, "send Gaston the Angevin hither."

It was the name of a foreign monk, rude and illiterate, but who had served Abbot Martin in his earlier days, and was much in his confidence where simple obedience and fidelity were required.

"Hark ye, Gaston," said he, when the monk made his appearance—"take a stout palfrey from my stable, to-morrow before daybreak, and carry the child Giulio—whom you will find ready here in my chamber—down to Morton Grange: abide there with him until I come or send this ring,"—and he showed the signet on his finger—"and, I need not say, be silent and discreet."

If silence was a sure mark of discretion, the Angevin was the discreetest of henchmen; for he said no word in reply to the superior's charge, but made a low obeisance and withdrew.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONFESSIONS.

What Ingulph had said at Willan's Hope did not tend to diminish the interest with which either lady regarded their guest, whilst it served to relieve Elfhild's mind from those scruples of true courtesy which had as yet withheld her from entering upon any personal inquiries. In the conversation which followed between her and her niece, she was fertile in speculations upon a point which she now hoped soon to be able to solve in earnest. Gladice, on the other hand, had given up guessing, and was more than usually silent. Before they parted, both had come to a resolution in their own minds, which neither expressed in words to the other: the elder, to take the first favourable opportunity to obtain all such information from Isola as she might seem willing to give; and the younger, to avoid as far as possible any confidences which their guest showed any desire to bestow upon her. But the best and most deliberate human resolutions are liable to become the sport of very trifling circumstances. The exacting domestic cares of a large and hungry household—to which all interests ranked second in the eyes of Elfhild—engrossed that excellent lady's attention for the remainder of the day; Judith and her subordinates were fully occupied in clearing off some arrears of duty under the vigilant eye of their mistress; and Gladice—who, too willingly, it must be confessed, left the government of her little kingdom to any minister who would kindly take the responsibility—found herself the only person sufficiently disengaged to attend to Isola. She had thought to content herself with one or two brief visits of inquiry to the invalid's chamber; for she felt that she was awkward and embarrassed in her attempts at conversation; but the melancholy face lighted up with such a glowing smile at her approach, and seemed to watch her departure with such a regretful gaze, that Gladice's kind heart was not proof against what she interpreted into a silent pleading for companionship, and she felt that she could not leave the stranger alone through the long evening. She therefore carried with her up to the chamber that innocent falsehood, her embroidery-frame, and seated by the narrow eyelet which served there for a window, it supplied her with at least ostensible occupation and some excuse for silence. Isola indeed showed no inclination to trouble her much with conversation; and after a very few words had passed at intervals, had closed her eyes, and seemed to sleep. Gladice's thoughts also soon wandered to the land of dreams; and forgetting for the moment that she was not alone, she let her needle fall, leaving the flower, which she had twice unpicked, to grow, if it would, in its own rebellious way, and began, as her habit was, to sing to herself in a low rich voice. But her song, whether in unison with her own feelings, or from an unconscious sympathy with the sleeper, was not so gay as usual. It was a chant which she had heard the nuns of Michamstede sing at their vespers; she had readily caught the sweet and simple melody, and no one could have found it in their hearts to be over-critical about the Latin words. She had continued it for some minutes, when she started at recollecting where she was, and turning hurriedly to remark whether her companion was still sleeping, saw that her eyes were open, though they were not turned on her, and that they were ready to overflow with tears. She had ceased her singing so suddenly that Isola could not fail to understand the cause, though the singer tried to appear unconscious of her emotion.

"Why did you stop?" said Isola, mastering her tears, and turning to Gladice with an attempt to smile.

"Did it soothe you?" asked Gladice, without meeting her glance; "I will begin again."

And with a less steady voice—for she was unused to sing for others—she resumed the chant as she bent again over her needle.

"That is not an English melody," said the stranger gently, after listening for a while in silence.

"Is it not?" said Gladice; "it is very beautiful; at least you could hardly fail to think it so, if you had heard it sung as I did." And she explained to her listener where she had learned it.

"I know it well," said Isola, turning her face from her; "it is an Italian chant. I have sung it myself—very, very often."

Her companion would willingly have let the conversation drop, but she felt obliged to make some kind of reply. "I should have bethought me," she said with a smile, "before

I was so free to essay my poor remembrance of it; they say that your country is the land of song."

"Do not refuse me for a countrywoman," Isola replied; "I said that I was half of English blood; the only parent I can remember was my sweet English mother; and I speak your language—or I have been falsely told—as well as one born in the land. It may very well be so, for I heard little else spoken in my infancy. And it seems to me now—forgive me for what I say—when I close my eyes and listen while you speak, as if I had woke from some hideous dream, to find myself a little child once more, and hear my mother's English voice! Would God that it could be!" She turned her face away again, and made no effort now to restrain or to conceal her tears.

Gladice could but try to soothe her with some kindly words, though she persuaded herself that they were grave and formal. Perhaps the voice was kinder than the words; perhaps the ear upon which they fell had been too little used of late to any tones of kindness; or perhaps the quick southern blood that mingled in the stranger's veins overbore with its impetuous current the common barriers of reserve.

"I have not known how to thank you," said Isola, raising herself from her couch and dashing away her tears, and breaking into that rapid and impassioned utterance which was almost the only trace of her foreign birth and education—"I can never thank you—for all your generous kindness—and even more, for the noble silence which has been content to ask no questions, and to think no evil. Such only comes out of the depths of pure hearts; I had not thought there were such angel spirits upon earth!"

Gladice had almost involuntarily risen from her task, and seated herself on the side of the couch, and Isola had thrown her arm round her.

"You must have been indeed unhappy, then," she replied, "if common kindness seems so strange." And for the first time she took the stranger's hand.

"I would tell you something of my story," said Isola; "something of my sin and of my punishment—lest you should think me even more unworthy than I am."

"I seek to know nothing," said Gladice hastily, and half-rising; "nor have I judged you harshly, even in thought; if you have sinned as you say, God forgive you! we only know that you are in distress."

"Nay," pleaded Isola beseechingly, "let me speak now, if only for my own sake; I have borne my burden very long alone, and thought to have borne it still; but your kindness—it has stirred feelings in my heart which have been still for years. I have borne scorn when I deserved it not, because I was too proud to speak; and honour when I deserved it less,—a harder thing to bear; but now I feel that I *must* speak—this once!"—for Gladice gave no token of encouragement—"and I will trouble you no more! to you I can speak as I could not even to that good priest!"

"My aunt, the lady Elfhild—" Gladice began, in a colder voice, and with something of confused dignity.

"Oh no!—to you, to you! Surely She to whom I pray daily—nightly—hourly, when, sinner that I am, I dare not pray to God—has heard me, and sent you to save me from myself."

Still Gladice made no response.

"Lady!" said the other, in an altered tone, removing her passionate clasp from Gladice's hand and turning half away, while the colour flushed crimson to her temples—"I am not what you think me!"

"No! no!" cried Gladice, catching her hand again, and speaking with an imploring eagerness strongly contrasted with her former embarrassed tone—"I did not mean—I did not think—what am I in the sight of Heaven, that I should judge others? Forgive me if I have pained you for an instant! But I have been used to live much alone, and I could not—at least I think I could not—open my own heart to any one: it seemed to me, therefore, as if I had no right to listen—and I could give you no help; but you shall tell me anything—everything—what you will, if it will be any comfort to you!"

It would have been hard to resist the earnest voice, harder still the entreating eyes which now sought confidence and forgiveness.

"Yes," said Isola quietly, without raising her eyes—"I said it was right that you should listen to me; I would be thought neither better nor worse than I am. Right glad would I have been to have carried with me, when I go hence, your love—your esteem; but not even this, if I must wear a mask for it—never that again!" She paused for a moment; her listener only pressed her hand.

"There needs not to trouble you with much of my early life. I have told you I never knew my father; but he was an Italian gentleman of good descent. My mother was English; he had met with her, as I remember to have heard, when he was sent upon some mission to the court of your King Stephen. Well—she too died soon; and we were left alone in the world, my brother and I; young, and I suppose poor. He always said that our inheritance was seized unjustly by our kinsmen. I cannot tell—but we were young, as I said, and poor. We were both given to the Church—a worthless gift, made in a selfish spirit; let some share of the guilt, therefore, lie upon those who made it! So I grew up in the cloister life, which I was taught to look forward to as my home for ever. And so it might have been; and a peaceful and sinless home at least, if not a happy one—but for one thing. There was a friend of my father's, an Italian lady of the pure blood, as they call it, but poor like ourselves; and for that reason, perhaps, she was the only friend we had. While I was little more than a child, I was allowed often to visit her, and I loved her very much. In my novitiate I was still allowed the same permission, for the rule of our house was scarce so strict as some. At last the day came when I was to make my last profession. I said I could have been happy enough to have embraced the cloister for ever, but for one thing—must I needs say what it was? or"—

"Nay," said Gladice, colouring and half smiling—"leave it unsaid."

"The day came," continued the Italian, "and I had miserable conflicts with myself; I had to vow myself, body and spirit, to Heaven, when I knew and felt that I had staked all my hopes and thoughts upon—upon earth! but they were thoughts and hopes I dared not breathe to others—not even to her who had become almost a second mother to me. I hardly confessed them even to myself. I strove—our Holy Mother knows how sore and earnestly I strove!—to master my own rebellious feelings, to submit myself patiently to the lot which seemed appointed for me; but it was of no avail. Could I vow with my lips to 'follow Heaven with my whole heart,' when my whole heart was given to a creature of earth? Should I have done it?"

"No," said Gladice in a low voice, when she found her companion waited for her reply.

"But," said Isola, "still it was no more than my own wayward fancy—he had never spoken! what could I say? what could I plead for not taking the veil?" Gladice was silent.

"I did not take it," continued Isola; "I fled—fled to the only friend I had, and she protected me, and would not have my will forced. And then another spoke; and he was kind and noble, and my kinswoman loved him, and would have had me wed him; and then what was I to do? for remember, *he* of whom I told you was gone now, and had said no word; and all men against me, one poor helpless girl. Here was the choice laid before me—a husband, or the cloister; and my heart far, far away from both—which was I to choose?"

"Neither!" said Gladice, her lips set, and her eyes flashing—"neither!"

"Nay, but, sweet lady, what could I do?"

"I know not," said Gladice impatiently—"not that!"

"Ay," said the other, looking at her with a mournful admiration, as the indignant colour mounted just high enough to enhance her beauty, while the eye burnt and the whole luxuriant form panted with courageous pride—"truly and bravely said! and, I do verily believe, brave and true you would be in deed as in word! God grant you be never tried! But alas! I was too weak — I chose the cloister."

"Well," said Gladice, breathing somewhat easier,—"it was the better choice."

"To make myself a living lie! to vow my heart, my thoughts, my hopes to Heaven, when my whole soul was sick with a love such as, in your colder island, you may be thankful if you never know."

"Yet it was a northern maiden, in the lay, that was found floating dead in the charmed boat for the love which she had never told."

"Is it even so?" asked the Italian, looking down into her companion's face; — "but let me hasten on with my wretched story. I took this lying vow upon my lips—it was best, you say — I thought it so then; and so it might have been, but — as a punishment, it might be, for my false oath to God—he came again; once, and only once, we met, and I broke my vow. I fled with the man I loved —but as his wedded wife, remember! Ay, start as you well may — I, the sworn bride of Christ, became an adulteress to an earthly passion! That has been my crime, vile and black in mine own sight now as ever! and yet so blind am I, I know not at this moment which was the greatest falsehood and the deadliest sin,— the making the vow, or the *breaking* of it!"

"God forgive you!" said Gladice earnestly; "you were sorely tried."

"I was, I was! and I strove hard, and prayed long; but of what use was it? My heart had been full of that one thought even while I spoke those awful words of profession. I had nursed it in the cloister, like a despair; it seemed so hopeless that I forgot the sin; and now it had overmastered me, body and soul; what help could Heaven itself give me?" She hid her face again, and her whole frame shuddered with the agony of remembrance.

"And afterwards," said Gladice, feeling that the truest relief would be to lead her to continue her story, —"your wedded life, I fear, has not been happy?"

"Happy!" exclaimed the other bitterly — "was it fit that it should be? No—even in my worst folly, I never hoped or dreamed that. When ever was peace or happiness born of falsehood? Why should man value the truth which has been broken to God? A few short weeks of feverish, painful joy—no happiness; a few months more of wretched wandering, coldness, and neglect; and then —as was but just — he left me, for whom I had left God. Yes, lady, it was even so; and if it were only so, I might have borne it, and have been thankful that my sin had so early found me out; but there was another, too, who fell in my fall — my brother, my poor Giacomo ——; but I have told you all that needed to be known; that which touches others I must not tell, and it were idle for you to hear. Oh! but you would needs pity me, sinful as I am, did you only know half the agony of my thoughts sometimes! and of late more than all, in my weakness. I have had—whether waking or dreaming, I cannot rightly tell—evils spirits chanting in my ears the words of the vows that have been made and broken, and rejoicing over the souls which I have given them!"

"Nay, nay," said Gladice, taking both her hands in hers, and seeking to calm her agitation—"it is not so —you do but dream—such fancies as I have heard come oftentimes with fever, and will pass away as you gain strength—think no more of them." Yet she felt herself tremble as she spoke.

"You have not asked me yet," said her companion, looking up, "what it was that brought me hither?"

"I do not care to ask, or to know; I think perhaps it was she to whom you pray so often."

"Ah! no," replied Isola, shaking her head and colouring again, though the kind words awoke a faint smile of pleasure on her face for a moment; "alas! it was the old madness still; I came with the hope to find him, and look on him once more, if only to be scorned again. I know that it is weakness, miserable weakness, but it is my life—and it is not sin now; there is but one vow left me henceforth to keep, even if I would; and though it be all they tell me—mad, self-willed, unwomanly — I am not wicked in this; you would not tell me so?"

The reply which Gladice would have made was interrupted by the voice of her tirewoman Bertha, requesting admission to her young mistress.

"An it please you, dear Lady Gladice," said Bertha, after a respectful obeisance to both, "your presence is desired below."

"Pray thee spare me now, good Bertha," said Gladice, forcing herself to smile gaily, through there were tears upon her cheek; "what mighty business is there afoot, which cannot be compassed without my poor wit? Go—say what is the truth, that I am preparing a sleeping-draught for this our guest, who has been overwearied and restless, and that I would fain watch here a while." And she moved towards the small table on which were disposed all Dame Elfhild's approved medicaments. But the tirewoman still lingered in the chamber, casting hesitating looks towards the couch on which Isola lay.

"It was the lady Elfhild bid me seek you," she said; "there are guests newly arrived, and her company will hardly content them."

"Who is it?" Gladice asked, turning her face aside for a moment from Bertha's meaning glance.

"Sir Nicholas le Hardi hath ridden from Ladysmede."

Bertha spoke slowly and distinctly, for she wished to attach some importance to her words, and she was watching their effect upon her young mistress with kindly interest. But on this point she had no opportunity of satisfying herself. The words had been heard by another. Isola had started up with a sharp sudden cry, and grasped Gladice's arm convulsively. Bertha was alarmed, and hurried to her assistance, quite unconscious that she herself had been in any way the cause of the stranger's emotion. Gladice was startled also, and looked in Isola's face with inquiring wonder, doubtful whether her exclamation arose from a sudden spasm of pain, or from some fancied terror of a fevered body and over-excited mind. With an effort at calmness, while her grasp of the arm she held tightened even to pain, the Italian whispered — "He has found me, then?"

"Who? what?" cried Gladice hurriedly, not sure that in the troubled gleam of the other's eyes she did not read insanity, yet looking eagerly to catch her next words.

Isola drew a long sigh, and closed her eyes again.

"What did you say?" repeated her companion.

"One moment—and I will tell you all." The tone was calm enough; Gladice was the most agitated now. "It was he of whom I spoke but now—my husband."

The words were spoken very low, but they were plain to understand. Her listener stooped for a moment over the couch, and whispered — "Hush!" Then she rose, and busied herself for a few seconds in adjusting the cushions upon which the sick stranger leaned. When she turned round, she said to her attendant in a quiet voice, "Go, Bertha! did I not say that I had no leisure now? say to mine aunt that I am needed here: the lady, as you see, is suffering—I cannot leave her."

The tirewoman's ears, as Dame Elfhild many times complained, were none of the sharpest, nor were her mental perceptions the most acute. She had withdrawn to a little distance, and the few words which she had caught of what had passed between the others, had only served to convey to her mind a confused and alarmed notion of what she had before suspected, that the poor lady's intellect was disturbed. But she could not help noticing the unusual pallour on her young mistress's face; and, anxious not to leave her to deal with such a responsibility alone, begged her permission to remain in the chamber.

"Leave us, Bertha!—did you not hear me?"

Never had her gentle lady spoken to her so sternly. Humbled and wondering, the poor girl hastily withdrew.

Then Gladice, no longer an unwilling listener, but pale and eager, sought from her guest a full explanation of her last words.

"Sir Nicholas le Hardi—tell me," she said, "are you his wife?"

"I am, I am, Heaven help me! He

knows I am! His by all the vows with which holy church could bind us! He may deny it; but, lady, I speak the truth—do you not believe me?" She looked into Gladice's face, and started at what she thought she read there. "What know you of him?" she asked abruptly, with an eager, frightened look.

"Nothing, I might almost say: he is a guest with my kinsman Sir Godfrey, of whom you have heard us speak. I know naught beside." She spoke calmly, but her face was hidden from Isola's interrogating gaze. Both were silent for a while; then it was the Italian who spoke.

"Yes — he is my husband; how I love him, I have told you: I have left friends, crossed seas, trampled on my woman's pride, borne scorn from whom it was hardest to bear—all to look on him once more—only to look on him—for he hates me. I do verily fear," she said, shuddering, "that my life were hardly safe if I were in his power alone. Now I have told you all, and truly; so may God forgive my sin! And you—what have you to tell me?"

"Nothing!" said Gladice, raising herself erect, and throwing back the mass of overshadowing hair that had escaped its bounds as she stooped over the sufferer's couch, while she looked straight into the other's eyes with a high-flushed cheek, and a glance that seemed almost defiant — "Nothing!"

Anxiously and searchingly Isola looked into those truthful eyes. The colour mounted higher and higher, but the steadfast look never quailed again. Gradually the Italian's gaze softened into a loving, trustful smile, as she took both Gladice's hands in her own.

"He is my husband," she gently said again; "you will forgive me?"

"Forgive *you?*"—and Gladice bent her head down upon the hands that still clasped hers, and pressed her hot lips upon them for a moment. If tears dropped there, they were Isola's.

"You will not betray me," said she, with an appealing look to Gladice: "he will not know that I am here?"

"Be sure he shall not," said Gladice, her head still bent — "you are safe with us. But you must rest now," she continued, as she lifted her face again, grave and calm — "I will leave you for a while."

As she passed out at the chamber-door she met Bertha, who had again been despatched in search of her.

The poor tirewoman had never been so embarrassed by conflicting duties. She could not disobey Dame Elfhild, in whom was invested the chief authority *de facto* in the household; and she would not have vexed her dear young mistress for the world.

"Indeed, sweet lady Gladice," she began in a humble deprecating tone, "I was bound to seek you again, chide me as you may, for Sir Nicholas"—

"Say I will come; I do but go to bind mine hair."

Bertha would have followed to tender assistance as usual. "Nay, go, dear Bertha — I do not need any help; say that I will wait on them presently."

Bertha was neither keen nor clever; but she was a woman, and she looked after her young mistress, as she turned away, with wondering and sorrowful eyes.

Grave and pale, but never in more commanding beauty, the lady Gladice, after her brief toilet, walked into the solar where sat her good kinswoman doing her best to make the long minutes of delay pass lightly to the impatient Crusader. He seemed to have little himself to tell this morning, and had not been listening, it is to be feared, with quite so much interest as courtesy demanded, to certain incidents of the lady's own days of conquest. But his dark brow cleared as he glanced rapidly at the opening door by which the maiden entered. He rose to greet her with a courtesy graceful as his wont, and, if it could be, even more respectful. In part, it might be intentional; but there was an indefinite majesty about Gladice's presence at that moment which would have in itself forbidden any more presumptuous greeting. It was no longer the rich maturity of woman's loveliness which tempted passionate admiration in every delicate tint and rounded line; it was the pale proud beauty of a marble Juno, living and moving, with a Madonna's features. Before it, the bold gallant of the camp and court, the practised man of the world, in whose breast the fires of youth burnt hardly less fiercely that they were tempered by the craft of ripened years, stood chastened into an involuntary reverence. She received the Crusader's homage as a queen might have done, with the stately graciousness which repels rather than encourages; and though he took a seat almost close beside her, she was as far aloof from him as an angel. He sought to win her attention, as before, by the wealth of converse upon almost every subject which he was wont to have so readily at command; but he felt a spell upon him, and his tongue had lost its cunning. He tried a lighter tone; a softly-worded jest, a delicately-veiled hint of flattery; but he bit his lip with vexation as the words fell forced and dead even upon his own ear, for Gladice's face wore no answering smile. He bent his eyes there inquiringly, again and again; and though his natural temper was bitter and impatient, there was a tenderness in the reproachful look too real to be a mere stratagem in the warfare of courtship. The eyes which he sought did not always shrink from his; but when he met them, they hardly seemed the same as those in which he had so often looked before, in whose soft depths a mighty unwakened love had seemed always sleeping. Their brightness had borrowed something of the fabled power of the dead Gorgon. It conquered him; for it chilled his passion, and unnerved his self-command. Even Elfhild, who had been obliged to maintain a far larger share in the conversation than she had found necessary on former occasions, and who had shot a meaning look at her niece from time to time to rebuke her for her unreasonable silence, found her own keen glance quail before the intensity of Glanice's expression, which puzzled and alarmed her. But love, as the elderly maiden supposed, was in its normal state a chaos of inexplicable contradictions; nothing dismayed, therefore, and feeling that a double duty was required of her, she continued to talk to both with great fertility of words and with the best intentions. At last the Crusader seemed to rally his spirit, and spoke in an easier and lighter tone. His jests grew bolder, his language of compliment was more decided, his laugh rang louder and gayer, though he addressed himself oftener to Elfhild than to Gladice; and the elder lady began to congratulate herself on having infused a very desirable cheerfulness into at least one of their little party. If the jest had sometimes now more meaning in it than was suited to modern maiden's ear, it would have seemed purity itself on the lips of Sir Godfrey or his departed friend Sir Amyas; and Elfhild had been too much used to such society to affect to be over-prudish in such points. If his eye assumed a somewhat free and defiant look as it rested from time to time upon Gladice, Elfhild did not seem to notice it; and if a slight flush tinged for an instant the paleness of the maiden's cheek, and showed that she was conscious of his changed demeanour, the knight might have read—and he did—in the haughty lip and the indignant eye which answered his, not so much shame, as scorn and counter-defiance. Maintaining this new tone a while, until he had fully recovered his ground in his own estimation, at length Sir Nicholas rose to take his leave. Yet, as at parting he took Gladice's scarcely-offered hand, and, bending low, raised it to his lips with grave and respectful courtesy, he said some few words in a low voice, in his old tone, and watched her face for an answer with no freedom in his look. Slight abrupt words they were, to which only a look and a tone could give cohesion or meaning. Yet possibly, had they been spoken but an hour ago, to the ear which alone heard them, they might have had a wondrous eloquence. But she made no other answer than one of those fixed searching looks from which he had half shrank before, and the cold hand struggled out of his grasp. Again the evil defiant glance, this time with something of a fierce meaning in it, came up into Le Hardi's face; but Gladice did not notice it; almost before the door had closed upon him, she too had left the chamber.

SENTIMENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.

One who loves to shape for himself the forms of events in the darkness of the future, might be interested and puzzled for a long time with the momentous question, "What is to become of Paris?" The prospects of that great city seem sufficiently embarrassing, whether regarded from a moral, religious, social, or political point of view. Paris will grow, and grow, and grow, and its ramifying railroads will act as so many arteries, bringing the vital fluid into the great central heart of France, and not reacting as veins to carry it back. Paris will certainly become congested again as has happened often before, and the next time matters may be worse than they yet have been; the explosion may be more tremendous in proportion to the congestion. On the face of things such a danger would appear to threaten London even to a greater extent. London is larger than Paris, and expands every day; but that matters little. The outward and visible increase is apparent rather than real. There is no strong attraction of Englishmen towards London as there is of Frenchmen towards Paris; but the forces of attraction and repulsion appear to correct each other. England will never be centralised in London as France is to a certain extent in Paris. No one who has the shadow of a settlement elsewhere connects the feeling of home with our great metropolis, while the true Frenchman is at home only in Paris. His feelings are those of Ovid in his exile at Tomi, when business or health take him away from his beloved capital,—

> "Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago
> Quæ mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit."

Even in the glorious Alps of Dauphiné, or among the Pyrenees, mountain scenery which he may revel in without putting his foot on foreign ground, and equal to any in the world, he feels *ennuyé* at a short sojourn, and sighs for the flesh-pots of Egypt and "gross mud-honey of town." It is far otherwise with the Briton. Unless very young indeed, nothing but stern duty will bind him a day longer in London than he can possibly help. If he is an M. P., he never nods in the House under the infliction of a long-winded speaker, but his dreams are of the gorse and the grouse; if he is a merchant, he takes delight only in the associations suggested by the name of 'Change, cursing the reality of the thing; if a small tradesman, he is never hummed into a sleepy reverie by the flies in his shop, but he dreams of the suburban box whither, when times mend, he may wend his way by rail or omnibus about four in the afternoon, leaving his late custom to an underling; if a mechanic, his thoughts through the week are of his Sunday holiday, and the burden of his secret prayers is that the day may be fine to enjoy it — in fact, from the perpetual and growing antipathy of its inhabitants, joined to the miasma of the Thames, London is in danger of disintegration, and seems in a fair way to be transplanted piecemeal to the several railroad stations in its neighbourhood. It has even now, with its furious and fevered life, burnt itself so hollow in the centre, that proposals have been made to transplant into the suburbs the metropolitan churches to sites whither their parishes have migrated. Paris, on the other hand, becomes daily more packed and compact within the new lines of its fortifications. Its environs are dull — what place is duller than Versailles? St. Germain, St. Denis, and the rest, are the finest possible specimens of deadly liveliness. In the central parts of Paris and that part of the Boulevards which is near them, is all the motion, all the life, all the gaiety, and we may add, to a great extent, all the beauty. The Place de la Concorde is the focus from which France radiates—the central point of that peculiarly Attic civilisation in

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J. Michelet. *De L'Amour.* Paris: Hachette.

which France takes the lead of the world. Standing there about the fountains, we have often been struck with the idea that it was the boss or "umbilicus" of the world, bearing the same relation to modern Europe that Delphi was supposed by the ancients to bear to their world. There is something singularly open and uplifted in the situation. The splendid vista of the Rue de Rivoli, terminated by, or rather continuing itself through, the Arch of the Star, looks like the High Street of the world, and might well be supposed to be the entrance of some great cosmopolitan thoroughfare like the Appian Way of old. The elevation of mountain isolated by surrounding ravines seems rather to uplift a man to heaven than to command earth. The elevation of the Place de la Concorde is of that perfectly mundane and accessible nature, spreading every way into the horizon, that it seems to symbolise the all-pervading influence of an imperial community. We have seen an excellent photograph of that very place, including the façade of the Louvre and the front of the Madeleine. The only thing that struck us as unnatural about that photograph was the entire absence of all life: an omission, however, in actual fact, easily explainable, such photographs being generally taken very early in the morning. No human being was to be seen, either civil or military; no horse, no vehicle. One great characteristic of the spot, and that which especially gives it its cosmopolitan character, is the constant circulation of motley life around it; not in the shape of excessive crowding, as seen in the aneurisms of the arteries of London, but of a natural and healthy kind. It is not to be wondered at that a Frenchman is proud of Paris—loves Paris; wonders whether a dinner or a play is to be eaten or seen elsewhere in the world; affects or really has a profound ignorance of every other place and people besides Paris and its inhabitants. Any one who is in the habit of reading what we would call *par excellence* the Cockney Parisian literature of the day, will see that we do not overstate this case. The charge of Cockneyism may be brought with great force against much of our own popular writings. From the fact that the workshops of newspapers and periodicals are in London, London sights and sounds are obtruded too often and forcibly on the eyes and minds of contributors not to affect greatly their lucubrations. *Punch*, for instance, circulates everywhere where uniformly excellent drawing and an occasional good joke can be appreciated. Why should almost all *Punch's* illustrations and jokes be drawn from London life—we had almost said spawned in the mud of the Thames? Is there no fun in Yorkshire? A few more jokes from the mining districts would have been most acceptable. Is there no wit north of the Tweed?—Maga knows better—or west of the Irish Channel? Or rather, is it not all wit there when potatoes are plentiful? And the great *Times* himself is emphatically a Londoner, but he loves it not. The English *litterateur* is a Conckney by compulsion; he cannot help it. He kicks against it, goes off to Scarborough, sketches sea-side crinolines; but the necessity of his craft is the mother of the inventions of his brain, and his imagination—though his stomach revolts at it—is Cockney and of Cockaigne. Not so with the Frenchman. He does not know whether he is a Parisian by necessity or not, so thoroughly is he so by choice. He loves Paris, lives in Paris, breathes Paris, and sees all the rest of the universe through an inverted Parisian *lorgnette*.

The last development of Parisianism, if we may use the word, is no less than the discovery of the new religion of Positivism, whose revelations are to spread themselves abroad from Holy Paris as our now obsolete creed did from the Judæan Holy Land. Christianity, forsooth, has been tried in the balance and found wanting. It was found so before by Voltaire and his school, but they were content to rest in negation. The unbelieving part of the new creed is of course not new. But by the evangelists of the Parisian Cockney dispensation, our religion is set aside not as false, but as inadequate to the advance of civilisation. Men are assumed to have been universally excellent Christians since the year 1 A.D., and to have practised the new commandment to love one another until its novelty completely wore off, and the universal taste was cloyed by the excessive sweetness of its observance. All men and women, without exception, having framed their lives according to the New Testament, and having found no happiness in doing so, the New Testament is acknowledged by the greatest thinkers of the Parisian Cockney school as superseded, and Monsieur Comte is to take the place of the Divine Saviour our ignorant infancy used to believe in, if not exactly as an incarnation of the Deity (for this would have been a little too revolting), at least as the great apostle of deified humanity. Fortunately for France, in the view of the Positivists, her Christianity has taken the Roman Catholic development, and her temples are supplied with the very images ready-made by which Positivism represents the idea of humanity—a young woman with a child in her arms. The rest of the Roman hagiology M. Comte declined, setting up his own, so that, in that respect at least, he resembled Don Juan, who

"Turn'd from grisly saints and martyrs hairy,
To those sweet pictures of the Virgin Mary."

Some sanguine Protestants may imagine that because the Papal Chair is at present propped up by French bayonets, it would instantly collapse if they were withdrawn, and the mind of Catholic Europe would present a blank sheet of paper, in which their own ideas might be written at will. If they had read history to any purpose, they might have seen that, on more than one occasion, the temporal authority of the Pope has been jeopardised to almost if not quite as great an extent as it would be by any contingent insurrection of the Roman people. There is no reason to believe that the spiritual power of the Vatican would be shaken were the Pope in exile at Avignon. The possibility of anything like Protestantism supervening in the countries at present devotedly papal, would suppose a higher degree of education and intelligence than the people in them have as yet attained. Be this as it may, we cannot but think that the fact that the insane drivellings of the religion of Atheism should have had any influence at all on the educated mind of France, is a proof of the vast power of the Roman Catholic Church in that country, as well as its utter inadequacy to cope with the social requirements of the educated classes. While the thinker of France can acquiesce in nothing short of the utter destruction of all traditional belief, there is little hope that the middle course, between faith and reason, will be hit upon by the unthinking masses. And, indeed, the most enthusiastic platform orator of Exeter Hall would allow, at least when apart from his audience, that it is far better the people should continue to worship the Mother of our Lord, and believe in the Immaculate Conception, than say their prayers to their own mothers, wives, and sisters, as the representatives of humanity, and have no better hope in death than that of absorption or assimilation.

It may appear trivial to notice the vagaries of Positivism, when speaking of the current influences at work on the literature of the day; but it is undeniable that, though the movement has reduced itself to absurdity in the endeavour to construct a worship and a catechism, the origination of which marked, we believe, the period of the failing of its apostle's mind; yet that, in its commencement, it has only been the expression of the natural development of materialistic philosophy, which has always felt at home among the *savans* of France, and has existed in a modified form in the scientific more than the literary world of our own country. That phase of Positivism which consists in the refusal to believe except on scientific evidence, and which rests on the position, that though the existence of the Unseen is possible, and even the dogmatic disbelief in it unwarrantable, yet that it is of no practical value as far as regards human action and human happiness, has undoubtedly exercised a very strong modifying influence on some of the most cultivated minds and popular writings both of this country and of France. It has been far other than an obstacle to the reception of these doctrines that they go, to a certain extent, hand in hand with an enlightened view of Divine revelation. There is something plausible in the view, that the true life of a good man consists in making the most of nature, and enjoying to the full, consistently with moderation, every good that the earth affords. It is a protest against the morbid religionism of the Middle Ages, which worshipped asceticism, and esteemed sanctity to consist chiefly in a fierce abstinence from the good gifts of God, entirely forgetting that "the Son of Man came eating and drinking," and disdained not to mingle with the joys as well as the sorrows of mankind. But, while the Christian denies that the mere matter of creation can be evil, because God has pronounced it good, and receives all His good things as blessings, and with thankfulness, the Positivist knows no God beyond the material world, though he does not deny that He may exist, and worships alone the facts and phenomena of nature exactly in proportion as he himself is able to comprehend them. In his view, not belief or resignation, not faith, hope, or charity, is the road to virtue and happiness, but inductive philosophy. If a man would be good and happy, he must be scientific himself, or be content to acquiesce in the "dicta" of those who are so. The saints of this new Evangel are the physiologists; the bishops, priests, and deacons, are the other "ologists" and "logians," theologians alone being excluded, as representing a branch of knowledge which is futile, because it cannot be reduced to the test of demonstrative science.

These remarks are necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the drift and general character of a new "Art of Love," which has emanated from the pen of M. Michelet. The book is simply entitled *L'Amour*, but its subject is not so precisely "love" as marriage, and the art of attaining and retaining happiness in the married state. Compared with other arts of love known to literature, it is an innocent book, and, though undeniably godless, its general tendency is pure. On the other hand, it is no more fit to be laid on a drawing-room table in Great Britain than a random copy of the *Lancet*. It is essentially a medical book, and enters into medical details with a *naïveté* and circumstantiality which is only possible in French. It is certainly a book which, though it cannot be read aloud in mixed society, can do no one any harm in any point of view, for, if it is not a religious book in any sense, it says nothing against religion, and furnishes, in fact, by the inadequacy of the means it proposes to gain certain ends of human life, the strongest possible arguments in favour of the old-fashioned creed. Its attempt to correct the aberrations of human passion, by falling back on the facts of nature, is quite as orthodox as, and much more logical than, the cold philosophy of Paley, which professed to keep men virtuous by setting forth the extreme inconvenience and uncomfortableness of vice, and the deplorable results which are apt to supervene on exaggerated indulgence. As compared with another book, which has been written in France with professedly the same end, the *Fanny* of Ernest Feydeau, it is discretion and propriety itself. No one but the Frenchman of the most *blasé* kind could possibly feel a sympathy with the mean little wretch who is the hero of *Fanny*, whose miseries solely arise from the difficulties he encounters in making a respectable household miserable. Feydeau's little nauseous publication is a display of morbid anatomy from which healthy human nature must shrink back in shame and disgust, and yet it is put forth in the shape of a *nouvellete* to be read by ladies on the sands of Ostende, Dieppe, or Biarritz. We may well ask what is to become of Paris? As compared with *Fanny*, *L'Amour* is a healthy treatise on physiology, and, regarded as such, deserves our serious notice. While it keeps out of sight the highest motives of human action, it enunciates certain home truths in its peculiar manner, semi-poetical, semi-medical, which it is quite as well that at least the adult world should know.

There is an evident assumption, at

the outset, that the art of constancy in love is necessary to be studied, from the weakness of the principles which would foster it in the present state of French, or rather, we may hope, of Parisian society. The subject is thus introduced :—

"If we were to give a title to this book, which would give in their entirety its aim, sense, and bearing, it would be this—

"Moral Enfranchisement by means of the Genuine Love.

"This question of love lies, immense and obscure, under the depth of human life. It supports even the bases of it, and the first foundations. The family rests upon love, and society on the family. Thus love precedes everything. As is the state of morals, so is the state of the city. Liberty is but a word, if the morals are those of slaves. Here the ideal is sought after, but an ideal which can be realised at the present day, not one which must be adjourned till society becomes better. It is the reform of love and of the family which must precede all others, and make them possible."

Little exception can be taken to this first statement. Why does liberty seem hopeless in France, but that the morals of slaves prevail there, and the foundations of society are sapped in the indefiniteness and comfortless nature of the family relations? But it is of France principally, and perhaps only, that M. Michelet ought to speak, and here he displays, as most Frenchmen do, an ignorance of all the world beyond the *barrière*. But here follows a passage of more general application, and where we Britons may find a cap to fit ourselves :—

"One cannot shut one's eyes to the fact, that the freedom of the will has undergone in these last times important modifications. The causes of this are numerous. I will invite special attention to two only, moral and physical at the same time, which, striking the brain directly, and enervating it, tend to the paralysis of our moral powers. For the last hundred years or so, a progressive invasion of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics has been invincibly gaining ground, with different results with regard to different populations—here darkening the mind, and irretrievably barbarising it; there biting more deeply into the physical existence, tainting the race itself—but everywhere isolating the man, giving him even by his fireside a deplorable preference for lonely enjoyments."

There is no doubt much of truth in this. There is always a tendency, especially with men of sedentary pursuits, to drink and smoke to excess, and the classes engaged in these pursuits increase in numbers with civilisation. We would substitute for the science of affection which M. Michelet preaches, the advice to lead a more muscular and manly life, for those at all events who are able to afford it; for all those intensely interesting exercises which are the pride of Englishmen, with the exception perhaps of cricket, are only for the comparatively rich. The rest may, to a certain extent, and under certain conditions, take M. Michelet as an adviser.

To his general position with regard to women we must entirely demur. Woman, he argues, ought to be considered as a sort of holy invalid. Man ought to accept all her vagaries and caprices of taste and temper as a mother would those of a child, or rather, we should say, as the inhabitants of the Valais show indulgence to their cretins, looking on them as after a manner sacred. He considers the ebullitions of eccentricity and strong-mindedness, of which our latter days have afforded some remarkable specimens, as the mere cries of pain of a suffering creature, requiring the constant help of man. The fact we know is precisely the contrary. Strong-minded women, so called, are only weak-minded in being illogical. No sensible man ever disputed that woman was his equal, on the whole—his superior in her own province. But when she has the misfortune to have a manly mind, she makes the mistake of asserting that she is man's equal in man's own province. Of course there are exceptions. Female mathematicians have been known who did not neglect their domestic duties, surpassing man in his own province, and not neglecting woman's; and it is said that the King of Dahomey's *corps d'élite* is no fable, but that his Amazons fight as bravely as Zouaves or Highlanders, and with far more virulence and viciousness. The strong-minded woman's appeal to public opinion is not a cry of pain, as M. Michelet asserts, but an illogical assertion that, because she herself can take a man's place in creation in many things, all other women are capable of doing so likewise. The beautiful moral of Tennyson's *Princess* ought to settle that question for ever.

> "For woman is not undevelopt man,
> But diverse: could we make her as the man,
> Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this—
> Not like to like, but like in difference:
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man to more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
> More as the double-natured Poet each:
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words."

We question whether the high spirit of our native women would not revolt at M. Michelet's idea, that the gentleman is to think no more of the lady's ebullitions of temper than the mother does of the two-year-old child's. Certainly, such a plan of proceeding would be favourable to matrimonial peace, and probably, if universally carried out, obviate to a great degree the necessity of actions for legal separation; but some ladies would certainly feel more complimented by their lords condescending to quarrel with them, even as Shakespeare, the greatest of all Englishmen, is said to have quarrelled with Ann Hathaway. Besides, we have classical authority for believing that lovers' tiffs are the refreshment of love. The assertion of the principle, however, gives occasion for the style of the book to rise into eloquence and poetry, and we cannot forbear to quote the passage in which it is embodied from the original:—

"Les femmes et les enfants sont une aristocratie de grace et de charme.* Le servage du métier abaisse l'homme et le rend souvent étroit et grossier. Le servage de la femme n'est que celui de la nature; il n'est autre que sa faiblesse, sa souffrance, qui la rend attendrissante et poëtique.

"Le Correge peignant toujours (et insatiablement) des enfants tres-jeûnes, en moment ou la vie laitée, la vie physique et fatale, étant dépassée, laissait apparaître le premier rayon de leur petite liberté. Elle se révèle alors dans leurs jolis mouvements avec une indicible grâce. L'enfant est gracieux parce qu'il se sent libre et qu'il se sent très-aimé, parce qu'il sait d'instinct qu'il peut faire tout ce qu'il veut et que toujours on l'en aimera davantage. La mère n'est pas moins admirable en ce premier ravissement: 'Ah, qu'il est vif! — ah, qu'il est fort! — Il est capable de me battre!' Ces sont ses cris. Elle est heureuse; elle l'adore en ses résistances, en ses charmantes révoltes. . . . . Est-ce qu'il en aime moins sa mère? Elle sait bien le contraire. S'il la voit un peu fâchée, il se réjette en ses bras. Comment l'homme, au premier élan de la personnalité de la femme, n'a-t-il pas été pour elle ce qu'est la mère pour l'enfant?"

Perhaps there is truth in the following remark, though it illustrates a passage in the Anglican marriage-service to which ladies are apt to demur in practice:—

"Ce qui tourmente la femme, c'est bien moins la tyrannie de l'homme que sa froideur, bien moins d'obéir que de n'avoir pas occasion d'obéir assez. C'est de cela qu'elle se plaint. Nulle barrière, nulle protection étrangère. Elles ne servent, dit très-bien l'auteur, qu'à brouiller les époux, rendre la femme misérable. Rien ne reste entre elle et lui. Elle va à lui forte de sa faiblesse et de son sein désarmé, de ce cœur qui bat pour lui. . . .

"Voilà un guerre de femme. Le plus vaillant sera vaincu. Qu' aura maintenant le courage de discuter n'elle est plus haut ou plus bas que l'homme. *Elle est tous les deux à la fois.* Il en est d'elle comme du ciel pour la terre; il est dessous et dessus, tout autour. Nous naquimes en elle. Nous vivons d'elle. Nous en sommes enveloppés. Nous la respirons, elle est l'atmosphère, l'élément de notre cœur."

His experiences in this delicate branch of human inquiry were gleaned, says the author, not so much from his own personal experience as from the confessions of others. His position as a public instructor and *litterateur* placed him in a social isolation, the circumstances of which induced sufferers to put confidence in him, and avail themselves of his sympathy, as that of a kind of lay confessor.

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* J. P. Richter more beautifully says, "Children are the flowers of the human world."

"Beaucoup se révélèrent à moi, ne craignaient pas de me montrer des blessures cachées, apportèrent leurs cœurs saignants. Des hommes toujours fermés de défiance contre la dérision du monde s'ouvrirent sans difficulté devant moi (je n'ai ri jamais.) Des dames brillants et mondaines, d'autant plus malheureuses, d'autres pieuses, studieuses, austères—le disai-je? des religieuses, franchirent les vaines barrières de convenance ou d'opinion, comme on fait quand on est malade. Etranges, mais très-précieuses, très-touchantes correspondances que j'ai gardées avec le soin et le respect qu'elles méritent."

He gave his heart and no less, as he avers, to that crowd of moral patients. And what was the consequence of this self-devotion? He was ruining the places of public amusement by his moral instructions, and those who gained their livelihoods by them actually complained of him. A young man called upon him one morning, entering his study somewhat brusquely.

"Monsieur, me dit-il, excusez mon entrée si insolite, mais vous n'en serez pas fâché. Je vous apporte une nouvelle. Les maîtres de certains cafés, de certains maisons connues, de certains jardins de bal, se plaignent de votre enseignement. Leurs establishments, disent-ils, perdent beaucoup. Les jeunes gens prennent la manie des conversations serieuses; ils oublient leurs habitudes. . . . . Enfin, ils aiment ailleurs. . . . . Ces bals risquent de fermer. Tous ceux qui gagnent jusqu 'ici aux amusements des écoles se croient menacés d'une révolution morale qui, sans faute, les ruinera."

He is scarcely self-complaisant enough to accept this as an unexaggerated statement, but he justly observes that, if it were true that his moral lessons deterred the youth of Paris from a frivolous life, he should feel it as a great triumph. "Le jour où les jeûnes gens prendront des mœurs graves, la liberté est sauvée." The young man's visit caused him to conceive the scheme of this work, whose pretensions are in no less than to be a kind of manual of morality—"the book of enfranchisements from moral servitudes—the book of true love." Let us endeavor to see how far this work fulfils its very exalted aspirations. On the whole, it professes to mend society by setting forth, as an example, the relations of a model husband to a model wife, and accompanying them as an invisible spectator from betrothal to the grave. It begins by supposing an impossibility in real life, forgetting that the gates of the garden of Eden have been closed since the fall, by the flaming swords of the guardian cherubim. It begins by premising that woman is an invalid, as compared with man, and to be treated as such by him. Evidently the artificial, sedentary, exotic *Parisienne* is the heroine, not the blooming lass of the north, redolent of May morning, and rosy with mountain air,—the Saxon or Scandinavian Hebe, personifying, in her golden prime, perfect youth, perfect life, perfect health, bound together in the cestus of beauty. Wordsworth's pen was otherwise inspired, when he, the true poet of nature, described the three ages of woman.

"She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament!
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty:
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light."

And his song to "Louisa" is another pæan to Health and Activity.

"Though by a sickly taste betray'd,
Some will dispraise the lovely maid,
With fearless pride I say
That she is healthful, fleet, and strong;
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May.

And she hath smiles to wrath unknown;
Smiles, that with motion of their own
Do spread, and sink, and rise;
That come and go with endless play,
And ever, as they pass away,
Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her cottage home,
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
In weather rough and bleak;
And, when against the winds she strains,
Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains
That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine 'beneath the moon,'
If I with her but half a noon
May sit beneath the walls
Of some old cave or mossy nook,
When up she winds along the brook
To hunt the waterfalls."

It is excusable to quote poems so well known that stanzas of them have become "household words," when it becomes desirable to impugn by a contrasted ideal the newfangled theory that Woman is, or ought to be, invested with valetudinarian privileges to entitle her to deferential treatment from Man. Rather it is true that the ideal Woman is the very incarnation of Health; for Beauty is beautiful chiefly in that it is the expression of Activity and Life. It is a physiological fact that the bloom on the cheek results from the health that mantles in the veins and shines through the transparent skin. Beauty may be transient, but so is Life itself; but it is coeval with Life. Ugliness goes hand-in-hand with décay, sickness, and death. Beauty is Health, and, by all the laws of romance, a heroine must be beautiful, and therefore emphatically healthy.

It is consolatory to be assured by our French author that "a penniless lass," with or without "a lang pedigree," is to be preferred to "a lass wi' a tocher;" for in real life the great majority of charming maidens happen to be dowerless. But the negation of the proverb, that when Wealth comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window, certainly presents a novel doctrine to the consideration of "persons about to marry."

"I dared some twelve years ago to put into shape that axiom which receives every day new confirmation, 'If you wish to ruin yourself, marry a rich woman.' There is a danger here greater than that of losing a fortune—the danger of losing one's-self—of changing the habits which have made you what you are, which have given you whatever strength and originality you possess. In that which they call a good match, you will become a mere appendage of a woman—a kind of prince-consort or the husband of a queen. A very beautiful widow, all amiability and honesty, said to a gentleman, 'Sir, I have fifty thousand francs a-year, quiet and unassuming habits. I like you, and will do all you wish. You are an old friend; do you know any defect in me?'—'You have only one, madam—you are rich.'"

The ideal *fiancée* ought not only, like the candidates for an university scholarship before the time of the Royal Commission, to have the qualification of poverty, but she must superadd that of nationality—she must be French.

"The German is all sweetness and love, endued with a purity, a child-like freshness, which transports one to paradise. The Englishwoman, chaste, solitary, dreamy, clinging to the hearth—so loyal, so steadfast, and so gentle, is the ideal of a wife. The passion of Spain penetrates to the heart; and the Italian, in her beauty and her *morbidezza*, her vivid imagination, often in her touching candour makes resistance impossible—one is ravished, one is conquered. Yet, for all this, a man wants a soul which can answer his by flashes of reason as well as of affection—which can renovate his heart by a charming vivacity, by gaiety, by courageous sallies, words of woman or songs of bird—in fact, he wants a Frenchwoman. The Frenchwoman," he adds, "grows handsomer after marriage, whereas the northern maiden loses somewhat of beauty, and often fades." He may tell that to the marines.

The physiological romance pursues

its course, through all the stages of married life, with an even tenor, indicating that it is true Love's own fault if its course does not run smooth to the end. The second book is entitled "Initiation and Communion," expressions borrowed from the Christian or the Eleusinian mysteries, we know not which; but these cabalistic words are the introduction to the matter-of-fact subjects of woman as bride, wife, and mother, including the whole management of the nursery department. To retain happiness, the happy couple must not be too rich, must only keep a maid-of-all-work until the baby demands a nursemaid also; the writer believing, according to the Spanish proverb, "Los criados son enemigos pagados," that a multitude of domestics is fatal to domesticity. Things, however, must be so managed that the hero, who is of course a writer of books, must not be disturbed by the baby; and in order that his head-work may be effectual, the lady is to pay particular attention to his dietary. On the subject of gastronomy, the style of the remarks rises into poetry worthy of that prince of epicures, Brillat Savarin. But the undeniable common-sense which underlies these remarks, showing that, as we all know, they manage at least culinary matters "better in France," is the chief merit of these passages.

"Cookery is medicine — it is the best of all medicines—that of the preventive kind. Thus it is the province of the wife, who alone knows what her husband requires, who knows his work, his expenditure of vital force. She alone knows and measures the necessary reparation. In everything which is clean and not disagreeable to her — in all that does not injure the prettiness of her hand, in that which must be touched by the hand itself — and, we must say it, necessarily mingled with emanations of the person (!) — it is desirable and charming that she should operate. Certain pastry, cakes, and creams can only be made by one whom one loves with an affection of the nature of hunger."

This is certainly the "ne plus ultra" of epicurism, but its excessive delicacy merges into the indelicate. The moral, however, is sound, and those engaged in the education of our young ladies would do well to consider how far an insight into the æsthetics of the kitchen might not promote their happiness and that of their husbands prospective.

As life goes on with the ideal pair, the writer sets forth some of the rocks on which the bark of happiness, unless judiciously steered, is liable to split. The woman's occupations preserve her ever a woman. The man's, on the contrary, tend to specialise the character. He becomes in process of time, the universal man no longer. His profession or trade masters him, and inflicts its stamp upon him, whereby, though he attain to the particular eminence, the general elevation of nature is lowered. "He was a man when he was in the position of a lover; ten or twelve years later he is an eminent barrister, an excellent physician, a great architect. That is all very well. But, for the woman, he was a far more interesting person in being a man; that is, in being everything, in possessing the lofty thought of the universal, the hope without bounds, and in soaring over every subject. Now, let the woman, who gives happiness here below, judge us with equity. What would that man have become if he had always soared, if he had not come down to seize on the reality? . . . . So, madam, you wish for glory, for success; you wish that that man distinguish himself by those works which alone prove force. Only you do not always take into consideration the very difficult conditions, the efforts obstinate, sometimes violent, extreme, and I may even say desperate, by which success is purchased.

"Of these conditions, the hardest for that man is that he should be marked by the effort in the member which he makes most use of, and thus that his being should no longer be harmonious. He who hammers iron, were he even the genius of his art, were he even a god, will infallibly become too high in the right shoulder. What would you do in such a case? Suppress in him his art, I suppose.

"And he who plies the forge in any other department will also bear the mark of his craft — some moral or physical deformity. The most serious is that the faculties which are not employed will suffer atrophy.

"If the artist does not take heed of this, by constantly strengthening a part till it becomes colossal, and leaving the others in a state of embryo, he may possibly succeed in becoming a monster—a sublime monster it is true.

"The man of antiquity remained beautiful and strong, and the progress of age for him was a progress in beauty. Ulysses, at fifty, returns back from Troy—returns from a long and terrible voyage where he has suffered all that he could suffer, and is the same Ulysses, so completely so, in fact, that by himself he bends the bow which the young suitors can scarcely lift. His Penelope recognises him by his strength, by his beauty, at once majestic and increased by misfortune. How should that be so? He has kept himself, preserved himself, by the active use of all the gifts he possessed. He remains the harmonious man who set out for the Trojan war.

"Now, take any modern man you please, the best born and the best endowed, great in genius, in will,—he finds before him at twenty an immense and terrible machine, the subdivision of the drawing-frames of arts, sciences, professions, by which one must pass to arrive at anything. The end of life is changed. Ulysses was born to act; he acted and remained beautiful. This man is born to create; his specialty (the creating machine) absorbs him; the work is beautiful, and the man runs the risk of becoming ugly."

There is a great deal of truth in these remarks, which it well behoves the man of the nineteenth century to take to heart, that is, if he wishes to preserve his complexion. But even with a higher object, that of living to the best of his nature, it is well that men should consider the best means of preserving "the sound mind in a sound body," for the good both of the world and their own. The mental productions of an unsound body can be worth very little. The sick frame makes a sickly brain. Now a man who sits in his study all day, and smokes, snuffs, or chews tobacco or opium, eschewing his constitutional gallop, or even his constitutional walk, may build up wonders of cloud-land, but nothing that he writes can ever tend to increase happiness. The Greeks of old were model men. Their civilisation differed from ours in that it had its spice of barbarism in it:—said we, from ours?—we rather meant from that of France, whose popular writers assume it to be the typical civilised country of our day. No, thank Heaven! Britons yet are men. They do not merely write or make speeches, or plead causes, or heal patients, or chant litanies, but our legislators, lawyers, doctors, our own correspondents, even our parsons (and small blame to them), play cricket and golf, shoot, hunt, dive, row, sail yachts, and practise many other exercises which together are more than equal to the gymnastics of the Greek. Our ladies will say whether or not they preserve their good looks. The fact is that civilisation will soon become putrescent, unless a pinch of the salt of barbarism is constantly put into it. What makes the inhabitant of the British Isle such an excellent settler in new and wild countries, as M. Michelet bears witness, but that he has retained to the last, in spite of centralisation, much of the savage and solitary nature? The Frenchman, on the other hand, is too highly civilised to be happy anywhere but in the city. If he founds a colony, he does not spread, but remains in a cluster like a swarm of bees. An instance of the kind appears to have occurred in New Zealand, where the French colonists, instead of wandering out and taking sheep-runs, seem to have all clustered together at a place called Akeroa, very pretty, very snug, and by a bay of the sea. The same remark is applied to the French diggers in California by Mr. Borthwick: they preferred sinking at an old place, where there was plenty of company and a *café*, to "prospecting" in the wilderness, even with the fair promise of rich reward.

As time advances in the romance of real life painted by our author, the French husband will be inevitably degraded in the eyes of his wife, unless she is a thinking woman, by his specialty, and become a civilised monster. Hence arise dangers to her, and peculiar temptations to her fidelity. One of the redeeming points of this book is, that it protests against the mawkish representations of life given by the most popular novelists of France at the present day. "Why do our gentlemen and lady authors generally take as their heroes mere good-for-nothings (excuse me that strong and just popular expression), idlers and children of luxury? Why? Why? I ask, unless it be for the weakness which clings to them, in the midst of all their fine democratic discourses, for the 'comme il faut' world, for the 'gentleman' variety of our race. I am sorry to see in our times so much genius expended in this dismal kind of novel, whose business is to probe and exasperate our social wounds. The novel has taught us to weep for ourselves; it has killed the virtue of patience. It has generalised miseries, moral deformities, which only belong to certain classes. In thirty-six millions of French people, thirty-five are entirely ignorant of that which these great artists have painted. For all this, this morbid literature has no strong influence on healthy minds. It renders none diseased but those already so. It has no great dangers for the little household which we are describing. The young wife, who has in early life escaped being over-ripened, spoiled, stung by the worm of mysticism and equivocal religion, is not prepared for the novel. A love sound, loyal, and strong, and then maternal affection, two powerful purifying agents, have preserved her from infection. She would not have understood Balzac, or if she did, she would generally have rejected him as nauseous. His book on marriage, which he himself calls a skeleton, she would have felt to be a corpse. She will never be gained by baseness. The female friends who feel her pulse and would destroy her balance, do not fail to lend her in secret some work of Madame Sand. What does she see there?—that the gallant is worth no more than the husband. The husband is often unworthy, in her books, but the illicit lover is always pitiful; nay more, infamous, odious! Raymond closing his door on the poor Indiana while she is wandering about with no hope of shelter but death, is most certainly the strongest thing that could possibly be written to scare away the thought of unlawful intrigue."

Our author proceeds to offer a sort of half excuse for these female novels. Women are disappointed with all men, whether husbands or lovers, as the men of artificial civilisation are all degraded. Women love strength, physical, moral, intellectual, and sigh for its permanence in vain. The wives of the fishermen of Granville are not inconstant, though their husbands live a life which enforces long absences, sometimes even running over to Newfoundland. The reality of life is too strong for them. Their circumstances and occupations teach them but too truly that "men must work and women must weep," to admit any sentimental contagion into their strong faithful hearts.

Female friends are the great enemies of women, according to M. Michelet; they pave the way, with their innuendoes and gossip, for the attacks of temptation. His model heroine is tried, but does not fall, because she has the courage to make her husband her confidant. There is something peculiarly French in considering such an episode as a necessary part of the history of married life. Schiller, in his "Song of the Bell," treats the subject more poetically, and introduces nothing of the kind. The family troubles with him are of a different kind—fire, ruin, war, and the premature death of the wife. Michelet, in painting his ideal household, makes the husband die first. Not only must men work and women weep, but men must die and women weep. Before he comes to this he has a chapter entitled "the Second Youth of Women," proving very satisfactorily that youth is prolonged late in life by the assiduity of love and a strict conformity to the conditions of nature. There is also a beauty in widowhood, its sacredness consisting in a kind of worship of the memory of the husband. "The altar of the just one, who has departed (viz., the widow), remains to the new generations an object of religion. There is no young man who comes there but will honour the widow. They all find a graceful woman, who is far from recalling the lapse of time which is suggested by the story. That which preserves her grace is the love of which her heart is full, her goodness towards all, her sweet resignation her sympathy for the young, and her wishes for their happiness. She is still beautiful in her tenderness, and in the sublime shadow which dresses and envelops her. More than one youth of twenty laments that he has been born so late, returns to her presence in spite of himself, retires from her regretfully, upbraiding Time for amusing himself by making such separations, and saying from the bottom of his heart, 'O woman, that I might have loved.'"

We are sorry that we have been obliged to omit, in a review of this work, the consideration of that part of it which is by far the most important —its medicine and physiology. With respect to the social morbidity complained of by the author, perhaps it suggests a kind of homœopathic treatment. Nothing can be said against this part of the work. It is indeed highly moral, but as yet it is impossible to present it in a popular form in the pages of a British periodical, and we hope that the impossibility may continue. It shows how far a remedy for social disease can be applied by human reason, with human nature to work upon, and so far it is complete in itself. But by how vast an interval is the moral philosophy on which it rests separated from Platonism, not to say from the philosophy of the Cross! Far higher is the conception of love in the mind of the Greek philosopher. Love exists alone in perfection, according to him, in the mind of God; and it is only by contemplating it there, to the utmost of his power, that man can realise it it in its truth. In the mind of Plato, as in the minds of St. Paul and St. John, there is no distinction between the love of man for woman and *vice versâ*, and the great expansive feeling which would embrace God and his creation, in return for His love towards us. But physiology appears competent only to deal with this special manifestation. The deficiency is one that we might expect in a philosophy which is of the earth earthy, and which does not illumine earth with a light from heaven. And now let us come to a little moral of our own.

If it be a fact, as M. Michelet states — and we have no reason to doubt his word—that persons suffering from the complications of social life, in an artificial state of civilisation, were glad to come to him as an amateur confessor, and recount their mental and moral diseases, and take advice as to their remedy, how much does such a fact militate against the boasted efficiency of the confessional of the Church of Rome! The Roman system, while all-powerful in preserving its own organisation, and keeping a hold on mankind, is powerless for the moral regeneration of society. The natural adviser in all such cases, as M. Michelet indicates, is the minister of religion, whether he be called confessor, director, or by any other more Protestant name. But the confessional of the Roman Church, or its caricature in the Anglican, is rendered abortive as a moral agent by the destruction of spontaneity in the patient, by its being made a matter of form, and rule, and duty; and, secondly, by the inability of a celibate clergy to understand questions affecting that state of life from which they are excluded. If Louis Napoleon would leave the name of Great behind him, and even eclipse his famed uncle, he had much better think no more of moves on the political chess-board of Europe, but sit down steadily and quietly to consider the question whether he is not strong enough to declare the Catholic Church in France independent of the Papal See, and allow the clergy of France to marry according to their discretion, withdrawing at the same time his troops from Rome, and leaving the Pope in the charge of his loving subjects and his faithful Swiss. As he appears to be under a constant necessity of doing something bold and eccentric to maintain his position, he had better do this, and he will glean golden opinions of all future generations.

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN.

For nearly half a century England has possessed an artist of the highest rank, whose works have been extensively circulated, whose merits have been keenly relished, and whose name is still unfamiliar in men's mouths. One would suppose that great excellence and real success would inevitably produce a loud reputation. Yet in this particular case such a supposition would be singularly mistaken. So far from the name of Miss Austen being constantly cited among the glories of our literature, there are many well-informed persons who will be surprised to hear it mentioned among the best writers. If we look at Hazlitt's account of the English novelists, in his *Lectures on the Comic Writers*, we find Mrs. Radcliff, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Opie, Miss Burney, and Miss Edgeworth receiving due honour, and more than is due; but no hint that Miss Austen has written a line. If we cast a glance over the list of English authors republished by Baudry, Galignani, and Tauchnitz, we find these writers of the very smallest pretensions, but not the author of *Emma*, and *Mansfield Park*. Mention the name of Miss Austen to a cultivated reader, and it is probable that the sparkle in his eye will at once flash forth sympathetic admiration, and he will perhaps relate how Scott, Whately, and Macaulay prize this gifted woman, and how the English public has bought her works; but beyond the literary circle we find the name almost entirely unknown; and not simply unknown in the sense of having no acknowledged place among the remarkable writers, but unremembered even in connection with the very works which are themselves remembered. We have met with many persons who remembered to have read *Pride and Prejudice*, or *Mansfield Park*, but who had altogether forgotten by whom they were written. "Miss Austen? Oh, yes; she translates from the German, doesn't she?" is a not uncommon question—a vague familiarity with the name of Mrs. Aust*i*n being uppermost. From time to time also the tiresome twaddle of lady novelists is praised by certain critics, as exhibiting the "quiet truthfulness of Miss Aust*i*n."

That Miss Austen is an artist of high rank, in the most rigorous sense of the word, is an opinion which in the present article we shall endeavour to substantiate. That her novels are very extensively read, is not an opinion, but a demonstrated fact; and with this fact we couple the paradoxical fact of a fine artist, whose works are widely known and enjoyed, being all but unknown to the English public, and quite unknown abroad. The causes which have kept her name in comparative obscurity all the time that her works have been extensively read, and her reputation every year has been settling itself more firmly in the minds of the better critics, may well be worth an inquiry. It is intelligible how the blaze of Scott should have thrown her into the shade, at first; beside his frescoes her works are but miniatures; exquisite as miniatures, yet incapable of ever filling that space in the public eye which was filled by his massive and masterly pictures. But although it is intelligible why Scott should have eclipsed her, it is not at first so easy to understand why Miss Edgeworth should have done so. Miss Austen, indeed, has taken her revenge with posterity. She will doubtless be read as long as English novels find readers; whereas Miss Edgeworth is already little more than a name, and only finds a public for her children's books. But contemporaries, for the most part, judged otherwise; and in consequence, Miss Edgeworth's name has become familiar all over the three kingdoms. Scott, indeed, and Archbishop Whately, at once perceived the superiority of Miss Austen to her more fortunate rival;* but the *Quarterly* tells us that "her fame has grown fastest since she died: there was no *éclat* about her first appearance: the public took time to make up its mind; and she, not having staked her hopes of happiness on success or failure, was content to wait for the decision of her claims. Those claims have been long established beyond a question; but the merit of *first* recognising them belong less to reviewers than to general readers." There is comfort in this for authors who see the applause of reviewers lavished on works of garish effect. Nothing that is really good can fail, at last, in securing its audience; and it is evident that Miss Austen's works must possess elements of indestructible excellence, since, although never "popular," she survives writers who were very popular; and forty years after her death, gains more recognition than she gained when alive. Those who, like ourselves, have read and re-read her works several times, can understand this duration, and this increase of her fame. But the fact that her name is not even now a household word proves that her excellence must be of an unobtrusive kind, shunning the glare of popularity, not appealing to temporary tastes and vulgar sympathies, but demanding culture in its admirers. Johnson wittily says of somebody, "Sir, he managed to make himself public without making himself known." Miss Austen has made herself known without making herself public. There is no portrait of her in the shop windows; indeed, no portrait of her at all. But she is cherished in the memories of those whose memory is fame.

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* See the notices in Lockhart's *Life of Scott;* and the reviews in the *Quarterly*, No. 27, by Scott, and No. 48, by Dr. Whately.

As one symptom of neglect we have to notice the scantiness of all biographical details about her. Of Miss Burney, who is no longer read, nor much worth reading, we have biography, and to spare. Of Miss Brontë, who, we fear, will soon cease to find readers, there is also ample biography; but of Miss Austen we have little information. In the first volume of the edition published by Mr. Bentley (five charming volumes, to be had for fifteen shillings) there is a meagre notice, from which we draw the following details.

Jane Austen was born on the 16th December 1775, at Steventon in Hampshire. Her father was rector of the parish during forty years, and then quitted it for Bath. He was a scholar, and fond of general literature, and probably paid special attention to his daughter's culture. In Bath, Jane only lived four years; but that was enough, and more than enough, for her observing humour, as we see in *Northanger Abbey.* After the death of her father, she removed with her mother and sister to Southampton; and finally, in 1809, settled in the pleasant village of Chawton, in Hampshire, from whence she issued her novels. Some of these had been written long before, but were withheld, probably because of her great diffidence. She had a high standard of excellence, and knew how prone self-love is to sophisticate. So great was this distrust, that the charming novel, *Northanger Abbey,* although the first in point of time, did not appear in print until after her death; and this work, which the *Quarterly Review* pronounces the weakest of the series (a verdict only intelligible to us because in the same breath *Persuasion* is called the best!), is not only written with unflagging vivacity, but contains two characters no one else could have equalled — Henry Tilney and John Thorpe. *Sense and Sensibility* was the first to appear, and that was in 1811. She had laid aside a sum of money to meet what she expected would be her loss on that publication, and "could scarcely believe her great good fortune when it produced a clear profit of £150." Between 1811 and 1816 appeared her three *chefs-d'œuvre—Pride and Prejudice, Mansfield Park,* and *Emma.* The applause these met with, gratified her, of course; but she steadily resisted every attempt to "make a lion of her," and never publicly avowed her authorship, although she spoke freely of it in private. Soon after the publication of *Emma,* symptoms of an incurable decline appeared. In the month of May 1817 she was removed to Winchester, in order that constant medical advice might be secured. She seems to have suffered much, but suffered it with resignation. Her last words were

"I want nothing but death." This was on Friday the 18th July 1817; presently after she expired in the arms of her sister. Her body lies in Winchester Cathedral.

One might gather from her works that she was personally attractive, and we are told in the memoir that this was the case. "Her stature rather exceeded the middle height; her carriage and deportment were quiet but graceful; her features were separately good; their assemblage produced an unrivalled expression of that cheerfulness, sensibility, and benevolence which were her real characteristics; her complexion was of the finest texture—it might with truth be said that her eloquent blood spoke through her modest cheek; her voice was sweet; she delivered herself with fluency and precision; indeed, she was formed for elegant and rational society, excelling in conversation as much as in composition." We may picture her as something like her own sprightly, natural, but by no means perfect Elizabeth Bennet, in *Pride and Prejudice*, one of the few heroines one would seriously like to marry.

We have no means of ascertaining how many copies of these exquisite pictures of English life have been circulated, but we know that the number is very large. Twice or thrice have the railway editions been out of print; and Mr. Bentley's edition is stereotyped. This success implies a hold on the Public, all the more certainly because the popularity is "not loud but deep." We have re-read them all four times; or rather, to speak more accurately, they have been read aloud to us, one after the other; and when it is considered what a severe test that is, how the reading aloud permits no skipping, no evasion of weariness, but brings both merits and defects into stronger relief by forcing the mind to dwell on them, there is surely something significant of genuine excellence when both reader and listener finish their fourth reading with increase of admiration. The test of reading aloud applied to *Jane Eyre*, which had only been read once before, very considerably modified our opinion of that remarkable work; and, to confess the truth, modified it so far that we feel as if we should never open the book again. The same test applied to such an old favourite as *Tom Jones*, was also much more damaging than we should have anticipated—bringing the defects and shortcomings of that much overrated work into very distinct prominence, and lessening our pleasure in its effective, but, on the whole, coarse painting. Fielding has greater vigour of mind, greater experience, greater attainments, and a more effective *mise en scène*, than Miss Austen; but he is not only immeasurably inferior to her in the highest department of art—the representation of character—he is also inferior to her, we think, in real humour; and in spite of his "construction," of which the critics justly speak in praise, he is inferior to her in the construction and conduct of his story, being more commonplace and less artistic. He has more invention of situation and more vigour, but less truth and subtlety. This is at any rate our individual judgment, which the reader is at liberty to modify as he pleases. In the course of the fifteen years which have elapsed since we first read *Emma*, and *Mansfield Park*, we have outlived many admirations, but have only learned to admire Miss Austen more; and as we are perfectly aware of *why* we so much admire her, we may endeavour to communicate these reasons to the reader.

If, as probably few will dispute, the art of the novelist be the representation of human life by means of a story; and if the *truest* representation, effected by the *least expenditure* of means, constitutes the highest claim of art, then we say that Miss Austen has carried the art to a point of excellence surpassing that reached by any of her rivals. Observe we say "the art;" we do not say that she equals many of them in the *interest* excited by the art; that is a separate question. It is probable, nay certain, that the interest excited by the *Antigone* is very inferior to that excited by *Black-eyed Susan*. It is probable that *Uncle Tom* and *Dred* surpassed in interest the *Antiquary* or *Ivanhoe*. It is probable that *Jane Eyre* produced a far greater excitement than the *Vicar of Wakefield.* But the critic justly disregards these fervid elements of immediate success, and fixes his attention mainly on the art which is of eternal substance. Miss Austen has nothing fervid in her works. She is not capable of producing a profound agitation in the mind. In many respects this is a limitation of her powers, a deduction from her claims. But while other writers have had more power over the emotions, more vivid imaginations, deeper sensibilities, deeper insight, and more of what is properly called invention, no novelist has approached her in what we may style the "economy of art," by which is meant the easy adaptation of means to ends, with no aid from extraneous or superfluous elements. Indeed, paradoxical as the juxtaposition of the names may perhaps appear to those who have not reflected much on this subject, we venture to say that the only names we can place above Miss Austen, in respect of this economy of art, are Sophocles and Molière (in *Le Misanthrope*). And if any one will examine the terms of the definition, he will perceive that almost all defects in works of art arise from neglect of this economy. When the *end* is the representation of human nature in its familiar aspects, moving amid every-day scenes, the *means* must likewise be furnished from every-day life: romance and improbabilities must be banished as rigorously as the grotesque exaggeration of peculiar characteristics, or the representation of abstract types. It is easy for the artist to choose a subject from every-day life, but it is *not* easy for him so to represent the characters and their actions that they shall be at once lifelike and interesting; accordingly, whenever ordinary people are introduced, they are either made to speak a language never spoken out of books, and to pursue conduct never observed in life; or else they are intolerably wearisome. But Miss Austen is like Shakespeare: she makes her very noodles inexhaustibly amusing, yet accurately real. We never tire of her characters. They become equal to actual experiences. They live with us, and form perpetual topics of comment. We have so personal a dislike to Mrs. Elton and Mrs. Norris, that it would gratify our savage feeling to hear of some calamity befalling them. We think of Mr. Collins and John Thorpe with such a mixture of ludicrous enjoyment and angry contempt, that we alternately long and dread to make their personal acquaintance. The heroines—at least Elizabeth, Emma, and Catherine Morland—are truly *lovable,* flesh-and-blood young women; and the good people are all really good, without being goody. Her reverend critic in the *Quarterly* truly says, "She herself compares her productions to a little bit of ivory, two inches wide, worked upon with a brush so fine that little effect is produced with much labour. It is so: her portraits are perfect likenesses, admirably finished, many of them gems; but it is all miniature-painting; and having satisfied herself with being inimitable in one line, she never essayed canvass and oils; never tried her hand at a majestic daub." This is very true; it at once defines her position and lowers her claims. When we said that in the highest department of the novelist's art—namely, the truthful representation of character—Miss Austen was without a superior, we ought to have added that in this department she did not choose the highest range; the truth and felicity of her delineation are exquisite, but the characters delineated are not of a high rank. She belongs to the great dramatists: but her dramas are of homely common quality. It is obvious that the nature of the thing represented will determine degrees in art. Raphael will always rank higher than Teniers; Sophocles and Shakespeare will never be lowered to the rank of Lope de Vega and Scribe. It is a greater effort of genius to produce a fine epic than a fine pastoral; a great drama than a perfect lyric. There is far greater strain on the intellectual effort to create a Brutus or an Othello, than to create a Vicar of Wakefield or a Squire Western. The higher the aims, the greater is the strain, and the nobler is success.

These, it may be said, are truisms; and so they are. Yet they need restatement from time to time, because men constantly forget that the dignity of a high aim can not shed lustre on an imperfect execution, though to *some* extent it may lessen the contempt which follows upon failure. It is only success which can claim applause. Any fool can select a great subject; and in general it is the tendency of fools to choose subjects which the strong feel to be too great. If a man can leap a five-barred gate, we applaud his agility; but if he attempt it, without a chance of success, the mud receives him, and we applaud the mud. This is too often forgotten by critics and artists, in their grandiloquence about "high art." No art can be high that is not good. A grand subject ceases to be grand when its treatment is feeble. It is a great mistake, as has been wittily said, "to fancy yourself a great painter because you paint with a big brush;" and there are unhappily too many big brushes in the hand of incompetence. Poor Haydon was a type of the big-brush school; he could not paint a small picture because he could not paint at all; and he believed that in covering a vast area of canvass he was working in the grand style. In every estimate of an artist's rank we necessarily take into account the nature of the subject and the excellence of the execution. It is twenty times more difficult to write a fine tragedy than a fine lyric; but it is more difficult to write a perfect lyric than a tolerable tragedy; and there was as much sense as sarcasm in Beranger's reply when the tragic poet Viennet visited him in prison, and suggested that of course there would be a volume of songs as the product of this leisure. "Do you suppose," said Beranger, "that chansons are written as easily as tragedies?"

To return to Miss Austen: her delineation is unsurpassed, but the characters delineated are never of a lofty or impassioned order, and therefore make no demand on the highest faculties of the intellect. Such genius as hers is excessively rare; but it is not the highest kind of genius. Murillo's peasant boys are assuredly of far greater excellence than the infant Christs painted by all other painters, except Raphael; but the divine children of the *Madonna di San Sisto* are immeasurably beyond anything Murillo has painted. Miss Austen's two-inch bit of ivory is worth a gallery of canvass by eminent R.A.'s, but it is only a bit of ivory after all. "Her two inches of ivory," continues the critic recently quoted, "just describes her preparations for a tale in three volumes. A village—two families connected together—three or four interlopers, out of whom are to spring a little *tracasserie;* and by means of village or country-town visiting and gossiping a real plot shall thicken, and its 'rear of darkness' never be scattered till six pages off *finis*. . . . . The work is all done by half-a-dozen people; no person, scene, or sentence is ever introduced needless to the matter in hand: no catastrophes, or discoveries, or surprises of a grand nature are allowed—neither children nor fortunes are found or lost by accident—the mind is never taken off the level surface of life—the reader breakfasts, dines, walks, and gossips with the various worthies, till a process of transmutation takes place in him, and he absolutely fancies himself one of the company. . . . . The secret is, Miss Austen was a thorough mistress in the knowledge of human character; how it is acted upon by education and circumstance, and how, when once formed, it shows itself through every hour of every day, and in every speech of every person. Her conversations would be tiresome but for this; and her personages, the fellows to whom may be met in the streets, or drank tea with at half an hour's notice, would excite no interest; but in Miss Austen's hands we see into their hearts and hopes, their motives, their struggles within themselves; and a sympathy is induced which, if extended to daily life and the world at large, would make the reader a more amiable person; and we must think it that reader's own fault who does not close her pages with more charity in his heart towards unpretending, if prosing worth; with a higher estimation of simple kindness and sincere good-will; with a quickened sense of the duty of bearing and forbearing in domestic intercourse, and of the pleasure of adding to the little comforts even of persons who are neither wits nor beauties." It is worth remembering that this is the deliberate judgment of the present Archbishop of Dublin, and not a careless verdict dropping from the pen of a facile reviewer. There are two points in it to which especial attention may be given: *first*, The indication of Miss Austen's power of representing life; and, *secondly*, The indication of the effect which her sympathy with ordinary life produces. We shall touch on the latter point first; and we do so for the sake of introducing a striking passage from one of the works of Mr. George Eliot, a writer who seems to us inferior to Miss Austen in the art of telling a story, and generally in what we have called the "economy of art;" but equal in truthfulness, dramatic ventriloquism, and humour, and greatly superior in culture, reach of mind, and depth of emotional sensibility. In the first of the *Scenes of Clerical Life* there occurs this apology to the reader:—

> "The Rev. Amos Barton, whose sad fortunes I have undertaken to relate, was, you perceive, in no respect an ideal or exceptional character, and perhaps I am doing a bold thing to bespeak your sympathy on behalf of a man who was so very far from remarkable,—a man whose virtues were not heroic, and who had no undetected crime within his breast; who had not the slightest mystery hanging about him, but was palpably and unmistakably common place; who was not even in love, but had had that complaint favourably many years ago. 'An utterly uninteresting character!' I think I hear a lady reader exclaim—Mrs Farthingale, for example, who prefers the ideal in fiction; to whom tragedy means ermine tippets, adultery, and murder; and comedy, the adventures of some personage who is quite a 'character.'
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> "But, my dear madam, it is so very large a majority of your fellow-countrymen that are of this insignificant stamp. At least eighty out of a hundred of your adult male fellow-Britons returned in the last census, are neither extraordinarily silly, nor extraordinarily wicked, nor extraordinarily wise; their eyes are neither deep and liquid with sentiment, nor sparkling with suppressed witticisms; they have probably had no hairbreadth escapes or thrilling adventures; their brains are certainly not pregnant with genius, and their passions have not manifested themselves at all after the fashion of a volcano. They are simply men of complexions more or less muddy, whose conversation is more or less bald and disjointed. Yet these commonplace people—many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows, and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance,—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share?
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> "Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones."

But the real secret of Miss Austen's success lies in her having the exquisite and rare gift of dramatic creation of character. Scott says of her, "She had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" * Generously said; but high as the praise is, it is as much below the real excellence of Miss Austen, as the "big bow-wow strain" is below the incomparable power of the Waverley Novels. Scott felt, but did not define, the excellence of Miss Austen. The very world "describing" is altogether misplaced and misleading. She seldom describes any thing, and is not felicitous when she attempts it.

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* LOCKHART: *Life of Scott*, viii. 292. Compare also vol. x. p. 143.

But instead of *description*, the common and easy resource of novelists, she has the rare and difficult art of *dramatic presentation:* instead of telling us what her characters are, and what they feel, she presents the people, and they reveal themselves. In this she has never perhaps been surpassed, not even by Shakespeare himself. If ever living beings can be said to have moved across the page of fiction, as they lived, speaking as they spoke, and feeling as they felt, they do so in *Pride and Prejudice*, *Emma*, and *Mansfield Park*. What incomparable noodles she exhibits for our astonishment and laughter! What silly, good-natured women! What softly-selfish men! What lively, amiable, honest men and women, whom one would rejoice to have known!

But all her power is dramatic power; she loses her hold on us directly she ceases to speak through the *personæ;* she is then like a great actor *off* the stage. When she is making men and women her mouthpieces, she is exquisitely and inexhaustibly humorous; but when she speaks in her own person, she is apt to be commonplace, and even prosing. Her dramatic ventriloquism is such that, amid our tears of laughter and sympathetic exasperation at folly, we feel it almost impossible that she did not hear those very people utter those very words. In many cases this was doubtless the fact. The best invention does not consist in finding *new* language for characters, but in finding the *true* language for them. It is easy to invent a language never spoken by any one out of books; but it is so far from easy to invent—that is, to find out—the language which certain characters would speak and did speak, that in all the thousands of volumes written since Richardson and Fielding, every difficulty is more frequently overcome than *that*. If the reader fails to perceive the extraordinary merit of Miss Austen's representation of character, let him try himself to paint a portrait which shall be at once many-sided and interesting, without employing any but the commonest colours, without calling in the aid of eccentricity, exaggeration, or literary "effects;" or let him carefully compare the writings of Miss Austen with those of any other novelist, from Fielding to Thackeray.

It is probably this same dramatic instinct which makes the construction of her stories so admirable. And by construction, we mean the art which, selecting what is useful and rejecting what is superfluous, renders our interest unflagging, because one chapter evolves the next, one character is necessary to the elucidation of another. In what is commonly called "plot" she does not excel. Her invention is wholly in character and motive, not in situation. Her materials are of the commonest every-day occurrence. Neither the emotions of tragedy, nor the exaggerations of farce, seem to have the slightest attraction for her. The reader's pulse never throbs, his curiosity is never intense; but his interest never wanes for a moment. The action begins; the people speak, feel, and act; everything that is said, felt, or done tends towards the entanglement or disentanglement of the plot; and we are almost made actors as well as spectators of the little drama. One of the most difficult things in dramatic writing is so to construct the story that every scene shall advance the denouement by easy evolution, yet at the same time give scope to the full exhibition of the characters. In dramas, as in novels, we almost always see that the action stands still while the characters are being exhibited, and the characters are in abeyance while the action is being unfolded. For perfect specimens of this higher construction demanded by art, we would refer to the jealousy-scenes of *Othello*, and the great scene between Célimène and Arsinoé in *Le Misanthrope;* there is not in these two marvels of art a verse which does not exhibit some *nuance* of character, and thereby, at the same time, tends towards the full development of the action.

So entirely dramatic, and so little descriptive, is the genius of Miss Austen, that she seems to rely upon what her people say and do for the whole effect they are to produce on our imaginations. She no more thinks of describing the physical appearance of her people than the dramatist does who knows that his persons are to be represented by living actors. This is a defect and a mistake in art: a defect, because, although every reader must necessarily conjure up to himself a vivid image of people whose characters are so vividly presented; yet each reader has to do this for himself without aid from the author, thereby missing many of the subtle connections between physical and mental organisation. It is not enough to be told that a young gentleman had a fine countenance and an air of fashion; or that a young gentlewoman was handsome and elegant. As far as any direct 'information can be derived from the authoress, we might imagine that this was a purblind world, wherein nobody ever saw anybody, except in a dim vagueness which obscured all peculiarities. It is impossible that Mr. Collins should not have been endowed by nature with an appearance in some way heralding the delicious folly of the inward man. Yet *all* we hear of this fatuous curate is, that "he was a tall heavy-looking young man of five-and-twenty. His air was grave and stately, and his manners were very formal." Balzac or Dickens would not have been content without making the reader *see* this Mr. Collins. Miss Austen is content to make us *know* him, even to the very intricacies of his inward man. It is not stated whether she was shortsighted, but the absence of all sense of the outward world — either scenery or personal appearance — is more remarkable in her than in any writer we remember.

We are touching here on one of her defects which help to an explanation of her limited popularity, especially when coupled with her deficiencies in poetry and passion. She has little or no sympathy with what is picturesque and passionate. This prevents her from painting what the popular eye can see, and the popular heart can feel. The struggles, the ambitions, the errors, and the sins of energetic life are left untouched by her; and these form the subjects most stirring to the general sympathy. Other writers have wanted this element of popularity, but they have compensated for it by a keen sympathy with, and power of representing, the adventurous, the romantic, and the picturesque. Passion and adventure are the sources of certain success with the mass of mankind. The passion may be coarsely felt, the romance may be ridiculous, but there will always be found a large majority whose sympathies will be awakened by even the coarsest daubs. Emotion is in its nature sympathetic and uncritical: a spark will ignite it. Types of villany never seen or heard of out of books, or off the stage, types of heroism and virtue not less hyperbolical, are eagerly welcomed and *believed* in by a public which would pass over without notice the subtlest creations of genius, and which would even *resent* the more truthful painting as disturbing its emotional enjoyment of hating the bad, and loving the good. The nicer art which mingles goodness with villany, and weakness with virtue, as in life they are always mingled, causes positive distress to young and uncultivated minds. The mass of men never ask whether a character is true, or the events probable; it is enough for them that they are moved; and to move them strongly, black must be very black, and white without a shade. Hence it is that caricature and exaggeration of all kinds — inflated diction and daubing [delineation — are, and always will be, popular: a certain breadth and massiveness of effect being necessary to produce a strong impression on all but a refined audience. In the works of the highest genius we sometimes find a breadth and massiveness of effect which make even these works popular, although the qualities most highly prized by the cultivated reader are little appreciated by the public. The *Iliad*, Shakespeare and Molière, *Don Quixote* and *Faust*, affect the mass powerfully; but how many admirers of Homer would prefer the *naïveté* of the original to the epigrammatic splendour of Pope?

The novelist who has no power of broad and massive effect can never expect to be successful with the great public. He may gain the suffrages of the highest minds, and in course of time become a classic; but we all know what the *popularity* of a classic means. Miss Austen is such a novelist. Her subjects have little intrinsic interest; it is only in their treatment that they become attractive; but treatment and art are not likely to captivate any except critical and refined tastes. Every reader will be amused by her pictures, because their very truth carries them home to ordinary experience and sympathy; but this amusement is of a tepid nature, and the effect is quickly forgotten. Partridge expressed the general sentiment of the public when he spoke slightingly of Garrick's "Hamlet," because Garrick did just what he, Partridge, would have done in presence of a ghost; whereas the actor who performed the king powerfully impressed him by sonorous elocution and emphatic gesticulation: *that* was acting, and required art; the other was natural, and not worth alluding to.

The absence of breadth, picturesqueness, and passion, will also limit the appreciating audience of Miss Austen to the small circle of cultivated minds; and even these minds are not always capable of greatly relishing her works. We have known very remarkable people who cared little for her pictures of every-day life; and indeed it may be anticipated that those who have little sense of humour, or whose passionate and insurgent activities demand in art a reflection of their own emotions and struggles, will find little pleasure in such homely comedies. Currer Bell may be taken as a type of these. She was utterly without a sense of humour, and was by nature fervid and impetuous. In a letter published in her memoirs she writes,—"Why do you like Miss Austen so very much? I am puzzled on that point. . . . I had not read *Pride and Prejudice* till I read that sentence of yours, and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate daguerreotyped portrate of a commonplace face; a carefully-fenced, highly-cultivated garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glance of a bright, vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her elegant ladies and gentlemen, in their elegant but confined houses."* The critical reader will not fail to remark the almost contemptuous indifference to the art of truthful portrait-painting which this passage indicates; and he will understand, perhaps, how the writer of such a passage was herself incapable of drawing more than characteristics, even in her most successful efforts. Jane Eyre, Rochester, and Paul Emmanuel, are very vigorous sketches, but the reader observes them from the *outside*, he does not penetrate their souls, he does not know them. What is said respecting the want of open country, blue hill, and bonny beck, is perfectly true; but the same point has been more felicitously touched by Scott, in his review of *Emma:* "Upon the whole," he says, "the turn of this author's novels bears the same relation to that of the sentimental and romantic cast, that cornfields and cottages and meadows bear to the highly-adorned grounds of a show mansion, or the rugged sublimities of a mountain landscape. It is neither so captivating as the one, nor so grand as the other; but it affords those who frequent it a pleasure nearly allied with the experience of their own social habits." Scott would also have loudly repudiated the notion of Miss Austen's characters being "mere daguerreotypes." Having himself drawn both ideal and real characters, he knew the difficulties of both; and he well says, "He who paints from *le beau idéal*, if his scenes and sentiments are striking and interesting, is in a great measure exempted from the difficult task of reconciling them with the ordinary probabilities of life; but he who paints a scene of common occurrence, places his composition within that extensive range of criticism which general experience offers to every reader. . . . Something more than a mere sign-post likeness is also demanded. The portrait must have spirit and character as well as resemblance; and being deprived of all that, according to Bayes, goes to 'elevate and surprise,' it must make amends by displaying depth of knowledge and dexterity of execution."

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* *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, ii. 54.

While defending our favourite, and giving critical reasons for our liking, we are far from wishing to impose that preference on others. If any one frankly says, "I do not care about these pictures of ordinary life: I want something poetical or romantic, something to stimulate my imagination, and to carry me beyond the circle of my daily thoughts,"—there is nothing to be answered. Many persons do not admire Wordsworth, and cannot feel their poetical sympathies aroused by waggoners and potters. There are many who find no enjoyment in the Flemish pictures, but are rapturous over the frescoes at Munich and Berlin. Individual tastes do not admit of dispute. The imagination is an imperious faculty, and demands gratification; and if a man be content to have this faculty stimulated, to the exclusion of all other faculties, or if only peculiar works are capable of stimulating it, we have no right to object. Only when a question of Art comes to be discussed, it must not be confounded with a matter of individual feeling; and it requires a distinct reference to absolute standards. The art of novel-writing, like the art of painting, is founded on general principles, which, because they have their psychological justification, because they are derived from tendencies of the human mind, and not, as absurdly supposed, derived from "models of composition," are of universal application. The law of colour, for instance, is derived from the observed relation between certain colours and the sensitive retina. The laws of construction, likewise, are derived from the invariable relation between a certain order and succession of events, and the amount of interest excited by that order. In novel-writing, as in mechanics, every obstruction is a loss of power; every superfluous page diminishes the artistic pleasure of the whole. Individual tastes will always differ; but the laws of the human mind are universal. One man will prefer the humorous, another the pathetic; one will delight in the adventurous, another in the simple and homely; but the principles of Art remain the same for each. To tell a story well, is quite another thing from having a good story to tell. The construction of a good drama is the same in principle whether the subject be Antigone, the Misanthrope, or Othello; and the real critic detects this principle at work under these various forms. It is the same with the delineation of character: however various the types, whether a Jonathan Oldbuck, a Dr. Primrose, a Blifil, or a Falstaff—ideal, or real, the principles of composition are the same.

Miss Austen has generally but an indifferent story to tell, but her art of telling it is incomparable. Her characters, never ideal, are not of an eminently attractive order; but her dramatic ventriloquism and power of presentation is little less than marvellous. Macaulay declares his opinion that in this respect she is second only to Shakespeare. "Among the writers," he says, "who, in the point we have noticed, have approached nearest the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace—all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. . . . And all this is done by touches so delicate that they elude analysis, that they defy powers of description, and that we only know them to exist by the general effect to which they have contributed."*

The art of the novelist consists in telling the story and representing the characters; but besides these, there are other powerful though extraneous sources of attraction often possessed by novels, which are due to the literary talent and culture of the writer. There is, for example, the power of description, both of scenery and of character. Many novels depend almost entirely on this for their effect. It is a lower kind of power, and consequently much more frequent than what we have styled the *art* of the novelist; yet it may be very puissant in the hands of a fine writer, gifted with a real sense of the picturesque. Being very easy, it has of late become the resource of weak writers; and the prominent position it has usurped has tended in two ways to produce weariness—first, by encouraging incompetent writers to do what is easily done; and, secondly, by seducing writers from the higher and better method of dramatic exposition.

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* Art. on "Madame D'Arblay," *Edin. Rev.*, vol. lxxvii. p. 561.

Another source of attraction is the general vigour of mind exhibited by the author, in his comments on the incidents and characters of his story; these comments, when proceeding from a fine insight or a large experience, give additional charm to the story, and make the delightful novel a delightful book. It is almost superfluous to add, that this also has its obverse; the comments too often painfully exhibit a general weakness of mind. Dr. Johnson refused to take tea with some one because, as he said, "Sir, there is no vigour in his talk." This is the complaint which must be urged against the majority of novelists: they put too much water in their ink. And even when the talk is good, we must remember that it is, after all, only one of the side-dishes of the feast. All the literary and philosophic culture which an author can bring to bear upon his work will *tend* to give that work a higher value, but it will not really make it a better novel. To suppose that culture can replace invention, or literature do instead of character, is as erroneous as to suppose that archæological learning and scenical splendour can raise poor acting to the level of fine acting. Yet this is the common mistake of literary men. They are apt to believe that mere writing will weigh in the scale against artistic presentation; that comment will do duty for dramatic revelation; that analysing motives with philosophic skill will answer all the purpose of creation. But whoever looks closely into this matter will see that literature—that is, the writing of thinking and accomplished men—is excessively cheap, compared with the smallest amount of invention or creation; and it is cheap because more easy of production, and less potent in effect. This is apparently by no means the opinion of some recent critics, who evidently consider their own *writing* of more merit than *humour* and *invention*, and who are annoyed at the notion of "mere serialists," without "solid acquirements," being regarded all over Europe as our most distinguished authors. Yet it may be suggested that writing such as that of the critics in question can be purchased in abundance, whereas humour and invention are among the rarest of products. If it is a painful reflection that genius should be esteemed more highly than solid acquirements, it should be remembered that learning is only the diffused form of what was *once* invention. "Solid acquirement" is the genius of wits, which has become the wisdom of reviewers.

Be this as it may, we acknowledge the great attractions which a novel may receive from the general vigour and culture of the author; and acknowledge that such attractions form but a very small element in Miss Austen's success. Her pages have no sudden illuminations. There are neither epigrams nor aphorisms, neither subtle analyses nor eloquent descriptions. She is without grace or felicity of expression; she has neither fervid nor philosophic comment. Her charm lies solely in the art of representing life and character, and that is exquisite.

We have thus endeavoured to characterise, in general terms, the qualities which her works display. It is less easy to speak with sufficient distinctness of the particular works, since, unless our readers have these vividly present to memory (in which case our remarks would be superfluous), we cannot hope to be perfectly intelligible; no adequate idea of them can be given by a review of one, because the "specimen brick" which the noodle in

Hierocles thought sufficient, and which really does suffice in the case of many a modern novel, would prove no specimen at all. Her characters are so gradually unfolded, their individuality reveals itself so naturally and easily in the course of what they say and do, that we learn to know them as if we had lived with them, but cannot by any single speech or act make them known to others. Aunt Norris, for instance, in *Mansfield Park*, is a character profoundly and variously delineated; yet there is no scene in which she exhibits herself to those who have not the pleasurable disgust of her acquaintance; while to those who have, there is no scene in which she does not exhibit herself. Mr. Collins, making an offer to Elizabeth Bennet, formally stating the reasons which induced him to marry, and the prudential motives which have induced him to select her, and then adding, "Nothing now remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the Four-per-Cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married;" and after her refusal, persisting in accepting this refusal as only what is usual with young ladies, who reject the addresses of the man they secretly mean to accept, "I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long;"—this scene, ludicrous as it is throughout, receives its exquisite flavour from what has gone before. We feel morally persuaded that so Mr. Collins would speak and act. The man who, on taking leave of his host, formally assures him that he will not fail to send a "letter of thanks" on his return, and does send it, is just the man to have made this declaration. Mrs. Elton, in *Emma*, is the very best portrait of a vulgar woman we ever saw: she is vulgar in soul, and the vulgarity is indicated by subtle yet unmistakable touches, never by coarse language, or by caricature of any kind. We will quote here a bit of her conversation in the first interview she has with Emma Woodhouse, in which she edeavours to be very fascinating. It should be premised that she is only just married, and this is the wedding-visit. She indulges in "raptures" about Hartfield (the seat of Emma's father), and Emma quietly replies:—

"'When you have seen more of this country, I am afraid you will think you have overrated Hartfield. Surrey is full of beauties.'

"'Oh! yes, I am quite aware of that. It is the garden of England, you know, Surrey is the garden of England.'

"'Yes; but we must not rest our claims on that distinction. Many counties, I believe, are called the garden of England, as well as Surrey.'

"'No, I fancy not,' replied Mrs. Elton, with a most satisfied smile. 'I never heard any county but Surrey called so.'

"Emma was silenced.

"'My brother and sister have promised us a visit in the spring, or summer at farthest,' continued Mrs. Elton; 'and that will be our time for exploring. While they are with us, we shall explore a great deal, I daresay. They will have their barouche-landau, of course, which holds four perfectly; and therefore, without saying anything of *our* carriage, we should be able to explore the different beauties extremely well. They would hardly come in their chaise, I think, at that season of the year. Indeed, when the time draws on, I shall decidedly recommend their bringing the barouche-landau; it will be so very much preferable. When people come into a beautiful country of this sort, you know, Miss Woodhouse, one naturally wishes them to see as much as possible; and Mr. Suckling is extremely fond of exploring. We explored to King's-Weston twice last summer, in that way, most delightfully, just after their first having the barouche-landau. You have many parties of that kind here, I suppose, Miss Woodhouse, every summer?'

"'No; not immediately here. We are rather out of distance of the very striking beauties which attract the sort of parties you speak of; and we are a very quiet set of people, I believe; more disposed to stay at home than engage in schemes of pleasure.

"'Ah! there is nothing like staying at home for real comfort. Nobody can be more devoted to home than I am. I was quite a proverb for it at Maple Grove. Many a time has Selina said, when she has been going to Bristol, "I really cannot get this girl to move from the house. I absolutely must go in by myself, though I hate being stuck up in the barouche-landau without a companion; but Augusta, I believe, with her own good will, would never stir beyond the park paling." Many a time has she said so; and yet I am no advocate for entire seclusion. I think, on the contrary, when people shut themselves up entirely from society, it is a very bad thing; and that it is much more advisable to mix in the world in a proper degree, without living in it either too much or too little. I perfectly understand your situation, however, Miss Woodhouse (looking towards Mr. Woodhouse), your father's state of health must be a great drawback. Why does not he try Bath? — Indeed he should. Let me recommend Bath to you. I assure you I have no doubt of its doing Mr. Woodhouse good.'

"'My father tried it more than once, formerly, but without receiving any benefit; and Mr. Perry, whose name, I daresay, is not unknown to you, does not conceive it would be at all more likely to be useful now.'

"'Ah! that's a great pity; for I assure you, Miss Woodhouse, where the waters do agree, it is quite wonderful the relief they give. In my Bath life, I have seen such instances of it! And it is so cheerful a place, that it could not fail of being of use to Mr. Woodhouse's spirits, which, I understand, are sometimes much depressed. And as to its recommendation to *you*, I fancy I need not take much pains to dwell on them. The advantages of Bath to the young are pretty generally understood. It would be a charming introduction for you, who have lived so secluded a life; and I could immediately secure you some of the best society in the place. A line from me would bring you a little host of acquaintance; and my particular friend, Mrs. Partridge, the lady I have always resided with when in Bath, would be most happy to show you any attentions, and would be the very person for you to go into public with.'

"It was as much as Emma could bear, without being impolite. The idea of her being indebted to Mrs. Elton for what was called an *introduction*—of her going into public under the auspices of a friend of Mrs. Elton's—probably some vulgar, dashing widow, who, with the help of a boarder, just made a shift to live!—The dignity of Miss Woodhouse, of Hartfield, was sunk indeed!

"She restrained herself, however, from any of the reproofs she could have given, and only thanked Mrs. Elton coolly; 'but their going to Bath was quite out of the question; and she was not perfectly convinced that the place might suit her better than her father.' And then, to prevent further outrage and indignation, changed the subject directly.

"'I do not ask whether you are musical, Mrs. Elton. Upon these occasions, a lady's character generally precedes her; and Highbury has long known that you are a superior performer.'

"'Oh! no, indeed; I must protest against any such idea. A superior performer!—very far from it, I assure you: consider from how partial a quarter your information came. I am doatingly fond of music — passionately fond; and my friends say I am not entirely devoid of taste; but as to anything else, upon my honour my performance is *médiocre* to the last degree. You, Miss Woodhouse, I well know, play delightfully. I assure you it has been the greatest satisfaction, comfort, and delight to me, to hear what a musical society I am got into. I absolutely cannot do without music; it is a necessary of life to me; and having always been used to a very musical society, both at Maple Grove and in Bath, it would have been a most serious sacrifice. I honestly said as much to Mr. E. when he was speaking of my future home, and expressing his fears lest the retirement of it should be disagreeable; and the inferiority of the house too—knowing what I had been accustomed to —of course he was not wholly without apprehension. When he was speaking of it in what way, I honestly said that *the world* I could give up—parties, balls, plays—for I had no fear of retirement. Blessed with so many resources within myself, the world was not necessary to *me*. I could do very well without it. To those who had no resources it was a different thing; but my resources made me quite independent. And as to smaller-sized rooms than I had been used to, I really could not give it a thought. I hoped I was perfectly equal to any sacrifice of that description. Certainly I had been accustomed to every luxury at Maple Grove; but I did assure him that two carriages were not necessary to my happiness, nor were spacious apartments. "But," said I, "to be quite honest, I do not think I can live withou something of a musical society. I condition for nothing else; but, without music, life would be a blank to me."'

"'We cannot suppose,' said Emma, smiling, 'that Mr. Elton would hesitate to assure you of there being a *very* musical society in Highbury; and I hope you will not find he has overstepped the truth more than may be pardoned, in consideration of the motive.'

"'No, indeed, I have no doubts at all on that head. I am delighted to find myself in such a circle: I hope we shall have many sweet little concerts together. I think, Miss Woodhouse, you and I must establish a musical club, and have regular weekly meetings at your house, or ours. Will not it be a good plan? If *we* exert ourselves, I think we shall not be long in want of allies. Something of that nature would be particularly desirable for *me*, as an inducement to keep me in practice; for married women, you know—there is a sad story against them, in general. They are but too apt to give up music.'

"'But you, who are so extremely fond of it—there can be no danger, surely?'

"'I should hope not; but really, when I look around among my acquaintance, I tremble. Selina has entirely given up music;—never touches the instrument, though she played sweetly. And the same may be said of Mrs. Jeffereys—Clara Partridge that was—and of the two Milmans, now Mrs. Bird and Mrs. James Cooper; and of more than I can enumerate. Upon my word, it is enough to put one in a fright. I used to be quite angry with Selina; but, really, I begin now to comprehend that a married woman has many things to call her attention. I believe I was half an hour this morning shut up with my housekeeper.'

"'But everything of that kind,' said Emma, 'will soon be in so regular a train—'

"'Well,' said Mrs. Elton, laughing, 'we shall see.'"

Our limits force us to break off in the middle of this conversation, but the continuation is equally humorous. Quite as good in another way is Miss Bates with her affectionate twaddle. But, as we said before, the characters reveal themselves; and in general reveal themselves only in the course of several scenes, so that extracts would give no idea of them.

The reader who has yet to make acquaintance with these novels, is advised to begin with *Pride and Prejudice* or *Mansfield Park;* and if these do not captivate him, he may fairly leave the others unread.

In *Pride and Prejudice* there is the best story, and the greatest variety of character: the whole Bennet family is inimitable: Mr. Bennet, caustic, quietly, indolently selfish, but honourable, and in some respects amiable; his wife, the perfect type of a gossiping, weak-headed, fussy mother; Jane a sweet creature; Elizabeth a sprightly and fascinating flesh-and-blood heroine; Lydia a pretty, but vain and giddy girl; and Mary, plain and pedantic, studying "thorough bass and human nature." Then there is Mr. Collins, and Sir William Lucas, and the proud foolish old lady Catherine de Bough, and Darcy, Bingley, and Wickham, all admirable. From the first chapter to the last there is a succession of scenes of high comedy, and the interest is unflagging. *Mansfield Park* is also singularly fascinating, though the heroine is less of a favourite with us than Miss Austen's heroines usually are; but aunt Norris and Lady Bertram are perfect; and the scenes at Portsmouth, when Fanny Price visits her home after some years' residence at the Park, are wonderfully truthful and vivid. The private theatricals, too, are very amusing; and the day spent at the Rushworths' is a masterpiece of art. If the reader has really tasted the flavour of these works, he will need no other recommendation to read and re-read the others. Even *Persuasion*, which we cannot help regarding as the weakest, contains exquisite touches, and some characters no one else could have surpassed.

We have endeavoured to express the delight which Miss Austen's works have always given us, and to explain the sources of her success by indicating the qualities which make her a model worthy of the study of all who desire to understand the art of the novelist. But we have also indicated what seem to be the limitations of her genius, and to explain why it is that this genius, moving only amid the quiet scenes of every-day life, with no power over the more stormy and energetic activities which find vent even in every-day life, can never give her a high rank among great artists. Her place is among great artists, but it is not high among them. She sits in the House of Peers, but it is as a simple Baron. The delight derived from her pictures arises from our sympathy with ordinary characters, our relish of humour, and our intellectual pleasure in art for art's sake. But when it is admitted that she never stirs the deeper emotions, that she never fills the soul with a noble aspiration, or brightens it with a fine idea, but, at the utmost, only teaches us charity for the ordinary failings of ordinary people, and sympathy with their goodness, we have admitted an objection which lowers her claims to rank among the great benefactors of the race; and this sufficiently explains why, with all her excellence, her name has not become a household word. Her fame, we think, must endure. Such art as hers can never grow old, never be superseded. But, after all, miniatures are not frescoes, and her works are miniatures. Her place is among the Immortals; but the pedestal is erected in a quiet niche of the great temple.

THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY—WHAT NEXT?

A CHANGE of Ministry has taken place, at a critical time in the affairs of this country and of Europe, and under circumstances not only singular in the history of politics, but suggestive of grave difficulties in the future government of the country. The Factions have rallied again for a great battle, and, by an insignificant majority, have won it. It is just a year ago since they attempted a similar combination, and notably failed. The pitched battle which they then fought with the Ministry on the question of the Oude proclamation terminated in one of the most humiliating discomfitures that ever overtook an Opposition. It was the first grand attempt of the Whig chiefs to replace themselves in office. At that time they had only been a few months on the shady side of the House, and the pressure of adversity had not yet tamed their spirit into acquiescence with the humiliating demands of the Radicals. Hence their failure. It is a fact which we do not seek to deny that the various sections of the House who style themselves "Liberals" outnumber, though only by a small majority, the Conservative party. But between certain sections of the Liberals there is to be found a wider discrepancy of opinion than exists between one or two of those sections and the Conservatives. At least such *was* the case. On the question of Reform, the Peelites and "old Whigs," who now support Lord Palmerston, were almost as much opposed to Mr. Bright and the Radicals as the Conservatives are; and even the Russellite section repudiated with disdain the extreme view of the party of Levellers. But as these rival sections of the Whig party, though united, fell far short of the strength of the Conservatives, and could not regain office without the co-operation of the Radicals, it became the policy of the latter to keep their Whig friends in Opposition until the hunger for office should starve them into more "advanced" views. A year ago this result had not taken place. The Whigs still imagined that, as wont, the Radicals would follow them unconditionally, rather than bear to see the Conservatives in power. But the Radicals had increased their strength, and would no longer act as the mere "tail" of the Whigs. They knew their power, and although perfectly impotent of themselves to form an Administration, they resolved to bend others to their will by adopting the tactics of obstruction. After another year's waiting, their tactics have been crowned with success. The Whigs, whose hunger for office is notorious, have been starved into a surrender. They have at length stooped to purchase the co-operation of the Radicals by an abnegation of their own principles. The coalition which three weeks ago overthrew the Conservative Ministry, involved the death of the old Whig party. Henceforth the Whigs of 1832 are extinct; or—as in the case of Earl Grey and Lord Normanby—they are to be found fighting on the side of the Conservatives. So goes on the march of democracy. Rather than endure a farther exclusion from office, both Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have agreed to accept the terms of alliance offered by Mr. Bright; and the result is a motley coalition which has won a party triumph which it cannot follow up, and which cannot fail to be injurious to the best interests of the country. What but peril to the constitution can result from the wholesale apostacy of the Whigs to the cause of democracy? What but disunion and a fresh crisis can be expected from a coalition which professes to unite Bright or Cobden with Palmerston, and Gladstone and Sidney Herbert with Lord John Russell? What but grievous detriment to the national interests can result from the premiership of Lord Palmerston, who repudiates the neutrality of the late Government, and gives an open adhesion to the ambitious policy of the French Emperor? The Whig chiefs have always been great in concocting coalitions, not one of which hitherto has ever prospered; but on the present occasion they have outdone themselves in this respect, and have produced the most combustible of mixtures, which the least friction will explode, and whose explosion will cast fresh discredit upon our system of constitutional government. For the last eight years the old Duke's question, "How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" has every twelvemonth been acquiring a more startling significance; and after the vote of the 10th ultimo, and the miserable Coalition Cabinet which is its consequence, every thoughtful mind will naturally ask with anxious foreboding, What next?

The manner in which the factions accomplished this success requires a word of comment. To say that a hurried vote of want of confidence in the Ministry was the most adroit move for the Opposition, is only giving the chiefs of the factions credit for knowing how best to play their game. It was simply a struggle for office, and they chose the most advantageous ground for fighting the battle. There was no real precedent for moving such a vote of want of confidence. The motion of Sir Robert Peel after the dissolution of the Parliament of 1841 is no parallel case. The Ministry of Lord Melbourne had received a signal defeat in 1839, yet, refusing either to dissolve or to resign, it continued in office for two whole years, receiving fresh defeats; and when at length it did appeal to the country, it was upon a vote of censure carried in its own Parliament by those who had originally been its supporters. The issue of that appeal was to give an immense accession to the ranks of the Opposition; and therefore Sir Robert Peel, by moving a vote of want of confidence, was only giving effect to the verdict of the country. The late Ministry held a very different position. On taking office, they found themselves face to face with a Parliament elected under the premiership of Lord Palmerston, but in which, nevertheless, they constituted the only party strong enough to form a Government; and when they appealed to the country on their very first defeat, the result of the appeal was to give them twenty-five new votes, and to take as many from the Opposition. If, then, it was not requisite for the Opposition to move a vote of want of confidence in the last Parliament, there was infinitely less ground for them to do so in the new one. But the growing confidence of the country in the Conservative Government was one of the very reasons why the Opposition were so anxious to cut short the career of their antagonists. And a hurried vote at the outset was the best means for accomplishing their factious purpose. All sections of the Opposition were smarting from the effects of the dissolution; and it was an adroit move to take advantage of that irritation while it was keenly felt. A vote of want of confidence was also the best means of securing unanimity amongst the jarring elements of the Opposition. They all styled themselves Liberals;

and this motion, appealing to them under the common name of Liberals, called upon them to say whether they would prefer to have a Conservative Ministry or a Liberal one. The threat was thus held over the heads of all the members of the Opposition, that if any one did not support such a motion, he would thenceforth be ostracised, and represented to his constituents as a traitor or renegade. And in this way many members were hooked into voting against the ministry against their own convictions and previous confessions; so that the debate presented the curious anomaly of some members speaking in favour of the Ministry, yet ending by saying that they must vote against them! This hurried vote, too, at the very outset, was a confession that the chiefs of the Opposition despaired of finding any actual and definite ground of fault against the Ministry. Had they really believed that the Ministry had blundered in foreign policy, or would blunder in domestic legislation, they would have waited for the production of the promised papers in the one case, or for the commission of the actual blunder in the other. But they were hopeless on the latter point, and excessively anxious to forestall the other. A debate on the foreign policy of the Government, after the production of the papers, would at once have cut the ground from under the feet of the Opposition, by showing to the country that the endless charges of blundering which the Liberal journals had been publishing against the Government were pure fabrications, and that, in fact, never at any time were difficult negotiations conducted in a more masterly manner — as in the sequel we shall show. The grand object of the Opposition leaders, we repeat, was to forestall inquiry, and obtain a verdict against the Ministry before the facts of the case were known, and while Parliament and the public were still under the influence of the calumnies disseminated by the Liberal press. Yet what, after all, was the result of those skilful tactics and unscrupulous proceedings? Their victory was a virtual defeat. The majority of 39 which they had in the former Parliament dwindled down to only 13. In one of the very fullest Houses on record they only mustered 323, while the Conservative mustered 310—a narrow majority for the Liberals at the best, but one entirely neutralised by the fact that, whereas the Conservatives are a compact phalanx, the Liberals are composed of four incongruous sections (Palmerstonians, Peelites, Russellites, and Radicals), never for a week in complete harmony, and often at open discord with one other.

In the very speeches by which they sought the overthrow of the late Government, the irreconcilable differences of opinion which prevail in the camp of the Liberals were clearly manifested. For example, in regard to that most important of all questions at present—namely, the policy of this country with respect to the war—we find Mr. Bright sneering at the militia and rifle-corps, and denouncing the additions to our fleet: an indication that he and his friends will press their quaker delusions upon the new Ministry with might and main. We find him, too, giving it as his deliberately-formed conviction that the French are a singularly peaceful people, who have not the least desire to do anything unfriendly to this country,—an opinion in which few will concur, and which strikingly recalls to memory the similar statement of belief on the part of Mr. Cobden only a few weeks before the outburst of the sanguinary revolution of 1848. Mr. Bright, too—for once agreeing with Lord Palmerston — sympathises with France in her attack upon Austria; although it would be curious to know by what process he reconciles this opinion with his out-and-out principle of peace and non-intervention. He thinks it right for France to begin a war of ambition, yet denounces on our part any precautionary measures of defence. Sir James Graham, again, although bitterly opposing the Government, praised them for the very measures of defence which Mr. Bright, in his narrow wisdom, thought fit to denounce. Lord Palmerston, who made the poorest appearance he ever did in his life, although unable to deny the practicul utility of those energetic measures of defence, so grudged the Ministry the credit of having made them, that he cavilled at it as an unconstitutional step, for which no precise or sufficient reason had been assigned.* And while Lord John Russell and Mr. Bright confessed that the war was unavoidable, Lord Palmerston, with a recklessness of assertion never surpassed, maintained that it was wholly attributable to the blundering of the Ministry! To such shifts was he reduced in his effort to make out a case against the Government. Moreover, at the very time that Lord Palmerston was openly sympathising with the French Emperor, and repeating in a modified form the desire which he expressed at Tiverton, namely, that Austria should be driven out of Italy before the year's end — his former colleague, the Duke of Argyll, was emphatically declaring in the Upper House that it was absolutely necessary that members of the Government should in all their speeches maintain an impartial tone to both of the belligerent parties. "The noble Earl (Ellenborough) has said that in order to make our mediation effectual in Europe, we must be armed at home"—a position which even his captious Grace could not deny had been ably assumed by the Conservative Government; "but," continued his Grace, "another necessity is imposed upon them—namely, that they shall maintain at least some show of impartiality of opinion." Lord Palmerston, at the close of the debate, must have been very much shocked to learn how he and his expectant Lord Privy Seal had been knocking their heads together. It were tedious to exhibit all the extraordinary diversities of opinion which marked the speeches of the Liberals in this debate: but what else could be looked for, when the Opposition chiefs were not only fundamentally at variance with one another, but had no common ground of truth to go upon?—each forging fictions of his own wherewith to assault the Ministry, and regain the sunny side of the House.

"I know perfectly well," said Roebuck at Milford Haven, "that there is no party so admirable in the use of calumny as the Whig party; and everything that calumny can desire, or that lying can supply, will be adopted by that party." No better instance of the absolute correctness of this description of the Whigs could be found than the recent speeches of their leaders in Parliament, and the vociferations of their organs in the press. Two sentiments were very strong in this country on the subject of the war. One of these was a sympathy for the cause of Italian independence, and a consequent dislike of Austria. The other and still stronger feeling was one of deep-rooted suspicion towards Louis Napoleon, and a vivid distrust of the good understanding and manifest co-operation which exist between him and the Czar. These feelings proceed from radically opposite views of the main point to be attended to in the present war. The first regards the war only as it affects Austria and the Italians, and thinks no more of British interests than if we belonged to another planet. The second and far juster sentiment of the popular mind looks primarily to our own interests: it wholly disbelieves the professions of the French Emperor, and regards the present war simply as the first step in the carrying out of those Napoleonic plans which have for their consummation the humiliation of England. But however radically incompatible these different views of the war are, the Whigs, when they opened their customary batteries of calumny, resolved to turn both these phases of the popular sentiment against their opponents. To meet the popular sympathy for the Italians, they charged the Ministry with having throughout the negotiations favoured Austria and menaced France and Sardinia. To meet the still stronger sentiment of suspicion in regard to the ulterior designs of France and Russia, they declared that the Ministry had been wholly duped, and had been culpably ignorant of the impending crisis; that they had been overreached by the French diplomatists, and believed that peace would be preserved, whereas war was a foregone conclusion of Napoleon III. All through the time of the elections, the Liberal journals rang their peals of calumny, ding-dong, now advancing the one of these incompatible charges, now the other. The Whig chiefs in Parliament played the same game. Eagerly rushing into the debate before the contents of the Italian despatches could be known, Lord Palmerston, on the first night of the discussion, had the unscrupulous temerity to repeat these calumnies as the grand charge against the Ministry. "It is quite plain," he said, "that the Ministry were ignorant of the real state of affairs; that they were uninformed as to what was going on; that they were under a delusion as to the intention of the different parties." He also charged them in the strongest and most explicit terms with having unduly favoured Austria throughout the negotiations, and with having held out nothing but menaces to France and Sardinia. "The course they pursued," he said, "*brought on the war*, while a different course would have prevented it. . . . Up to the very last moment, their belief was that if they could only frighten France from hostilities by holding it out to Europe that in the event of war breaking out they would be found acting on the side of Austria, peace would be preserved and war would be avoided." No wonder that such daring calumnies, openly advanced in the British Legislature, should have elicited shouts of indignant repudiation from the Ministerial benches. The unscrupulous game succeeded for the moment, and the Factions won the prize of office for which they had shown themselves ready to abandon so many principles and invent so many calumnies. But already those calumnies are refuted and their effects dispelled; and when Parliament resumes its deliberations, it must do so with the indignant and humiliating conviction that a wrong verdict has been wrung from it by duplicity and chicane, and that the men who so duped it are now her Majesty's Ministers!

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* "The course which they pursued," said Lord Palmerston "was an unconstitutional course, because to add materially to our naval and military establishments, when Parliament was not sitting, unless they were called upon to do so by some overruling necessity, is not a measure consonant with the spirit of the constitution. Now, what that overruling necessity was we have not heard." How very ignorant the noble Viscount can make himself at times! The *Times*, which certainly has no bias against Lord Palmerston or in behalf of the late Government, takes a very opposite view of the matter. "There is no parallel," says the leading journal, "to be found for the condition of the British navy at the moment. It had never, as Sir John Pakington said, been reduced to such a point before; and when, therefore, at that crisis of accidental weakness, a terrible European war burst forth at our very doors, it was the bounden duty of Ministers to throw precedents to the winds, and see that the State took no harm. *That was their duty, and they discharged it.* They poured a reinforcement of 1300 shipwrights into our dockyards; they raised our fleet from 28 to 40 sail-of-the-line, and they added 10,000 men to the naval forces of the country. All praise to them for their vigour and decision."—*Times*, June 13.

That the volume containing the diplomatic correspondence of the Government on the Italian question should be immediately laid on the table of the House, was promised on the very first night of the session; and although the Liberals thought fit to shut their eyes to this until they had accomplished their ends by defeating the Government, that correspondence has now been carried to every reading-room and fireside through the medium of the newspapers, so that the public are now in a position to judge of the matter for themselves. In that big volume of 400 pages, the negotiations are set forth with an unreserved fulness, which is exceedingly rare, and which of itself speaks well for the manly confidence of the late Ministry in the goodness of their cause. Such confidence is amply justified. Instead of being blind to what was coming, it appears that even *before* New Year's Day, when the French Emperor gave overt signs of his wish to quarrel with Austria, the British Government had descried the symptoms of coming troubles,—had counselled Austria to do all she could for the improvement of the internal condition of Central Italy; and informed her that, in the event of war, Great Britain would not help her, but would strictly maintain a position of neutrality.* In accordance with the astute policy of the French Emperor, he had invited Lords Palmerston and Clarendon to Compiègne in December last, and, when there, had, we doubt not, sought to talk over both of them into approbation of his meditated intervention in Italy. Lord Palmerston—the ostentatious approver of the *coup d'etat* and the author of the Conspiracy Bill—testified his continued devotion to Louis Napoleon by adopting his ideas on this occasion also, and now openly advocates them in the British Legislature. Lord Clarendon appears to have thought differently. He made no appearance whatever against the Ministry on the 8th June, and not improbably—like another Whig diplomatist, Lord Normanby—he entirely dissents from that approval of the Napoleonic policy which finds favour with Lord Palmerston. However that be, certain it is that, on returning from Compiègne, Lord Clarendon felt it to be his duty to apprise Lord Malmesbury of the suspicious projects entertained by the French Emperor, and in which it had been attempted to secure his own complicity. In despatch No. 5, addressed to Lord Cowley at Paris, Lord Malmesbury (Jan. 10) thus alludes to the communication made to him by Lord Clarendon, and earnestly deprecates any recourse to arms:—

"FOREIGN OFFICE, *Jan.* 10, 1859.

"MY LORD,—Her Majesty's Government have heard from your Excellency with deep concern, that the state of the relations between the French and Austrian Courts is of a nature so unsatisfactory, that in your own opinion, and that of the public of France, it might at any moment lead to a still further and more fatal estrangement. The speech of the Emperor to M. Hübner, on New Year's Day, increased the general alarm, which has extended to this country. . . .

"Her Majesty's Government must state to your Excellency that, in the evident ill-humour displayed reciprocally between France and Austria at this moment, they can conceive no great national question or interest involved which can reasonably cause such a feeling. No portion of the territory of either is threatened by the other; no commercial privileges are asked or refused by either; no point of national honour is at stake in either country. . .

"I am aware from the conversation which Lord Clarendon held lately at Compiègne with the Emperor, and which his Lordship repeated to me, that His Imperial Majesty has long looked at the internal state of Italy with interest and anxiety. It may be, although I have no reason for believing such is the case, that he imagines that in a war with Austria, and having Sardinia as an ally, he may play the important part of the regenerator of Italy. If so, the treaties of 1815 must be effaced, for such a redistribution of territory could not be effected without the consent of the parties to those treaties. But those compacts have insured to Europe the longest peace on record, and, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, still answer their original purpose in maintaining the balance of power.

"I would not, however, have your Excellency believe that Her Majesty's Government are indifferent to the just discontent which affects a large portion of the Italian populations. Yet it is not in a war between France and Austria that their relief is to be found. Such a war may bring about a change of masters, but assuredly it will not give them independence, and without independence, liberty is hopeless."

Having earnestly impressed these wise views upon the cabinet of the Tuileries, Lord Malmesbury (January 12) wrote an equally explicit declaration of opinion to our Ambassador at Vienna. In that despatch he says:—

"Your Lordship will frankly tell Count Buol that, should such a struggle as we deprecate be the result of the present estrangement between France and Austria, England would remain a neutral spectator of the contest. . . .

"Her Majesty's Government, sympathising, as they unquestionably do, with the sufferings of the Italian population, would gladly lend their best efforts to produce an amelioration in the existing state of things. But they know that such amelioration can never be effected, with any certainty of permanency, by war. It may produce a change of masters, but it will not confer independence: it may, perhaps, contribute to the elevation of some fortunate individuals, but it will insure the disorganisation of the whole social system, and indefinitely retard the material improvement of the Italian population.

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* The correspondence is only given from the beginning of the year, but this previous correspondence is referred to and described in despatch No. 8 of the published series, addressed by Lord Malmesbury to our ambassador at Vienna.

"On the other hand, Her Majesty's Government entertain but little doubt that if Austria and France — the former an Italian, and both Roman Catholic States — laying aside mutual suspicion, were to join heartily with a view to promote, by peaceful means, the regeneration of Italy, their combined influence would speedily effect a change in the present unhappy state of affairs, and contribute to establish confidence between rulers and their subjects. . . .

"As the common friends, then, of both parties, and as sincerely desirous of the welfare of the Italian people, Her Majesty's Government entreat the two Imperial Courts to lay aside their animosities, and to act in peaceful concert for that important object."

Could anything be more masterly and statesmanlike than these despatches addressed to the two intending belligerents? But observe. In his speech against the Ministry Lord Palmerston roundly and repeatedly charged them with having patronised Austria and menaced France. "Their idea was," he said, "that if they could only hold language hostile to France and Sardinia, and patronising towards Austria, they would preserve peace." The despatches, which were to be immediately laid before the House, and are now published, prove that the charge which he made so unscrupulously has not a shadow of foundation. The despatches prove that the British Government pressed moderation upon the Austrian Government quite as much as upon the French;, so much so, indeed, that the Austrian Minister complained that it was not right to bear so hardly upon Austria, a power whose only wish was to keep out of war. Lord Loftus who communicated the above dispatch to Count Buol, thus describes what followed:—

"Count Buol expressed himself as fully sensible of the kind and friendly motives which had moved her Majesty's Government to offer their advice and counsel at the present critical moment, and he appreciated the cordial and sincere interest which they evinced for Austria. But he could not conceal from me his fears, that the opinions set forth in your Lordship's despatch might produce more harm than good if these same views and opinions had been likewise expressed at Paris and Turin. 'In fact,' said his Excellency, 'I regret that you have read that despatch to me; I regret also that it has been written. If,' continued Count Buol, 'you wish to preach peace and to prevent war, address yourself with firmness to France and Piedmont. We are not meditating war; we shall not be the aggressors. Tell the Emperor Louis Napoleon that Great Britain will not passively look on if his Majesty should commence hostilities. Say to him that should he take such a course it will be at his own risk and peril. On the other hand, warn King Victor Emmanuel that England will not sanction any act of wilful aggression, undertaken in full peace, by Piedmont against Austria. If Great Britain is prepared to hold this language, no war will arise.'"

Indeed, so far from the French Government considering itself menaced by any threats of British intervention on the side of Austria, it appears that, on the outburst of war, the Cabinet of the Tuileries actually applied to our Government to cooperate with it in the struggle! A more arrogant piece of hypocrisy was never acted even in the history of diplomacy. Lord Malmesbury's reply (May 5) is so full and masterly a statement of the views and policy of the Government, that we regret its length forbids us to quote it at length. We can only give the noble Earl's conclusions. He says:—

"Viewing impartially the conduct of both Austria and Sardinia in regard to Italy, and lamenting most deeply the spirit by which both have been actuated, her Majesty's Government can, nevertheless, have no doubt as to the course which it befits them to pursue in the present emergency.

"The British Government have always recognised as a sacred rule of international obligation, that no country has a right authoritatively to interfere in the internal affairs of a foreign State, or, with a sound policy, long withhold its acknowledgment of any new form of government which may be adopted and established, without territorial usurpation or absorption, by the spontaneous wish of its people.

"The British Government have shown, for a long series of years, how steadily they have observed these principles, *and they certainly cannot depart from them on the present occasion.* . . .

"*The Government of the Emperor of the French appears to anticipate that, notwithstanding the abhorrence with which her Majesty's Government contemplate the coming war, and the value which they attach to the principle of non-interference, they will yet be brought to co-operate with France on the present occasion.* The Imperial Government has had too many proofs, of late years, of the anxiety of the British Government to act together with them in all measures calculated to lead to the general advantage of nations, to suppose that it is otherwise than with sincere regret *that her Majesty's Government feel themselves precluded, by every consideration, from associating themselves with France in the present struggle.* They believe that that struggle will be productive of misery and ruin to Italy, and, so far from accelerating the development of freedom in that country, will impose upon it a heavier burden of present ruin and future taxation. . . .

"*The almost unanimous feeling of the British nation at this moment is one of disapprobation of the present war, and an anxious desire to avoid any concurrence in its progress.* . . .

"Her Majesty's Government will watch with the utmost attention the various phases of the war; and if an opportunity should present itself for pleading the cause of peace and reconciliation, they will not wait to be invited, *but will at once tender themselves as mediators, in the sincere hope that their offer may be accepted and lead to peace.*"

And on the previous day the Foreign Secretary thus repeated his announcement to the Court of Berlin of that policy of strict neutrality which the British Government was resolved to adopt:—

"As far as England is concerned there are no immediate interests which necessitate any direct action on her part, *and her Majesty's Government feel it to be their duty to maintain a strict neutrality between the belligerents. This is also the feeling of the people of England,* and it is obvious that any other course at present would tend to complications which can scarcely yet be foreseen."

These despatches entirely rebut Lord Palmerston's charges against the late Ministry, and place the new Premier himself in a dilemma from which he will find it difficult to extricate himself. They prove that ever since December, when Palmerston was closeted with Louis Napoleon at Compiègne, the British Ministry were alive to the impending danger, and exerted themselves to the uttermost to ward it off. "Certain it is," wrote Lord Malmesbury on the 13th January, "that both France and Austria, are looking forward to and preparing for the day when their armies shall stand in hostile array against each other on the plains of Lombardy." They foresaw the storm while as yet the cloud on the horizon was no bigger than a man's hand, and before last year was ended they were at work to prepare for it. So masterly are these despatches of Lord Malmesbury, that he who runs may read in them the excellence of the foreign policy of the late Ministry. Their publication has at once brought down the whole scaffolding of calumnies by which the Whig chiefs climbed back into power. Even the *Times*, devoted to Liberalism though it be, makes frank and free admission of this, and renders to the ex-Ministers their meed of praise. "The correspondence to which we now have access," says the leading journal, "dissipates one illusion. It is now perfectly clear that the war which France is waging against Austria is no sudden and unforeseen struggle, precipitated by imprudence or wounded pride on either side. . . . It cannot be doubted by any one who reads these papers, that *the extension of French influence by the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy is a settled policy of the Second Empire, and was resolved upon prior to and independent of any recent demonstrations in Italy.*" *

In this opinion we entirely concur. It is precisely what, four months ago, we gave reasons for believing to be the case. A warlike intervention in the affairs of Italy was a foregone conclusion with Napoleon III. It was the same also with Sardinia. *Before* the 1st of January the British

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* See leading article in the *Times* of 14th June.

Government felt it necessary to remonstrate with Sardinia on the warlike spirit which its King and Ministers were fostering, and which could have but one object and end—a rupture with Austria. On this point it is well to give the verdict of a neutral or anti-Conservative authority of such eminence as the leading journal. The *Times* (June 14), in an editorial article on the Italian despatches, thus narrates and comments:—"As it appeared to her Majesty's Ministers—and, indeed, to the world generally—that Victor Emmanuel was disposed to make the discontent of his neighbours a pretext for extending his own possessions, Sir James Hudson, under the directions of Lord Malmesbury, remonstrated strongly with the Sardinian Government. 'To this both Count Cavour and the King replied that no cause of offence had been or would be given by Sardinia to her neighbors. His Majesty added that the political horizon was threatening, but, as far as he was concerned, the House of Savoy would pursue its old course of loyalty to its engagements; and while he regretted certain matters in a neighbouring State, he had no hesitation in saying that neither intrigue nor revolution would ever be countenanced by his country. Count Cavour said, that if people expected that Sardinia was going to declare war they were likely to be disappointed.' So much for Royal and Ministerial assurances. While the King was declaring that he would countenance neither intrigue nor revolution, the marriage of his daughter had been arranged, and the enrolment of refugees from every State of the Peninsula was about to begin." This duplicity, we regret to say, was quite in keeping with the act of treachery by which the same Government commenced its attack upon Austria in 1848. When Napoleon III., who had himself been carrying on extensive military preparations for some time previously, chose to make it a subject of complaint to Lord Cowley that Austria was reinforcing her troops on the Sardinian frontier, his lordship made the very natural and cogent reply, that he "could not forget that in 1848 Count Buol, being then Austrian Minister at Turin, received the most solemn assurances from the late King, Charles Albert, that there was no intention of attacking Lombardy, whereas, when his Majesty gave these assurances, orders had been actually expedited to the Sardinian troops to march and pass the frontier. It was not astonishing that a Government of which Count Buol is a member, with a recollection of this act of treachery, should take care that Austria was not again surprised."*

The project of this Italian war was first sketched out when Count Cavour visited the French Emperor at Plombières last autumn; and the pear seemed ripe, and the arrangements were consummated by the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the King of Sardinia's daughter, in the beginning of the present year. Immediately after, and in consonance with the former of these events, the French Government commenced to make demands upon the Court of Vienna in regard to the affairs of Italy—as soon appeared, not with the object of obtaining a peaceful solution of the problem, but in order to find pretext for a rupture. "The matter stands thus," wrote Lord Cowley, describing the state of matters when he went to Vienna—"France had made certain propositions to Austria, to which counter-propositions had been offered; but Austria had never been able to obtain the opinion of the French Government upon these latter. She had more than once asked for that opinion; and it remained with the French Government to take the next step."† But Napoleon III. would not take that step; and the aversion of the French Government from any action in common with Austria, in order to effect reforms in Central Italy and the Pope's dominions, was clearly expressed by Count Walewski in one of his interviews with Lord Cowley. It better suited the Macchiavellian policy of Napoleon III. to prepare for war, than to continue the negotiations which it lay with him to resume.* And an open rupture might actually have resulted immediately, if the British Government had not promptly, and with masterly tact, interposed, by directing Lord Cowley to obtain from the French Emperor a categorical statement of his demands, and thereafter proceed to Vienna in the interests of peace. Austria had no motive for war. Her whole circumstances and interests counselled peace. Self-defence alone would compel her to draw the sword. Every statesman in Europe knew that; and her conduct was in accordance with it—as these despatches show. The following extracts give the gist of Lord Cowley's account of his mission to Vienna:—

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* See the blue-book, despatch No. 24. † Despatch 106.

"VIENNA, *March* 9, 1859.

"My Lord,—Being on the eve of leaving Vienna on my return to England, I am about to give your Lordship in this despatch a general summary of the results of the confidential mission with which I have been charged. . . .

"Count Buol has shown throughout the discussions which I have had with him a sincere desire to avoid the extremities of war, and to meet the wishes and advice of her Majesty's Government, as far as he thought he might do so without compromising the national honour of Austria. I may add, that similar feelings were evinced by the Emperor. . . .

[After stating that Count Buol assented at once to the proposal for the evacuation of the Papal States by the French and Austrian forces, Lord Cowley proceeds:] "With respect to the reforms of administration to be introduced into the Roman States, Count Buol expresses himself willing either to resume the negotiation which had been commenced with the French Government upon that subject in 1857, but afterwards allowed to drop by that Government and not by him, or to fall back upon the recommendations made by the five Powers to the Pope in 1831-32.

"I come now to the fourth point mentioned in your Lordship's instructions—namely, the abrogation or modification of the Austro-Italian treaties of 1847. Even on this point, on which Austria is naturally more sensitive than any other, I leave Count Buol not only prepared to act with moderation and forbearance with regard to the actual execution of those treaties, but disposed to examine whether they may be replaced, with the consent of the other contracting parties, by some other combination, which, while relieving Austria from the necessity of an interference the responsibility of which is fully felt, would not risk the chance of the Duchies becoming a prey to revolution and anarchy. . .

"Count Buol said that Austria respected the right of all sovereigns and nations to model their own institutions. There was much of which he could not approve in the constitution of Sardinia, but he had never attempted to interfere with it. On the same principle he had refrained, and would still continue to refrain, from all intervention in the internal affairs of other Italian States." . .

"Before quitting altogether the subject of the separate treaties, I may mention that Count Buol considers the secret article in the Austro-Neapolitan treaty of 1815, which binds the King of Naples not to alter the institutions of the kingdom without the permission of Austria, to be a dead letter. . .

"I have the satisfaction of adding, in conclusion, that great as is the irritation which, it cannot be denied, exists at this moment against the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Austria and his Government would accept, with a sincere desire to bring them to an honest conclusion, any overtures for a reconciliation with France, the acceptance of which would not be incompatible with their honour."

Could Austria have done more than this? Was not Lord Cowley right to be satisfied with the conduct of the Court of Vienna? In fact, everything that the French Emperor demanded or could demand was conceded. Lord Cowley's mission was entirely successful. And if it was rendered of no avail, that was purely and entirely the doing of the French Emperor. He was bent upon war; and when thus caught in the net of peace so skilfully worked by the British Government, he immediately sought a pretext to escape from his own pledges and professions. He found pitiful refuge in the proposal for a Congress, made by Russia; and which proposal, the Russian Government now informs us (see Prince Gortschakoff's circular) was made "in order to *meet the wishes of the French Government!*" So the game went on. France threw all obstacles in the way of negotiations, and Sardinia continued her policy of provocation — doing so to the length of violating her treaty with Austria, and constituting a *casus belli* by openly enrolling Austrian deserters in her army. For several years past Sardinia has been crushing herself with taxes in order to engage in this war of aggrandisement. Already her taxation amounts to the enormous proportion of 54 per cent of the annual wealth of the country; whereas in Modena (one of the states which she is going to *liberate* by incorporating with herself!) the proportion is not a tenth of that amount, or only 5 per cent. What the financial pressure on Northern Italy will be after the expenses of this war are added to its present burdens, is frightful to contemplate. Poor Italy! "ever the slave of those who make her free!" "It was an evil hour for herself and for Europe," wrote Lord Malmesbury when the war broke out, "that Sardinia lent herself to dreams of ambition and aggrandisement, and forgetful of the little sympathy shown in 1848 by the Milanese for her cause, and their ingratitude for her gallant actions, she has provoked the war in which she is now engaged. By violating her treaties of extradition with Austria; by fostering deserters from her army; by rallying in Piedmont the disaffected spirits of Italy; by menacing speeches against the Austrian Government, and by ostentatious declarations that she was ready to do battle as the champion of Italy against the power and influence of Austria, Sardinia invoked the storm, and is deeply responsible to the nations of Europe. Her Majesty's Government saw this dangerour policy with apprehensions which have now been realised, and they cannot forbear from remarking that the first and immediate effect of the war which it has caused has been the suspension of constitutional government in Sardinia itself."

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* Louis Napoleon would neither resume the negotiations, nor yet allow the British Government officially to interfere. "Her Majesty's Government," wrote Lord Malmesbury to Lord Cowley, "offered the co-operation of this country, as far as it could be afforded with advantage, for bringing about an improvement in the social condition of Italy. To the sincere regret of her Majesty's Government—a regret that has been increased by subsequent events—Count Walewski informed your Excellency, on the 14th of January last, that he did not think the moment a favourable one for executing their purpose."

If there be one man in this country responsible for the present war —and there is one—that man is Lord Palmerston. By the sentiments which he expressed, and the political blunders which he committed, eleven years ago, he prevented a lasting solution of the Italian question then, and sowed the seeds of future war. Why did not so tremendous a convulsion as the Italian revolution and war of 1848 lead to a permanent settlement of the affairs of Italy? Why were so many thousands of lives wasted then, and why is so much blood and treasure being sacrificed now? Chiefly because, eleven years ago, Lord Palmerston *threw away* the golden opportunity; an opportunity not merely within his reach, but absolutely placed in— nay, eagerly thrust into — his hands. And yet he would have none of it! He blundered, and the hour passed; and when his eyes at length opened to the truth, and he implored to have the opportunity back again, he found that his own folly and insensate presumption had put it for ever beyond his reach. As the dread sequel of that folly and presumption, we have the present war. Let us recall those facts of 1848. At that time France, torn by internal revolution, could take no part in the struggle going on in Italy. England, free and strong at home, was mistress of the situation. She alone could interfere with decisive effect in the contest between the Italians and Austria: her power was so acknowledged that she held in her hands the scales which weighed the fortunes of both parties. At the height of the contest it needed not the landing of a single red-coat regiment on the Italian shores — it needed not the blockade of a single port of Austria or of Sardinia. The position of England, as related to that struggle, was omnipotent. She had but to speak the word—if that word were spoken at the right time—and her will was law. Yet when the golden opportunity was offered to her, pressed upon her, Lord Palmerston put it aside. At the very outset of that contest, when the vast military strength of Austria was still unimpaired, and when not a whisper of insurrection was yet heard in loyal Hungary, a special message came from the Court of Vienna to Lord Palmerston, offering to place at his disposal the entire kingdom of Lombardy if England would interpose as mediator in the strife. Then indeed might the Italian question have been settled. But after ten days' delay, his lordship replied that his Government would not interfere unless Austria would consent to give up Venice also! The Austrian Government, which then held the whole Venetian ground with a fine army and impregnable forts, refused. If they were to lose everything by the fortunes of war, they could not possibly lose more than Palmerston so presumptuously demanded. In despair of meditation, Radetzki was ordered to draw the sword: in a few weeks the Sardinian and Italian forces were driven like chaff before the wind; the old warrior dictated his terms within a march of Turin; and the Italian question stood again as before. In vain did Lord Palmerston then implore Lord Normanby (our ambassador at Paris) to get the French Government to persuade Austria to repeat the offer which she had previously made to him. Austria had been forced by Palmerston to brave the risks of war; she had braved them, and had won,—and the golden hour for mediation was past. We now know what his lordship's deliberate blunder has cost Europe. "It is impossible," said Sir James Graham, speaking a year after the event, "to say what has been the effect of that act of the noble Viscount. My belief is, that the insurrection of Hungary was the consequence, and, what I regret as much as any man, the intervention of Russia—the interference of that country to crush the Hungarian insurrection having thus been rendered necessary. . . . And has the noble Viscount promoted the cause of Italian liberty by the course he has pursued? Piedmont was twice in one year at the mercy of the invading army of Austria. Rome is in possession of the French army. Lombardy is under the military rule of Austria. Venice was reconquered. And we cannot forget the daring exploits in Naples, which the noble Viscount was so anxious to uphold."

Sidney Herbert, the new Minister of War, was another fierce critic of Palmerston's Italian policy in 1848; and as Lord Normanby and others who then supported Lord Palmerston, have been forced to declare against him now, the best wish that can be formed for the new Premier is, that he will get on better with his old enemies than with his old friends!

It was not, therefore, merely the devotion which Lord Palmerston has always shown to the French Emperor that pointed him out to the latter as the best agent for bringing round the British Government to favour this French intervention in Italy. In 1848 Lord Palmerston had officially stated, when applied to by Austria, that the Italian question must be left to the arbitrament of the sword;* and not yet three years have elapsed since he made a naval demonstration against Naples, which proved not only an offence, but a laughing-stock to Europe, as the French Emperor reduced it to a mere abortive parade. Napoleon III., with his own plans for the future already chalked out, wished to get the British Government committed to the principle of armed intervention in Italy, but had no intention that such intervention should then take place—seeing that *for him* the pear was not yet ripe; and that, moreover, he purposed that all the glory and advantage of such intervention should accrue to France, to the exclusion of England. Palmerston has gone all lengths to favour this second Napoleon. He showed a culpable haste in congratulating the Dictator after the *coup-d'etat;* and in needlessly expressing his earnest approval of that event, he did what no British minister was entitled to do, and what no other British Minister would have done. Again, at the Congress of Paris, did not Lord Palmerston's envoy, and the representatives of France, without any warning, sign a treaty compelling Belgium to modify her free press according to the demands that might be made upon her by the Government of France? A most despotic measure, by which Napoleon III. and Lord Palmerston consummated their *entente cordiale* at the expense of the law of nations. A pretty pair of Liberty's champions! The Conspiracy Bill was a natural sequel to such conduct: and if that "sacrifice" also was not made to propitiate the French Emperor, it was no fault of him who was then, and again is, the Premier of this free country. It was by no accident, therefore, that, when Napoleon had matured his plans for the present war, he sent for Lord Palmerston to Compiègne, to secure once more his powerful assistance in cajoling the British nation. How faithfully his Lordship has acted up to his engagements there made, is written in all his actions—alike in his speeches and in his intrigues—during the last ten weeks. His policy is not neutrality even in words. He makes no secret of his enmity to Austria, and his love for Napoleon. "I hope the Austrians will be driven out of Italy before the year is done," he says. And at the same time he derides the idea that we have anything to fear from France, and invites us to accept as the basis of our future policy an unhesitating reliance upon the good intentions of the Second Napoleon. Is this a man in whose hands the fortunes of England can be safe? At such a crisis in the affairs of Europe, and when the true character of the Napoleonic policy has at length begun to manifest itself, can the British nation give its confidence to a statesman who, both by his past policy and recent pledges, has so closely united himself with the French Emperor, and now openly eulogises the policy by which the latter is paving the way to ulterior designs? For the last six months Napoleon III. has been counting upon the accession of Lord Palmerston to power; and the French journals have never ceased to clamour for this event, as the best thing that could happen for French policy. Barely two months ago, when the elections in this country were just concluding, the *Pays*, (Prince Napoleon's organ), in one of its customary assaults upon the Conservative ministry, rejoicingly expressed its hope that Lord Palmerston would soon be again in power, and that he would "repair the fault" committed by his predecessors. "Everything," it continued, "seems to lead to the opinion that the return of Lord Palmerston to power is near at hand; but we will speak of him as freely as of his antagonists, and say—'What great or good thing can a Whig Minister come to perform, unless it be to repair the fault committed by the Tories?' . . . A Whig Minister may in a few days save the Continent from a dangerous crisis, strengthen the alliance of France and England, and calm Europe with a word. If it is not for this great and noble end that Lord Palmerston desires to regain power, we cannot understand his ambition." We hope the British nation will understand his ambition too. It is on no slight ground that Lord Normanby now withdraws from the Minister with whom he so long co-operated, and earnestly warns the country, "Do not place at the head of the Government a Minister who has expressed sentiments inimical to rights which we have ourselves by treaty conferred." The author of the Conspiracy Bill has made many sacrifices of the national honour and interests to propitiate the Emperor of the French; and now he demands this one propitiation more—that the free heart and justly aroused spirit of the British nation shall fold themselves up in blank apathy and accept himself again as Premier.

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* In a despatch to our Ambassador at Vienna (August 1848), Lord Palmerston then said:—"I have to say that a question so important in itself, and so mixed up with national feeling and with traditional policy as the question whether Austria shall or shall not retain a portion of her Italian possessions, has seldom been decided simply by negotiation and without an appeal to arms; and it seems now to have become inevitable that the fortune of war must, to a certain degree at least, determine the manner in which this question between Austria and the Italians is to be settled."

This new Coalition cannot last. It contains within itself the seeds of its own speedy dissolution. The two years which, to its own great detriment and humiliation, the nation accorded to the Coalition of 1852, will with this new Coalition be considerably shortened. The Russian war was the natural consequence of the former Coalition: who can fully tell what will be the ultimate consequence of the present one? When Lord Derby was expelled by the Liberal factions in December 1852, the Czar Nicholas rejoiced, sent his congratulations to his *ancien ami* the Premier, and began to get his troops in hand for the invasion of Turkey. When the factions again triumphed, three weeks ago, the French and Russian ambassadors openly rejoiced as they descended from the gallery of the House; and Louis Napoleon has already, doubtless, sent his congratulations to the author of the Conspiracy Bill on his restoration to power. But the British public regard the new regime with coldness and suspicion. The new Ministry, it is true, are Liberals, and their predecessors were Conservatives; but it is something deeeper than party-politics that now occupies the mind of the nation. On the memorable night of the 10th ultimo, when the Ministry had been defeated and the House was breaking up—even at that late hour crowds thronged every avenue to the House; and for whom did those crowds reserve their special marks of favour? Disraeli, the fallen Minister, the representative of the defeated Government, was loudly and warmly cheered: while Lord John Russell was hissed! The time has gone by when the public will be blindly led by party-names; and a critical period has commenced in the history of this country, when the nation will refuse to tolerate the triumph of heterogeneous factions at the expense of the public good. Lord Derby retires from office honoured by an extraordinary mark of his Sovereign's favour, and two others of the Cabinet have been justly distinguished by unusual proofs of the Royal esteem. The country ratifies that verdict of approval. The Factions triumphed by a stolen success. The Ministry was expelled without being heard. But the truth is already becoming better known; and we are confident that ere a year elapse the Coalition will have ended in disgrace, and the eyes of the country will turn again to the Conservative chiefs as its safest leaders in the hour of danger.

SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak and poor. Being in the circulation it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

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the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS, and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER, and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RING WORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

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Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DXXVI. AUGUST, 1859. Vol. LXXXVI.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DXXVI. AUGUST, 1859. VOL. LXXXVI.

LONDON EXHIBITIONS—CONFLICT OF THE SCHOOLS.

THE serene heaven of Art is rent asunder by civil war. The walls of London Exhibitions are now, as it were, the battle-field upon which is fought out the ambition and the conflicting theories of hostile schools. The times in which we live are critical. This present moment would seem, indeed, the turning point whence either promised hopes may meet with true fulfilment, or threatening fears lead to still worse disaster. Much probably, however, will depend upon the praise or the censure which the public voice shall award to the works submitted to its verdict. For ourselves, we can fortunately confide in the calm judgment of the educated people of this country, whose final and collective opinion, now at the close of the London season, has been already sufficiently pronounced. Who has not heard the exclamations—we had almost said the execrations—of the eager crowd of curiosity gathered round the gaunt gravediggers of Mr. Millais? In like manner, we believe, such works as the "Return from Marston Moor," by Mr. Wallis—"Too Late," by Mr. Windus—and "The King's Orchard," by Mr. Hughes—have for three long months attracted curiosity only to incite disgust or provoke to ridicule. Again we repeat we have full confidence that the verdict of the British public will be pronounced on the side of sobriety, sanity, and the modesty of nature. For a while the multitude may be misled. Wild eccentricity—even the unaccustomed strangeness of gross mannerism—may for the moment attract the public gaze, but in the end we again find devotion centre round the names which have long been worshipped—admiration again revert to those works of the old true English school, which admits of progression while it decries revolution, and is now and ever content to walk humbly with nature, and submit to the teachings of an ancient wisdom. Thus, after the sensation of a not unpleasing paroxysm, does the mind again revert to its accustomed haunts—seek grateful repose in the grey stillness of a Creswick landscape, or find recruited health in the breezy spray of a Stanfield shore. In company, too, with Mr. Roberts, we delight to row on the canals, and visit the palaces of the sea-girt city, now, as in days of old, ere *The Stones of Venice* had reared their phantom forms, and with mirage vapourings misled the world. The world of nature and of human nature is ever new, and yet ever old; and thus the corresponding world of art ever wanders into new phases, and then again reverts to accustomed paths. We have wandered, indeed, widely and wildly; and now, if we mistake not, the ever-recurring reaction will once again set in. As critics, it now becomes our duty more carefully to mark the ebb and the flow of the warring tide, and especially to keep good guard over those great landmarks and beacons which have so long and so well served for guidance and saved from shipwreck.

The Royal Academy for the past season will, in future years, be held illustrious for a mediocrity among the multitude, redeemed only by a startling eccentricity among the few. Year by year we again deplore the absence of some of the greatest names. It is now long since Sir Charles Eastlake has adorned the walls of the Exhibition by that tender yet queenlike beauty, caught from the clime of Italy and the art of Venice. Maclise, for the present year, enters an appearance only by a small and unimportant work, "The Poet to his Wife," —"what a heaven on earth we'd make it!" Herbert, engaged on his great commission for the Houses of Parliament, gives earnest of a coming master-work only in a heartfelt study of "The Magdalen." In like manner, Ward, more fully engrossed by his labours at Westminster, finds time to send to Trafalgar Square but one small yet faultless work. Frith recruits himself with leisure after his great labour of "The Derby," and pays but minor tribute to art and literature in the small yet speaking portrait of "Charles Dickens in his Study." Webster is wholly absent, and Mulready is not at his best; and thus is it that portraits "of a gentleman," portraits "of a lady"—tributes to vanity, wealth, and mere position —usurp the place of higher art, and give to the Academy more than ever the aspect of a shop. Great works doubtless there are, which must fall under our detailed examination, attesting what our good old English school has been and still is. Monstrous works, likewise, will call for our special notice plainly but sadly showing to what excess of follly the new school has fallen—to what dire results false doctrine has betrayed men once rich in healthful genius. From the Academy of oils to the two Galleries of water-colours the transition and the contrast is agreeable. Mr. Ruskin probably, is the only man in England who, on entering these two Exhibitions, could venture to assert that "the Water-Colour Societies are in steady descent." He is naturally the only man who desires to see the extravagance of his own special views pushed to a consistent and uniform absurdity. On the walls of the Academy, year after year, he lovingly dotes over the childish detail, the puerile conceits, the distempered colour, and the morbid fancy, which, under his fostering care, have at length reached the utmost limits of endurance. From this merciless persecution of the eye loving tranquillity and decorum, refuge may still happily be found within the more sheltered retreats of water-colour art. Even the French, strange to say, can teach us lessons of moderation and propriety. We shall presently ask the reader to step into the small gallery of French art, if only to show that the best colour is often the most subdued—that the greatest strength may yet be found in the simplicity of repose—the nearest approach even to the infinity of nature in a suggestive generality and a pervading breadth. Never was there a time when English art was so distracted. Every Exhibition is as a house divided against itself. The conflict of schools, the civil war of opposing parties threaten the empire of Art with hopeless anarchy. For ourselves, we will not declare peace where there can be no peace. We proclaim a war, we preach extermination by the sword against those enemies of all that is lovely in art, who have ruthlessly mutilated the fair form of beauty, and dragged it through the dirt.

Let us seek, however, if only for a moment, the blessed repose of peace as we contemplate the works of honoured men still content to dwell in the sobriety of simple truth. England, a gem of gentlest ray set in an emerald sea, an Eden of green fields, and shady paths, and happy homes, has ever given to English art her heritage of the sylvan landscape, her empire of the stormy sea. Mr. Creswick in his "Coming Summer," a river ford, a rustic wooden bridge, cattle in the cool stream, a village church and farm nestling in the trees, gives us once more that quiet peaceful nature which lies so near to our best affections. "Under the Old Bridge," too, a sketcher's and a fisher's haunt, ivy-grown, tree-embowered, pebble-strewn, is another example of that simple and unadorned truth which puts to shame the gaud and the mannerism of masters eager only for notoriety. Mr. T. Danby, likewise, a name honoured for the father's sake, claims a landscape deservedly hung full upon the line, belonging to the old and the good school, coming in direct descent from the now much-abused Claude Lorraine. "Hills and Dales in Wales," a calm retreat, shut out in solitude from the clamour of the crowded world, a scene of undulating heights rich in the golden robes of autumn, placid in the gentle glow of evening sky, trees gracefully symmetrical, slumbering in the twilight of the sinking sun, casting soft shadows, in which peaceful sheep repose, make together a simple yet beauteous pastoral, which speaks of the love which dwells in nature.

Of Mr. Lee, a name not without honour, we would say little. His "Bay of Biscay," a large pretentious work, claiming attention chiefly by its size and prominent position, has, in its feeble literal handling, in its opaque and leaden colour, nothing in common with the dash and the roar and the glory of an Atlantic storm. In his "Coast of Cornwall" again, we have nature in action and motion, treated by a painter emphatically without emotion—a fruitless attempt to build up grandeur out of an infinity of feeble laborious detail; one example, among many, of a man who has lost the characteristics belonging to his original manner under the old school, without gaining as a recompense that illusive imitation which is the boast and the privilege of the new. Mr. Witherington must likewise be classed among the Academicians who belong to the past. His picture of "Wharfedale," like the works of the last-named painter, shows nature in a certain garb of academic propriety, with all that is unruly and rough tamed down to the sober limits and lines of carefully-balanced landscape-gardening. One of the greatest evils incident to the present management of the Royal Academy is the prescriptive right possessed by every member, whatever be the merit of his pictures, to the choicest places upon the walls of the Exhibition, excluding men and works who rightly claim honour and distinction.

We can boast of no artist more thoroughly English than Mr. Stanfield—so vigorous in hand, so manly in sentiment, so wedded to ocean life of stormy wave and rocky coast. His picture of the year, "A Maltese Xebec on the Rocks of Procida," the island and castle of Ischia in the distance, has all the characteristics, of his better works. The dashing, foaming sea, the shipwrecked craft driven upon the rocky shore, storm-clouds hurrying across the sky, gulls buffeting against the wind, the castle hanging from the rock, the snow lying upon the distant mountain, are elements of the grand and the terrible, as when nature enacts a tragedy. But the ways of nature are so manifold, the walks of art so diversified, that we place no restrictive limits upon subject, manner, or treatment. Stanfield is admirable, but fortunately, after all his labours, nature is still unexhausted. Out of her infinite store come the storm and the calm, the grey of morning, the glow of sunset; each man, according to his vision or his need, takes and appropriates all that he can; and yet nature, like the infinity of space or the boundless realms of time, lies still before the artist and the poet, offering new and exhaustless treasure. Thus is it that year after year, on entering our Exhibitions, we eagerly seek whether any new and gifted man has opened for us a fresh delight, penetrated more deeply into untold mysteries, caught more of the pathos, the joy, or the sorrow, which dwells in evening skies or autumn glow. A National Art, we take it, as a National Church, shunning all sectarian narrowness, must embrace every aspect of the truth, and each phase of varied intellect. A National Art must be broad as the universe, progressive as science, expansive as civilisation, varied and manifold as the workings of the human mind. We rejoice, therefore, when from time to time new schools arise, and unaccustomed phenomena tell of some fresh development. If we admire a Claude, a Poussin, or a Salvator Rosa of a past age, we would not seek to limit our modern men to those days of comparative ignorance and inexperience. Even in art, we stand upon the shoulders of the Past, and can now see at least further, if we do not always act better. The once narrow sphere of art, at all events, is widened. Madonnas and Holy Families are no longer the limits of the sacred and the lovely in human nature. The whole field of history, with its noble deeds of patriotism and valour, all that in man is great or in woman is gentle, may now be brought within the widened embrace of modern art. Thus that fresh schools should from time to time arise, we hold to be inevitable. That conflict and battle should ensue, we believe to be but the condition of progression. Only of this one thing let us be zealous, that in the battle now raging, truth may not be worsted.

We shall have occasion to show that reputations have been already wrecked, and that the present course of events threatens with further disaster. Yet we believe it must be admitted by all candid observers, that the new school has been productive of some benefit. Even the present Exhibition, given up to extravagant excess, contains some works of comparative moderation, marked by that truthful, close study of nature, which necessarily brings commensurate reward. The works of the two younger Linnells will perhaps be received as the most favourable examples of that laborious detailed study of nature, which now goes strangely under the name of pre-Raphaelitism. They offer to the world a result somewhere between nature, the pre-Raphaelites, and the works of Mr. Linnell their father. From nature they take their subject, from the pre-Raphaelites an excess of detail not actually to be seen; and from their father, a golden lustrous colour. Thus do they love to paint the golden "Harvest," fields ripe and heavy with the waving corn gathered in by peasantry, set like lustrous jewels in among the clustering sheaves. Different in subject, but allied in richness of colour and closeness of study, are the works of Mr. Hook, taken from the field or flood. His subjects or compositions have all the accidents and casual incidents of unpremeditated nature. A rural lane in Devon, crossed by a rustic bridge, flooded by a running stream through which a crazed cart is rattling and jolting,—such are the topics which, by close study and rich colour, he works up into glowing pastorals. Then, again, he takes to ocean, launches from Clovelly shore the rude fishing-boat, rowed by the strong arm of hardy storm-beaten tars, through the foam of an emerald sea sunned by rainbows. Incidents the most common, and subjects the most homely, are thus, by admirable painting and richest harmony of colour, wrought into poetic ardour and intensity. Two other works also claim a passing notice as favourable illustrations of the close study of nature which gives to the present phase of our English school its surest promise. Mr. Knight's "Barley Harvest on the Welsh Coast" is certainly among the more praiseworthy works executed under so-called pre-Raphaelite influence, careful and truthful throughout; the detail of rock, field, and wave kept duly subordinate to an unobtrusive general effect. We recognise likewise in Mr. M'Callum's "Monarch Trees of Windsor Park," an accuracy and firmness of drawing till recently but seldom found within the province of landscape art.

The study of nature is of course the only sure basis upon which art can rest, the only certain condition of a healthful progression. Yet it will always be a question of some doubt and difficulty how the infinitude which is in nature shall be brought within the limits of a canvass, how the multitudinous detail of leaf and herbage, or the illimitable vastness of earth and sky, the might of the passing storm, the power of the dashing wave, shall be brought within the inanimate surface of a few square feet or inches. The very difficulty, not to say the impossibility of the task, has proverbially led to a bold compromise and surrender. Art has thus in all countries and in all times, under the consciousness of absolute inability, renounced the pretension to illusive and literal imitation, taking refuge in the grand breadth of a sweeping shadow, and trusting for the most part to a dexterous or generalised execution for the suggestion of an impracticable detail. This, we say, has been the uniform theory and practice of art in all ages and countries. But now in these latter days has arisen a strange and unheard-of attempt, which claims consideration, on the one hand, by its conscientious effort, and on the other by its mischievous, not to say ridiculous, results. Mr. Brett's "Val d'Aosta" is the latest and most astonishing attempt made in this direction. Mr. Brett, we may presume, is a pet *protégé* of Mr. Ruskin. His picture of last year, "The Stonebreaker," obtained in the *Notes* the special praise due to "the most perfect piece of painting." "If," says Mr. Ruskin, "he can paint so lovely a distance from the Surrey downs and railway-traversed vales, what would he not make of the chestnut groves of the Val d'Aosta! I heartily wish him good speed and long exile." Accordingly, in the present Exhibition, Mr. Brett astounds the world by mountains and chestnuts taken from this chosen "Val d'Aosta," a work which the laureate of pre-Raphaelite art greets with these words: "Yes, here we have it at last—some close coming to it at least—historic landscape, properly so called—landscape-painting with a meaning and a use." "Historic landscapes" indeed! An art of as much dignity as the labour of the drill-plough, or the plodding of spade husbandry, with its dotting-in of seeds and its digging of furrows. A mosaic of chopped stones, straw, and rubble; a worsted-work tapestry of "stitch-stitch-stitch," "work-work-work," "till the heart is sick and the brain is benumbed, as well as the weary hand." "Yes, here we have it at last;" all that is small and insignificant, moss-grown, dew-dotted, needle-pointed; chestnuts growing on the distant trees, which yet you may gather with the outstretched hand, a vineyard lying down the valley-slope, where you may count pole for pole; a man in black breeches and white shirt tilling an arable field at half a mile's distance, dotted in so sharp and near that you are sure he would willingly walk into the foreground, and thence out of the picture, did you but call or beckon. Yet after all this heartless drudgery of weary days and flagging months, we would ask Mr. Brett whether he succeeded in putting in one-tenth of the leaves on every tree, one-twentieth part of the herbage wherewith nature clothes herself without thought or toil. Did he not feel himself defeated even on his chosen ground; and that nature, were it not for compassion, would have disowned him for her own? But it would appear that the mercy of less faithful man already fails him. With some heartlessness of cruelty, even Mr. Ruskin can declare that the work is "wholly emotionless." His kind patron bid him seek long exile in Italy, and then, when returning with his accomplished task, the hard labour of weary hours and days and weeks, endured under the burning sun, in the driving rain, or the buffeting wind, at once he is welcomed by the rebuke, this "is mirror's work, not man's" work. Yes, assuredly. How could it have been otherwise? You sink your artist into a drudge, a mere machine to copy and manufacture. Take the work, then, such as it is, and be content. But for mercy's sake say not a word of the artist's soul. That, of course, from the first you have resolved to sacrifice. In art there are two kinds of labour, the one of head, the other of hand. You have chosen the small stippling handicraft, the acknowledged refuge of mental weakness you have contracted for your picture by the square inch; and commencing in the furthest corner, you will find so many thousand or ten thousand dots in the square foot. You must take the work for what it is worth, and only be too thankful that it is not still worse. You have made your choice, and henceforth have nothing in common with the man of passion, who sweeps in the broad shadow of the passing storm.

You are wide as the world asunder from those giants of large soul and mighty hand, who, like Michael Angelo, hewed Titons from the solid rock; or, like Salvator among the tempest-tost Apennines, or Tintoret in the vast ceilings of St. Roch, threw upon canvass with rapid hand the grandeur and dramatic intensity of mountain and rock, sea and sky. Train up a school to feeble servility of hand, and these master-strokes of nature are beyond your reach.

The same melancholy tale is told in other works. "The King's Orchard," by Mr. Hughes, is one of the saddest examples of intellect prostrated, and sound common-sense turned to ridicule, which has ever come within our notice. Apple-blossoms for a landscape, and dolls for the figures, may well convince Mr. Ruskin that one man at least has rightly understood the purport of his teachings. Thanks, we presume, to this manly tuition, the painter has here given us an art hoplessly emasculate; silks and velvets dotingly dotted with purposeless detail; childhood lifelessly lying on trunk of tree; youth crippled upon knees maundering mawkish music. This is the noble art which has at length been secured to our English school; this the fitting exponent of tinsel words and bauble eloquence—childhood hopelessly childish—impotent in body to play or to sport, and in mind incipient of idiotcy.

It is with deep regret that we have to record still another reputation wrecked in devotion to a cause which has this year betrayed its votaries into even more than accustomed extravagance. Mr. Wallis, honoured as the painter of the "Chatterton," has now dishonoured both himself and his cause by the "Return from Marston Moor." This artist, with others of his school, would seem to hold that genius is best shown in the transgression of the limits and the laws which all previous genius had hitherto observed. The story and intention of the picture are undoubtedly simple and heartfelt. The return of a worn and wounded knight to home and anxious parents; the eager attitude of the father rising to meet the son's approach; the homeish housewife mother, the model of domestic solicitude, are sufficient to show what power of expression is within this artist's reach, did he but soberly follow the simplicity of nature. The imitation of nature which was once the watchward of the school, is here seen in colour the most outrageous, and detail absolutely impossible. The blaze of a sunset sky, red, green, and saffron yellow, the knight's features gory with blood, or glowing from the heat of battle; roses and flowers of brazen face and staring eye, verily blind the sober vision, and darken and dazzle by excess of light. In infinity of detail the work is not less distracting. The father's beard is counted hair for hair; the swallow swooping down with swift flight is yet painted with all the detail of beak, eye, and plumage; pigeons are cooing on the distant dovecot; a barn-door fowl is crowing between the stirrup of the rider and the horse's leg, and thus from centre to furthest corner is every inch crowded with incident, till the picture, like a drop of Thames water is seen in the oxyhydrogen microscope, is amazingly wonderful, but monstrously disagreeable.

There are other works—"Too Late," for example, by Mr. Windus, and "The Burgesses of Calais"—which might challenge our criticism, did time permit. We must, however, at once hasten to the pictures of Mr. Millais—the "Vale of Rest," and "Spring"—which, even after the notorious "Sir Isumbras" and his wondrous wooden horse, have taken the world by a fresh surprise. "The Vale of Rest" of the present year is undoubtedly a work of power, but it is the power of repulsion; it attracts attention only to repel sympathy. The crudest green of a grass-grown churchyard; the unmitigated black, conflicting with the chalky white of the nuns' attire; the two nuns themselves, the one inveterate in labour, the other desperate in ugliness,—constitute that high success which is not to be distinguished from the depth of failure. In the churchyard itself is a certain black solemnity, in the whole scene a shuddering horror:—the black-white dress, the dirty face of the nun shovelling away the murky mould of decayed mortality; the companion nun, seated on tombstone, with clasped hands and mask-like face, as of a death's-head skull, with large wandering eyes, finding no rest even in this vale of rest; nuns which seem in robust, rude, massive health and vigour, fitted to win heaven by physical assault,—these certainly are sufficient claims to attract round this astounding work crowds of curious gazers, who hasten with eager curiosity, pause in murmuring dismay, linger, and then at length steal away with horrors of memory not to be wiped out. This desperate attempt, which insults good taste and outrages all established usage—which is painted with a rude, coarse, and slovenly haste, as if meant for a designed reversal of former careful years of study—retains yet some casual reminiscence of better days. The sapphire of the evening sky, in which a purple cloud silently floats; the darkness of solemn trees, which stand as mourning mutes around the abode of death; the earnest intent of the grave-digging nun, throwing out the death-laden mould with the earnestness of duty, as the servant who, in George Herbert's poem, swept a room to the glory of God,—these are the only remnants of that genius which obtained recognition in the painting of "The Huguenots" and "The Order of Release."

"Spring" is the second work in which Mr. Millais has condescended to arrest attention by the ruin of his previous reputation. Spring—yes, spring with a vengeance—in the rank growth of orchard grass, in the heavy profusion of apple-blossoms; spring in the budding, pouting, flowery youth of eight young maidens decked with garlands, junketing, standing, kneeling, lying, in every possible posture of awkward unrest and ill-humoured discontent. We have often heard of truth *versus* beauty; but that even being now a worn-out novelty, a new surprise is sought in the overthrow of both truth and beauty conjoined. Apple-blossoms of fourfold their natural size—an execution in which conscientious labour seems designedly set at naught—are strange protests coming from a man who, in his picture of "The Huguenots," devoted, it is said, three months to the painting of a brick wall. That avowed despisers of beauty should at length degenerare into devoted disciples of ugliness, is perhaps not so surprising. Yet for so bold and so bald an exposition of the theory, few probably will have found themselves prepared. Hair moulded of ruddy sand, lying lank upon the shoulders as dishevelled rope-ends; features without form or delicacy; lips poutingly pettish, re-produced in eight examples of this remarkable family, constitute a sisterhood deliberately dedicated to the ungraceful.

With these two desperate works we close our notice of a school which year by year taxes the public taste to the utmost limits of endurance. Starting, some seasons now gone by, with all the aspects of a hostile yet united schism from the old established faith, we now find at length internal division reigning within the narrow limits of its communion. On the one hand we have seen certain men still servilely prostrated and bound down to the mere letter and dead detail of a miscalled nature, wholly losing its larger spirit, and forgetful of that greater life and glory which rule within the elements. This is the school of apple-trees and cherry-blossoms—the mere dotting-in of primroses, blue-bells, and foreground flowers, at the dictation of a critic whose service has at length become an insufferable thraldom. We protest against a tyranny which year by year prostrates the strength of our rising men, and has gone far to blight the promise of our English school. Mr. Millais has, however, at last broken loose from the binding fetters, but with a reaction so desperate that shipwreck threatens on the further shore. In this secession from the bonds of the once sacred "brotherhood," we see still further confusion falling on the new school, now left without its leader. For ourselves, in this reigning discord, we would wish to inculcate the widest toleration. Nature, like heaven itself, has room enough and to spare. Public taste, too, is so widely various as not only to tolerate but demand genius the most various, and art the most diversified. Let every school of art, then—every manifestation of honest talent, both great and small—live and prosper. But what we specially regret is this—that men, manifestly meant to embrace the universe, should sell all that is great and noble within their souls to a petty paltry calling, in which the slowest and the weakest intellects must obtain the greatest glory. What we condemn most strongly is, that men richly endowed as Mr. Millais, should, to a mistaken and pretended truth, sacrifice that earthly, nay, heavenly beauty, which, under the sway of graces and muses, and even under the later revelation of angels, has been ever the brightest heritage of art.

For some years past, the strength of the English school has been placed on record, not upon the walls of the Royal Academy, but in the corridors, the robing-rooms, the ante-chambers, and the Royal Gallery of the Palace at Westminster. What the cathedral of Milan, with its crowd of four thousand statues, has been to modern Italian sculpture, the new palace at Westminster, with its statues of statesmen, and its grand frescoes commemorative of great deeds in English history, will become to our national school of art, giving that imperial patronage which has ever, through incited patriotism and promised fame, stimulated the artists of all times to their noblest works. We learn from the reports of the Royal Commissioners that Mr. Cope has received orders for eight frescoes in the Peers' Corridor, and Mr. Ward a similar commission for the Commons corridor. Mr. Dyce has already executed in the Queen's Robing-room frescoes taken from the legend of King Arthur, "The Virtues of Chivalry," "Religion," "Courtesy," Generosity," "Mercy,"—works which the Commissioners have pronounced as "altogether satisfactory, whether regarded in their general treatment, or as examples of the method of fresco-painting." In the last report, too, we find this entry:—"We propose," say the Commissioners, "to commission Daniel Maclise, R.A., to paint in fresco one of the subjects in the Royal Gallery, at the price of one thousand pounds." From the seventh report we find that the Commissioners intend to devote the Peers' Robing-room to Scripture history. This hall will comprise three large and six smaller compartments, two measuring 20 feet by 10 feet, the third measuring 22 feet, also by 10 feet; and the six smaller compartments 7 feet wide by 10 feet high. "Your Committee," says the report, "being desirous to vary the proposed decorations, and conceiving that Scripture subjects, as affording scope for the highest style of design, and as being especially eligible on other grounds, should by no means be excluded, considered that the above-named locality, in which the principal compartments intended for painting are of considerable magnitude, would be well adapted for such subjects. Your Committee were of opinion that the illustrations should have reference to the idea of Justice on earth, and its development in Law and Judgment, and that the following subjects would be appropriate." These subjects embrace "Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law to the Israelites," "The Fall of Man," "His Condemnation to Labour," "The Judgment of Solomon," and "The Vision of Daniel." From the last report we learn that the large cartoon for the first of these subjects, "Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law," has been completed by Mr. Herbert, to "the entire satisfaction" of the Commissioners. In the magnitude and importance of these projected or already accomplished works, taxing the energies of our best artists, the reader will find sufficient explanation of the fact that the Royal Academy, for this and some previous years, has not reflected the strength of our English school. Yet never was there a time of greater promise. A school hitherto of small cabinet limits, subservient to mere private domestic wants, will now take a wider range. Our artists will be enlisted in the cause of our country's glory; they will be called upon worthily to record in painted history those great deeds, those triumphs of war, policy, or enterprise, through which now at length, in the progression of the centuries, England finds herself free in constitution, great in commerce and in wealth, rich in all wherewith civilisation can reward. A task more glorious than thus to emblazon a nation's history and honour in the palace of a people's legislation, has never yet incited painter's genius; and henceforth it will be seen whether the school of English art can rise to a dignity commensurate with this duty.

But there are pictures fortunately in the present Exhibition which give assurance for the future. Mr. Herbert's "Mary Magdalen," a study for a picture of "The Holy Women passing at Daybreak the Place of Crucifixion," belongs to that earnest and spiritual school from whence arose the religious works of the middle ages. It is the grey of the early morning, and with spices the holy women pass the place of crucifixion—deep sorrow, as of long watching and weeping, is seen in swollen eye and anguish-stricken mouth; yet grief has not marred a beauty which, though shadowed, still shines with spiritual light. The careful and serious work of Mr. Dyce belongs likewise to the same earnest manner. "The Good Shepherd," carrying the lamb in His bosom, enters by the strait gate into the sheepfold. The sheep follow in His steps, for they know His voice, and are known of Him. This work is fitly raised by a severity of treatment and a spirituality of type above the ordinary aspect and incidents of actual life. The robes are long, flowing, and stately, the head is high and noble in form, the features are cast in the purest spiritual type. It is an ideal art, arising, like religion itself, from an aspiration of the soul, seeking a perfection not fully realized on earth.

Of the works executed by other Academicians, more onerously engaged, as we have said, elsewhere, we must take some passing notice. Mr. Maclise, in "The Poet to his Wife," gives some indication of his accustomed merit and his well-known mannerism. In Mr. Cope's "Cordelia" we are treated to a refined drawing-room picture of bright colours and pleasing forms, where delicate beauty is the type of innocence, and liquid tearful eyes the token of suffering. Mr. Ward, too, in his small and careful picture, "Marie Antoinette listening to the Act of Accusation," recalls the remembrance of honoured works, and shows the full vigour of well-known powers. Of other men it is scarcely necessary that we should speak, just because nothing new remains to be added to long-reiterated commendation. Stanfield, Roberts, and Landseer are among the established institutions of the English constitution, and we could only desire, were it possible, that their essentially British art could last as long as British liberties. Of course Mr. Stanfield is still master of the sea, fearing no foreign invasion; Mr. Roberts still rows his gondola at Venice, as if no hostile fleet lay beyond the Lido; and Sir Edwin paints deer and dogs, knowing that no talk of war can lessen the love for English sport. When to this we add that the sheep and cattle of Mr. Cooper still repose under the shade of trees or in the glow of sunset; that Mr. Frank Stone, ever young in perennial love, still indulges in the soft sickliness of a lachrymose sentiment; that at least one painter has again induced Milton to do accustomed duty in dictating poems to wife and daughters, with all the variety of which the subject is now susceptible;—when to all this we assign even more than usual space to portraiture—beauties at balconies, statesmen at columns, ladies with vases of flowers backed by hacknied background of ponderous curtains, we have probably said quite sufficient to enable the reader to place himself in the midst of an Exhibition by no means remarkable for unaccustomed merit.

Yet we are doing some injustice to an Academy which, with all its shortcomings, must still be accepted as the great event of the current year. The names of Creswick, Stanfield, Roberts, and Landseer, of Ward, Maclise, Cope, Herbert, and Dyce, have already been mentioned. Others yet remain who have this year apparently made some effort to surpass themselves. Mr. Pickersgill exhibits two works of more than usual ambition, and more than ordinary success. In the present material, literal, and purely naturalistic aspect of our English school, when every head must be an actual portrait, and every object be marked by the literal fidelity of a photograph, it is almost inevitable that the more ideal and imaginative efforts of Mr. Pickersgill should meet with some disparagement. His "Warrior Poets of the South contending in Song," whatever be its defects, is certainly one of the most deliberate and successful of protests against the existing tendencies of our schools. We hold it to be no reproach that the rich, sumptuous colouring of Venice, the sensitive and voluptuous beauty of Giorgione, the Decameron picnics of a poetic romance, should find some sympathetic response in the genius of England. We can admire the painstaking plodding of a simple art dedicated to a cottage peasantry, but imagination also loves to revel in glowing phantoms of an ideal beauty, fair maidens, luscious in the first blush of glowing youth, decked in the lustrous glitter of richest robes, heads gently bending to the sweet sound of song, hands sensitive to the dying cadence, and soft to the touch of amorous love. This picture, then, though somewhat conventional, belongs to a pleasing poetic style, leading the fancy from the actual walks of daily life far away into the fabled land of song. Somewhat allied in school is Mr. Watt's "Isabella," a refined poetic head—a sufficiently close nature study elevated to an ideal beauty. Mr. Dobson's "Archers of Judah," likewise, though not one of his best works, is still commendable as belonging to that careful school, not unmindful of Italian beauty and tradition, which seeks for an elevation above the ways of common life. Mr. Goodall, too, is this year specially great, if not in the manner of Italian art, at least with the advantage of a well-chosen Italian subject. "Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the People of Chioggia" has been deservedly one of the chosen favourites of the present season. Felice Ballarin, with raised hand and with somewhat of Italian fervour, recites to eager listeners those echoes which Byron tells us in Venice are no more. There is unity of purpose, yet every variety of character, in the gathered audience. The colouring is rich, as of a subdued lustre lighted up by the sparkle of sunshine. With all the picturesque advantages of Italian costume, the quickness and intensity of Italian character, some heads eagerly drinking in every thought, others gaping in stupid wonder, this work, without actually rising to the highest rank, has yet deservedly obtained the attention due to a telling subject skilfully treated. The two southern peninsulas have long been both the battle and the sketching ground of Europe. Whenever politicians need a grievance, or painters a subject, they have long been accustomed to go either to Italy or to Spain, where they at once find just what they want. Thus Mr. Phillip takes us once again to the land of flirting fans and witching eyes, and in his somewhat trivial and purposeless picture, "The Huff," treats us with two bouncing black-eyed Spanish beauties, sumptuously decked in silk, and flowered shawl of wondrous fringe and fabric. We only regret that perhaps the best bit of painting on the walls of the Academy should take for its subject trivialities of dress ranking with the flounced flutter of Parisian fashion.

But subjects pretending to a higher purpose have not always the advantage of painting and treatment equally dexterous. Mr. Egg's "Night before Naseby" is a brown leathery moonlight wholly unconscious of the silvery sentiment—a Cromwell on his knees asking God, as we naturally supposed, to save him from his friends, including the present painter. Our English art loves to dwell on the picturesque accidents and circumstances of religion, instead of reaching to its inward spirituality or essence. In this it differs wholly from the great religious school of Italy. It paints Covenanters on Scottish moor, Pilgrim Fathers on the distant western shore, throwing in the shadowing sorrow of exile, driven from a loved home, rather than the brightening light of a new spiritual life. Mr. Faed's "Sunday in the Backwoods" is a most favourable example of this homeish sentiment hallowed into "practical piety" —a kind of Wilkie school of art baptised into a sort of camp-meeting religion, painted in a plain honest way, heartfelt and earnest, with a practical Scottish eye looking lovingly on the life which now is, while it provides wisely for a life which is to come. In English art the State naturally goes hand-in-hand with religion, and thus trial by jury has long been part and parcel of the constitutional faith and pictorial resources of the British people. Mr. Solomon's well-known picture of a past year, "Waiting for the Verdict," now finds its final issue in the companion work "Not Guilty." This picture, sufficiently vigorous and telling, shares, however, the proverbial fate attendant on the continuation of a once-told story. The mind wrought into the threatening fear of a tragic doom, the plot once marshalled for effect, each repeated echo palls upon the ear, and what ought to end in climax necessarily falls into an expiring decadence. The same fate has likewise befallen Mr. O'Neil's "Home Again," the companion picture to the "Eastward Ho!" of the last season. The faces and the figures which a year ago clambered up the side of the outbound ship, are here seen streaming down upon their return. The tears shed over the lost mingle with the rapture of the welcome home. The painting is vigorous, yet both in spectator and artist is wanting that ardour which first inspiration gives. In art, moreover, a creature of the imagination, the fear and the hope of an untold future are more potent than the prescribed limits of a known result.

We have as yet made no mention of a man over whose gentle memory the grave has now cast its shadow. Mr. Leslie's pictures of the present year, "Hotspur and Lady Percy," and "Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline," showed somewhat painfully the growing weakness of waning powers. He had already reached his sixty-fourth year, and declining health had cast the pallor of a sicklied hue and the feebleness of a faltering hand over his later works. Fortunately, both in the Vernon Gallery and at South Kensington, in such pictures as "My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," "Sancho Panza," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," with other well-known subjects, the nation possesses works whose immortality lies beyond the touch of sickness or of death. For refined sentiment pointed by quiet satire; for gentle comedy where the loud laugh seldom enters; for polite polished manners of studied stately propriety, betraying yet some pardonable weakness quietly to be enjoyed all alone by spectators not whispering a word—for these delicate subtleties of art the name of Leslie will be long remembered. Let it be remembered, too, that in thus descending to amuse by comedy, he could yet improve mankind in purity and sentiment.

On entering the French Exhibition, we come upon a fresh nationality, and are at once specially struck with the sobriety, and we may say propriety, of colour and effect. The French Exhibition, as contrasted with our own Royal Academy, affords repose for the eye, calm neutrality of colour, softness of outline merging into the haze of obscure distance, with, at the same time, a total absence of the Millais school of gravediggers, and Mr. Ruskin's missal-painters of cherry-blossoms. French art, however, of course embraces the usual diversity of subject and of manner, corresponding with the ever-varying aspects of individual character and taste. The Naturalistic school, for example, is strong in such works as Brion's "Raft upon the Rhine," and Mr. Knaus's "Bavarian Policeman arraigning a Camp of Gypsies." On the other hand, the school of a refined and ideal spiritualism will be at least remembered, if now no longer seen, in the works of Ary Scheffer, an honoured name lost during the past year from the ranks of French and European art. High art is represented by M. Charles Louis Muller in a picture taken from the tragic fate of Marie Antoinette, an artist still better known in Paris as the painter of the grand historic picture in the Luxembourg, "The Summons of Victims in the Reign of Terror," and yet more recently, by the execution of a fresco ceiling in the state apartments of the Louvre, commemorative of the dawn and development of civilisation under the reign of Charlemagne and the dynasty of Napoleon. Couture, too, sends a small copy of one of the greatest pictures executed in modern times, "The Romans of the Decadence," so remarkable for its drawing, composition, supreme knowledge, and skilful treatment, in all of which the French school is avowedly unrivalled. In light elegant subjects of the toilet and the drawing-room, often the mere excuse for silks, satins, and high finish, Chavet's "Chess-Players," and Plassan's "Bouquet," attain perhaps, in that department, all that can possibly be desired. The domestic humble walks of simple poverty cannot, of course, be confided to better hands than Edward Frere, whose "Cut Finger," and "Evening Prayer," are probably now as well known in England as in France. In landscape nature, Lambinet, an accepted English favourite, is equally rustic, unpretending, and simple. And lastly Leys, a name likewise honoured in the arts, takes us, in his "Early Days of the Reformation," far back into the quaint heartfelt times of Van Eyck and Albert Durer. Thus do we see that French art is a world complete within itself, comprising every aspect of thought sacred or secular—a world, of conflict and of battle between opposing schools, all growing up and nurtured together as tares and wheat in one great field, the evil warring against the good, and all, it may be, working together for some great end.

We have recently spent some hours in the examination of the well-nigh four thousand works by living artists this year exhibited in Paris. Some, after the traditions of the French school, are monstrous in mere magnitude; many to the last degree extravagant—a failing common to French genius; others, of course, without genius altogether; and, taken for all in all, the present mediocrity of French art under the second Empire contrasts with those days of liberty, eloquence, and expansive genius, when Guizot, Cousin, Villemain, and others, led the van of philosophy and literature, and Delaroche, Scheffer, Ingres, with other men now no longer before the public, gave to the French school of art a supremacy over Europe. Yet we must confess that we never enter an Exhibition of French works, even now in their comparative decadence, without being conscious of a vigour, breadth, and clever versatility, which seem specially the gift of that nation. It may be said generally that the French succeed in everything they attempt. Horace Vernet and Yvon paint pictures from thirty to sixty feet long, while Meissonier, Plassan, and, Chavet, concentrate their more detailed genius on the high finish of a few square inches. Even the small but select Exhibition in Pall-Mall may teach our English school many an unaccustomed lesson. Strange as it may seem, we may learn even simplicity from these consummate masters of artifice. How simple and unobtrusive are the humble works of Edward Frere, how subdued and tender with the delicate greys and dusky hues in which poverty and the cottage home are fittingly clad. Lambinet, again, who has been claimed as a French pre-Raphaelite—what gentle repose, what heartfelt healing to the eye, in the simple modest nature, in the retiring bashfulness of shadowy greys, which, in his small landscape pictures, seem to upbraid our modern English school of skies as of a consuming firmament, and figures as if caught from the furnace of Abednego. Then we pass from unconscious simplicity to works of an affectation peculiarly French, somewhat between the artless and the artful; nature wavering inconstantly from a semi-nude simplicity of toilet, to the full-flounced fashion of the drawing-room. Anon in ever-varying mood, seized by a fresh caprice, forsaking epicurean elegance, a desperate plunge is made into the wilderness of rude untamed nature. In Brion's "Raft upon the Rhine," for example, we descend to the level of a lower nature—men vigorous in arm, and rough in garb, contending against the elements—a work handled with a certain slap and dash, marked by broad yet pointed character, with all that reckless effrontery of genius which our more staid English propriety seldom permits.

The French again, unlike our English school, are not afraid of a low-toned picture. Leys' "Scene from the Siege of Antwerp" is shadowed by the deep solemnity of a Rembrandt manner. Brion's picture is dusky in the obscure grey of morning. Knaus's "Gipsy Encampment" is sheltered under the shade of trees, veiled from the piercing eye of day, as if darkness kindly shielded deeds which dare not face the light. And, lastly, Rosa Bonheur's small but exquisite work, "Sheep" bleating upon the sedgy heath, is luminous in subdued light, toned down to the modest sobriety of nature. "Early Days of the Reformation," by Leys, in many respects the most memorable work of the present season, may likewise teach a lesson, and serve as a contrast to many masters in our English school. It is a solemn low-toned picture, of shadowed dusky colour, somewhat hard and austere, purposely taking the spectator back to the art of Albert Durer and the garb and the times of the German Reformation. Wiesseling, the carpenter of Antwerp, is expounding the Scriptures to eager listeners come together by stealth. Every countenance is marked by conscientious earnest truth-seeking; an expression which is indeed carried throughout the picture by the artist's careful and truthful execution. It is, indeed, both in art-treatment and in subject, a work of Christian humility. We stand in the midst of good, unselfish, unostentatious people, simply clad in modest colours, as if they thought little of the outward adorning of the body, steadfastly seeking to know the truth, and henceforth to conform their lives according to its teachings. What a contrast in the humble subordination of this work to the ostentatious and flagrant excess of our English pre-Raphaelite pictures, where every colour strives to kill and blind its neighbour; where every detail, instead of bashfully retiring into shadow, protrudes its small conceit. We have found, then, that French art is marked by moods and manners which, to our English eyes, at once pronounce the boundaries of a foreign school. Of its thorough and well-grounded instruction there can be no question. In drawing it is matchless, even in its rough carelessness showing unwonted power. In action it has the facile movement of a people ever restless for adventure. Even in its proverbial *abandon* it observes at least the laws imposed by artistic effect. Only in one thing does it sin most grievously. It possesses no conscience, knows no propriety, and too often seeks from Satan a demon inspiration.

Water-colour art may be considered as a school standing apart from all others. To French art it constitutes, both in material and treatment, a marked contrast. Even after our English school of oils, as represented at the Royal Academy, the two galleries of water-colour drawings afford a quiet grateful retreat, where the eye may rest from the persecution of fiery colour, where good taste is no longer insulted by ungainly forms, but reposes in the satisfied enjoyment of nature-loving beauty. At the present moment especially it is fortunate that in water-colours it is not easy to be so decidedly disagreeable as in oils. Broad liquid washes reduce to pleasing unity and well-toned harmony; the frequently too obtrusive detail of modern oil-painting is foreign to a medium of transparent colour chiefly relying on harmony and purity of tone and breadth of general effect. Thus, while the confines of disgust are narrowed, the power to please and to minister to refined and delicate delight is without limitation. Gigantic size of surface, colossal proportion of human figure, are not suited to the material; and just as the highest walks are closed both to ambition and extravagance, is the painter induced to rely on the refinements and delicacies of his art, content to be simple and beautiful and tranquil, to look upon nature as a poem of tuneful cadence, musical and harmonious—a song to the affections.

Of the New Society it is perhaps not necessary that we should say much. We can only hope that our readers are so well acquainted with its merits as not to need our detailed description. In the eye of criticism the Gallery is perhaps chiefly remarkable for the somewhat too ambitious painting of subjects which the painters themselves have never seen. Mr. Warren, for example, delights in twilight dreams among the Pyramids, which he has never visited. Mr. Rowbotham, again, is ever and anon in imagination crossing the Alps to paint the beauties of Italy, which yet he has never seen with bodily eye. In like manner Mr. Corbould rejoices in his gorgeous "Dream of Fair Women," an impossible ideal which not even his imagination has actually seized—figures standing in an indefinite somewhere between the region of phantom ghosts, and the dummies of lay-figures stuffed with sawdust and shavings, all stippled up to that last excess of finish in which intellect finds itself annihilated. Doubtless these works have all a merit which will fairly secure them from oblivion; but they belong to the style of a false ideal, which, in the present conflict of the schools, must either take a timely retreat into naturalism, or save itself by soaring into that true and high ideal which demands both closer study and wider generalisation. The New Society of Water-Colours is, however, redeemed from the stigma of the vaguely visionary by such works as those exhibited by Messrs. Bennett, Cook, and Warren junior. The oaks, ferns, and forests of Mr. Bennett, pure and transparent, free from all intrusion of opaque, have long been known to all frequenters of this Exhibition. Mr. Warren junior, taking up a somewhat different line, is so minute and detailed that his studied trees have been taken for copied photographs. His opaque colour is laid on in thick substance; and thus what he gains in detail he loses in quality and tone. His works, however, which are sufficiently wonderful, merit all the success which they have so fortunately found. The ever-lovely drawings of Mr. Cook now urge additional claim upon our notice; they come before us as his final leave-taking of the world from which death has now snatched him. It is only a few years since first he came before the London public, and at once claimed a favourable notice by the exquisite tone and glow, the refined sentiment and poetry, for which his works have always been conspicuous. In the present Exhibition his double rendering of the same subject under the contrasted aspect of "The Close of Day" and "Summer Morning"—the one glowing in golden sunset, the other grey in the early mist—have all the tenderness and tone which can well be won from the spirit that dwells in nature.

The Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin's pronounced doom of "steady descent," is, we think, admitted by general consent to have been the most satisfactory Exhibition of the year. It is remarkable for the union of those merits which we have already designated as belonging to water-colour art, as well as for that individual diversity which belongs to men who enter upon the study of nature with bold independence. On looking round the room, for example, we cannot discover that Turner, or Prout, or Copley Fielding has left behind a school of deliberate imitators. Even Cox, so recently lost from the ranks of art, has no one to take his vacant place; and Mr. Hunt in his "Bird's Nest and Primroses," and his "Pine-Apple and Grapes," stands almost alone. This manly independence—more or less to be found among all the exhibitors in this Gallery—does not, we think, betray any lurking taint of untimely decadence. It is, indeed, perhaps the chiefest fault of this almost perfect Gallery that the majority of the men, without either descent or marked progression, are still doing from year to year just what they have always done before. Mr. Topham is soft, shadowy, and refined, giving us exactly so much of Spanish nationality as is agreeable to English tastes. Mr. Frederick Tayler is still among Scottish mountains, lakes, and glens, wrapping his genius in Highland mists and clannish tartan. Mr. Cox still, to the latest moment of his life, washed and blotted and splashed in greys, grandly but vaguely. Mr. Gastineau soars ambitiously among the tumult of sky and mountain. Mr. Harding, with firmer hand and more purposed knowledge, throws Alps into distance, and torrent boulders into foreground, composing grandly with all the ingenious contrivance of a consummate workman. And, lastly, Mr. Richardson at Sorrento, in the bay of blue seas and lateen sails, and convent summits, is ever perennial in the sunny poetry of the South.

The picture of highest intent is Mr. Burton's "Widow of Wôhlm," kneeling upon church floor, prayer-book in hand, the little daughter of childlike innocence and beauty by her side. The manner is evidently closely founded upon the early Flemish school of Van Eyck. The drawing of the head and hands, the cast of the drapery, the whole attitude and purpose, indicate severe and careful study. Though small, there is not another picture of the year which can assert stronger claim to the high dignity of art. Then for subtle harmony of colour, turn to that work of exquisite delicacy and refinement, "The Pet," by Mr. Alfred Fripp. How daintily do mother and child and goat trip along the mountain path; how the blue of distant sky and mountain, the golden autumn brown of heath-strewn ferns, find a harmonious response in rustic peasant, so that mountain, sky, heath, and figures are all blended into harmonious concert of delicate and delicious colour. Among the few works which we can stop to mention, Mr. Duncan's "Life-Boat" must not be forgotten. It is a scene of that clash and crash of elements wherein life and death are contending for mastery—the wreck beaten upon distant shore by wave and wind—the life-boat on the nearer sands dragged seaward to the rescue. No man has studied with greater care the inconstant curves of the stormy sea, dancing and dashing with mad delight, rushing and roaring upon rock and shore in waves which boldly charge in with fury, and then steal away in fear. From scenes of ocean let us pass to mountain masses, solid and resistless, as painted by Mr. Newton. For the minute anatomy and articulation of mountain ranges, the inward skeleton of rock protruding through the clothing verdure of heath and herbage, these studies have never been surpassed. His "First Approach of Winter" on the hills of Inverness, with their covering of light snow blowing in the wind, dust-like against the sky—so thin that it lies as filagree tracery between the ribs of the dark rock—has deservedly been regarded as a marvel of close nature-study This is perhaps the best example of the detailed truth inaugurated under the new school,—a detail here fortunately made subordinate to general grandeur of effect. The drawings of Mr. William Turner of Oxford, on the contrary—a name which, merely as a name, seems to secure at once Mr. Ruskin's inordinate commendation—these drawings of Mr. Turner, by no means an inheritor of the greater Turner's genius, degenerate year by year into that utter feebleness of hand, that childish detail of finish which recently have become the more certain means of securing the master's praise.

Of the collected works of David Cox we had thus written:—"Here is one of the veterans of art, belonging already almost to the past, arrived at that period of life when great men review their labours, and begin to write down autobiographies. This exhibition may indeed be regarded as almost biographical, the works here put on record being something between thoughts written and deeds enacted, the illustrated summary of a long life of loving labour." We had written thus much in our note-book when the news came that David Cox had died, after an illness of a few days, at his residence near Birmingham, at the age of seventy-six. His latest work indeed, at the old Water-Colour Exhibition of the present year, is as the expiring tumult of a passion strong even in death. A torrent of resistless roar tumbles through rocks abrupt, from the rude mountain and the mossy wild. Here, denying himself the allurement of sunshine or of colour, he is content to be grandly grey, revelling in the hell of waters, reducing nature to second chaos. We all know this master's large broad sweep of a full brush, held in a loose hand, which of late years has failed to define forms, recording only light and shade in its plays across the landscape, or the shadowy cloud as it floats in the liquid Sky. In the

Exhibition, however, of his collected works, we find that the drawings of his better period were sufficiently distinct and definite in the statement of forms and facts. In the "Vale of Clywd" we come upon wheat-sheaves and gleaners, and harvest-cart, and round massive trees, leading however at length into that wide distant field of the unknown, in which even landscape art is at length lost in unexplored infinity. Here we have great effects produced apparently by slight means, vast things shadowed forth dimly, which we see but in part, needing, if we may say so, even here in art the eye of faith. In this utterance more seems intended than is actually told. Looking at the stilly greys, we seem as it were to be listening to low whispers. The far distance slumbers, and is all but lost in far-off sky; upon the nearer mountain-side trees dream in uncertain light; and then, as we draw still nearer to foreground life, there is as it were a morning awakening, falling again fitfully into sleep, and losing itself in deeper shadow, till at length we reach the foreground, and find the day fully awakened, boys actually gathering blackberries in the hedges, and flocks of sheep and herds of cattle driven to pasture. Never was the power and resource of modest grey so deeply and so touchingly felt. It is like the voice, gentle and low, which finds its way where the loud shout or the glaring colour cannot enter. The ear and the eye alike hang on the modulations of low tones; the faltering voice and the timid hand tremble in emotion till we feel the melting touch of nature. The loss of a man like this, who walked so humbly and felt so deeply, must long be mourned, for it is a loss which can never be restored.

The conflict of schools, of which we have incidentally spoken, may prove a battle either of death, or to more healthful life—of death, if men sink still lower into feebleness, fall still more hopelessly into second childhood, fighting in foolishness about the little ways and trifling incidents of infancy, or falling into last delirium, uttering things to shame sobriety of reason. But we hope better things of that common-sense which proverbially rules the genius of our people. Even while denouncing the absurdity which has found its way to the walls of our Exhibitions, we felt at least this consolation, that the extravagance had at length grown to such monstrous proportions as almost to preclude its future repetition. On the other hand, we have rejoiced to recognise in many directions a growing fidelity to nature, which promises to our English art a true and legitimate career. The present conflict, indeed, of our English schools may be but the life and the vigour which on all sides, not only in art but in science, and every branch of progressive knowledge, seek for a free and a wide development. The battle of which we speak may be in fact but the contest of active minds fighting over the wide territory of unappropriated truth, each seeking, according to its ambition and its wants, a dominion it may call its own. Thus, so long as the combat is that of genius fighting for the field of nature, the result, we think, must end in victory for art. Many extravagancies will of course in the mean time be committed, and many a reputation lost; but nature in the end will assert her rights, and genius at the last obtain her sway; and so in this conflict of opposing forces an art shall be moulded upon the pressure of the times. Let us hope that the Royal Academy has in the present year seen its worst, that a truce has been signed to extravagance; that so the simple beauty which is in nature, and the sober strength which is in man, may be won for our country's art.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.

CHAPTER XIV.—SIR NICHOLAS' WOOING.

Furiously driving the spurs into his horse, Le Hardi galloped back towards Ladysmede. Not so well mounted, but of lighter weight, the Gascon squire contrived not to be left far behind. Those who could have looked into the face of the knight would have seen there a storm of contending passions which were striving to find some imperfect vent or relief in the impetuous speed with which he dashed on over the broken ground. When within a mile or two of the manor, he reined in to a walk the gallant barb, panting in every vein, but yet chafing at the restraint, and waited until Dubois, whose steed, of meaner blood, came heaving and floundering on by the help of good spurs and judicious handling, was near enough to hear his master's voice.

"Dubois!" said he, turning sharply round on his saddle.

The esquire rode up to his side.

"Did you make inquiry as I bid you?"

"I did, sir knight; I could learn nothing."

"Did you mark the chaplain by the wood-side as we left yon tower about a mile?"

Certainly, Dubois had marked him; there were few things within the scope of keen eyes and ready observation which he did not mark.

"Did it seem to you as though he sought to avoid being seen?"

The very same thought, it appeared, had struck the esquire.

"Had he been at Willan's Hope think you?" asked Sir Nicolas.

"Nay, that I cannot tell," replied Dubois; "I do not hear that he is known there."

"'Tis a strange fancy, Dubois," rejoined his master, "but that man's face seems to me always as one that I have looked on oftentimes before; yet never, to my knowledge, did I meet with him until lately here at Ladysmede."

"These foreign priests, Sir Nicholas, wander from end to end of Christendom; it may be like enough that you have met with him before, especially since he calls himself Italian."

"Where did Sir Godfrey make acquaintance with him?" asked the knight again.

"That, again, is more than I can learn," replied Dubois; "but he was with him in France, and had charge of the boy there."

"The boy!" replied his master, starting as from some other subject of thought—"he is with the Abbot of Rivelsby, you say; keep your own counsel in that matter for the present."

Dubois bowed and dropped back to his usual distance in the rear. The knight spurred on again towards Ladysmede, and had no sooner arrived there than he at once sought his host Sir Godfrey. The latter was prepared to welcome his return with something of his usual coarse pleasantry, when the clouded brow and unpleasant smile which the Crusader wore at his entrance checked the familiar words upon his lips; and it was Le Hardi who spoke first.

"The first string of our bow has snapped short, de Burgh," were his words. He laughed as he spoke, but not merrily.

"How now?" said his companion; "what has gone wrong?"

"In good faith," said Sir Nicholas, "that passes my understanding; but what I mean is this; yon fair cousin of yours likes me not—will have none of me." And he laughed again.

"What folly is this, Le Hardi?" returned the other, starting up; "you speak as if you were some foolish boy, to be discouraged by a girl's capricious fancy. I dare swear she likes you well enough, but for a little maiden backwardness, it may be; or have you been over-hasty with her? for she has a flash of the temper of our house about her, if it be roused."

"Never fear," said the Crusader, with a gesture of something near contempt; "I have scarce offended her dignity by any over-presumption;

but I say she will have none of me; there is no mistaking the lady's mind, though the reason I pretend not to have discovered; nor, indeed, do I much care to seek it.

"Tush!" said de Burgh, cooly; "all will go right in time."

"I tell you, no!" returned the other, with an impatient movement —not, at least, in the way you mean."

"You are surely somewhat faint-hearted, to hold the battle lost thus early in the day," said Sir Godfrey in a tone of banter, though with some uneasiness in his look; "lost, indeed, it shall hardly be, as you well know, with such stout friends to back you; but I had fancied, if I read your spirit aright, that in these lists you would have chosen rather to fight for your own hand."

Sir Nicholas turned and walked a few steps to the other side of the apartment. When he looked round in his companion's face, it was with an expression of countenance which showed how little he was inclined to reciprocate his host's attempts at raillery.

"I shall hold you to our compact, de Burgh," said he significantly.

"Now, by the rood," said the other, his brow darkening in turn—"have I given any token of flinching from it?—all that one man may do for another in such a matter, I have done for you; and if I did not straight signify to my fair ward that it was his majesty's good pleasure—and mine—that she shall wed with you, it was at your own request that I forbore, if it will please you to remember so much. Take good heart, friend—if I may presume to say so to a champion of your pretensions—lands and lady shall be yours as sure as the sun shines in heaven. Or, at the worst, if the mistress fail you, I pledge you my honour the lands shall not; and as for the love—that, I take it, you know how to find elsewhere."

"Mark me, Sir Godfrey," said the other in a low determined voice, "I will have both!"

"You shall, man, you shall, rest assured of it. What! our lovely ward is hardly made of the stuff that grows kindly in the cloister; I am little skilled in wooing, it is true—curse me if I could find patience to sue an hour for any woman's favour, were she paragon of womankind!—but this comes of making too much of them; your high-flown courtesy and compliment makes a wench think, forsooth, that she may play fast and loose with a lover as she pleases. If I have to woo for you, Sir Nicholas, I shall begin in somewhat different fashion."

"I doubt shrewdly whether your fashion is like to have much more success than mine, in this case," replied the Crusader with a contemptuous smile; "but if you be an earnest in the business (as I am, mark you) there is one form of wooing—somewhat bold and impetuous, perhaps, but that will hardly seem a fault in your eyes—which I have known to be successful even under more difficult circumstances."

"Speak your meaning out," said Sir Godfrey, "if you would have me understand."

"Send for the Lady Gladice here to Ladysmede: your chaplain, Father Giacomo, hath enough of the church's virtue about him, I charitably presume, to do his office in such wise that no man may gainsay it; and when priest and bridegroom are ready, and we have his majesty's good pleasure and her guardian's consent to plead, it should go hard with us if maiden scruples stood long in our way."

Sir Godfrey hardly responded to this proposal in the spirit in which it was made. There was unusual hesitation and embarrassment in his manner, as with a weak and forced attempt at the loud laugh which served him in the stead of argument upon most occasions, he took up his friend's last words.

"Maiden scruples! by the Virgin, if it be as you say, we have something more than maiden scruples to deal with here; we have a woman's will—a somewhat different matter, trust me!"

"The more need of brief and forcible argument," replied Le Hardi. There was no sympathy with his companion's laugh, either in look or tone.

"I thought," said the Knight of

Ladysmede, "that you were one of those who would have no woman's love upon compulsion; but look you here—let me deal with my good kinswoman, Dame Elfhild, concerning this question, which requires more delicate handling than mine; she has a cordial liking for this match, I promise you, and with her help all shall go well yet."

"Deal with whom you will, and as you will," returned Sir Nicholas, "my wooing is over; but listen to me, de Burgh: this girl and her lands might have gone their way for me—it was you that put me on the venture, and I have done my part as a good knight should, and in such fashion as you yourself thought best; but being put to it, I have no mind to cry craven as a baffled suitor, nor yet to play the slave to her dainty caprices. Had she fallen ripe into my mouth—as you seemed to expect—I do not know whether I should have had the good taste to appreciate such a piece of fortune as it deserved: but as it has chanced, this newly-discovered scorn of hers—for scorn it is and nothing less—becomes her so mightily, that in this mood, and no other, it is my pleasure to wed her, and I will. If you repent of your promise, you are scarce the man I knew in days past—you will determine that as it may seem best to yourself; I will be true to my purpose, I warn you; and may chance to make it good, even though friend as well as mistress play me false."

The taunt awoke the fierce blood of Sir Godfrey, as his companion probably intended it should.

"False to my plighted word!" he exclaimed passionately—"have you even dared to think it? unsay the slander, or by my knighthood! you shall answer it."

"What now!" said the Crusader, with a slight careless laugh, though his eye moved a little restlessly as he met the glance from under Sir Godfrey's knitted brow—"What did I say? Tush, we know each other better than to quarrel for a foolish girl; I have your word, as you say,—none knows its worth better—and you have mine. Only—since in truth time presses with me—let me take my own course now with your fair ward; I promise you it will end as we both desire; help me so far as you may, and I will not tax your friendly offices for anything desperate. Play the indulgent guardian to the last, if you will: I will risk all the pains and perils that await the too ardent lover."

Easily roused, Sir Godfrey was as easily appeased by the altered tone of his less impetuous companion. Even before his passion had time to cool, he remembered that it hardly suited his own views to fasten a quarrel upon his guest. "What is it you would have me do?" he asked, roughly.

"Merely that you should request of your fair kinswomen to bestow their company upon you here, on any seemly pretext you may choose; giving them to understand at the same time—for I have a persuasion it would be needful—that I have completed my business here, and returned to my good lord the king—which, however, I trust not to do until I leave a fair bride to weep for my compelled absence." There was an easy smile on the knight's countenance as he spoke, as if he felt an honest and natural satisfaction in the contemplation.

"And what is the rest of your plan?" asked Sir Godfrey, with a doubtful look. He was but a clumsy deviser of stratagems himself, and had little confidence in the success of others.

"That is all I ask of you; leave the rest in my hands. As to this Italian priest—gold will buy of him such slight service as I shall need; will it not, think you?"

He was watching de Burgh's face curiously, though he passed his hand over his eyes, and asked in a careless tone.

"I can say little as to that," replied Sir Godfrey with hesitation; "I am not sure that his idols are of gold or silver, though that worship is common to his craft. Nor is he, I fancy, a poor man—though that makes little difference."

"Well—I think, perhaps, I can deal with him," said Le Hardi, thoughtfully—"I speak his language passably, as perhaps you know. At any rate, so please you to do your part in the matter, and trust me not to fail in mine."

Sir Godfrey signified his assent, and confirmed it by an oath more blasphemous than usual. He seemed to require some such strong asseveration to satisfy his own mind that he was in earnest. Then he rose from his seat, and stepping to a buffet on which a flagon of strong wine stood ready to his hand, he poured out and handed a cup to his companion, and then filled another for himself, more than to the brim, for the liquor ran over on the floor. With another oath, he drained it in great gulps, as if with its contents he was swallowing his conscience. Selfish and uncalculating, he had resolved upon his end, with little thought about the means by which it was to be attained, and it was only now that he was beginning fully to realise to his own mind what these might be. Brutal as his character had become in many respects, from the unrestrained indulgence of his worst passions, there was enough still left of the rough animal kindness of his nature to make him hesitate at inflicting, in cold blood, outrage and wrong upon one who had never injured him. Unable to appreciate the higher qualities of woman in his ward, he could still admire her beauty and spirit, and discovered that there was a feeling towards her lurking in his heart which scarcely deserved the name of affection, but which he himself tried hard, under present circumstances, to repudiate as a weakness. He had contemplated her acquiescence in a marriage with Sir Nicholas, he now felt, rather too sanguinely. In one point only he had been right; that the manners and bearing of the Crusader, his polished address and stores of conversation, his fame as a soldier of the cross and his favour with the king, were likely to present to Gladice's eyes a favourable contrast with the two or three younger suitors who had hitherto aspired to her smiles, and, as Sir Godfrey had heard, had reaped little but contempt. He thought that he was but giving her credit for ordinary good sense, in assuming that she would prefer becoming the bride of such a man to the entombing herself in the cloister; and he saw neither cruelty nor hardship, and the world (not that its opinions were much valued at Ladysmede) would surely have seen none, when he intended to leave her no other choice. Even now, as he set the empty beaker down, he was trying to persuade himself that all would yet go well—that he was really consulting his ward's interests as well as his own, even though he should seem at first sight to be using somewhat strong compulsion. Still, the unpleasant truth forced itself upon his mind, that in acceding to his companion's last suggestion, he was doing that at which even his rude sense of honour recoiled as base and unworthy. For Sir Nicholas, the supposed ardour of his passion might excuse the lover; but for himself, even his own conscience, not over sensitive, had already suggested the name of traitor.

There was consideration given, however, on the part of Sir Nicholas, in the silent bond between them, which was too precious in the eyes of his accomplice to allow him to recede; and in the conversation which followed between them, all was speedily arranged for the reception of Gladice and her aunt at the manor. The lure treacherously held out to insure a ready acceptance on the younger lady's part of her guardian's proposal that they should be his guests for a few days, was simple and well-devised. The lord bishop of Ely, who, it has been already said, was Gladice's distant kinsman, and had shown some kindly interest in her in the earlier days of her orphanhood, was known to be now on his progress as legate of the Holy See, in great state according to his wont, and to be daily expected in his own diocese of Ely. Owing to this family connection, he was not unknown to Sir Godfrey de Burgh; and nothing was more probable than that, when he made his formal visitation of the Abbey of St Mary at Rivelsby, he might turn aside by the way to accept the ready hospitalities of Ladysmede. The repute of Sir Godfrey's manner of life there, if it had reached his ears, was indeed scarcely such as should have encouraged the visit of any dignitary of holy church, unless, indeed, he were so zealous a prelate as to embrace such an opportunity to rebuke a host of evil life at his own table; which, had Sir Godfrey been the object of it, might have been more likely to have added a martyr to the church than a penitent. But the realm had no such prelate in William Longchamp. Jovial in his humour, and magnificently prodigal in his habits, he was little likely to utter an anathema at a feast, unless it was evoked by the quality of the viands; and so long as the entertainment was to his mind, would have wasted no scruples on the morals of his entertainer. The objection which the churchman might really have found to the sojourn which had been thus imagined for him at Ladysmede, would have been the insufficiency of its accommodation to receive the numerous retinue of followers of all ranks and descriptions, who ministered either to his pomp or his pleasures, and made his visits more like the progress of a sovereign prince than an apostolical mission.

Their plans having been so far settled, it remained only to put them at once into execution; and Sir Godfrey, having fortified himself with another draught from the flagon, sent to summon Raoul to his presence to be the bearer of his message, early on the following morning, to the tower of Willan's Hope.

"Were it well, think you," said the Crusader, when the serving-man had gone in search of the young esquire, "to trust that boy on such a business?"

"I have none that I may trust better," replied de Burgh, abruptly; "my knaves are wont usually to do my bidding."

He was in no pleasant temper with himself or his companion; and if he felt that there was some force in the Crusader's hint, he was possibly for that very reason the less inclined to adopt it. He had submitted to dictation quite sufficiently within the last half-hour.

"There is some precaution to be used, remember," continued Le Hardi in as indifferent a tone as he could assume—for he understood the other's humour; "would not Gundred, your chamberlain, have served better at this time?"

"Gundred I might trust well enough, for that matter; but I hardly choose to use him in my errands to ladies of such pretensions. There is no risk of any suspicion in such a simple thing; or if there were, the sight of his face at Willan's Hope would go far to raise it. Raoul is young, but he is honest."

"Is he the surer messenger for that?" asked Sir Nicholas; but he saw his companion's obstinacy, and spoke in so low a tone, that Sir Godfrey appeared not to hear the question. The other played with his sword, and was silent until the young esquire made his appearance.

His master gave him his charge in a few brief words, for he knew that the youth himself had wit enough to translate the invitation liberally into courteous language. When he had finished his instructions, and Raoul, having duteously signified his perfect compression of them, was about to withdraw, Sir Godfrey, looking at the Crusader, and speaking as if from an after-thought, with a clumsy attempt at a careless tone which betrayed embarrassment even to his young follower's unpractised ear, added as he turned away—

"You will let it be understood at Willan's Hope that Sir Nicholas parts from us to-morrow; we have prayed him in vain to tarry until my lord of Ely's arrival. It is so, I fear?"—he turned an appealing look towards his guest, which Raoul followed with his eyes.

"It must be so," said Le Hardi; "my business in other parts will brook no delay."

"Be sure that you make this understood, in the discharging of your message," continued the knight of Ladysmede; "there are especial reasons why I would have the Lady Elfhild know it."

Raoul's open boyish face might have expressed some sort of puzzled doubt and surprise, for he was fully aware of the arrangements made for their visiting the Abbot of Rivelsby with all due state on the morrow, and had heard that very day from

Dubois, that Sir Nicholas' departure would not take place until the week following: this sudden change of plan awoke at once in his mind a strange and undefined suspicion; but it consisted neither with his duty nor inclination to trouble himself more than he could help with his master's secrets; he had nothing to do but to bow his acquiescence, and to quit the chamber.

"The lad will do his errand well enough, you see," said Sir Godfrey, with a short laugh which expressed his own relief from some misgiving—"better than if he had been over-cautioned, or over-trusted."

"Probably; I trust he will, for his sake and for ours," replied Le Hardi, who had marked the uneasy look upon the young esquire's countenance.

At the foot of the great stone stairs Raoul met the Italian. There had sprung up of late something of a more friendly intercourse between the two than any other of the household was inclined to venture upon with the chaplain. Raoul at least did not seem to share the scarcely concealed dislike and dread with which he was so generally regarded; and the sardonic smile and cutting tone which commonly seasoned his communications with others, were softened into almost a playful jest when he encountered the fearless smile of the gay young esquire. Raoul would have passed him by now without more than a silent recognition; but even the slight cloud on that open brow attracted at once the chaplain's observant eye. He turned, and passed some brief light raillery upon it, in something like the gentle voice he had been wont to use to Giulio. And though Raoul, not now disposed for conversation, would have gone on his way with a careless answer, the Italian, who knew that he had just come from Sir Godfrey's presence, impelled either by curiosity or by some stronger motive, proceeded to question him upon the subject.

"Sir Nicholas quit Ladysmede, to-morrow, say you?" he asked in a tone of surprise, after listening with fixed attention to the details of the interview, for Raoul saw no reason for concealment—"your ears have surely played you false?"

"Nay, that may hardly be," replied the esquire—"for I had special charge to make it known at Willan's Hope."

"Ha!" said Giacomo, while his keen eyes left the youth's face, and seemed to search into the wall beyond him. "Tell me, young friend—for I saw Dubois talking with you, and youth is ever curious in such matters—how did Sir Nicholas speed in his wooing to-day?"

"I know not, nor care," answered Raoul shortly.

"I think peradventure I could tell," replied the Italian. Then changing his tone, and laying his hand on the youth's shoulder with a familiar gesture most unlike his usual bearing—"Say, Raoul, would'st rather do the Lady Gladice a kindness or a mischief? answer me truly."

Raoul started and reddened at the abruptness of the question, but he answered with boyish vehemence, as he drew back a step from his companion,—"Why ask me such a question, father? the veriest churl even in our graceless company migh give you an answer; he dare not call himself man who would harm her by a careless word; he is no true gentleman who would grudge his life to do her service."

"Gallantly spoken!" said the priest; "so youth speaks always, before the rust and canker and battering wear of life eats into the bright metal that rings so loud and true." The smile with which he looked into the boy's glowing face had no trace of mockery or bitterness. "If my lips were made for blessing, I would pray heaven to grant you to die young!"

"I shall scarcely make bold to ask your prayers, father, if they go to that tune," said Raoul, trying to rally, under cover of a light word, from a confused consciousness of his enthusiasm.

But the chaplain's present mood was earnest. Laying his hand again upon the young esquire's shoulder—"If you would match fair words with fair deeds," said he, "you will bear your lord's message to Willan's

Hope, so far as it is a truthful one, but without coupling with it that which he knows, and I know, to be a falsehood. Sir Nicholas leaves not so suddenly; he waits to urge here, under her guardian's roof, a suit which he already knows to be distasteful to the Lady Gladice."

"How!" exclaimed Raoul his first vague suspicion strengthening rapidly as he listened to the chaplain. "Would you have me believe that Sir Godfrey is seeking to palm a falsehood upon her?"

"I say not what Sir Godfrey seeks; I only warn you that the message which you bear, so far as it touches Sir Nicholas, is a false one; that much at least I know of a certainty. As to the object of it, it is true I do but guess. You or any other may judge whether or no I guess truly."

Perhaps because the interpretation confirmed his own misgivings—perhaps because there was an emphasis of truth in his companion's tone—perhaps because the young act rather from feeling than calculation, Raoul never doubted the good faith of Father Giacomo for a moment. All the evil stories which he had heard of him were of no weight against his own instinctive conviction that he spoke and meant honestly now. After a moment's thought he turned short round, and before the chaplain could have checked him, even had he understood his intention, ran up the stairs, and presented himself again in Sir Godfrey's chamber. The knight had warmed himself with wine, and was in better humour now with himself and those about him; and though he stared with some surprise at Raoul on his hasty reappearance, he greeted him with a bluff graciousness.

"What seek you here again, most trusty squire?" he demanded; "now, prithee, do not let me count thee one of those unprofitable messengers that need to have their tale told them thrice at the very least before starting, and then bring the half of it home again undelivered."

"I am here to say, Sir Godfrey, that I pray to be excused doing this errand," Raoul began, agitated and out of breath, with the flush coming and going in his face—"I will ride for you night and day, as I am bound to do, in any other matter; but indeed—indeed—so please you to put some one else on this service—I may not do it."

"What?" exclaimed Sir Godfrey, when the boy paused, too much astonished to interrupt him sooner—"*what!*" It was but a simple word, but the voice and glance gave it a fearful emphasis.

"I cannot do it, Sir Godfrey," said the esquire again, pale as ashes, but in a firmer tone.

The knights face grew purple with rage; he rose from his seat, stepped one great stride to where the boy stood, and struck him in the face with the back of his open hand so fiercely, that he fell staggering back against the wall of the apartment, and the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth and nose.

Sir Godfrey watched him until he had recovered his footing, and seemed inclined to repeat the blow. Half-stunned, and reeling from its effects—for many a stalwart man had gone down before that back-handed stroke of Sir Godfrey's—Raoul spat the blood from his mouth, and felt for the hilt of the short sword at his girdle. The Knight of Ladysmede was unarmed, for he had laid his own weapon on the table where he had sat. But Le Hardi saw the boy's movement, and springing up, placed himself between them, just in time to prevent him from making a mad spring upon his master.

"Out of my path, Sir Nicholas," said his host, "if you would not anger me past my patience! This gentle youth seeks further correction, it seems, and he shall have his fill of it. Stand from between us, I say!"

But the Crusader maintained his position, though he seemed to feel it to be no very pleasant one. Cursing Raoul for a young fool, while he held him back with one arm not without difficulty, he expostulated at the same time with de Burgh on the unseemliness of such a quarrel. His words might have had but little effect, when at that moment Dubois entered the chamber so opportunely, that although he began to address himself to Sir Nicholas with some ordinary message, it seemed probable that the loud and angry voice of de Burgh had been heard below, and that the esquire had anticipated some quarrel between that knight and his master.

"Here, Dubois!" cried Sir Nicholas, gladly availing himself of his appearance; "take this mad boy out of his lord's presence; there will be bloodshed else."

Raoul struggled indignantly in the Gascon's grasp, and had half-drawn his weapon; but Dubois was too strong for him. Twisting the boy's arms behind him until he writhed with the pain, and a subdued cry escaped him, he dragged him towards the door, while the Crusader still interposed his own person between Sir Godfrey and the object of his violence.

"Let him be punished, de Burgh, as he right well deserves; but this violence is needless—nay worse than needless," he continued, in a lower tone, as the Gascon, finding that Raoul still gave him some trouble in forcing him through the narrow doorway, shouted to some of those in the hall below for assistance.

De Burgh contented himself with exploding the rest of his fury in imprecations, while two or three of his serving-men ran up from below; and Raoul, the first storm of his boyish passion over, desisted from his useless struggles, and stood a prisoner in panting and indignant silence.

"What shall they do with him, Sir Godfrey?" asked the Crusader, anxious, as it seemed, to put an end as speedily as possible to this scene of undignified violence; "he is mad o' the sudden, methinks."

"Bind him hand and foot, and lodge him safe in the Falcon tower. This pretty youth has been too daintily fed here, and the hot young blood grows malapert upon us: a little cooler diet—or, indeed, some two or three days' wholesome fasting—is sound leechcraft for such disorders. Body of me! but he was marvellous ready with the steel. He comes of a strain much akin to mine own in that respect."

"There was mischief enough in him," said Le Hardi. "I thought he would have struck at me, when I baulked him."

"I could almost wish you had not," replied his friend, his angry features relaxing into a grim smile; "I would have risked a few ounces of blood to have seen his spring. 'Tis as well as it is, though; for my eye and hand are hardly what they once were."

"I do not commonly choose to see a man stabbed before my face," said Sir Nicholas; "but since you profess an especial fancy for it, I will hardly spoil sport for the future."

"Nay, nay, sir champion; I am behoven to you in my most gracious thanks; and so is the youth too, maybe, for that matter. But what, in the fiend's name put him upon such a wild fancy as to cavil at my orders?"

"You had best learn that from himself, when his blood has had time to cool; better still, perhaps, if you had waited to make that inquiry at the first. There is surely something in this which it were well for us to know before we move further."

Sir Godfrey made an impatient movement; but he was conscious that it was not the first time that his own violent temper had disconcerted his plans.

"Enough for the present," he said. "I am hot, Sir Nicholas; let us forth and taste the evening air."

CHAPTER XV.—THE GUEST-HALL.

If a stranger had entered the lofty guest-hall of Rivelsby about an hour after noon on the following day, he would have seen around him nothing that betokened the shifts of a failing exchequer. A prudent economy was not one of Abbot Martin's qualifications for government. Spending but little upon his own simple needs or pleasures, he was magnificent in all that concerned the hospitalities of his station. The Scripture rule which enjoins upon the overseers of Holy Church to be careful to entertain strangers, was one which he conformed to cordially—rather, we must fear, in accordance with his own liberal nature, than in consequence of any conscientious study of the apostolic injunction. It had been enforced upon him, indeed, at his consecration as abbot; but it required an acuter ear for church Latin than the new-made dignitary possessed, to follow, with any comprehension of its meaning, a long service in that language, chanted in a low nasal tone—for the prior was a very indifferent performer; and as to having ever seen it in its original context, posterity will not judge too hardly of the excellent abbot, who had exchanged the sword for the breviary so late in life, if it be honestly confessed on his behalf that his personal acquaintance with the sacred writings was mainly confined to the Psalter and the Gospels. Let us hope he might have been as good a Christian as if he had read—or even written—a whole treasure-house of scriptural controversy, and yet have missed the spirit of a little child.

Too noble to make any pretence to a wealth which he did not possess, he was also too proud to measure his hospitality—as he wisely might have done—by his resources. Rich and poor, in bygone days, had ever been wont to talk of the bountiful cheer of Rivelsby. Heaven knows whether they who maintained it there sought, for their reward in so doing, the praise of men; if they did, they scarcely found it. Already the inquiring secular mind had begun to ask, was this indeed the religious life?—were these the followers of the fishermen of Galilee? And those who went full-fed from their noble banquets, but were never present at their fasts and vigils, denounced their entertainers with oaths as "gluttonous men and wine-bibbers," and insinuated that revelling and drunkenness were amongst the rules of the cloister. Nay, even from among themselves men had already gone forth, by a natural reaction, who interpreted in its boldest sense the other side of the great commandment, and loudly professed that the riches of the monastic houses were in themselves a snare of the Evil One, and that the only true religion was poverty. And though young Wolfert should live to a hundred, and compress the results of whole days and nights of study into his "*malleus canonicorum*," the hammer was never to be forged that should crush the schism in the religious household.

To-day, of all others, the abbot was determined that nothing should be lacking to maintain his state on something like its old scale of magnificence. Not to such guests as Le Hardi and de Burgh would he betray the barrenness of an impoverished house. Not if it should cost him the last free manor of his abbacy, and he himself—as he once of late entertained the idea—should take up scrip and staff for the Holy City, and leave the revenues of his office at nurse under the administration of the prior. Guests of such rank as those who were to-day expected, fell to the share of the superior to entertain out of his private purse, and were by no means to be a burden or a detriment—so the rule of their house was worded—to the revenues of the general body. So that although Gervase the kitchener raised his eyes and shrugged his shoulders with a professional horror of such extravagance (as it must needs seem to one who well knew the abbot's embarrassments), and even ventured a respectful word or two as to the cost, he could go no further in the way of remonstrance in a case where he was not responsible, and which concerned the abbot alone. Nathanael of Cambridge—who travelled with a single lean Israelitish follower on a mule which the abbot's horse-boy swore it was a disgrace to hold, yet was said to have wealth enough to buy up Rivelsby, monks and all, if they had been purchasable commodities—had returned home that morning attended as he came by two armed retainers of the monastery, an escort which he always claimed on such occasions (charging thus the expenses of the transaction, like modern money-lenders, upon his clients). That useful but much-abused man had carried back with him in his capacious bags, besides store of the convent's valuables under which his ill-fed sumpter-mule winced and groaned, certain small slips of parchment which added little to the bulk of his acquisitions, but which he hoarded nevertheless very carefully in his strong chest at home, for the abbot's signature thereto was money's worth, as he well knew; they had been the result of a long private interview on the previous evening. He left behind him, it is true, some heavy bags of good English silver coin, and a sprinkling of the gold pieces of France and Italy; but to name the exorbitant interest which was demanded and freely promised, for such accommodation, despite the excellent securities above mentioned, would be only to stimulate the evil cupidity of gentlemen of his profession at the present day—or to break their hearts with envy at the then state of the money-market.

Such a reckless contempt of cost, such an utter ignoring of the state of his exchequer, did the abbot manifest on this occasion, that Gervase and the chamberlain when they consulted together in carrying out their superior's lavish orders, would have come to the conclusion (there being neither share-markets nor joint-stock banks in existence) that Abbot Martin was either demented, or had lighted upon a buried treasure; but the vision of Nathanael and his parchments had only just passed from before their eyes, and with pious resignation they accepted the chastisement which Heaven had sent them, in giving them a ruler whose extravagance would soon complete the ruin which Abbot Aldred's weak nepotism had begun; for although the common accounts were kept distinct from those of the abbacy, all felt themselves nearly concerned in the difficulties and disgrace which might be the result of their superior's private involvements, and which could not fail to recoil in some way upon the dignity and the fortunes of the house itself. Nay, the chamberlain—a distant kinsman of the departed abbot, who, if that excellent relative had lived another year, would have had his turn for some of the higher appointments which his merits deserved—went so far as to draw a comparison between the two wasteful stewards to the disadvantage of Abbot Martin.

"Our dear departed father," said he, "was an easy man about leases, it must be confessed, but it was all in favour of his own kith and kin; whereas this present lord abbot has little kindness even for an old follower—there is the Angevin, who was with him, they say, through all the wars—and what has he done for him? sends him a mess from his table once a month, it may be; while he opens his purse-strings wide enough to feast such hawks and vultures, as I may well call them, as those who prey upon us in the king's name."

"There be little to choose," replied Gervase gloomily. Not having any connection himself with the late abbot, he did not see the force of the argument so clearly.

"I never heard that this abbot acknowledged kin of any degree with any man or woman," continued the chamberlain, returning to the attack; "yet it is said, and may well be believed, that he is of knightly family. Who is this child he hath brought here among us, thinkest thou, brother?

It was a question which had often been secretly discussed among the brethren of St. Mary's; but it was put rather abruptly at this moment. Gervase turned off and wisely replied, "I never concern myself with other men's matters, having trouble enough with my own;" and so went his ways to the kitchen.

Hovering about the kitchen entrance—a locality which he much affected, though against all rule—he found the sub-prior. Gervase eyed his plump face, which wore a more beaming smile than usual, with no great cordiality, and was passing on to his duties; for brother Simon's conversation was of that kind which to a preoccupied companion is rather irritating than improving.

"Busy this morning, excellent brother Gervase?" said Simon, whose rank in the house gave him some little right to speak patronisingly, which he was innocently prone to take advantage of.

"I am always busy, reverend sub-prior," returned Gervase, shortly but punctiliously.

"I would I were," sighed brother Simon. It was a point on which the kitchener felt unusually inclined to agree with him; but as an answer to that effect would scarcely have sounded respectful, he made none.

"Twelve of us are bidden to the abbot's table to-day," resumed the sub-prior cheerfully. "I hear there shall be great doings."

"There will be no lack of guests," said Gervase.

"Who are invited, then, besides the knights from Ladysmede? we are scarce as much in the abbot's confidence in such things as we might reasonably be."

"There is the old knight of Ravenswood and his two sons, Sir John de la Mere, the Prior of Cottesford and some three or four of his house, young Foliot of the Leys, and two or three besides."

"And there is to be a *caritas* of pork and hydromel for all the brethren in the refectory," said the sub-prior; "I may say this much for our abbot, let who will say nay; he does not care to feast himself, and let others fast the while."

"Ay—we grow jovial under our troubles; we should all live royally, I take it, if his majesty would only be pleased to exact a loan from us about once a-week. I have not had so much money in hand since I have been kitchener." And escaping during a yawn of brother Simon's, Gervase went his way.

The kitchener had been furnished by the abbot with ready money wherewith to lay in all such supplies as might befit a banquet of more than ordinary splendour; and a few small gratuities judiciously distributed amongst the tenants of the abbey estates (for Gervase was as honestly careful of the abbot's money as if it had been his own), had brought in, during the early hours of morning, samples of fowl and fish of a very superior quality to those which had drawn forth his unfavourable criticisms on the previous afternoon; and soon, deep in consultation with cooks and confectioners, he forgot his indignation at the abbot's lavish orders in his zeal to do his own office with credit to the house. If the outlay must needs be made, at least, he thought, there should not be the unpardonable extravagance committed of paying dear for an indifferent dinner.

So the tables were duly spread in the guest-hall, and habited in his apparel of state, with the principal officers of his house grouped around him, Abbot Martin sat in his high chair in the chapter-house, awaiting the introduction of his noble guests. On few men did the external dignities of his office sit so gracefully and so well. His powerful and well built frame had all a soldier's upright and fearless bearing, while his open kindly face, if it bore a few traces of the thoughtful student or the mortified recluse, had something of the loving paternal expression which well suggested the ideal of such a relationship towards the community over which he presided. The first of the invited guests who was presented to him was Waryn Foliot, in a richer dress than he was wont to affect, but such as became the dignity of his host no less than the rank of the wearer. There was a low murmur of approving criticism amongst the attendants who lined the doorway and the lower part of the room, when, after the first glance, they recognized under the rich velvet mantle the young student who was so well known and loved as the present representative of his house; and he did not suffer in their estimation, because a flush of natural modesty passed over his features as he walked alone up the room to where the abbot sat awaiting him.

"Welcome now as ever, Waryn," said the superior, as he rose to greet him; "but you are a rare guest amongst us: the cloister is dull enough, it may be granted, for young spirits like yours: yet, for your father's sake, I would that we met oftener."

"I take shame to myself, father, that it should be my fault of late; but you know that I have much to do since my return from Paris."

"You shall have my pardon for the past, if I may take your pledge for amendment in the future," said the abbot, laying his hand on Foliot's shoulder with a kindly smile; "and my old friend Sir Marmaduke, and young Sir Alwyne? they were well, I trust, when you had news of them last?"

"The knight who is sojourning at

Ladysmede gave me a good report of them," replied Waryn; "but tidings from over sea, good lord abbot, come slow and seldom."

The Prior of Cottesford and his brethren were now announced, and the abbot rose and walked half-way down the chapter-house, as a courtesy due to the churchman, who was almost of equal dignity with himself, greeting him with a punctilious deference, which the prior as carefully returned, and which might perhaps have led a shrewd observer to suspect that there lay underneath no very sound foundation of good-will between them.

The rest of the guests were already assembled, when Sir Godfrey's trumpet was heard in the quadrangle of the abbey. Abbot Martin received the two knights with more stately formality than he had thought fit to use towards the others. Seated in his chair of state—no mark of disrespect, but merely the usual privilege of a mitred abbot, which in this particular case he did not chose to forego—he welcomed Sir Godfrey with a frank yet dignified courtesy, and the Crusader with every mark of high consideration which was due to the king's messenger and the champion of the cross. The sum demanded on behalf of King Richard had already been despatched to Sir Nicholas at Ladysmede by trusty hands that morning; and the abbot had added to it, as of his own free gift, a costly ring, of which he prayed his majesty's acceptance, and which, if converted into money on an emergency, might have added nearly a third to the contribution of Rivelsby. After the first compliments had passed, Sir Nicholas would have proceeded to make some acknowledgement of the abbot's liberality; but the churchman waved the subject aside with a few quiet words. "We have given of our poverty," said he, "not of our abundance; but you will say for us to King Richard, that he is welcome." And motioning the knight to follow him, he led the way to the banqueting-hall.

The good cheer of Rivelsby lost none of its old repute amongst those who were seated with the lord abbot at the high table on the dais. Scarcely less costly, and certainly not less bountiful, was the entertainment provided for the esquires and pages who sat below, and where Andrew the sacrist, who had volunteered to preside there, proved in himself a mine of good company. At first the guests at this lower table tried to preserve something of a respectful quiet in their tone and demeanour, such as might beseem the scene of the entertainment, and the presence of their temporal and spiritual superiors; but soon the good liquor did its usual office in loosening men's tongues, and the merriment rose higher and higher, unrestrained by any thought of place or presence. It was at its highest when Dubois rose and quited the table unperceived.

He paused a few moments on the steps of the guest-hall, until he was joined by two serving-men who might have been seen for some half hour past lounging carelessly in the neighbourhood; and then led the way, as one to whom the locality was well known, to the foot of the turret-stair which communicated with the abbot's chamber. Motioning to the men to wait below, he himself ascended with a quiet and confident step, without causing the least alarm or suspicion in the minds of one or two ancient monks who, for want of better occupation, were lazily watching his movements. As he had expected, he found the outer door unsecured, and boldly entered the apartment. It was empty. He passed into the smaller chamber occupied by the chaplains, but both were with their superior in the guest-hall. He noticed by the side of the abbot's couch, a little pallet which had no doubt been occupied by Giulio, but it was evident that the child was not there. Disappointed in his first object, the Gascon descended again, and boldly accosting one of the monks whom he had observed in the cloister, with such a quiet deferential air as to make his question appear the most natural proceeding in the world, he asked him "where he might find the little lad Giulio, for that the lord abbot had a guest who desired to see him?"

The monk, who was a very stolid

specimen of his fraternity, shook his head to intimate his ignorance and indifference upon that and all other worldly subjects, and vouchsafed no further answer.

The esquire was not easily to be baffled by monk or layman. "Will it please you to show me the way to the lord abbot's stables?" he asked.

The Benedictine pointed to a gateway opposite to where they stood, but still preserved a conscientious silence.

Following this direction, Dubois found his way without difficulty into the stable-yard. Nothing could be more natural than that a careful esquire should see that his master's horseboys were not hanging about the abbey buttery upon such an hospitable occasion, instead of busying themselves in their proper duties; though few besides Dubois would have cared to quit that jovial company as early as he had done on such a service. Sir Nicholas's grooms, however, had evidently not been seduced from their post; for the esquire found them all in the stalls with their respective charges, and the steeds gave every token of having been fed and tended carefully. What might seem more strange, some five or six, including Dubois' own, stood ready saddled, and their attendants sprang to their heads as soon as the Gascon made his appearance.

He raised his hand warningly. "No need yet," he said.

He turned from the door of the building where the train from Ladysmede had found their quarters, and cast what seemed a careless glance round the ample court. A man moved forwards from an opposite doorway, and scarcely appearing to notice the esquire, walked slowly towards the centre of the court. But some token of intelligence had passed between them; for Dubois moving out to join him with an indifferent air, and addressing him with some trifling question while he was still within earshot of the others, had no sooner reached a spot where they could speak without being overheard, than the two conversed for a few moments in low but earnest tones.

Dubois returned to the stable with the same deliberate step. Then might have been remarked a slight impatient movement of his hands, but his saturnine features seldom betrayed any change of emotion.

"You may unsaddle again, Hubert," said he quietly, "we shall not be moving yet; I will commend ye to the cellarer for honest men that have been at their work whilst others were drinking—he will see that ye lose little thereby."

Leaving the stable-court, and dismissing the other serving-men who were waiting his orders, the Gascon walked back to the guest-hall where the company were still seated. He resumed his place among them, while all were too well engaged to question who went or came; and if he had missed any part of his share of the drinking, he took care that the loss should be repaired. Nor was he slow in contributing to the talk that went round; and soon two or three sections of the noisy audience whom each determined storyteller was trying to claim to himself transferred their willing attention to Dubois, as he narrated with much quiet art and some embellishment the feats of Christian and Paynim in the Holy Land.

The superior had risen from table, and was conversing with Foliot apart; the serious business of the evening was over, for Abbot Martin was not a man to encourage or permit, so far as he could exercise control over his guests, any rude debauch within his walls, though Sir Godfrey and the old knight of Ravenswood still lingered over their cups, and swore at each other confidentially; lute and rebeck sounded through the vaulted chamber, and the guests were walking or discoursing in groups of two or three; the sacrist, having condescended long enough to play his part as host, which he had done to admiration, at the humbler table, had joined his brethren on the dais, and was repaying, in very superior coinage, one or two of the younger knights who, like ill-conditioned youth in all ages, had been bantering some of the graver churchmen to their own intense satisfaction; when Dubois took the opportunity to catch the eye of his master, and the two withdrew together into the recess of one of the side-windows, and conversed apart.

"The bird is flown again, Sir Nicholas," said his esquire.

"Whither?"

"I cannot learn that," replied Dubois; "but I have been rightly informed thus far; he was here so late as yesternight."

"Pest on it," said the Crusader; "your caution must have been at fault somewhere, Dubois; this churchman bids fair to outwit us all; can you be sure, think you, that your informant is not bent upon playing a double game, and earning wages from both sides?"

"I think not, replied the esquire quietly; "he seems to me to be dealing honestly enough."

"Honestly?" said Le Hardi with a sneer—"Well—there are many interpretations to that text. But you can surely learn something further in the matter, unless your southern wits have grown rusty upon our coarse English fare."

"English fare is good enough," replied the Gascon, "though, saving your worshipful presence, their wits are none of the keenest. I shall speedily learn more, if you will please to give me time."

"Time is too dear for a gift, Dubois—take as little of it as may suffice for your purpose. Sir Godfrey knows nothing of this?"

"Not from any word of mine, Sir Nicholas; I reckon that the lord abbot's bidding him here to-day hath stilled any suspicion he might have had of his harbouring the boy. Gundred has been forth making inquiry in other quarters, if I guess right; and it seems to me that Sir Godfrey does not care to have it generally known that he is over-anxious about the child's recovery. I heard him jesting with the chaplain, a day or two since, as if it were more the priest's business than his."

"Think of it as if it were so, Dubois, and so speak, if you speak at all. But it were worth much to me—and to you—if we had him once in safe hands—I mean in our own—over sea, for example. Do you need money? for these things are ill-managed without."

"I am provided for the present," said the esquire; "I never pay my workmen before-hand."

"Right," said the knight with a smile; and seeing others approaching them, he gave him some short order to get to saddle, and so they parted.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE FALCON TOWER.

Poor Raoul lay in the Falcon tower. It was a building which stood alone, at one angle of the court-yard, and owed its erection to Sir Hugh, of evil memory. Strange stories, true and untrue, were told about it. A miserable wife, as some said,—an uncompliant mistress, according to others, —had lingered out some years of wretched life there, and had her prison door opened at last by death. Good Sir Rainald and Sir Miles, while Ladysmede was theirs, kept their falcons in the upper story of the tower, and their dogs in the chamber below; but Sir Godfrey had provided a new building, more airy and commodious, for these important favourites, and relegated the old tower to something like its original uses, by repairing the fastenings of the heavy oak door, and renewing the grating to the single narrow window, the only refurnishing which was required to make the lower chamber a very passable dungeon; and hither such refractory dependents as in Sir Godfrey's eyes required penal discipline were transferred for a longer or shorter season. This latter question was decided usually by the uncertain rule of the knight's capricious temper, occasionally by accident. To do him no injustice, the term was seldom long. If the punishments had been carried out according to the letter of the sentence which was fulminated against them at the moment, rotting in chains, and lingering starvation, would have been the ordinary means of paternal correction administered at Ladysmede; but Sir Godfrey reserved an unlimited power of mitigation, and after a few days, or weeks at the farthest, was wont to inquire about the missing prisoner, and welcome him back to the noisy liberty of the household with a curse or two by way of caution. The fate of one unfortunate man-at-arms, however, who had been placed in durance there for some trifling misdemeanour, had come very near to add another tragical tale to its legends. Sir Godfrey, after dealing out fearful anathemas against any one who should presume to visit him or give him food or drink, had ridden off to some jousts at a distance, and left the poor wretch under his terrible proscription. It was in the early days of the knight's succession to the inheritance, and the retainers who were left behind had already learnt to dread his fury, without understanding his rapid changes of temper; and none ventured to contravene the order, cruel as it was. Besides, the man was but a Fleming, after all; and his sufferings were a matter of comparative indifference to true-born Englishmen. Fortunately for himself, the Fleming was a very old campaigner, and had had great experience in the ways and means of eking out a limited commissariat during a six months' siege in Angers. There were rats in large families settled in the honeycombed old walls; and when the unhappy prisoner's groans for help, which had been heard by those who ventured occasionally to approach his place of confinement, ceased after a while, it was charitably supposed that he had either been eaten by them, or died of starvation. But at length their lord returned after an absence of some three weeks, and suddenly at table after supper inquired for his victim, and showed the sincerity of his compunction by some strong execrations upon the fools who had too faithfully observed his orders; when lo! upon inquisition being made, out walked the Fleming, haggard and thin, but able and willing to stick his long knife then (as he took an early opportunity of doing afterwards, but not quite deep enough) into the man who had been considered most responsible for his safe keeping. The rats had not eaten *him;* quite the contrary; and though it was not very safe to question him upon the particulars, he was heard to swear more than once that he had lived much harder in Angers the last fortnight before the capitulation.

Raoul, then, lay in the Falcon tower. Not fettered hand and foot, as a strict interpretation of the knight's orders would have required; that painful indignity even Gundred was willing to spare him; for the gay, free-spoken esquire was a favourite, more or less, with all. But he was fastened to the wall by a chain which locked both hands, though it allowed them tolerable liberty of motion.

Sir Godfrey had strictly forbidden all access to the prisoner until he himself should have visited him; but there had been no word of positive prohibition as to food and drink, though Gundred declared that he held that to be included. Baldwin, who loved the youth as well as if he had been his younger brother in blood as well as in arms, had acted upon the more merciful interpretation, and had handed in through the window-bars, in the dusk of the evening, a horn of wine and a manchet; so much he would have been ready to risk for him, even in defiance of Sir Godfrey; but he obeyed him so far as to hold no communication with him. The cause of his disgrace was a mystery to all the household; for none of them had been present, and Raoul, burning with mortification and insulted pride, had preserved an obstinate silence from the moment he had submitted to be treated as a prisoner. A single word of thanks for the supply which his brother esquire had brought him, and which he would probably have refused from almost any other hand, was all that had passed his lips.

None saw the bitter tears of shame and anger with which the poor boy wept himself into an unquiet sleep, and none knew how chilled and dispirited the hot excitement of his passion over, he awoke in the early morning. The sun at last made his way through the loop-hole, half-blocked with its iron bars, which gave him but grudging admittance, and the busy sounds of life awoke in the manor-yard. The morning hours passed on, but no one came near his place of confinement. He applied himself to the food which he had left untouched the night before, and thus somewhat warmed and refreshed, the boy's elastic spirit rose again. The feeling uppermost in his mind, when he was able to gather his thoughts into shape, had nothing in it of shame or regret for his own rash attempt, or fear of its possible consequences; he looked upon himself as the offended person, and upon Sir Godfrey as the offender; and sitting there fettered to the wall, he judged and sentenced him in his heart with unrelenting severeity. That brutal blow had stirred passions in his young breast which he had never felt before. Once, indeed, on a former occasion, for some trifling neglect of his duties, Sir Godfrey had applied a riding-wand to his shoulders pretty sharply; but then Raoul knew that he had been to blame: besides, that was a year ago; he was a boy then, and could submit to a boy's punishment with brave good-humour; but now! an esquire-at-arms, of gentle blood, to be struck like a hound, such a felon blow as that, in the presence of a stranger knight! And for what a cause! for refusing to bear a false message to a lady! At that thought his heart seemed to swell within him well-nigh to choking.

Such a frame of mind was little likely to help him to bear his imprisonment with patience. During what remained of daylight on the previous evening, he had been too utterly overwhelmed with a proud humiliation to take much notice of external objects. But now, as he looked round the walls of his prison in the full morning light, his whole soul was concentrated on the intense desire to escape. His hands had been left sufficiently free to enable him to make some use of them, and he wearied himself for some time in wild and desperate exertions to wrench out the strong iron staple to which he had been secured. Finding this of no avail, he next contrived, with some difficulty, to raise his head to the level of the loop-hole, some two or three feet above him, through which his friend Baldwin had lowered the supplies, and found that it did not look into the courtyard of the Manor, but into the open meadow-land outside. Having thus made out the bearings of his position, his next business, which provided him with occupation and amusement for some hours, and was very useful in restoring him to something of a calmer temper, was to collect from the broken and uneven floor all such stones and rubbish as lay within his reach, so as to form a step upon which he could partially rest, and so make the loop-hole a post of observation. In this labour he was very much assisted by the fact that some painstaking predecessor in these quarters had employed himself for many days in grubbing up the floor for the very same purpose, and that his work had been but hastily and imperfectly levelled. He succeeded so well, that by standing on tip-toe on this little mound, and resting his chin upon the embrasure, he could command a view, for some distance, of the path which sloped through the meadows down to the river. Here he kept watch, therefore, with such intervals of rest as his constrained position forced upon him, in some vague hope of help and rescue which perhaps he would hardly have entertained if he had been older. To the young, an angel from heaven, or an unexpected powerful friend on earth, seems never impossible.

So Raoul watched and waited, his eyes fixed upon the distant pathway as if along it he surely expected the wished-for deliverer must come; while in fact to him, as to many of us, his best hope of deliverance was already close within his grasp;—literally within his grasp for if he could have thrust his fettered hand through the barred aperture of his observatory, he might possibly have clutched the draggled cock's feather in the cap of Picot. The floor of his prison was sunk lower than the ground without, and the hunter's head was nearly level with the opening. He was too close underneath for Raoul to see him; but he heard a foot fall upon the soft greensward outside, and was waiting anxiously for the owner of it to come within his line of vision. To very few of Sir Godfrey's retainers would the young esquire have chosen to address himself in his present undignified position; and from very few, however kindly [disposed towards him personally, could he have looked for more than a silent sympathy at most, while he lay under the full weight of their lord's displeasure. But a few notes of a merry whistle, which the hunter struck up as he leant with his back against the tower wall, and rested himself from his morning's walk, made Raoul's heart bound with joy and hope within him. Picot, not living within the Manor gates, was comparatively master of his own movements; if he could do nothing towards Raoul's own release, at least he could convey a word of timely warning to a quarter which, since his conversation with the Italian, had occupied a large share of the young prisoner's anxieties. Raising his head as high in the aperture as he could, he called out cautiously to the hunter by name.

"Saints preserve us!" cried Picot starting—for his nervous sensibilities were rather excitable just at present —"who calls me?"

"It is I, my good friend—Raoul, chained like a dog in this cursed hole."

"Good lack!" said the hunter, scarcely yet recovering himself at the sound of the familiar voice—"How came ye there, Master Raoul?" For Picot had not visited the Manor since the previous morning.

"Ask the unmannered brute that calls himself my master — the fiend reward him for this and all his doings," replied Raoul, glad to vent the hoarded bitterness of his heart to any living auditor; "may the ——"

"Hush, hush, I pray of thee, dear Master Raoul," said Picot, who had clambered up to the window and was looking in. There was no saying who might be listeners; and the youth's intemperate language might compromise both parties. "Tell me rather, what hast done to anger him?"

"I did but refuse to take another man's lie in my mouth," said Raoul passionately.

"I fear me much that Father Giacomo had been corrupting thee with some of his school learning," replied the hunter; "another man's lie —— Well," he continued, after a slight pause of consideration, "there *doth* lie a difference in that, now I think on't; though a plain mind, I wot, need hardly stumble at it. I would have dealt with it all as one, as if it had been my own."

It would have been quite impossible for the esquire to have read Picot a lecture on morality, under so many difficulties; so he contented himself with some brief commonplace about his "honour."

"Nay, if ye come to that, my bolt is shot," said Picot; "honour is a thing with which we serving-men have nought to do; it belongs to them of gentle blood, like the deer and the corn-lands. If I could see my way to a good slice of the last, Master Raoul, I could be well content to leave the honour and the hunting to my betters."

"But listen, Picot," said the esquire; "I have a boon to ask of thee."

"If it be any service a poor knave like me can do—saving my duty to my liege lord — I may promise you to do it, Master Raoul."

"Thanks, good friend—it is nought for myself at present; but I would put thee upon doing a good deed for others."

"Humph! I know not how it is," replied Picot, rather uneasily; "I am as little naturally given to good deeds as most men, I dare well say, if I know myself; but here of late I have them thrust upon me, willy-nilly. Curse me if I rightly know what a good deed is. I did somewhat 'tother day, sir squire, if I only dare to tell it thee, as queer a piece of business, I thought it, as might well be, and in villanous company. I would as soon have turned to deer stealing as have had a hand in it; and lo, now, it was a good deed—a brave deed—a glorious deed! I might have risen to be a ——" Here Picot's foot slipped from its uncertain holding in the wall, and he came suddenly to rather an ignominious conclusion.

When he was up again, Raoul took the opportunity to explain his request further.

"I seek a trusty friend—and such I know thou wilt prove, Picot—to bear a message for me to Willan's Hope, to the private ear of the Lady Gladice."

"Blessed St. Bridget!" exclaimed

the hunter, nearly slipping down again in the excess of his astonishment; "is the boy mad?" He began to see now, as he thought, the secret of this prison discipline.

"Not as yet, but I may be driven so," returned Raoul with an impatient oath; for besides that the accusation was not complimentary in itself, the blunt familiarity with which the hunter conveyed it rather shocked his dignity.

Picot still eyed him doubtfully through the barred loop-hole, but he thought it best in any case to humour him. "Nay, good master Raoul, I meant no offence — but what may this message of yours be?"

"He shall bear it himself," said a voice behind him.

Picot, with an exclamation of alarm, slipped from his foot-hold again, and, staggering backwards, found himself upheld by the arm of Father Giacomo.

"Never fear, Picot," said the chaplain, with a smile at the man's terrified face which did not add to his composure—"it were safer for me to have found thee here than Gundred; but let me have thy place for a moment." And he sprang lightly up to the window.

"So, my poor youth, you are reaping already some of the penalties of knowledge; and cursing me, doubtless, in your heart, for not letting you do your master's errand as any honest fool might have done, without questioning its particulars."

"Not so, father," replied the esquire: "if you spoke truly, as I believe, I owe you thanks rather; and if you will only let others whom you wot of, know as much as you have told me, I shall abide my time here in more contentment."

"Spoken like a hero and a philosopher," said the chaplain; "but to descend to considerations of selfish prudence, if I may touch upon such unimportant points,—you would be still better contented to go at large?"

"I would, indeed!" said Raoul, eagerly.

"Well—I rejoice to find that you have so much sound judgment remaining; for the talk in the house this morning is that you showed but little last night."

Raoul gave vent to an ejaculation of impatience.

"Nay, never heed it," continued the chaplain — "we are all mad enough by times. But none are so mad, I suppose, as to prefer chains to freedom. Take good heart, young sir; a few hours will surely see you free again."

"How?" asked Raoul.

"Sir Godfrey's humour, as you know, changes from hour to hour; I dare promise that at my lord abbot's table to-day he will forget last evening's matters; and as some foolish words of mine have had their share in bringing this trouble upon you, I will await him on his return, and plead your cause with him; it will scarce need more than that you should ask his forgiveness, and all is done."

"His forgiveness!" cried Raoul, dashing his fettered hand against the stanchions; "he forgive *me?*—did you not hear, Father Giacomo, all that happened—you spoke as if you knew all?"

"I have heard, if I mistake not, five different tales — all false; the truth I partly guess at."

"He struck me! struck me on the mouth as though I had been a liar like himself! Forgiveness, you said—I will never forgive him—never; I have served him faithfully, and could have loved him once—not of late, not of late—but I will never eat his bread, or do his bidding more; not if I lie here until the old tower crumbles on me!" And let not poor Raoul's heroism be questioned, though there was a tremour in his voice, and Father Giacomo, looking through the bars, saw tears.

"So now!" said the latter, turning round to Picot, "wiser doctors than myself might shake their heads over this poor youth's case; but he will hardly mend it by staying here—we must have him forth, good Picot."

"How—what?" cried the hunter, startled at being thus suddenly addressed, but with no comprehension of the other's meaning.

"We must have him forth, I say, if only for Sir Godfrey's sake; if he should send for him to his presence to-morrow, he will defy him to the death; and what chance shall your master have against such a doughty champion; on your allegiance to Sir Godfrey, Picot, I shall require your help to remove from him this dangerous enemy."

Giacomo's look and tone were so serious, that the hunter could only reply by a blank gaze of astonishment.

"You are mocking me, priest," said Raoul passionately.

"Judge no man hastily, Raoul; and when you judge, let it be by deeds, not words."

The chaplain drew from his person a small file and thin saw of highly-tempered steel, and of foreign workmanship, and trying their edge upon the stanchion of the window, showed Raoul how to use them.

"With these," said he, "an active hand might cut through chain and hand-bolt with six hours' good work; but I give you from now until midnight—by that time a woman might do it. You, Picot," he continued, as he handed a pair of the same implements to the hunter, "must take your station here soon after dusk, and remove this bar, and a stone or so, if needful; but our caged bird here is but of slender make, and will squeeze through where you or I might stick fast till doomsday."

Picot took the tools from the Italian with the motion of an automaton.

"I will be at hand and on the watch," continued Giacomo; "there is little likelihood of any interruption; but if you hear the cry of an owl in the wall beside you, Picot, you will understand that as a signal to cease your work for a while. Now go your ways, and remember."

"Do not fail me, dear Picot," said Raoul as the man still stood looking after the chaplain, who had passed round to the postern gate.

"What dost think of that man, Master Raoul?" said he, whispering in at the window.

"I will think thee the best friend I ever had, Picot, if I be free to-night."

"It is all for love of thee, remember, Master Raoul, if I venture it; I shall be flayed alive, an it come to Sir Godfrey's hearing."

"I will love thee all my life, dear Picot," said the esquire.

"I will do it, Master Raoul, I will do it," replied the hunter as he left the window. — "'Dear Picot,' — 'worthy Picot,'—'I will love thee all my life,' quoth our young esquire. —'I can never repay thy good deed,' saith the lady.—'Here is gold,' saith the chaplain. Marry, I am in the straight road to preferment, if I can scape the devil and Sir Godfrey by the way."

LORD MACAULAY AND THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

By John Paget.

The genealogy of Peers is public property. Without going the length of saying, as has been said, that more English men and women read the *Peerage* than the Bible, it is still true that it is a volume of whose contents most persons have some knowledge. Lord Macaulay's pedigree is one of which no man need be ashamed, and of which many would be proud. His paternal grandfather was the Highland minister of a Highland parish, with a Highland wife and Highland children, one of whom, Zacharias by name, following the example of his forefathers, descended into the Lowlands to gather gear, not by lifting cows, but by peaceful trade. The young Zacharias found favour in the eyes of the daughter of a Bristol Quaker. Friend Mills supplied that serious and respectable but not very erudite or accomplished society with literature, the call for which amongst the Quakers was not, however, so pressing as to prevent the grandsire of the future essayist of the *Edinburgh Review* from employing his talents in periodical composition, or from cultivating literary pursuits as the editor of a provincial paper.

Meantime the loves of the young Highlander and the fair Quakeress prospered, and from their union sprung Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay of Rothley, in the county of Leicester, the libeller of William Penn and the lampooner of the Highlands. With Highland and Quaker blood flowing in equal currents through his veins, it is difficult to say whether a Highlander or a Quaker is the more favourite object of his satire and butt for the shafts of his ridicule; whether George Fox or Coll of the Cows comes in for the larger share of his contempt; whether the enthusiast who took off what we are in the habit of considering as the most essential of all garments, to walk in the simplicity of nature through the streets of Litchfield, or the native of the Grampians, who never possessed such an article of dress at all, is the more ridiculous in his eyes; whether, in short, he despises most those who gave birth to his father or his mother. It is with the paternal ancestors of the historian that we have at present to do. He has given us, what he himself admits, or rather we ought to say proclaims, to be "not an attractive picture" of his progenitors. No quarrel is so bitter as a family quarrel: when a man takes to abusing his father or his mother, he does it with infinitely greater gusto than a mere stranger. Lord Macaulay's description of the Highlands is accordingly so vituperative, so spiteful, so grotesque—it displays such command of the language of hatred, and such astounding power of abuse, that, coming as it does from a writer who challenges a place by the side of Hume and Gibbon, it takes the breath away, and one feels almost as unable to answer it as one would be to reply to a torrent of blasphemy from a Bishop, or ribaldry from a Judge, or a volley of oaths from a young lady whose crinoline one had just piloted, with the utmost respect, tenderness, and difficulty, to her place at the dinner table. Lord Macaulay tells us that in the days of our great-grandfathers*—that is to say, when his own grandfather was just beginning to "wag his pow" in a Highland pulpit—if an Englishman "condescended to think of a Highlander at all," he thought of him only as a "filthy abject savage, a slave, a Papist, a cut-throat, and a thief;"† that the dress even of the Highland "gentleman" was "hideous, ridiculous, nay, grossly indecent;" that it was "begrimed with the accumulated filth of years;" that he dwelt in a "hovel which smelt worse than an English hogstye;"‡ that he considered a "stab in the back, or a shot from behind a rock, the approved mode of taking satisfaction for an insult;" that a traveller who ventured into the "hideous wilderness" which he inhabited, would find "dens of robbers" instead of inns; that he would be in imminent danger of being murdered or starved; of "falling two thousand feet perpendicular" from a precipice; of being compelled to "run for his life" from the "boiling waves of a torrent" which suddenly "whirled away his baggage;"* that he would find in the glens "corpses which murauders had just stripped and mangled;" that "his own eyes" would probably afford "the next meal to the eagles" which screamed over his head; that if he escaped these dangers, he would have to content himself with quarters in which

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* Vol. iii., p. 309. † P. 307. ‡ P. 304.

> "The food, the clothing, nay, the very hair and skin of his hosts would have put his philosophy to the proof. His lodging would sometimes have been in a hut, of which every nook would have swarmed with vermin. He would have inhaled an atmosphere thick with peat smoke, and foul with a hundred noisome exhalations. At supper, grain fit only for horses would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with whom he would have feasted, would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep. His couch would have been the bare earth, dry or wet, as the weather might be, and from that couch he would have risen half poisoned with stench, half blind with the reek of turf, and half mad with the itch."†

"This," says Lord Macaulay, "is not an attractive picture," a sentiment we sincerely echo. If it is a true one, Lord Macaulay's grandfather must have had a stubborn generation to deal with, and we fear his preaching must have been of little avail. We are not Highlanders. We believe that justice is better administered by Queen Victoria than ever it was by the Lord of the Isles, or even by Fin Mac Coul. We would rather ride after a fox than stalk the "muckle hart of Benmore" himself. The Monarch of the Glen may toss his royal head, and range over his mountain kingdom safe from our treason. We should feel it almost a crime to level a rifle at his deep shoulder, or to pierce his lordly throat with a skean-dhu. We have no wish to see his soft lustrous eye grow dim, and his elastic limbs stiffen under our hands. We never wore a kilt, and never intend to array our limbs in so comfortless a garment. Notwithstanding all our love and veneration for the Wizard of the North, we cannot but think that old Allan's harp must have been apt to be out of tune in the climate of Loch Katrine, and that Helen herself must have found her Isle too damp to be comfortable during the greater part of the year. We would rather have seen the magician himself in the library at Abbotsford, than amongst the children of the mist. Our tastes, our habits, our affections, and our prejudices, are with the Lowlands. But we cannot allow this gross caricature, this shameless libel, this malignant slander, this parricidal onslaught by a son of the Highlands on the people and the land of his fathers, a race and a country which has furnished heroes whose deeds in every quarter of the globe have been, and at the very time we write are such that their names awaken a thrill of admiration in every heart that is capable of generous feeling, to pass unnoticed. Lowlanders as we are, it moves our indignation. It is not history—to attempt to follow and answer it step by step would be to commit a folly only exceeded by the absurdity of the original libel. We prefer to introduce our readers to the authorities on which Lord Macaulay professes to have founded this gross caricature. They are few in number, consisting of Oliver Goldsmith, Richard Frank, who wrote a book called *Northern Memoirs*, Colonel Cleland, and Captain Burt. We have bestowed some pains upon an examination of them, and we proceed to lay the result before our readers, and to show how little foundation they afford for Lord Macaulay's malignant lampoon. We will take them in order. Lord Macaulay says, "Goldsmith was one of the very few Saxons who, more than a century ago, *ventured* to explore the Highlands. *He was disgusted by the hideous wilderness*, and declared that he greatly preferred the charming country round Leyden, the vast expanse of verdant meadows, and the villas with [their statues and grottoes, trim flower-beds and rectilinear avenues."*

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* Vol. iii., p. 301.

† Pp. 305, 306.

Those who are acquainted with Lord Macaulay's mode of dealing with authorities, will not be surprised to learn that the only passage in Goldsmith's correspondence directly relating to his journey to the Highlands is the following :—" I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-natured corn I have got on my toe has for the future prevented that cheap method of travelling ; so the second day I hired a horse, of about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. In three days we reached the Highlands. This letter would be too long if it contained the description I intend giving of that country, so shall make it the subject of my next."†

Whether Goldsmith ever carried his intentions into effect, or whether the promised description has been lost, is not known. "No trace of this communication," says Mr. Prior, "which we may believe, from his humour and skill in narration, to have been of an amusing character, has been found."‡

Lord Macaulay says that Goldsmith was "disgusted with the hideous wilderness." The only thing he expresses any disgust at is the corn on his toe, and he says nothing about any hideous wilderness whatever.

Goldsmith, however, did write some letters during his residence at Edinburgh as a medical student, and also afterwards at Leyden, containing a few passing observations upon Scotland generally, which Lord Macaulay quotes as if they referred to the Highlands in particular. These letters Lord Macaulay either wholly misunderstands, or has grossly misrepresented. Probably no two men of genius ever were more dissimilar than Oliver Goldsmith and Lord Macaulay. The delicate humor and refined satire of the former appear to be wholly incomprehensible to the latter. Goldsmith handles his adversary as Isaac Walton did the frog he impaled on his hook "as though he loved him." His weapon is the smallest of small swords, which he wields with wonderful skill. The wound is fatal, but the weapon that inflicts it is so delicate that hardly any blood is shed. Lord Macaulay lays about him with an axe; he mauls and disfigures his foe; he splashes about in blood and brains; he is not content with slaying his enemy, he stamps upon his carcass, tears his limbs in pieces, seethes them in pitch, and gibbets them like his own Tom Boilman. It is hardly possible to avoid feeling some sympathy for the criminal, however execrable, to whom Lord Macaulay plays the part of executioner. Goldsmith is the gentlest and most playful of writers. To conceive Lord Macaulay either gentle or playful would be to conjure up an image which would be grotesque if it were not impossible. It is not, therefore, surprising that Lord Macaulay should wholly misinterpret the two letters from which he quotes a few lines, which, taken apart from the context and applied to a subject to which they do not refer, appear at first sight in some degree to justify his remarks. The first of these letters is addressed by Goldsmith to his friend Bryanton, at Ballymahon, and has been omitted (Mr. Prior tells us) from most of the Scottish editions of his works, "for no other reason, as it appears, than containing a few harmless jests upon Scotland."§ In this playful letter he laughs alike at the Irish squires and the Scotch belles, who, he says, nevertheless, are "ten thousand times fairer and handsomer than the Irish," an opinion which he expressly desires may be communicated to the sisters of his Irish friend, for whose bright eyes he "does not care a potato." He describes an Edinburgh ball, retails the observations of three "envious prudes" upon the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton, and desires especially to know if "John Binely has left off drinking drams, or Tom Allen got a new wig?" It is this playful badinage of the young medical student that Lord Macaulay gravely quotes as the judgment of the "author of the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village*."

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* Vol. iii., p. 302. † PRIOR'S *Goldsmith*, v. 148. ‡ Ibid., v. 145.
§ Ibid., v. 491.

The other letter is written about six months afterwards from Leyden, and addressed to his uncle Contarine. It is in the same vein of playful humour. The principal object of his satire is, however, the Dutchmen; and Lord Macaulay might just as well have quoted the following description as a faithful portrait of Bentinck or of William himself, as the few lines he devotes to Scotland as a picture of that country. "The downright Hollander," says Goldsmith, "is one of the oddest figures in nature. Upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats and nine pair of breeches, so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace, and for every pair of breeches he carries she puts on two petticoats!"

Eighteen petticoats!—a warm and substantial crinoline. We trust that the gauzy garments of the present day are applied to no such purpose as that which Goldsmith describes in the next paragraph: "You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe." In this playful strain he goes on to compare the Dutch women with the Scotch women, and the country he had just left with the country in which he had just arrived. Scotland, he observes very truly, is hilly and rocky, while Holland "is all a continued plain." He compares the Scotchman to a "tulip planted in dung," and the Dutchman to an "ox in a magnificent temple." We confess we do not recognise the truth of either simile; the wit is too evanescent for us. But about the Highlands there is not one word.

We need not, therefore, trouble ourselves further as to any weight which Lord Macaulay's strictures derive from the supposed authority of Oliver Goldsmith; whatever he knew or thought, he has told us nothing.

The next in the list of Lord Macaulay's authorities is less known. Richard Frank was born at Cambridge about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He resided at Nottingham, was strongly imbued with the peculiar religious tenets of the Independents, served as a trooper in the army of Cromwell, and about the year 1656 or 1657 visited Scotland. His description, therefore, applies to a period nearly a century before the days of our great-grandfathers. Lord Macaulay, referring to this book, says that "five or six years *after the Revolution*, an indefatigable angler published an account of Scotland;"* that, though professing to have explored the whole kingdom, he had merely "caught a few glimpses of Highland scenery;" † that he asserts that "few Englishmen had ever seen Inverary. All beyond Inverary was chaos;"‡ and Lord Macaulay adds in a note to a subsequent passage—"Much to the same effect are the very few words which Frank Philanthropus (1694) spares to the Highlanders: '*They live like liards, and die like loons*—hating to work, and no credit to borrow: they make depredations, and rob their neighbours.'"§

This is all, we believe, for which he cites the *Northern Memoirs.* Lord Macaulay is inaccurate as to the name, wrong as to the date, and, as we shall see presently, in error both as to what the author saw of the Highlands, and what he says of them.

Lord Macaulay cites the book as if it were writen under the pseudonyme of "Philanthropus"—a designation which Richard Frank adds to his name, according to the fantastical fashion of his day, as he might have called himself "Piscator," or "Venator," or "Viator," after the manner of Isaac Walton. The book was written in 1658, thirty years

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* Vol. iii., p. 303. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. § Vol. iii., p. 310.

before the Revolution, instead of six years after.*

Instead of merely catching a few glimpses of Highland scenery, he visited every Highland county, and penetrated to the north of Sutherland and Caithness. Instead of saying that "all beyond Inverary was chaos," or giving the character of the Highlands which Lord Macaulay attributes to him, his words are as follows:—

> "It may be so, for here we cannot stay to inhabit, nor any longer enjoy those solitary recreations; we must steer our course by the north pole, and relinquish those flourishing fields of Kintire and Inverary, the pleasant bounds of Marquis Argyle, which very few Englishmen have made discovery of, to inform us of the glories of the Western Highlands, enriched with grain and the plenty of herbage. But how the Highlanders will vindicate Bowhidder and Lochaber, with Reven in Badenoch, that I know not; for *there* they live like liards and die like loons: hating to work and no credit to borrow, they make depredations, and so rob their neighbours."†

So that we see that the words Lord Macaulay quotes as applicable to the Highlands in general, are used by Frank in reference to the districts of Balquidder, for such we presume to be the place called by him Bowhidder, Lochaber and a part of Badenoch, the lawlessness of which he contrasts with the rest of the Highlands; and instead of all beyond Inverary being chaos, it is in these "pleasant bounds" that "the glories of the Western Highlands, enriched with grain and plenty of herbage," are to be found.

The opinion which Frank formed of Scotland he has not been niggardly in expressing. He sums it up thus:—

> "For you are to consider, sir, that the whole tract of Scotland is but one single series of admirable delights, notwithstanding the prejudicate reports of some men that represent it otherwise. For if eyesight be argument convincing enough to confirm a truth, it enervates my pen to describe Scotland's curiosities, which properly ought to fall under a more elegant style to range them in order for a better discovery. For Scotland is not Europe's *umbra*, as fictitiously imagined by some extravagant wits. No; it's rather a legible fair draught of the beautiful creation dressed up with polished rocks, pleasant savannahs, flourishing dales, deep and torpid lakes, with shady firwoods immerged with rivers and gliding rivulets; where every fountain o'erflows a valley and every ford superabounds with fish; where also the swelling mountains are covered with sheep, and the marish grounds strewed with cattle, whilst every field is filled with corn, and every swamp swarms with fowl. This, in my opinion, proclaims a plenty, and presents Scotland a kingdom of prodigies and products too, to allure foreigners and entertain travellers."‡

It is greatly to be regretted that Frank, who had the opportunity of affording so much information, should have been led by his intolerable pedantry into a style of writing fit only for Don Adriano de Armado. If he had been content to "deliver himself like a man of this world," his book would have formed a most valuable record of the condition of the country at a time when (though we by no means accept Lord Macaulay's assertion that less was known of the Grampians than of the Andes) we are certainly in want of accurate and impartial information. The book is scarce, and the reader may take the following description of Dumbarton as a fair sample of the intolerable style in which the whole of it is written. Arnoldus, it must be remembered, was Frank himself.

> "THEOPH.—What lofty domineering towers are those that storm the air and stand on tip-toe (to my thinking) upon two stately elevated pondrus rocks, that shade the valley with their prodigious growth, even to amazement? Because they display such adequate and exact proportion, with such equality in their mountainous pyramides, as if nature had stretched them into parallel lines with most accurate poize, to amuse the most curious and critical observer; though with exquisite perspectives he double an observation, yet shall he never trace a disproportion in those uniform piermonts.

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* See Preface by Sir Walter Scott to the edition of Frank's book, 1821.

† P. 144.

‡ FRANK'S *Northern Memoirs*, preface, p. 10.

"ARN.—These are those natural and not artificial pyramides that have stood, for ought I know, since the beginnings of time; nor are they sheltered under any disguise, for Nature herself dressed up this elaborate precipiece, without art or engine, or any other manual, till arriving at this period of beauty and perfection. And because, having laws and limits of her own, destined by the prerogative-royal of Heaven, she heaped up these massy inaccessible pyramides, to invalidate art and all its admirers, since so equally to shape a mountain, and to form it into so great and such exact proportions.

"THEOPH.—Then it's no fancy, I perceive, when in the midst of those lofty and elevated towers a palace presents itself unto us, immurred with rocks and a craggy front, that with a haughty brow contemns the invaders; and where below, at those knotty descents, Neptune careers on brinish billows, armed with tritons in corselets of green, that threatens to invade this impregnable rock, and shake the foundations, which if he do, he procures an earthquake.

"ARN.—This is the rock; and that which you see elevated in air, and inoculated to it, is an artificial fabrik, invelop't, as you now observe, in the very breast of this prodigious mountain; which briefly, yet well enough, your observation directs to, both as to the form, situation, and strength. Moreover, it's a garrison, and kept by the Albions, where formerly our friend Fœlecius dwelt, who of late upon preferment is transplanted into Ireland: however, Aquilla will bid us welcome; and if I mistake not, he advances to meet us: look wishly forward, and you'll see him trace those delightful fields from the ports of Dumbarton.

"AQUIL.—What vain delusions thus possess me! Nay, what idle dotages and fictitious dreams thus delude me, if these be ghosts which I fancy men.—O heavens! it's our friend Arnoldus, and (if I mistake not) Theophilus with him-Welcome to Dumbarton!"*

After some further conversation in the same style, Arnoldus and Theophilus display their fishing-rods, and all three forthwith descend from their stilts, and talk like men of this world. "I'm for the fly," says Arnoldus. "Then I'm for ground-bait," replies Aquilla. "And I'm for any bait or any colour, so that I be but doing," exclaims Theophilus; and then follows a discussion upon brandlings, gildtails, cankers, caterpillars, grubs, and locusts, with a barbarous suggestion to "strip off the legs of a grasshopper," worthy of that "quaint old cruel coxcomb," Isaac Walton, whom, in spite of all his cold-blooded abominations, we cannot help loving in our hearts. The three friends then part, Arnoldus for the head, or more properly the foot, of Loch Lomond, whilst Aquilla and Theophilus remain to try their luck and skill in the waters of Leven, and meet again to compare their sport and display their spoil. Frank was a dull man on everything but fishing. When the rod and the fly are concerned he writes in earnest, his intolerable pedantry and affectation disappear, and his book, like all books containing a mixture of natural history, topography, sporting, and personal adventure, is delightful. His pedantry and dulness spoil every other subject; even the Elitropia of Boccaccio, and the story of Bailie Pringle's cow, and the Doch-an-dorroch, became stupid and tiresome in his hands; and he gives an account of the venerable Laird of Urquhart, who was the happy father of forty legitimate children, and who at the latter part of his life was in the habit of going to bed in his coffin, which was then hauled by pulleys close up to the ridge-tree of the house, in order that the old gentleman might be so much the nearer heaven should he receive a sudden summons, without any appreciation of the grotesque humour of the old man.

Here and there a peevish word escapes him at the want of the comforts he had been accustomed to on the banks of the Trent, and did not find in the wilds of Sutherland and Cromarty; but so far from encountering any of the perils which Lord Macaulay paints so vividly, he says, writing in a remote part of Sutherlandshire, "Let not our discourse discover us ungrateful to the inhabitants, for it were madness more than good manners not to acknowledge civilities from a people that so civilly treated us."† This was in 1657.

Lord Macaulay's next witness is

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* Pp. 109, 110.

† P. 211.

William Cleland. He vouches him to prove the important fact of the tar. "For the tar," says Lord Macaulay, "I am indebted to Cleland's poetry."* Cleland deserves to be remembered for better things than a poem which Lord Macaulay himself elsewhere describes as a "Hudibrastic satire of very little intrinsic value."† He was an accomplished man and a gallant soldier, but about as bad a witness as to anything concerning the Highlanders as can be conceived. During the whole of his short life he was engaged in a bitter hand-to-hand contest with them. It was a struggle for life or death, and only terminated when Cleland, at the age of twenty-seven, fell by a Highland bullet at the head of the Cameronians, during his gallant and successful defence of Dunkeld from the attack of the Highlanders in 1689. No one, therefore, would think of regarding Cleland as an impartial witness. But his poem, which Lord Macaulay quotes, will be found on examination to relate, not to the Highlands and their inhabitants in general, to whom Lord Macaulay applies it, but simply to that "Highland Host" which was sent by Lauderdale to ravage the west in 1678, when Cleland was a boy of seventeen. It does not profess even to give any description of the Highlanders in general. The book is extremely scarce; the only copy we have seen—a small 12mo in the Grenville Collection—is marked as having cost three guineas. We therefore give the passage which Lord Macaulay refers to entire, in order that the reader may judge how far this description of the lawless rabble, let loose upon free quarter on the western counties, justifies Lord Macaulay's account of the company with whom a peaceful traveller would have "feasted" when journeying across Scotland. Even Cleland, it will be seen, draws by no means a contemptible picture of the officers of this host, his description of whose dress and accoutrements well befits the leaders of an irregular force.

"But to discrive them right surpasses
The art of nine Parnassus lasses,
Of Lucan, Virgil, or of Horas,
Of Ovid, Homer, or of Floras;
Yea, sure such sights might have inclined
A man to nauceate at mankind:
Some might have judged they were the creatures
Called Selfies, whos costumes and features
Paracelsus does descry
In his Occult Philosophy;
Or Faunes, or Brownies, if ye will,
Or Satyres, come from Atlas hill,
Or that the three-tongued tyke was sleeping
Who hath the Stygian door a-keeping,
Their head, their neck, their legges, and thighs,
Are influenced by the skies,
Without a clout to interrupt them.
They need not strip them when they whip them,
Nor loose their doublet when they're hanged;
If they be missed, its sure they're wrong'd.
This keeps their bodies from corruptions,
From fistuls, humours, and eruptions,

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Their durks hang down between their legs,
Where they make many slopes and gegges,
By rubbing on their naked side,
And wambling from side to side.
But those who were their chief commanders,
And such who bore the pirnie standarts,
Who led the van and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With Brogues, Trenes, and pirnie plaides,
With gude blew Bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe
Adorned with a Tobacco-pipe.
With Durk and snapwork, and Snuff-mille,
A bag which they with onions fill,
And, as their strick observers say,
A tube-horn filled with usquebay,
A slashed out coat beneath her plaides,
A targe of timber, nailes, and hides,
With a long two-handed sword.
As good's the country can affoord,
Had they not need of bulk and bones
Who fight with all these arms at once?
It's marvellous how in such weather,
O'er hill and hop they came together,
How in such storms they came so far;
The reason is, they're smeared with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just as it does their sheep protect;
But least ye doubt that this be trew,
They're just the colour of tarr'd wool.

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* Vol. iii., p. 306.

† Vol. iii., p. 276.

> Nought like religion they retain,
> Of moral honestie they're clean;
> In nothing they're accounted sharp,
> Except in bagpipe and in harpe.
> For a misobliging word
> She'll durk her neighbour over the boord;
> And then she'll flee like fire from flint,
> She'll scarcely ward the second dint.
> If any ask her of her thrift,
> Foresooth her nain sells lives by thift."*

Cleland's picture of the "Highland Host" may pass well enough with Gilray's caricatures of Napoleon's army. As an illustration of what people said and thought, it is valuable; as a record of facts it is worthless. A far greater satirist, some years later, drew a French officer preparing his own dinner by spitting half-a-dozen frogs on his rapier, and a Clare-market butcher tossing a French postillion, with a large portmanteau on his back, bodily over his shoulder with one hand. Even Lord Macaulay could hardly cite Hogarth to prove the diet of the French army, or the proportion of muscular strength of the two nations respectively.

Lord Macaulay's total want of perception of humour, of the power of distinguishing a grotesque play of fancy from the solemn assertion of a fact, leads him into numerous errors.

We now come to Lord Macaulay's principal authority — "almost all these circumstances," he says (with a special exception of the tar in honour of Colonel Cleland), "are taken from Burt's Letters."† Here, then, we arrive at the fountain-head. Burt's Letters were first published in 1754. They were written twenty or thirty years earlier—that is to say, about the latter end of the reign of George I. Burt was a man of ability, and possessed considerable power of observation; but he was a coxcomb and a cockney. He was quartered at Inverness with some brother officers, one of whom attempted to ride "through a rainbow,"‡ and another became so terrified on a hill-side (where there was, be it observed, a horse-road) that in panic terror he clung to the heather on the mountain-side, and remained there till he was rescued by two of his own soldiers.§ Others of the party attempted to ascend to the top of Ben Nevis, "but could not attain it."‖ They related on their return that this "wild expedition," unsuccessful as it was, "took them up a whole summer's day from five in the morning." They returned thankful that they had escaped the mists, in which, had they been caught, they "must have perished with cold, wet, and hunger."¶ Burt himself travelled on horseback, with a sumpter-horse attending him. With this equipage he attempted to ride over a bog, and got bogged as he deserved; next he tried bog-trotting on foot, in heavy jackboots with high heels,** with little better success. Old hock, claret, and French brandy were necessary to his comfort—he nauseated at the taste of whisky and the smell of peat. He has left a minute account of his personal adventures during an expedition into the Highlands in October 172—. His route we have attempted in vain to trace. He met with bad weather, and was forced to take refuge in a "hut." Let us hear the description which this fine gentleman has left of his quarters under the most disadvantageous circumstances: — "My fare," he says, "was a couple of roasted hens (as they call them), very poor, new killed, the skins much broken with plucking, black with smoke, and greased with bad butter.†† As I had no great appetite to that dish, I spoke for some hard eggs, made my supper of the yolks, and washed them down with a *bottle of good small claret.* My bed had clean sheets and blankets. . . . . For want of anything more proper for breakfast, I took up with a little brandy, water, sugar, and yolks of eggs beat up together, which I think they called 'old man's milk.'" We have many a time ourselves been thankful for far worse fare than this, A couple of fowls brandered, fresh eggs, butter not to be commended, good light claret, brandy-and-water hot, with clean sheets and a clear turf fire — not bad chance-quarters, when a snow-storm was howling down the glens, whirling madly round the mountains, and beating on the roof which sheltered the thankless cockney. Better, at any rate, than he deserved. Burt saw nothing in the

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* CLELAND'S *Highland Host*, pp. 11, 13.

† Vol. iii., p. 306.

‡ P. 68.

§ BURT, vol. ii., p. 46.

‖ P. 11.

¶ Vol. ii., p. 12.

** P. 27.

†† Vol. ii., p. 41.

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

but ridges of "rugged irregular lines," those which "appear next to the ether being rendered extremely harsh to the eye by appearing close to that diaphanous body." What he thinks "the most horrid, is to look at the hills from east to west, or *vice versâ*;" and he sighs for "a poetical mountain, smooth and easy of ascent, clothed with a verdant flowery turf, where shepherds tend their flocks, sitting under the shade of tall poplars." * Burt was a

> "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice manage of a clouded cane."

Richmond Hill was fairer in his eye than Ben Cruachan. He measures the terrors of a mountain-pass by saying that it was "twice as high as the cross of St. Paul's is from Ludgate Hill."† From the top of his hat to the sole of his shoe he was a cockney, one of those men for whose eyes the foxglove hangs its banner out in vain, who trample the wild violet remorselessly under the soles of their varnished boots, who see nothing but gloomy purple in that heather whose bloom even the truth of eye and skill of hand of Creswick or Richardson fails to transfer in all its richness and all its tenderness to canvass or to paper, whose eyes are blind to the countless beauties of the brown winter wood, and whose ears are deaf to that melody in the sough of the wind through the leafless trees, which never failed to awaken kindred poetry in the soul of Burns. We have no doubt that a London dining-room is more agreeable to all Lord Macaulay's senses than the wildest glen in which stag ever crouched among the bracken, and that Mr. Edwin Chadwick would rather lay his nose to the grating of a sewer than inhale the sweetest breeze that ever came love-laden with the kiss of the honeysuckle from the shore of Innisfallen. Yet even Burt, as we have seen, in no way supports Lord Macaulay's description. The risk of murder and robbery, so eloquently dilated upon by Lord Macaulay, is disposed of at once by Burt in the following passage:—

"Personal robberies are seldom heard of among them. For my own part, I have several times, with a single servant, passed the mountain-way from hence to Edinburg with four or five hundred guineas in my portmanteau, without any apprehension of robbers by the way or danger in my lodgings at night; though in my sleep any one, with ease, might have thrust a sword from the outside through the wall of the hut and my body together. *I wish we could say as much of our own country, civilised as it is said to be, though we cannot be safe in going from London to Highgate.*"

This is the witness Lord Macaulay produces to prove the imminent peril a traveller in the Highlands was in of being "stripped and mangled" by marauders, and his eyes given as a meal to the eagles!

Neither Burt nor Frank intimate that they were ever in the slightest personal danger of this kind. The precipices and the torrents, on the dangers of which Lord Macaulay dilates, are precisely the same now that they were a hundred years ago; the risk of falling from the former depends on the quantity of whisky the traveller may have imbibed, and is no greater than it is on the top of Sleive League or the pass of Striden Edge. The perils of the ford depend on the skill and care of those who traverse it. We ourselves were of a party, but two years ago, in the north of Ross, when two ladies, a pony, and a basket-carriage, were, to use Lord Macaulay's magniloquent expression, "suddenly whirled away by the boiling waves of a torrent." The pony swam as Highlands ponies know how to swim. As for the precious freight, they, like Ophelia,

> "Fell in the weeping brook; their cloaths spread wide,
> And mermaid-like awhile did bear them up."

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* Burt, Vol. ii., p. 13. † Vol. ii., p. 45. ‡ Vol. ii., p. 217.

Thus happily rescued from "muddy death," they shook down their long wet tresses, wrung out "their garments heavy with their drink," and joined heartily in the laughter which followed close upon the momentary alarm occasioned by the adventure. All depends, in these cases, upon laying hold of the right handle. A man whose head turns giddy at the top of a precipice, who fears to walk through a stream up to his middle, who cannot feed well and sleep sound on such fare and in such quarters as Captain Burt thought it a hardship to be compelled to take up with a hundred and fifty years ago, who detests whiskey and peat-smoke, had better keep out of the Highlands, where he would be as much out of place as Lord Macaulay attempting to ride across Leicestershire with Mr. Little Gilmour or Lord Forester.

The idea of making one's supper upon a cake composed of oats and cow's blood is not agreeable. But it must be remembered that this is mentioned by Burt* not as fare that had ever been set before himself or any other traveller, but as an expedient resorted to "by the lower order of Highlanders" in seasons of extraordinary scarcity; and after all, we may fairly ask ourselves whether our disgust is not more moved by the revolting description than by the actual diet itself. Did Lord Macaulay of Rothley, in the county of Leicester, never eat black-pudding or lamb's tails? both of which, we can assure him, are esteemed delicacies in that part of the world. If he did, what would he think of seeing his repast described in the following manner? "At dinner a pudding composed of grain fit only for horses, mixed with the blood and fat of a pig, and boiled in a bag formed of the intestines of the same unclean beast, was set before him. This was followed by a dish composed of joints cut with a knife from the bodies of living lambs, whose plaintive bleatings, as they wriggled their bleeding stumps within hearing and sight, did not disturb the appetite of the guest. Such was the diet which a Peer, a poet, and a historian did not think unpalatable in the middle of the nineteenth century."† One might go on *ad infinitum* with similar illustrations. Shrimps are esteemed universally, we believe, to be delicate viands, and are especially in favour with the visitors at Margate and Herne Bay, who call them "swimps." What would be the effect upon Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, and all the Master and Miss Tomkinses, as they return home by the Gravesend boat, if they were told that they had feasted for a week upon obscene reptiles, fed upon the putrid flesh of dead dogs and drowned sailors, and packed in earthen vessels covered with rancid butter? Lord Macaulay, we presume, does not visit Rosherville, but probably he eats "swimps" somewhere; and we have no doubt that he spreads the trail of a woodcock upon a toast (first carefully extracting the sandbag), and swallows it with a relish which we should be sorry to interfere with by describing how the fine flavour which delights his palate is produced. It is absurd to look too minutely into these matters, but a very little reflection will show that it is equally absurd to rely upon them as being necessarily indications of barbarism.

That there were and still are huts in the Highlands which swarm with vermin, and whose inhabitants are subject to cutaneous diseases, we are by no means disposed to deny. Unhappily the same thing may be said with truth of every county in England, nay, of every parish in London. Within a stone's throw of St. James's Palace, garrets may be found the inhabitants of which suffer from all the maladies in Lord Macaulay's loathsome catalogue, and more to boot.

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* Vol. ii., p. 109.

† This fact is alluded to in a beautiful ballad, some stanzas of which have been handed down to our own day, and which tells us that when

> "Little Bo-peep had lost her sheep,
> And didn't know where to find them;
> She found them indeed,
> But it made her heart bleed,
> For they'd left their tails behind them."

That outrages revolting to humanity have been, and as long as the passions and vices of human nature remain what they are, will again be perpetrated in the Highlands, as well as in every other place where man has set his foot, we freely admit. Few years have passed since, in the very heart of London, a wretched woman was brutally murdered in the course of her miserable and degraded profession, and the murderer, for aught we know, still walks the streets in safety. Not many months ago, one mangled corpse was dropped over the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, and another, stripped naked, was thrown into a ditch within five miles of Hyde Park Corner; in neither case has the murderer been brought to justice. If we were disposed to paint a picture of the state of London after the manner of Lord Macaulay, from these materials (facts, be it remembered, recorded not in a lampoon or satire, but on the registers of the police and the reports of coroners' inquests), what a den of assassins, what a seething caldron of vice and profligacy, what an abode of crime, disease, misery, and despair, might we represent the metropolis of the British Empire to be!

Burt, as we have said, was a Cockney. His highest idea of sport was a little quiet hare-hunting. It was not until many years latter that Somerville (to whose memory be all honour paid) sketched a character now happily not uncommon. It was reserved for us in the present day to see the keenest sportsman, the best rider to hounds, the most enduring deer-stalker, and most skilful angler, at the same time an accomplished scholar, an eloquent writer, an orator, and a statesman.* Amongst the wits of the reign of Queen Anne, the fox-hunting country squire was the constant subject of ridicule. Burt aped their mode of thought, and it will be seen that his picture of the English squire is fully as unpleasing as that of the Highland laird; it will be seen also how little foundation the latter, hostile and prejudiced as it is, affords for Lord Macaulay's representation of him as a filthy treacherous savage, who held robbery to be a calling "not merely innocent but honourable," who revenged an insult by a "stab in the back," and who, whilst he was "taking his ease, fighting, hunting, or marauding," compelled his "aged mother, his pregnant wife, and his tender daughters" to till the soil and to reap the harvest.†

Burt thus compares the English fox-hunter and the Highland laird:—

"The first of these characters," (he says) "is, I own, too trite to be given you—but this by way of comparison. The squire is proud of his estate and affluence of fortune, loud and positive over his October, impatient of contradiction, or rather will give no opportunity for it; but whoops and halloos at every interval of his own talk, as if the company were to supply the absence of his hounds. The particular characters of the pack, the various occurrences in a chase, where Jowler is the eternal hero, make the constant topic of his discourse, though perhaps none others are interested in it. And his favourites, the trencher-hounds, if they please, may lie undisturbed upon chairs and counterpanes of silk; and upon the least cry, though not hurt, his pity is excited more for them than if one of his children had broken a limb; and to that pity his anger succeeds, to the terror of the whole family.

"The laird is national, vain of the number of his followers and his absolute command over them. In case of contradiction he is loud and imperious, and even dangerous, being always attended by those who are bound to support his arbitrary sentiments.

"The great antiquity of his family, and the heroic actions of his ancestors, in their conquest upon the enemy clans, is the inexhaustible theme of his conversation; and, being accustomed to dominion, he imagines himself, in his usky, to be a sovereign prince, and, as I said before, fancies he may dispose of heads at his pleasure.

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* That this is a true picture of a numerous class, will be admitted by all. To the minds of those who ever had the happiness to meet him, on the moor, in the field, in the House of Commons, or at his own fireside, or who are acquainted with his admirable *Essays on Agriculture*, the late Mr. Thomas Gisborne of Yoxal Lodge will at once occur as one of the most remarkable examples of that class.

† Vol. iii., p. 305.

"Thus one of them places his vanity in his fortune, and his pleasure in his hounds. The other's pride is in his lineage, and his delight is in command, both arbitrary in their way; and this the excess of liquor discovers in both. So that what little difference there is between them, seems to arise from the accident of their birth; and if the exchange of countries had been made in their infancy, I make no doubt but each might have had the other's place, as they stand separately described in this letter. On the contrary, in like manner as we have many country gentlemen, merely such, of great humanity and agreeable (if not general) conversation; so in the Highlands I have met with some lairds who surprised me with their good sense and polite behaviour; being so far removed from the more civilised part of the world, and considering the wildness of the country, which one would think was sufficient of itself to give a savage turn to a mind the most humane."*

It may perhaps be said that Lord Macaulay makes amends to the Highlands for his groundless slanders by his equally groundless flattery. That the Highland gentleman has no right to complain of his stating that his clothes were "begrimed with the accumulated filth of years," and that he dwelt in a hovel that "smelt worse than an English hogstye," because he says in the next line that he did the honours of his hogstye with a "lofty courtesy worthy of the most splendid circle of Versailles." That "in the Highland councils men who would not have been qualified for the duty of parish clerks" (by which, if he means anything, Lord Macaulay must mean that they were not "men of sweet voice and becoming gravity to raise the psalm," like the famous P. P. clerk of this parish), "argued questions of peace and war, of tribute and homage, with ability worthy of Halifax and Carmarthen," and that "minstrels who did not know their letters" produced poems in which the "tenderness of Otway" was mingled with "the vigour of Dryden." What the honours of a hogstye may be—whether Halifax or Carmarthen could "adventure to lead the psalm," or exercised themselves in "singing godly ballads," or what kind of verses were produced by minstrels who were unable to commit them to writing, and whose productions have consequently not come down to our day—we know not. But, to quote a homely proverb, two blacks do not make a white, and to call a man a thief, a murderer, and a filthy, abject, ignorant, illiterate savage, in one line, and to describe him as graceful, dignified, and full of noble sensibility and lofty courtesy, with the intellect of a statesman and the genius of a poet, in the next, gives one about as accurate a picture of his mind and manners as one would obtain of his features by two reflections taken the one vertically and the other horizontally in the bowl of a silver spoon.

Lord Macaulay's taste for, and, we are bound to add, his extensive knowledge of, the most worthless productions that have survived from the time of the Revolution to our own day, is amusing. It is a class of literature, which would have made Grandpapa Mills's hair stand on end. It is enough to make the staid old Quaker turn in his grave to think of his graceless grandson flirting with Mrs. Manley and Afra Behn. From the latter lady he cites† a "coarse and prophane Scotch poem," describing, in terms which he is too modest to quote, "How the first Hielandman was made." Possibly it is the same modesty, and a feeling of reluctance to corrupt his readers, which has induced Lord Macaulay to cite a volume in which this poem is *not* to be found. In that volume, however, there happens to be a description of a Dutchman equally indecent, and, though Lord Macaulay may perhaps not admit it, equally worthy of belief. Portraits of Irishmen, just as authentic, abound in the farces which were popular a few years later; and even now the English gentlemen on the French stage, with his mouth full of "Rosbif" and "Goddams," threatens to "sell his vife at Smithfield."

If Lord Macaulay's New Zealander should take to writing history after the fashion of his great progenitor, he may perhaps paint the Welsh in colours similar to and upon authorities as trustworthy as those Lord Macaulay has used and relied upon in his picture of the Scotch. If he does, his description will be something of the following kind:—

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* Burt, vol. iii. p. 247.

† Vol. iii. p. 309.

"In the days of Queen Victoria, the inhabitant of the Principality was a savage and a thief. He subsisted by plunder. The plough was unknown. He snatched from his more industrious neighbour his flocks and his herds. When the flesh he thus obtained was exhausted, he gnawed the bones like a dog, until hunger compelled him again to visit the homesteads and larders of England. With all the vices, he had few or none of the virtues of the savage. He was ungrateful and inhospitable. That this was his character is proved by verses which still re-echo in the nurseries of Belgrave Square and along the marches of Wales:—

'Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house,
Stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was from home;
Taffy came to my house,
Stole a marrow-bone.'"

This is every bit as authentic as Lord Macaulay's description of the Highlanders. Such history may be supplied in any quantity and at the shortest notice. All that is necessary is a volume of cotemporary lampoons, a bundle of political songs, or a memory in which such things are stored, and which may save the trouble of reference. The genius it requires is a genius for being abusive. The banks of the Thames and the Cam furnish abundance of professors, male and female, of the art of vituperation, but as Lord Macaulay, from his frequent repetition of the same terms of abuse, seems to have exhausted his "derangement of epitaphs," we would recommend him to turn to Viner's Abridgment, title *Action for Words*, where he will find one hundred and thirty folio pages of scolding, from which he may select almost any phrase of abuse and vituperation, with the advantage of knowing also the nice distinctions by which the law has decided what words are and what are not actionable, which may be used with impunity against the living, and which must be reserved for the safe slander of the dead.

LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION:

LUTHER—CALVIN—LATIMER—KNOX.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH has given us here a masterly delineation of four of the chief leaders, or heroes, of the Reformation — Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Knox. In our judgment, he has reproduced each one of these characters with historical fidelity, and accompanied his portraiture with reflections of a highly intelligent and liberal description—liberal, generous, and indulgent, but such as never compromise his own genuine convictions, such as never sacrifice truth to courtesy. Professor Tulloch very fairly represents the sincere and enlightened Protestantism of the nineteenth century. We have only one difficulty in reviewing his book: we find so few opportunities for dissent; we cannot pick a quarrel with our author; we must content ourselves with observations of a collateral or explanatory character; we may here and there extend or qualify some of his remarks.

We wish that to the four names he has selected our author had added a fifth—that of Cranmer. We should be sorry to lose the spirited sketch of Latimer; but if any one man can be said to represent the Reformation in England, it is Cranmer; and if the number four was to be preserved, and each of the four was to represent his own nation, the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to have occupied the place of the sturdy preacher at St. Paul's cross. Moreover, our reforming Archbishop has been lately treated, by more than one writer, with undue severity; and we think he would have received a fair measure of justice at the hands of Principal Tulloch: not that he would have been a favourite with the Principal — we rather suspect not — but we should have counted on a generous and considerate estimate of the man. A reforming Archbishop who lived much in courts, and who had to advance his cause by influence with monarchs, and not by passionate appeals to the public, cannot be expected to display the straightforward simple heroism of a John Knox, who is seen standing at the head of a quite republican movement. Perhaps he may still, at some future time, fall into the hands of our impartial yet generous critic.

Of the four great names which, in the meanwhile, stand here before us, Luther naturally takes the first place. Of no man, perhaps, who ever lived upon this earth, have so many and such contradictory things been written; no man ever had such applauding friends and such villifying foes; and we may safely prophesy that, as long as Christendom endures, his name and fame will be the theme of angry controversy. Not only is it impossible that the Catholic and the Protestant should agree in their estimate of this man and the work he accomplished; but even to Protestants he presents so many phases of character — he and his writings may be seen under so many different lights—that any steady uniform judgment is almost unattainable. We have most of us felt how difficult it is to preserve at all times that high regard for the great German reformer which we could willingly cherish, and which we have probably received from our earliest reading and from standard historical authorities. There is one course only to be pursued, by which we may hope to keep a steadfast judgment—it is the course which our author pursues, and which, indeed, is generally pursued, only not with sufficient consistency. We must not at once compare him with contemporary scholars or philosophers, nor must we merely turn over his writings to estimate the man; we must treat him *historically.* We must begin with the monk—with the

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Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox. By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.

peasant monk of Germany; and we must not afterwards forget that this was our starting-point. We have a pious, poor, superstitious monk—the son of a German peasant, and a man of genius withal—and we have to watch the development of such a one at an era when learning was penetrating into the monastery.

It is the development in this monk of a form of Christian piety that we have to watch — a form of what is often called mystical piety developed in defiance of the Church, extended amongst the people, and combated for in the scholastic learning of the times. It is not our intention to go over the well-known biography of Luther, but from the day when he vows that "God willing, he will beat a hole in Tetzel's drum," to those last fretful years of his life when he predicts the end of all things—sees the whole world on the very eve of destruction — nature herself in final dissolution — because he, Martin Luther, with the epistles of St. Paul in his hand, has not been received by universal Christendom — we trace throughout the continuous development of one form of Christian piety. This constituted the strength of the Reformation. Our German monk, a man of fervent genius, far outsteps the religion of such priests and confessors as surrounded him. He is not satisfied with any attainable standard of moral rectitude. His spirit seeks a union with the Spirit of God, and he yearns after a purity of heart which will justify such aspiration. It is a form of piety which appears in every epoch amongst solitary thinkers, with whom religious meditation has become a passion. In this instance it steps beyond the cloister to do battle with the church. Ranke, the historian of the Reformation, states it well — "'Oh my sins, my sins, my sins!' writes our monk to Staupitz, who was not a little astonished when he received the confession of so sorrowful a penitent, and found that he had no sinful acts to acknowledge. His anguish was the struggle of the creature after the purity of the Creator, to whom it feels itself profoundly and intimately allied, yet from whom it is severed by an immeasurable gulf — a feeling which Luther nourished by incessant solitary brooding, and which had taken the more complete possession of him because no penance had power to appease it, no doctrine truly touched it, no confessor would hear of it."

When, therefore, it is popularly said that the right of private judgment was the principle established by the Reformation, this statement is only correct if we are speaking of a great result of the whole movement. It is plainly erroneous if we are speaking of the principle which animated Luther and other of the early Reformers. That which animated *them* was a most dogmatic assertion of their own great doctrine of religion. In making this assertion they gave, whether they intended it or not, a conspicuous example of the freedom of private judgment. But left to themselves, they would very willingly have limited this freedom to those who would have used it in exactly the same manner as they did. Principal Tulloch very ably points this out.

> "It remains for us to inquire concerning the main thought that moved Luther and animated him in all his work. It requires but little penetration to discover that he was possessed by such a thought — that a profound principle, a single inspiring spiritual idea, ran through the whole of the great movement, and more than anything else gave direction and strength and triumph to it. . . . . It was characteristically a spiritual revolt — an awakening of the individual conscience in the light of the old Gospel, for centuries imprisoned and obscured in the dim chambers of men's traditions, but now at length breaking forth with renewed radiance. This was the life and essence of Luther's own personal struggle, and this it was which formed the spring of all his labours, and gave them such a pervading and mighty energy. The principle of *moral individualism*—of the free responsible relation of every soul to God—this it is which stamps the movement of Luther with its characteristic impress, and more than any other thing enables us to understand its power and success. It is nothing else than what we call, in theological language, *justification by faith alone*, but we prefer to apprehend it in this more general and ethical form of expression."

But this *individualism* in religion, as the Principal has designated it—this personal union (as we should prefer to describe it) with the Divine Being as He exists in the second person of the Trinity, could not be taught as the sole essential, the *sum and substance* of Christianity, without involving in itself a rebellion against the Catholic Church. The right of private judgment, or the duty to think for ourselves, was necessarily mingled up with this doctrine of justification by faith alone. The man must dare to think in opposition to the church who can hope to be saved independently of the church. And again, whilst he believes that his salvation is partly due to the sacraments of the church, or to his membership of the visible church as it exists on earth, he can never extricate himself entirely from the dominion or authority of the hierarchy. Thus this individual piety, which set aside every species of human or earthly mediation, necessarily led to a rebellion against all human or priestly authority in the matter of religious doctrine. But, continues our author—

"It was very far from Luther's intentions, even after he had entered on his contest with Rome, to assert what has been called the *right of private judgment* in matters of religion. Even in the end he did not fully understand or admit the validity of this principle; and yet so far there was no other resting-ground for him. He was driven to claim for himself freedom of opinion in the light of Scripture as the only position on which, with any consistency, he could stand. Accordingly, when pressed to retract his views at Worms, when it was clearly made manifest that authority, Catholic and Imperial, was against him, he boldly took his ground here in magnanimous and always memorable words. For himself he said, 'Unless I be convinced by Scripture or by reason, I can and will retract nothing; for to act against my conscience is neither safe nor honest. Here I stand.' . . .

"It is too well known, however, that neither he nor any of his fellow-reformers recognised the full meaning and bearing of this position. They knew what their own necessities demanded, but that was all. They raised the ensign of a free Bible in the face of Rome, but they speedily refused to allow others to fight under this banner as well as themselves. What Luther claimed for himself against Catholic authority, he refused to Carlstadt and refused to Zwingle, in favour of their more liberal doctrinal views. He failed to see that their position was exactly his own, with a difference of result, which indeed was all the difference in the world to him."

Most true: Luther issued from his monastery with all the spirit of a martyr for his faith; he was prepared to die, if necessary, for his faith. Right of freedom of inquiry was not his cause. He defied the Emperor and the Pope, not in the name of humanity or the rights of man, but in the name of the ever-living God. He looked direct to God for his support. He was ready to be a martyr for his faith—not for the abstract cause of freedom of thought: that species of martyrdom has yet to appear amongst us, if it ever will.

"Scripture as a witness," thus Principal Tulloch eloquently concludes his chapter upon Luther, "disappeared behind the Augsburg Confession as a standard; and so it happened more or less with all the reformers. They were consistent in displacing the Church of Rome from its position of assumed authority over the conscience, but they were equally consistent all of them in raising a dogmatic authority in its stead. In favour of their own views, they asserted the right of private judgment to interpret and decide the meaning of Scripture, but they had nevertheless no idea of a really free interpretation of Scripture. Their orthodoxy everywhere appealed to Scripture, but it rested in reality upon an Augustinian commentary of Scripture. They displaced the medieval schoolmen, but only to elevate Augustine; and having done this, they had no conception of any limits attaching to this new tribunal of heresy. Freedom of opinion, in the modern sense, was utterly unknown to them. There was not merely an absolute truth in Scripture, but they had settled by the help of Augustine what this truth was; and any variations from this standard were not to be tolerated. The idea of a free faith holding to very different dogmatic views, and yet equally Christian—the idea of spiritual life and goodness apart from theoretical orthodoxy—had not dawned in the sixteenth century, nor long afterwards. Heresy was not a mere divergence of intellectual apprehension, but a moral obliquity—a statutory offence—to be punished by the magistrate, to be expiated by death. It is the strangest and most saddening of all spectacles to contemplate the slow and painful process by which the human mind has emancipated itself from the dark delusion that intellectual error is a subject of moral offence and punishment."

But while our author thus repudiates the idea that the progressive intellect of man, which God has created for forward and incessant action, should be checked and limited by Augsburg Confessions, or any articles or formulas of faith into which Christianity was re-cast at the time of the Reformation, he never fails to do justice to the leaders of that movement and the great work they accomplished. We should willingly follow him in his delineations of the personal character of Luther, but that other portions of his book present the attraction of greater novelty. He does full justice to the geniality and warmth of Luther's nature, to his boldness and magnanimity, to his fervid genius; and, on the other hand, he does not spare the dogmatism that defaced his later years, or the superstition that accompanied him through life. But we turn from the German reformer to one whose personal history and character, if less interesting, are less generally known—to the second on the list, Calvin.

Calvin is in many respects a contrast to Luther. Of cold temper, subtle and systematic in his theology, his office was to give order and precision and completeness to the doctrines of the new church. If Luther may be represented as the sturdy reaper entering first into the field with his scythe or reaping-hook, Calvin may be said to follow after, binding the scattered corn into symmetrical sheaves, which he leaves standing there in due order in the open field. Calvin must also have possessed great administrative talent; he was a man of action as well as of thought; he governed a city, gave laws to a republic. He was the Pericles of Geneva; or let us say that he was the Lycurgus of the Puritans.

One thing is noticeable in Calvin's education: we find him, in his youth, alternately occupied with theology and jurisprudence. He enters first into the church, then transfers himself to the study of the law, apparently at the desire of his father, who, himself a notary, thought probably that the legal profession would lead his very able son to higher advancement in life. This twofold study of theology and jurisprudence was training him for the part he played of legislator and clerical orator of the republican city of Geneva. His religious convictions, however, finally determined him to devote his mind to theology, and these convictions led him also gradually to take his stand with the reformers.

"Slowly but surely he passed over to the Protestant ranks, in a manner entirely contrasted with that of Luther, even as his mind and character were so wholly different. We trace no struggling steps of dogmatic conviction—no profound spiritual agitations—no crisis, as in the case of the German reformer. We only learn that, from being an apparently satisfied and devoted adherent of Popery, he adopted, with a quiet but steady and zealous faithfulness, the new opinions. He himself, indeed, in his preface, when commenting on the Psalms, speaks of his conversion being a sudden one; and to his own reflection afterwards it may have seemed that the clear light began to dawn upon him all at once; but the facts of his life seem rather to show it in the light in which we have represented it, as a gradual and consistent growth under the influences which surrounded him, first at Orleans and then at Bourges."

We apprehend that these great changes of opinion may generally be described as both sudden and gradual; that is, there was a gradual preparation for the change, a shaking here and there of old opinions, an introduction here and there of new thoughts and sentiments, and yet there was also one epoch, one day or hour, when the new point of view was once for all adopted, and the man suddenly became a champion of the very doctrine he had been contending against, perhaps persecuting. He had been zealously arguing, zealously persecuting, up to the last moment; many misgivings had occurred to him; many admonitions or suspicions that there lay a great truth in the very creed he was denouncing, had been silenced or rudely thrust aside; but his thoughts were nevertheless arranging themselves after some new order, and he suddenly became aware that *this* was the doctrine, or the system, that he must henceforth teach and live by. Calvin proceeded to Paris (1533), which at that time, under the teaching of Lefevre and Farel, had become a centre of the reformed faith. It was not long before he made such manifestations of his opinions as obliged him to quit that city, and he shortly afterwards settled at Basle.

As it is not our intention to proceed with any of these biographies step by step, we pass at once to Calvin's connection with the city of Geneva. This is related by Principal Tulloch briefly, and yet with sufficient fulness to render his account instructive and valuable as an historical summary. He describes in a few words the political condition of Geneva at this time. A student of the middle ages might be delighted with the complication this presents. We have the feudal baron, the prince-bishop, the free city, all asserting their claim. Geneva was a free city of the Empire; but first its bishop took the lion's share of the temporal rule; then the bishop does not exercise his power directly, but through an officer called a Vidomme (vicedominus), and this officer or vidomme becomes hereditary in the dukes of Savoy. In the beginning of the sixteenth century we find the bishop aiding the duke to destroy whatever remained of the free city, or of the liberties of the Genevese. The citizens rose in arms. "By the help of the free Helvetian states, particularly Berne and Fribourg, the patriots triumphed, the friends of Savoy were banished, the vidommate abolished, and its powers transferred to a board of magistrates."

The conduct of its bishops would naturally alienate the Genevese from the ancient hierarchy, and when the reformer Farel made his appearance in the city (1532), he found a large party ready to join him. It was not without a sharp struggle, however, that the reformed faith had become established as the religion of the republic, and Farel and his coadjutors were still beset by many difficulties when Calvin providentially came to their aid. He came to Geneva for a single day; he stayed to make a confession of faith for a whole city. He came as a mere traveller, anxious only to advance upon his journey; he stayed to legislate for and to govern a republic.

"His old friend Tillet, now in Geneva, discovered who the traveller was, and apprised Farel of his discovery. Situated as Farel then was, almost alone, with the Reformation but partly accomplished, and the elements of disturbance smouldering around him, the advent of Calvin seemed to him an interposition of Divine Providence. He hastened to see him, and set before him his claims for assistance, and the work of God so obviously awaiting him. But Calvin was slow to move. He urged his desire to study, and be serviceable to all churches, rather than to attach himself to any one church in particular. He would fain have yielded to the intellectual bias so strong in him, and did not yet acknowledge to himself the still stronger instinct for practical government that lay behind his intellectual devotion. By some strange insight, however, Farel penetrated to the higher fitness of the young stranger who stood before him; and he ventured, in the spirit of that daring enthusiasm which characterised him, to lay the curse of God upon him and his studies if he refused his aid to the church in the time of need. This, which seemed to Calvin a divine menace, had the desired effect. 'It was,' he said, 'as if God had seized me by His awful hand from heaven.' He abandoned his intention of pursuing his journey, and joined eagerly with Farel in the work of Reformation."

He was immediately elected as Theacher of Theology. In a short time, both as Preacher and as Councillor, his influence was supreme. It is well known with what severity our evangelical Lycurgus ruled his republic. Not only was vice punished, but frivolity was restrained. Dress and the dinner were laid under strict regulations; all holidays, except Sunday, if that could rank as a holiday, were abolished. Even a bride might not wear her flowing tresses, nor was she to be welcomed to her new home with noise and revelry. The very number of the dishes at the wedding feast was made a subject of legislation. It is remembered still by those who remember nothing else of Calvin, that he laid sacrilegious hand upon the marriage feast. An old man who pointed out to our author the supposed resting-place of the reformer, seemed to have little other idea of Calvin than as the man who limited the number of dishes at dinner!

These unwise and vexatious restrictions led to a reaction or rebellion against the government of the reformer. A party arose who bear the name of the Libertines, who succeeded in chasing him out of the city. For three years Calvin was a banished man. Banished to his privacy and his books, the exile was no doubt sufficiently content. He could do without Geneva far better than Geneva could do without him. The Libertines could not govern the city, and Calvin was recalled. That party, be it what it may, which can give to a community the indispensable blessings of order and law, *must* rule. The government of Calvin, whatever its defects, was wanted at that moment. It has this palpable justification. He who alone can give a people order—saint or sinner—Calvin or Napoleon, steps by right into the seat of power. Nor when Calvin returned did he abate in the least the severity of his rule; on the contrary, he refused to respond to the invitation of the citizens till he had evidence of their willingness to submit to the re-establishment of the reformed discipline.

> "The great code of ecclesiastical and moral legislation, which guided both the consistory and council, was the production of Calvin. It was sworn to by the whole of the people in a great assembly in St. Peter's, on the 20th November 1541. It not only laid down general rules, but entered with the most rigorous control into all the affairs of private life. From his cradle to his grave the Genevese citizen was pursued by its inquisitorial eye. Ornaments for the person, the shape and length of the hair, the modes of dress, the very number of dishes for dinner, were subjected to special regulation. Wedding presents are only permitted within limits; and at betrothals, marriages, or baptisms, bouquets must not be encircled with gold or jewelled with pearls or other precious stones.
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> "The registers of Geneva remain to show with what abundant rigour these regulations were carried out. It is a strange and mournful record, with ludicrous lights crossing it here and there. A man hearing an ass bray, and saying jestingly, 'Il chante un beau psaume,' is sentenced to temporary banishment from the city. A young girl in church singing the words of a song to a psalm-tune, is ordered to be whipped by her parents. Three children are punished, because, during the sermon, instead of going to church, they remained outside to eat cakes."

And so the list goes on, intermingled with some cases of terrible severity. Death itself is inflicted upon a child where the rod has been always held to be the appropriate punishment. But since Calvin based all his laws on the authority of Scripture, where, it may be asked, was the error he committed? His consistorial discipline, and the like, he declares to be "the yoke of Christ," and his whole system of polity is presumed to rest upon the Divine word—and ought not this sacred authority to decide upon every portion of our lives? Surely there is a *visible church* to be erected on earth according to the pattern of the invisible church above—or, in the language of St. Augustine, a *civitas Dei* to be established by Christians—else for what purpose have men become Christians? How many noble spirits have laboured and thought over this *civitas Dei*, this kingdom of God to be instituted on earth—and could Calvin have been wrong in his attempt to model Geneva into this *civitas Dei?* Certainly not. But the mistake of Calvin, as Principal Tulloch will tell us, was, that instead of seeking to infuse the *spirit* of Christianity into all our relations of life—instead of making the grand fundamental principle of the religion the ground of all his laws—he sought for specific laws in texts of Scripture appropriate to other times, and sought by *external* regulations to construct a kingdom of heaven which must always grow *from within*.

"Did not Calvin establish his church polity and church discipline upon Scripture?—and is not this a warrantable course? Assuredly not in the spirit in which he did it. The fundamental source of the mistake is here: the Christian Scriptures are a revelation of divine truth, and not a revelation of church polity. They not only do not lay down the outline of such a polity, but they do not even give the adequate and conclusive hints of one. And for the best of all reasons, that it would have been entirely contrary to the spirit of Christianity to have done so; and because in point of fact, the conditions of human progress do not admit of the imposition of any unvarying system of government, ecclesiastical or civil. The system adapts itself to the life, everywhere expands with it, or narrows with it, but is nowhere in any particular form the absolute condition of life. A definite outline of church polity, therefore, or a definite code of social ethics, is nowhere given in the New Testament; and the spirit of it is entirely hostile to the absolute assertion of one or the other. Calvin, in truth, must have felt this sufficiently in his constant appeal to the spirit and details of the Old Testament legislation. The historical confusion, in this respect, in which he and all his age shared, was a source of fruitful error here as elsewhere."

While, on the one hand, Calvin had to contend for his government and discipline with the citizens, he had, on the other hand, to do incessant battle with theologians for his doctrine. He had wrought the Confession of Augsburg into a system which, for a certain method and consistency, has won the admiration of all parties, but which nevertheless, in more points than one, has been often declared to offend the common-sense of mankind, as well as to contradict the general current of Scriptural language. It could not be expected that such a system should be unassailed; nor can we be surprised that, at a period of great mental activity, others besides Luther and Calvin chose to adopt bold views of their own. Yet our spiritual ruler of Geneva seemed to think that every heresy but his own was a crime. And it must be added that he had put himself in such a position that his government depended on the predominance of his doctrine. It is worth the consideration of those who may still hanker after some *civitas Dei*, such as Calvin sought to establish, that if municipal laws are based on a system of divinity, the State has put it out of its power to be tolerant; freedom of thought has become too intimately associated with disobedience to the laws.

Amongst the names of those whom Calvin enters into controversy with, there is one which will assuredly arrest the reader: he will give his tribute of compassion to the poor scholar, Sebastian Castellio. The poor scholar, distinguished for his classical knowledge, betook himself, in an evil hour, to controversial divinity. But belonging to neither of the great factions, what *could* become of the unbefriended layman? Poverty was the lightest evil, the most lenient punishment, by which he could have been visited. We catch sight of him living alone, so poor that he goes out at night to pick up sticks for firewood on the banks of the Rhine. We must quote a sentence or two about this Sebastian Castellio.

"Calvin had become acquainted with Castellio at Strasburg. They seem at first to have warmly attracted one another; and Calvin was, beyond all doubt, for some time very zealous in his friendliness to the poor scholar, whose ingenious spirit and classical acquirements had won his regard. On his return to Geneva he invited him thither, and procured for him the appointment of regent or tutor in the gymnasium of the city. In reality, however, there were but few points of sympathy between the two men. Castellio's learning was intensely humanistic; his classical tastes and somewhat arbitrary criticism moulded all that he did; and especially as he aspired to be a theologian, and to carry this spirit into his Scriptural studies, he soon came into conflict with Calvin. . . . Castellio desired to enter into the ministry; but Calvin advised the Council that this was not expedient, *on account of some peculiar opinions which he held.* There were certain rationalistic views as to the authenticity and character of the Song of Solomon, the descent of Christ into hell, and also about election. Irritated probably by disappointment, he now vehemently attacked Calvin. After a violent scene in church. which is painted perhaps with some ex aggeration by the reformer, he was forced to leave the city. The two old friends, now declared enemies, did not spare each other henceforth. Castellio retired to Basle, and amongst his other employments busied himself with a free criticism of the Calvinistic doctrines. . . . It is but a melancholy spectacle of polemical hatred on both sides; but the truculence of the theologians, it must be confessed, bears off the palm. Castellio was no match for them in strength of argument or firm consistency of purpose. He lived on in great poverty at Basle, cultivating his garden with his own hand, and without the means of fuel, as he sat up at night to finish his translation of the Scriptures. He died in want in 1563, the same year as Calvin; and Montaignè has given vent to his expression of shame for his age, that one so distinguished should have been left to die so miserably. A regretful memory lingers around his blameless scholarly life,—pinching poverty and sad death, and especially the incident, so touching in its simplicity, of his going during the night to the banks of the Rhine to pick up pieces of drift-wood for his scanty fire—a story which was only elicited from him in answer to Calvin's charge *of his having stolen the wood* —a fact sufficient to prove the disgraceful spirit in which these controversies were conducted, and how deservedly they are consigned to oblivion."

But the name which beyond all others has become inextricably associated with our Genevese reformer, is that of Servetus. He, too, like Calvin, came into Geneva for a single day—came as a mere traveller, intending to quit it on the morrow: he stayed, but not, like Calvin, to have honour and power thrust upon him. Our traveller must needs wander into the church; there his great adversary was preaching. Some one recognised him, and carried the news to Calvin. Servetus, who had already hired a boat to take him across the lake on his route to Zurich, was arrested and thrown into prison. He stayed to be tried for heresy, to be convicted, and to suffer a cruel death. "The wretched man was fastened to a stake surrounded by heaps of oak-wood and leaves, with his condemned book attached to his girdle. The wood was green, and did not burn readily. Some persons ran and fetched dry faggots, while his piercing shrieks rent the air; and exclaiming finally, 'Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me!' he passed from the doom of earth to a higher and fairer tribunal."

It is needless, as Principal Tulloch remarks, to indulge in any further outcries on this memorable crime. To contemporary theologians it needed no defence: happily, to the theologians of our day it admits of no excuse. We can only excuse and bitterly regret it, as a lamentable fruit of the errors of the age.

On the *Institutes* of Calvin, and on his doctrinal system, our author makes some excellent remarks, into which we should very willingly follow him if our space permitted. We must proceed to take a rapid glance at the two remaining Reformers on his list—Latimer and Knox.

The Reformation embraced two movements — a reform in doctrine and a reform in life. The two objects were constantly intermingled. Still there were some men who attached themselves pre-eminently to the new doctrines, whilst others saw the Reformation chiefly in the light of a revival of religion. Of this latter description was Latimer. Though he had embraced the "new learning," he stands out conspicuously as a reformer of manners and a teacher of practical personal piety. His claims to represent the Reformation in England we have already glanced at. Principal Tulloch, however, accepting him as the most "typical man" of his times, opens his biographical sketch with some very sound observations on the complicated nature of the reformatory movement in England. He justly observes that it was partly political and partly religious, and that the political opposition was the earlier of the two. "All along from the Conquest such an opposition marks like a line of light the proud history of England, the grandest, because the richest in diverse historical elements, that the world has ever seen. On from the memorable struggles of the reign of Henry II., when the political and ecclesiastical interests stamped the impress of their fierce contentions so strongly on the English character, Rome appears as an alien and antagonistic power in the country." This is true, and we might go back to an earlier period than Henry II.; but it must be added that the opposition to Rome, or the ecclesiastical power was carried on by the monarch as often *against* as *with* the current of popular feeling, and that it does not always run exactly "like a line of light." On the contrary, it is sometimes a mere dogged self-willed opposition. Nevertheless, one feels it was, on the whole, *the right thing*—wholesome, and having a certain rude reason in it. Let us transfer ourselves to our first Norman kings, and compare them with such prelates of the Church as Lanfranc and Anselm. These latter represent whatever the age could boast of learning and of piety. We hail their influence on England and on its stern barons; yet we feel that their influence or power is such as might easily be carried too far; nor should we choose to have it established in their successors. We feel that the resistance of our rude Norman kings to these Italian bishops has a high meaning, a dim purpose, and, at all events, a good result. Our first wish would probably be to give to these representatives of learning, justice, and piety, the utmost influence they could possibly exert over a Church and a State both on the very verge of barbarism; but, on further reflection, we perceive that the cause of the civil against the ecclesiastical, the temporal power against the spiritual, must in some way be upheld, if any free and manly life is to be preserved for England. No historian has treated these early kings of England with greater severity than Lappenberg; nor has any historian given a more liberal praise to these Italian bishops and divines; yet even his simple narrative, as it proceeds, suggests to us how unfit these men were to hold the predominant place in the government of England. Anselm he describes "as one of those heroes of love and humility which Christianity has produced in every age." William Rufus, the contemporary sovereign, stands out before us as little better than a brutal tyrant, and a sort of baptised heathen: he is penitent when sick and afflicted; when he recovers, he not only throws aside his sackcloth, but rebels, like a Titan or an old Norseman, against the hand that smote him. He *won't* be any the better for his chastisement. "The Lord shall find no good in me, for all the evil He has inflicted on me," says the incurable heathen. Can a greater contrast be found? Yet this William Rufus was at his post, governing his barons and his vassals, and keeping a free temporal monarchy for England. Better this rude government than to have the scholastic divine in the seat of the civil magistrate. If Anselm *could* have controlled, first his own corrupt clergy, and through them a rude and passionate people, this would have been a temporary advantage, to be followed by all the depressing, enervating influences which attend upon a Christian priesthood when it assumes municipal power. Anselm in his contest with the king has to quit England and journey to Rome; we catch a glimpse of him on his travels; he stays a while at Lyons, and there, says Lappenberg, "he had the happiness of acting a distinguished part in the discussion of a point at that time of vital importance,—whether the Holy Ghost proceeded solely from the Father." Very fit it was that one of the most eminent theologians of the day should take part in a discussion then deemed of vital importance; but would it have been well for England if a Byzantine theology of this description had been supreme in its court and monarchy? We have no quarrel with Anselm as a divine or bishop, but would it have been desirable if he and his successors could, without stint or limit, have embodied their own views in, and impressed their own spirit on the laws and government of this country?

Happily there has been always in our island, either on the part of the monarch, or of the people, or of the lawyers, a determination to resist the encroachment of the Church over the State. Thus we have never sunk into the intellectual stagnation which Spain, for instance, has exhibited. And thus it happens that in our Reformation a *political* resistance to Rome plays a considerable part, and that which was of a distinctly *religious* character proceeds (as might be expected in a people comparatively free) from many quarters at the same time and assumes many various forms. At no time do we see the people rising simultaneously under one common impulse. There are reformers of all shades working together—from those who would only reform *within* the Church to those who would sweep away the old Catholic Church entirely.

Latimer, as we have said, saw in the Reformation principally a revival of religion. When we first get any distinct view of him, he is at Cambridge about twenty-five years old, a most zealous supporter of the established doctrines and services. "I was as obstinate a Papist," he tells us himself, "as any in England." He torments himself with scruples whether he had mingled sufficient water with the wine in performing mass; he preaches against the Reformers—he takes every opportunity of guarding the youth of Cambridge against the infection of their pernicious doctrines. But, as Principal Tulloch well observes, we get our reformers out of the zealous champions of the very Church that is to be reformed. The cold and moderate man is seldom open to great changes of opinion.

> "Here," he says, "we have the old picture of youthful sacerdotal zeal. It is the very highest qualities of the ancient system that the new spirit seizes upon and consecrates to its service. Young Latimer, hailed by the clergy as a rising champion of the Papal cause, and for his talents and the excelling sanctimony of his life preferred to be the keeper of the university cross, is destined to become the sharp reprover of the clergy, and the great agent in carrying out the religious change then threatening them."

Bilney has the merit of converting Latimer; but we must presume, of course, that other influences were at work. A curious story is told of the manner in which Bilney first contrived to pour the new doctrine into the unwilling ears of the zealous Papist. He pretended a great desire to be confessed, and, under the form of his own confession, infused his heresy into the priest. Latimer tells the story himself in these few brief words: "Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge; and he came to me afterwards in my study, and desired me, for God's sake, to hear his confession. I did so; and, to say the truth, by his confession I learned more than I did before in many years. So from that time forward I began to smell the word of God, and forsook the school doctors and such fooleries." We wonder whether this expedient for getting the ear of a man has been often adopted. It was a rather hazardous one: if Bilney had not found a favourable listener, he would have gone away with a heavy penance.

Latimer now became a zealous preacher of the new doctrines, but still his preaching must have been limited to a faithful exhibition of positive truth: he could not have waged war with the peculiar tenets of Rome, because Henry VIII. approved the man, and appointed him one of his chaplains; and Cardinal Wolsey also befriended him, supporting him against the censures of Bishop West. Bishop West had entered the church while Latimer was preaching at Cambridge; and when he and his retinue had taken their seats, the preacher, observing that a new audience required a new theme, changed his text, and exposed the faults and shortcomings of the clergy, in a manner, we may be sure, not very flattering to priestly ears. For this and other like offences the Bishop had forbidden him to preach in the university; and when Latimer took refuge in a church of the Augustine friars, the bishop made complaint to Cardinal Wolsey. The cardinal, however, dismissed the too faithful preacher with a gentle admonition, and granted him a licence to preach in any church throughout England. "If the Bishop of Ely cannot abide such doctrine as you have repeated," he said, "you shall preach it to his beard, let him say what he will."

A happy retort is here mentioned of Latimer's against one Buckenham, Prior of the Black Friars, who had entered the lists against him. The prior, in his sermon, did his best to prove the inexpediency of trusting the Scriptures in English to the vulgar. The arguments and illustration of the good prior were evidently not of the highest order imaginable. To show what blundering interpretations the laity were exposed to, he cited as an example that the ploughman who read that "no man who layeth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is worthy of the kingdom of God," might peradventure dread to touch a plough at all. The baker, also, who read that "a little leaven corrupteth a whole lump," might leave his bread unleavened. Latimer had been one of his auditors, and had taken notes; and by-and-by he is the preacher and the friar a listener. Coming to this point of the figurative language of Scripture, he replied that it was as easy of comprehension as the most familiar signs and symbols painted on our houses and walls. "As, for example," he continued, casting a meaning glance at the friar, who sat opposite to him, "when men paint a fox preaching out of a friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but know well enough the meaning of the matter, which is to point out to us what hypocrisy, craft, and subtle dissimulation lieth hid many times in these friar's cowls, willing us thereby to beware of them." The contemporary chronicler adds that Friar Buckenham was so dashed with this sermon that he never after durst peep out of the pulpit against Master Latimer.

In Latimer's life, years of persecution alternate with years of favour and prosperity. Under Archbishop Wareham he is in danger of imprisonment and excommunication, if nothing worse. Under his successor, Cranmer, he is raised to a bishopric. Then a reaction against reform seems to have been brought about, partly by the northern insurrection, and Gardiner and Bonner took the lead. Under their influence articles were framed which Latimer could not subscribe; he resigned his bishopric, and sought to live in privacy. Coming up to London, however, for medical advice, he was brought before the Privy Council, and cast into the Tower. This happened just before the close of Henry's reign. On the accession of Edward VI. he was liberated, and his bishopric again offered him; but he declined to reassume the episcopal office, and devoted himself to preaching. He made it the great purpose of his life to rouse all classes to a practical reform in their morals and religion. He was the censor of his times, and sometimes the pulpit satirist. He spared no class, and he preached to all classes. A well-known picture represents him with uplifted arm preaching in Whitehall Gardens, in front of the young king, Edward VI., who is seated at a window, whilst a dense crowd surrounds the orator.

Of the merits of Latimer, whether as preacher or divine, Principal Tulloch gives, we think, a fair and unexaggerated estimate. He was no learned theologian, and his eloquence was of that rude, blunt, uncompromising character that appeals so successfully to the populace. He delighted in invective, and did not scruple to expose individual instances of oppression that came before him. Of the effect of his sermons we must not judge by the impression they now produce on the reader. Not to speak of the change of manners and of dialect, the effect of popular eloquence depends, at all times, chiefly on the voice and the delivery. The following summary appears very just:—

> "In mere intellectual strength, Latimer can take no place beside either Luther or Calvin. His mind has neither the rich compass of the one, nor the symmetrical vigour of the other. He is no master in any department of intellectual interest, or even of theological inquiry. We read his sermons not for any light or reach of truth which they unfold, nor because they exhibit any peculiar depth of spiritual apprehension, but simply because they are interesting, and interesting mainly from the very absence of all dogmatic and intellectual pretensions. Yet, without any mental greatness, there is a pleasant and wholesome harmony of mental power displayed in his writings, which gives to them a wonderful vitality. There is a proportion and vigour, not of logic, but of sense and feeling, in them eminently English, and showing everywhere a high and well-toned capacity. He is coarse and low at times; his familiarity occasionally descends to meanness; but the living hold which he takes of reality at every point, often carries him also to the height of an indignant and burning eloquence."

We quote this passage because it contains a brief critical summary; but we must remark, in passing, that it is not the most favourable specimen of Principal Tulloch's own style; nor can we extract the passage without some gentle protest against a certain slip-slop English into which the Principal has here been betrayed; it is a fault quite unusual in him. Such expressions, as "wholesome harmony," "high and well-toned capacity," remind us of the jargon of the connoisseur prating over his pictures, rather than the sober crisicism of an accurate scholar. Let such jargon remain with the connoisseurs of art, who have a traditional right to talk how they please about *tones* and *harmonies*, no one but themselves having the least interest in what meaning they affix to their words.

Latimer could not play this distinguished part, through the reign of Edward VI., of pulpit satirist and preacher of the Reformation, without being called to severe account in the ensuing reign of Queen Mary. He might have fled the country, and the new government were not unwilling that he should do so. He chose to remain, and was accordingly committed to the Tower. But if his enemies were willing he should escape by self-banishment, they spared him no severity when he was within their power. They kept the old man without fire in frosty weather. With health broken, they transferred him to Oxford to undergo examination, and hold disputations upon the mass, whereat Master Smith of Oriel, Dr. Cartwright, and divers others, "had snatches at him, and gave him bitter taunts." After this examination he was imprisoned in the common jail in Oxford, where he lay for more than a year. From the jail he was again brought to be examined before commissioners. Infirm and poor, it is a pitiable spectacle that is presented to us. "He wore an old threadbare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle; his testament was suspended from this girdle by a leather sling, and his spectacles, without a case, hung from his neck upon his breast." His head was bound about by a complication of night-caps, surmounted by an old horseman's cap, which, notwithstanding Foxe's specific description, it is very difficult to get any clear conception of. In this state, and his mind half torpid by "long gazing upon cold walls," he is set again to dispute on points of divinity with the Bishops of Lincoln and Gloucester. They reproach him for his want of learning. "Lo!" he exclaimed, according to the report of Foxe, "you look for learning at my hand, which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library; keeping me so long in prison without book, or pen, or ink; and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles. You deal with me as though two were appointed to fight for life and death; and over-night the one, through friends and favour, is cherished, and hath good counsel given him how to encounter with his enemy; the other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night is set in the stocks. In the morning when they shall meet, the one is in strength and lively, the other is stark of his limbs and almost dead for feebleness. Think you that to run through this man with a spear is not a goodly victory?"

But the end of all was now at hand. He and Ridley were condemned to the flames. At the closing scene his spirit revived, and his was that terse, vigorous saying. which has been so often repeated, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

As Principal Tulloch remarked in reference to the martyrdom of Servetus, so we may remark here, that it is useless now to utter indignant denunciations against this crime of persecution, unless it should be thought necessary to keep the example of *past ages* before us, in order to preserve ourselves from lapsing into their errors. For it was a crime of the age. All parties, all sects, are seen at this epoch involved in the same lamentable error. As individual men, we must even *pity* the persecutors of olden times—pity them for being carried away by one common infatuation. If the Catholics committed Latimer and Cranmer to the flames, even Latimer is found assisting at the martyrdom of Friar Forrest, preaching the public sermon on the occasion, and thus sanctioning the act; and Cranmer, as is well known, could send a helpless woman to the stake. It has been often said, that the Protestants had less excuse for their cruelty than the Catholics, who were supporting an old-established system by harsh measures, which they deemed could be effective, and which, in some instances, were effective. And the Protestants would have perhaps altogether escaped the deep disgrace of having capitally executed men and women for what they called heresy, if it had not happened that their hearts were hardened, and their judgments utterly perverted by that habit (which Principal Tulloch has so ably reproved) of looking into the Old Testament for laws and guidance. An appeal to Moses was thought to decide the case. When some poor woman was to be executed for her nonsense, the young king Edward was reluctant to sign the warrant. "The object of the king's compassion," says the historian Lingard, "was the future condition of her soul in another world. He argued, that as long as she remained in error she remained in sin, and that to deprive her of life in that state, was to consign her soul to everlasting torments. Cranmer was compelled to moot the point with the young theologian. The objection was solved by the example of Moses, who had compelled blasphemers to be stoned; and the king, with tears, put his signature to the warrant."

Of the last of these "Leaders" on our list—the patriot reformer Knox—we shall venture to say but a few words. Principal Tulloch's manly, straightforward account of the representative of the Reformation in Scotland cannot fail to please. There is no undue partiality, there is no timid admiration.

One notices three stages in the opinion which Protestants form of these great leaders of the Reformation. The first is one of unwise, unqualified laudation: the man is a type for all times, his doctrine a standard for our own faith. The second is a critical stage, where defects of character and narrowness of intellectual view are discovered, and the idol is well-nigh displaced altogether from its pedestal: there is a greater disposition to blame than to praise. Then follows the third stage, in which an ideal of excellence or of wisdom being no longer sought, the hero is reinstated in such virtues as he can really claim: his conduct is not faultless, and his reasoning is not unimpeachable, but he stands there to be judged by fair comparison with his fellow-men, and according to the work he had to accomplish. In this last stage we presume the reading public are at present. They no longer wish to idolise such a man as Knox. He had his passions like other men; committed blunders as do other men—all that is understood; and now passion for passion, blunder for blunder, man for man, how will you estimate him as he stands there amongst his contemporaries? We, for our part, estimate him very highly, nor can we find any living man, of his own time, who can, on the whole, take precedence of him.

Some romantically-disposed people think to exhibit Knox to great disadvantage by bringing him before us in contrast with Mary, the beautiful queen of the Scots. Well does Principal Tulloch remark, that such people must be allowed "simply to please themselves with their own delusions;" they are plainly incapable of any grave historical criticism. They should be condemned to read novels eternally; or, what might be a worse penalty, to do nothing but write novels all their lives. A rude word! Sermonised the Queen! Why, this beautiful lady would have sent John Knox, if she had been able, back to the French galleys, and she would have governed a country, now manifestly Protestant, by the influence of her priests, and in the interests of the Duke of Guise. Pass by her personal frailties—let the *woman* be untouched—what sort of queen has Scotland here? She is scarce a Scotchwoman—she is more a Guise than a Stuart. What good will the nation get out of her pretty French manners, her sweet face, or her musical voice? Now, bring opposite to her, front to front, our John Knox, tried and hardened by the fire of adversity, whose religion has become a grand patriotism, who stands there the representative of a people who have flung off the degrading government of priests, who have become each one his own priest in his relations to God, and who, thus free in religion, must be free also in politics; who mean henceforth, both in Church and State, to be a self-governing people. Contrast the two figures. Choose between them. Choose a soft face and treachery to the nation, or the hard strong man, self-devoted to a great cause.

If the Reformation in England was singularly complex in its character, in Scotland it assumed a form marvellously simple. According to all accounts, the old hierarchy had by its vices lost all hold of the affections or the reverence of the people—the monarchy had lost its controlling power by the untimely death of James V. — the burgher class, impelled and united by a religious movement, became supreme — there was not too much learning for unanimity of opinion—the simpler faith of Protestantism carried all before it, and was destined to mould for centuries the character of the nation.

The burgher class, it must not be forgotten, were fused with the mob, so to speak, by the power of the religious orator acting equally upon all. There is no respect of persons in this matter of religious doctrine. The Reformation becomes a strictly democratic movement. Knox preaches a sermon at Perth on the idolatry of the mass and of image-worship. The whole multitude is stirred.

> "At the close of the sermon," continues Principal Tulloch, "and while the people still lingered under the warm emotion of the preacher's words, an encounter took place between a boy and a priest, who, with a singular deadness to the signs around him, had uncovered a rich altar-piece, and was making preparations to celebrate mass. The boy threw a stone, which overturned and destroyed one of the images. The act operated like a spark laid to a train. The suppressed indignation of the multitude burst forth beyond all control—the consecrated imagery was broken in pieces—the holy recesses invaded—the pictures and ornaments torn from the walls and trampled in the dust—and, rising with the agitation, the spirit of disorder spread, and the 'rascal multitude,' as Knox afterwards called them, having completed their work of destruction in the church, proceeded to the houses of the Grey and Black Friars, and the Charter-house or Carthusian Monastery, and violently ransacked them and laid them in ruins."

The spirit of destruction nowhere raged so violently as it did in Scotland. Every man of taste must deplore the ruin and defacement of the noble structures of the old religion. We should be thought Vandals ourselves if we uttered a word of apology, yet something might suggest itself to a sturdy Protestant to reconcile him to this act of Vandalism. Knox's plea that the "best way to keep the rooks from returning, was to pull down their nests," could apply only to the first era of the Reformation; and the banished rooks would have returned, if it had been in their power, and rebuilt their nests. Great shame and scandal, it seems, to pull down a fine old edifice, but we know—and our own age has in some measure shown how this may be—we know that a fine old building may, in its own dumb way, preach from generation to generation, till at length, aided by some propitious circumstances, it may prove a very persuasive orator. Visitors pace with enthusiasm the aisles, let us say, of a York Minster; tasteful municipalities sustain, restore the venerable edifice; a desire *might* grow, we do not say that it ever has grown, that the worship, the ceremonial, the music, should be in harmony with the grand cathedral, and a revived ceremonial is followed, amongst the unreflective, by a revived doctrine.

The whole Reformation in Scotland has an extreme uncompromising character, which the liberal and intelligent citizen of Edinburgh cannot at this day be supposed to approve. No measure of justice was dealt towards the old Catholic Church. The contest was too violent to admit of equitable controversy, and the crimes of a Cardinal Beatoun had helped to raise a spirit almost as unchristian as his own. Knox and his companions were not content with denouncing the Catholic Church as corrupt; it was absolutely the work of Satan; it was antichrist. An application of certain passages in the Apocalypse, first introduced by polemical divines in the mere heat of discussion, became a part of the national faith in Scotland. All this popular and unqualified animosity cannot be admired by us. But great changes of this description never yet were effected by moderate equitable gentlemen. We have to ask ourselves whether, upon the whole, our Reformers did not accomplish their great work as well and as wisely as the times permitted.

We will not follow Principal Tulloch any further in his account of Knox: we should be only repeating what he has more eloquently said. We would invite our readers to a perusal of the book itself: they will find it both eloquent and instructive.

FELICITA.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

"I THINK, if you please," said Felicia, slowly, "that I will prefer to go to my aunt."

"You shall do what you like," said her interlocutor, rudely, "we're English — we are; we don't constrain nobody. Go to your aunt, to be sure, and make a French marriage with whoever suits her. I promise you *she* won't give in to a foolish girl's will as we've done here."

"My aunt is not French," said the girl, with a little pride.

"Oh no, only rather more so," said the irritated cockney. "Good morning, Miss Antini—I'm busy, thank you—don't hurry about your arrangements, I beg—but for me and my son, our time is not our own, you understand. We're hard-working people, and obliged to look after our business; so I am compelled to say good-day; but don't by any means let us hurry *you*."

Thus dismissed, Felicia Antini went her way, with feelings considerably mortified, and flushed cheeks. Her way was an extremely prosaic one; up three pair of stairs, in a narrow London house stuck on to a showy London shop, to a little bedchamber which overlooked the chimneys. Here she had lived for three months, trying to be as cheerful as a new-made orphan could be, and making herself useful in the "establishment" of the only relative she knew anything of—a cousin of her mother's; a life to which, in her dearth of friends, and the simplicity of her thoughts, she might very well have accustomed herself, had not the son and heir of the house fallen violently in love with his relative, and persecuted her with all the persevering attentions which were "the proper thing" in this young gentleman's sphere. It was so hard to persuade the complacent and well-to-do young cockney that her "no" was serious—that Felicia's life for some time back had been much unlike her name. Now the amazed resentment of her wooer and of his father, who had made up his mind to a magnanimous stretch of generosity in consenting to receive his poor cousin's daughter as his son's wife, and whom her refusal astounded beyond measure, had at last fixed the thoughts of the solitary girl on the only alternative which she could see remaining to her. Her education and former customs made it hard for her to seek other employment of a similar kind—she had not courage. Here it was impossible to stay; and the only thing practicable seemed to accept the invitation of her Italian aunt. But Felicia was at heart an English girl, with some prejudices and many likings. It was but slowly and with reluctance that she made up her mind to this necessity. She knew nothing in the world of her father's sister, save what could be conveyed by the odd yet kind letter in which the invitation to his orphan came; and the long journey.

the strange country, the life among strangers, alarmed Felicia. She felt little inclination to claim the offered kindness so long as shelter and daily bread could be found at home. Now, though the daily bread was in little danger, the shelter was no longer tenable, and Felicia's thoughts turned like shadows before her to her father's land.

Felicia Antini was the only child of an Italian long resident in England and his English wife. Her father had been a tolerably successful teacher of his own language, and had not left his wife and child unprovided; but after his death Mrs. Antini had fallen into bad health, which much impoverished their little provision. Felicia had still something when her mother, too, was gone; but she was lonely and homeless—a sorer evil than poverty—and was glad to accept the only protection of kindred which was near enough to be offered to her in her first solitude. Thus she only cried and smiled over the cranky characters and bad spelling of Madame Peruzzi's letter, which moved her by its Italian exuberance, even while her own English reserve shrank from a full response to its caressing expressions. Now she saw nothing else remaining to her, and took out once more her aunt's epistle to decipher its quaint lines word by word, and to fancy herself, as far as that was possible, an Italian girl beneath Madame Peruzzi's matronly wing. Felicia's father had been one of those attenuated, long-visaged Italians with a chuckle always lurking in his hollow cheek, and a gleam of fire and malice in his eye, who never run into raptures of patriotism, and caress their native land rather by stinging proverbs of affectionate depreciation, than by positive praise; and as for Felicia's mother, that excellent and homely woman was distinguished by nothing so much as a fervent jealousy of everything Italian, restrained in expression, but all the more earnest in thought. Had Mrs. Antini known or suspected that the first-born baby daughter of whom she was so proud was to be the sole blossom of the family tree, nothing in the world would have induced her to yield the naming of the child to her husband, and forego the privilege of settling her nationality in her cradle. As it was, when the father added the caressing syllables of an Italian diminutive to the little girl's name, and called her Felicita, the English mother asserted her independence of all the laws of euphony by cutting short the pretty word into the Saxon abruptness of Fellie. Between these two the girl grew up more disposed to the mother's side than the father's, a steady little Englishwoman. If ever Felicia gave her mother a pang, it was when she sang with her father, exercising the voice which she derived from him, in music which was somewhat above Mrs. Antini's comprehension, though she could not well condemn it, or showed herself fluent in the tongue which the Italian's homely wife had never succeeded in acquiring. The good woman showed her annoyance only by a little bustle about the house, and pretence of indifference—a very little additional irritability of temper—moods which both husband and daughter fully understood, but which were not serious enough to make dispeace or discontent in the little household which, on the whole, was affectionate and happy. Then the Italian died, and was laid in English ground, and grew holy with all the sacred recollections which sanctify the dead; and Mrs. Antini subsided out of her housewifely bustle into the calm of widowhood, and then, as if her strength followed her active duties, into ill health and invalidism, and Felicia's care. That time was sad, but still happy; for the two women, who were alone in the world, were still together, and took comfort in their mutual affection as only mother and daughter can; and then came a sore blank, a heavier void, and henceforth no one reduced the sweet syllables of Felicia's name into that homely Fellie, which now would have been sweeter than any music to the orphan's ear.

All this passed through the girl's mind as she sat in her little London attic, among the smoke and the sparrows. She could not marry the young shopkeeper. It was no use trying to reconcile herself to the necessity — the thing was impossible; so there remained to Felicia only her father's distant relatives, her unknown aunt, her paternal country, and the Italian which she already began to forget. After a time she began instinctively to gather her little property together, and prepare for her departure. The house she was leaving was not one to be much regretted; but when she took her little wardrobe out of the drawers, and knelt on the floor at her lonely packing, the occupation was sorrowful enough. She thought to herself—as it was so hard to get out of the habit of thinking—what would her mother say? and felt a pang of distress cross her mind at the idea of new habits and associations, against which that mother's prejudices and antipathies would have been so much excited. The novelty at that moment did not strike Felicia pleasantly—she did not think of the delights of the journey, of the change, of all there was to see, and of the unknown events to be encountered, which, even because they are unknown, please the youthful fancy. She was going by herself and for herself, she who had been all her life one of a family — going from everything she knew and was familiar with; so she packed up the black dresses with some few tears falling among them, and many sighs.

A very few days after this, having warned her aunt of her coming by a letter, Felicia set out with a sad heart. She was attended to the railway by a little group of the young women connected with her relative's "establishment," who had taken up Felicia's cause with warm *esprit de corps*, and who for various reasons (partly because she was tacitly understood to have rejected the young master of the place—an assertion of the female privilege which all women more or less enjoy; partly because of her relationship to their employer; partly for her lonely condition, and even a little for her foreign name and blood, and the undefined superiority which the possession of another language carried over her unlearned companions) admired and protected and copied Felicia. It was something to look back upon their faces as they walked up and down by the side of the train before it started, and ran after it to the very end of the railway platform, kissing their hands, waving their handkerchiefs, and wiping their eyes. They had to walk back all the way from London Bridge to Oxford Street, and I daresay did it with a very good heart, and talked of nothing else all day but how she looked, poor dear, and what her perils on the journey might be. They were but silly creatures, most likely, with their little vanities and jealousies, but this forlorn young woman was glad of their sympathy; the bench of bishops could not have consoled her so well.

We will not dwell upon the details of Felicia's journey. A solitary girl in black, sitting back in the corner of a carriage, with a thick gauze veil over her face, is not a very unusual traveller anywhere, and is perhaps nowhere less interesting than on a tourist's route abroad, where one expects bright faces and lively interest. Making her way through France with a few words of French, and all the reserve yet self-dependence of an English girl, was hard enough work for Felicia. If she could have travelled night and day throughout, she might have done well enough; but the pause of a night was something from which the young traveller shrank with dread, and she would rather have slept on the steps of the railway or in any dark corner about, than have ventured to enter the terrible brightness of a hotel, and provide lodging and provision for herself, as she had to do at Paris and Marseilles. Then came the sea, and she breathed freely; but up to that time Felicia saw very little of the way, ventured to enter into conversation with no one, and found little comfort, if it were not in the occasional gleam upon her of a kind old French face in a snow-white cap, which smiled a silent encouragement to her loneliness. The young people—the happy people—the travelling ladies in their English perfection of travelling-dresses, or the fine Frenchwomen who dazzled all the eyes which could see with the graces of a Parisian toilette, rather made the orphan shrink within herself; but there was still an old woman, here and there, to hearten her with that magic of kind looks, which, somehow, old women — much belied species of humanity — excel in when they will. When she had reached the panting steamboat which was to convey her to Italy, Felicia threw herself upon the hard sofa in the little cabin with a sigh of relief and comfort. No more peril of hotels and railway offices frightened her imagination — her troubles were almost over. She was ill, but she was safe; she had recovered the gift of speech, and could once more make herself understood. So, venturing to take pleasure in that blue transparent sea, and wistfully gazing as "the old miraculous mountains heaved in sight," and the silence broke into all the noises of a port, and opaque boats danced upon the water which beneath them seemed made of sunshine, our lonely young traveller approached to her father's country. Later when the evening fell, after great trials by means of the customhouse, Felicia reached Florence. She had been less than a week on the way, and when the city of Dante burst upon her in the evening sunshine, among its circle of hills, she could scarcely realise to herself the fact of being so far away from that familiar country which she fondly called "home;" then of having no home anywhere in the world; and then, that what claim to home she had was here. Home! there was not even such a word in the language which henceforth was to be her language; henceforward her dearest retirement could be only *in casa* (in the house). Felicia drew her veil closer over her face as she drove across the Arno, and with a certain indescribable prejudice declined to be attracted by the beauty of the scene. She would not see the quaint bridge that spanned the river, the tall houses reflecting themselves in the magical stream, the grey Apennine heaving up his mighty shoulders behind the city, and all the wonderful sunshine and atmosphere which glorified the Italian town. Then the vehicle slackened its pace, and Felicia's heart beat faster. They had plunged out of the sunshine into the deep and cold shadow of the Via Giugnio, where by that time in the day sunlight was impossible, save that which blazed on the unequal roofs, and dropped in downward lines aslant, from the deep Tuscan cornice at the corners of the lanes which fell into this street. Then Felicia's conveyance stopped before a great door, flanked by two large windows, strongly barred with iron. After a little interval the door swung open, and a maid-servant appeared; a dumpy, cheerful little Tuscan, bustling and good-tempered, who conducted Felicia up-stairs with a running flood of words, to which the stranger, in her nervous agitation, found it quite impossible to attend. Some one met them on the stairs, and Felicia's heart leaped to her mouth. This must surely be her aunt at last. She made an embarrassed trembling pause, but the passenger went on without noticing her. So they continued up and up those lengthy stairs, the heart of the young stranger sinking more and more the further she ascended. The staircase was indifferently lighted, and closed doors frowned on her upon the landing-places. Poor Felicia ran over all her life in her thoughts as she went up these steps—the little suburban house which was home, the fresh, fair, tiny English apartments, the kind mother, the familiar life. Now she was here among strangers, many hundred miles away from every one who knew her, and painfully doubtful of her new relations, and the reception she should meet with from them. Thus her whole peaceful past history, with its melancholy ending of farewells and deathbeds, went by her eyes like a picture as she ascended these stairs.

This house, from cellar to roof, was Madame Peruzzi's—her property, almost her sole property; a little estate in a town frequented by the wandering English and the other wealthy nations who are given to travel. Her own apartments were in the third story, not quite the highest, but next to the attics—the third story, counting by legitimate floors, but, including *entresals*, somewhat more like the fifth. When Felicia reached this elevation she found her aunt at last awaiting her, not much less nervous than herself, though Madame Peruzzi's age and dignity kept her in her own apartments to await her visitor. The old lady stood with her hand upon the little marble table before her, in a somewhat agitated pose, as if she had been standing for her portrait. She wore a black gown with a tight-fitting jacket, and large mosaic brooch. Her scanty grey hair was put up in a little knot at the back of her head, its colour and distribution being abundantly evident from the want of anything in the shape of cap — a painful deficiency, which puzzled her niece extremely at the first glance, when it appeared to her that something, she could not tell what, was wanting in Madame Peruzzi's toilette. The old lady's ears were heavily weighted with round bosses of mosaic to correspond with her brooch. She wore lace frills about her wrinkled and yellow hands, and the hollow cheek and gleaming eye were less comely in Madame Peruzzi than they had been in the familiar face of Felicia's father. Still there was sufficient resemblance to wake a flood of affectionate recollections in the orphan's mind. She made a few hasty steps forward, half shy, half eager, and then, with a momentary start of dismay, found herself suddenly clasped in her aunt's arms. These arms were rather bony, and gave a somewhat grim embrace; and as the long brown face bent over her, and the old grey uncovered head, it may be forgiven to the stranger if she felt this first ebullition of affection somewhat overpowering. Felicia was glad to slide out of her aunt's arms, and drop into the first chair which offered itself. Madame Peruzzi had a perfumed handkerchief in her hand, and the least possible fragrance of garlic in her breath. She was overflowing with affection for her beloved Antonio's child, her dearest niece, her sweet Felicita. The flood of rapid words and caressing expressions took away the poor girl's breath; she dropped softly into a chair, holding her little travelling-bag clasped in her hand. Madame Peruzqi seated herself beside her, and poured out inquiry after inquiry: How long had she been on the way?—how wonderful that she should have come so soon! was not she happy to find herself in Florence?—were not the skies always cloudy in England?—how could Antonio, poor Antonio! have existed so long in that dismal country? And to die without seeing Italy again!—without leaving his child under his sister's care! Ah, heavens! what a fate! Such were the welcoming words with which Madame Peruzzi greeted her niece.

In the meantime, Felicia glanced round her, and silently took in a little picture of the scene. The room fronted to the street, and had two windows hung with fringed muslin curtains—not so white as might have been desired; between them was a marble table, supported on feet which had once been gilded, and supporting a long narrow mirror. This and the round table, also topped with marble, on which Madame Peruzzi had been leaning, were the grand articles in the room. The rest of the furniture consisted of an old-fashioned sofa with cushions, and chairs which were not to correspond. The floor was uncarpeted, and consisted of tiles, dark-red and diamond shaped, on which every footstep resounded. In one corner, a stove made of terracotta projected a little from the wall; some pictures—very bad copies from the cheap Florentine manufactories of such articles—were hung round the room; books were not to be seen, neither were there any materials for woman's work, or the least trace o that litter of life and occupation which the tidiest of apartments unconsciously and appropriately attains; everything was cold, bare, and penurious. Felicia had seen many a poorer room which had no such meagre expression. The penury here was not poverty of means alone, but poverty of life. As she looked, only half conscious of observing, her aunt's monologue went on. Madame Peruzzi did not require much aid in maintaining the conversation. She plunged into a hasty description of what were to be the future pleasures of Felicia's life — the Casine, the Pergola, the Casino balls, to which a dear friend of Madame Peruzzi could gain them admission, the approaching delights of the carnival. Felicia listened with silent dismay and bewilderment. She did not comprehend the out-of-doors life described to her. These things, it was to be supposed, were gaieties understood to be generally agreeable to people of her age, but they only chilled and frightened the stranger, who, sadly fatigued and worn out with her journey, startled by new circumstances and the change of every domestic detail around her, would have been much more pleased to hear of a room she could retire to, to rest a little, and cry a little, and make up her mind to the novel condition in which she found herself. This, at last, Felicia took courage to ask for timidly. Then Madame Peruzzi led her by an open door into a little narrow strip of a room which opened from the sitting-room, where a little dressing-table stood before the window, and a little bed occupied the end of the apartment. "This is thy apartment, Felicita mia; thou shalt be very happy here," said Madame Peruzzi, looking round with some complacence. "See thou the sweet Madonna over thy head, and the blessed water. These were my Regina's, when the dear girl lived. Thou art my daughter now, and I have no other: be happy, my soul, with thy brother Angelo and me."

Felicia sat down upon her trunk, which had been carried here, though she had not observed it, feeling a little faint. Even then she was not left alone; and when the maid called Madame Peruzzi from the *sala*, the door of communication was still left open. Felicia did not move in her first moments of loneliness, but sat still upon her trunk, with her eyes fixed upon that open door. She scarcely felt courage to rise and close it; she sat gazing at it with a forlorn and dumb dismay. Looking at that, she seemed to be looking at the entire circumstances of her new life. There was no other entrance to the room, and all her English privacy and individuality seemed to faint away from her at this sight. She had not even taken off her bonnet, or loosed from her weary shoulders the cloak which was heavier than usual with the weight of dust produced by an autumn day's journey. She could not cry, she could scarcely breathe; she sat apathetic and miserable, looking at her exposed apartment. Here was not the shelter which even her London attic gave her. In this place no one understood what was implied in the idea of home. Then came an interval of silence and quiet, which could not be called repose; she heard Madame Peruzzi's voice at some little distance, giving orders to her maid; she could hear, even without wishing it, what Madame Peruzzi said; and only roused herself to the desperate possibility of closing her door when the colloquy seemed almost over. Pure Tuscan, with all its resounding syllables and soft terminations, but certainly not the liquid Italian, the melting accents which sentimental travellers delight to record; on the contrary, a couple of English scolds at high words could not have made more commotion than was created by the perfectly peaceable conference of Madame Peruzzi and her maid. However, the old lady, by an extraordinary discretion, respected the closed door of Felicia's room; and the stranger, after some breathless listening, roused herself to change her dress and shake off the weary travelling-garments full of dust which weighed her down. She had been kindly received; she had nothing to complain of, and yet her heart sank. Her aunt's words buzzed in her ears, like painful indications of a life unknown to her. What were the Casine and the Pergola, the winter's balls and carnival, to a sober English girl in mourning, brought up in the humblest section of the English middle-class, and accustomed to reckon upon things totally different as the most important matters of life? Felicia was not wise enough to be quite above the fascination of such promises, but to have these hopes held out to her in the first hour of her arrival, in a house so very moderate in its pretensions, as matters of essential importance, seemed to her something so gravely and sadly ridiculous, that, once out of Madame Perruzzi's presence, she could scarcely believe her in earnest. She made her simple toilette slowly, to gain a little time to think; she persuaded herself that it was impossible to form any proper idea of the life and house to which she had come, till time should inform her fully on the subject; she thought of her father and the stories he used to tell her of his own country. But her father had been long absent from his country, had acquired other habits and tastes, and remembered only the delights of his youth, quaint rural customs, and primitive pleasures, which in the telling had seemed as delightful to Felicia as to himself, but which she had connected with the luxuriant vineyards and shadowy olive gardens, the Italian farms with their primitive wealth and labours, and which she was sadly at a loss to adapt to these meagre apartments, where everything was poor and unlovely, and where no beauty made up for the English comfort, which was out of the question here. The result of Felicia's deliberations was, that she became too much puzzled to deliberate further; and experiencing a slight revulsion of personal comfort when she had bathed her face, brushed out her hair, and changed her dress, at last opened, with more courage than she had felt in closing it, the door of her chamber, and found herself once more in presence of her aunt.

"If Angelo had but known thou wert here," cried Madame Peruzzi, "nothing would have detained him, Felicita mia — not his most dear friends—he is so anxious thou shouldst be happy with us. Ah! he is good, very good, my son. If Angelo had stood in his father's place, we should have been people of fortune, my soul; but the Signor Peruzzi was one of seven sons, and that which is in seven parts is less to each than if all were one, like Angelo, thou knowest. But he has good friends, very good friends —he is not neglected: they remember that he is a Peruzzi, and thou shalt have thy share of thy cousin's advantages, though thou and I, my Felicita, are not noble like Angelo. But what then? we shall enjoy our life the same, and he is a good son. But tell me, Carina; thy father Antonio, did he never speak to thee of me?"

"Many times, aunt," said Felicia, faltering a little, for her father did not always speak with enthusiasm of his sister.

"And desired thee to come to us when he died, the good Antonio! did he not so?" continued the aunt.

"You forget my mother was then alive," said Felicita, with sorrowful pride: "while she lived, he could wish me no other guardian."

"Thy mother, ah! who was thy mother, *carina?*" said the old lady, raising a little her capless head; "not a rich milor's daughter, Antonio told us. I know not the customs of thy country: if she was poor, and he was poor, why then did they marry? My poor Antonio! was it not a sad life?"

"They married because they were fond of each other," said Felicia, with a rising colour, "and my father did not think his life sad: we were very happy—more happy than I can tell you; everything went well with us then."

"He was always good," said Madame Peruzzi, "but thou wilt pardon me, Felicita, if to live in that cloudy island, and to labour all one's days, seems to me a sad life. And Antonio left thee a little fortune, did he not? Thou art rich, Felicita mia? We labour but for our children, my soul. If they are well, all is well. Ah! if I could but see my Angelo rich, I should die with joy."

"If Angelo thinks like me, aunt," said Felicia, quietly, "he would rather have his mother than be rich. One can work and live, but one cannot have a second father and mother."

"*Carina mia!* thou shalt have a second mother — thou art my own child!" cried the old lady, with a sudden embrace. Felicia unconsciously slid out of it with embarrassment as soon as she was able, and did not feel so happy as might have been expected. Strangely enough, at this pathetic climax of the interview, two ludicrous ingredients in the novelty of her position tempted Felicia at the same moment to laugh and to be slightly ill-tempered. One was a puzzling question, which ran through all her musings, and kept her in an annoying but ludicrous uncertainty—whether her aunt Peruzzi had forgotten to put on her cap, and was unaware of it? and the other was a secret and hopeless longing for that great feminine English luxury, a cup of tea. She drew back, unconsciously putting up her hand to the crimped frill of her mourning collar, which her aunt's embrace had disturbed, and feeling herself more and more obstinately and perversely English in proportion as she perceived how different everything else was around her. In the midst of such questioning and such involuntary resistance, the afternoon wore to an end. The impossible tea appeared not for the refreshment of the young Englishwoman, and Madame Peruzzi, if she had forgotten it, certainly did not discover the absence of her cap.

A little before six o'clock Angelo came home. Angelo was the only son of his mother, a young Florentine of two-and-twenty, but looking more youthful than he was, fresh, adolescent, and beardless, with a face which attracted his cousin's shy regard in spite of herself. Good looks are more common among the men than among the women of Tuscany, and Angelo Peruzzi's looks were sunny and frank and candid, with a degree of simplicity in the good-humour beaming from them, which an English youth of the same years could hardly have exhibited. He was not dark, but simply brown, with hazel eyes, a laughing, curved upper-lip, and so entire an absence of anything like care or thought in his face that the grave young girl beside him, although younger than he, looked with a certain wistful envying and anxiety at his unclouded countenance, feeling herself ages older than he was, and wondering over his inexperience. Felicia herself was not quite twenty, and, English though she was in feeling, had one of those remarkable Italian faces, not always beautiful, which it is not easy to forget. Her eyes were blue, with a gleam of latent fire in their depths; her hair of a colourless darkness, like twilight, not black, but without light; her face long and oval. When she grew old, she would be like her father—a suggestion which at the present moment was not very complimentary, but at present she was something more than pretty, though less than beautiful. The two young people looked at each other with mutual curiosity as young people use; each was rather more a mystery to the other than it is common for young men and young women to be, for the serious English girl in her mourning was about as great a puzzle to Angelo as the thoughtless young Florentine was to Felicia; but they began their mutual examination with mutual good-will. Shortly after Angelo's arrival they were called to dinner, which was served in another apartment rather more bare than the first, at the other end of a long passage. Here Felicia began her experiences of Italian household economy. The meal was long and various, but the stranger's plate went away again and again untouched, and she was fain to plead extreme fatigue as the cause of her want of appetite. Poor Felicia! The dinner was a grand dinner, made in her honour. Soup, a compound of hot water, grease, and maccaroni, made a rather unpromising beginning. Then came very thin slices of uncooked ham and sausages, to be eaten with bread and butter; then a grand *fritto*—pieces of disguised fish and vegetable fried; then a dish of meat boiled out of its senses, surrounded with extraordinary vegetables. About this time Felicia ceased to be able to observe what was brought to the table—a whiff of garlic, a fragrance of cheese, enveloped the apartment. Madame Peruzzi kept up (without any slang) a *stunning* conversation with the dumpy cheerful little maid, who came and went perpetually with the various dishes, and Angelo partook of all with a cheerful gusto which threw poor Felicia into dismay. She sat looking at them all without being able to say a word. Oh for that impossible cup of tea! oh to be able to forget the flavour of that maccaroni! but it was as impossible to obtain the one as to escape the other, and Felicia sat silent, sick, and disgusted, scarcely able to keep her chair till the ceremonial was over, longing to be alone, and find in rest the only comfort which seemed to remain for her. Fortunately, however, nobody was surprised that she should wish to go to rest immediately. She had more than a traveller's license; it was evident that, traveller or no traveller, there being no amusement in the way, *that* was supposed to be the most sensible thing she could do. Madame Peruzzi herself retired to her own room immediately. Angelo went out, the house fell into profound silence, and into a darkness as profound. Felicia looked out from her high window; there lay the street, deep down, with its faint glimmer of scanty lamps under the shadow of these lofty houses, each defending itself, with its deep overhanging corners, from any invasion of light from the sky. The sounds which from that depth reached Felicia at her high window were drowsy and faint, as though the town were dropping to sleep; but the lights were brilliant in one great house opposite, where carriages began to arrive, and through the open door of which Felicia saw a vision of passing ladies in all the glories of evening dress; while in an apartment almost opposite her own, thinly veiled by a muslin curtain, the lady of the house was having her own toilette completed to receive her guests. This was the true Italian evening division of the community; amusement for those who had amusement—for those who had not, sleep. Angelo was at his *café* and the theatre. His mother, whom nobody cared to seek, and who had consented to relinquish her hopes of pleasure—his mother was in bed. Such was the proper and natural arrangement of things, as it seemed, at Florence. Felicia lay down to her rest an incipient rebel. Might it not be possible to change all that?

CHAPTER II.

"This is kind of thee, *carina*," said Madame Peruzzi next morning, as Felicia and she sat together over their coffee. "Angelo is late in bed, as he needs to be, for due rest, poor boy, after a pleasant night. He will tell us of his pleasures when he wakes—and now I shall no longer drink my coffee alone. Thou wilt make a new life, Felicita mia, for me."

"I am glad you will like me with you, aunt," said Felicia, who was, however, puzzled by the entire absence of disapproval with which the old lady mentioned her son's late hours. "Is it Angelo's occupation which keeps him out so late?"

"His occupation? What is that, my soul?" asked Madame Peruzzi. "Didst thou not hear him say he was going to the Pergola to hear Norma? He shall take thee one of these days."

"Does he go there often?" asked Felicia, with still a troublesome terror lest she should hear her cousin designated as a conductor or member of the orchestra, an intimation which would not have been very delightful to her. Madame Peruzzi put her hand, with a playful momentary pressure, upon Felicia's hand.

"For what dost thou take my Angelo, my child? Is he old? is he past his pleasure? When there is no better gratification, where should he go but to the theatre? And as for me, I am old—my day is over—I go to bed."

"But Angelo, my aunt, has he then command of his time?" said Felicia, with timidity, glancing round the apartment, which bore so many visible signs of bare and meagre poverty. "Has he not—employment—does he not do anything? I mean—in England the young men have always something to do."

"My soul, we have enough," said Madame Peruzzi, with a beaming smile. "Why should Angelo weary himself with labour? In England I have heard they are compelled to work to keep off melancholy and miserable thoughts, but thou knowest not yet our Italy, where it is pleasure to live. No, Felicita carina. My Angelo has good blood and a brave spirit. He takes his pleasure in his youth, for youth is the season of pleasure. At my age one heeds no longer what comes or goes. A new *prima donna*, or a grand *spectacle*, is but little to me. I should lose the whole if I but lost my spectacles, but it is different with Angelo and thee."

Felicia prudently kept silence and made no rejoinder. She contented herself with remembering that, after all, the country and its customs were new to her, and that she was not quite qualified, on twenty-four hours' experience, to revolutionize this household, and protest against its habits of life—which was an unusual amount of modesty and sense for a girl of nineteen to exhibit, as everybody must allow. Accordingly, for this day at least, she was content to see what should happen, and find out the natural course of events in her aunt's house. About twelve o'clock, Angelo made his appearance, and ate his breakfast good-humouredly, entertaining his mother and cousin with his last night's adventures; for Angelo was as good a son as Madame Peruzzi called him, and would not have done an intentional slight to his only relatives for anything in the world. Then the young gentleman disappeared for the day; he had various engagements with various acquaintances, which, he honestly regretted, prevented him this day from showing her ancestral town to his cousin. When he was gone the old lady followed Felicia to her room. Madame Peruzzi proposed to order a carriage, and drive her niece to the Cascine, where all the world spent its afternoon; and the careful aunt was solicitous to see what were the stranger's equipments, and if her dress was satisfactory. She looked a little grave over the poor girl's unvaried black. It was no longer necessary, she said, to wear so much mourning,—no one knew in Florence who those sable garments were worn for, and she disliked the dress for her own part, though she wore it herself in the house, for economy's sake. These remarks revived in Felicia a little temper, which she had always possessed. She had no desire to go to the Cascine; she would much prefer seeing the town, the Duomo, the Campanile, the pictures of which her father had told her. Madame Peruzzi shook her head, and went away with smiling pertinacity. Then at four o'clock the carriage came. The old lady had done herself injustice when she said she was too old for pleasure. She made her appearance now in a toilette which astonished Felicia, with a very small ultra-Parisian bonnet gay with artificial flowers, and a little parasol, like a bright-coloured butterfly, and cream-coloured gloves, fresh and fragrant. They made an odd contrast as they took their seats together in the little hackney carriage—the old lady so gay, and the young one so perfectly plain and unadorned. As they drove down the Lung' Arno in the afternoon sunshine, Felicia no longer shut her eyes to the beauty of the scene. As the houses disappeared, and they passed out of the gate in full sight of the blue Apennines, contracting their noble link of enclosure towards the west, and all the tender meadows basking in the sunshine in the low Vale of Arno, her heart for the first time was touched towards her father's country. These farmhouses softly seated among the verdant grass, with the deep shady arch sometimes passing under the entire building, and the square tower raising its little upper-story above the red-tiled roof, bore a pleasant look of home which comforted the longing in her mind. It was good to take refuge somewhere. Italian homes might be in these rural houses: though an upper floor in the Via Giugnio recalled few recollections of the domestic sanctuary. As Felicia amused herself with these imaginations, and Madame Peruzzi occupied her active old senses in recognising and identifying most of the persons they met on the road, their carriage drove along through level lines of trees, flat and formal, with stretches of green meadow-land on either side, to an open space in front of the great Dairy—a square brick building, from which the place takes its name. Here the Florentine world was at its height of occupation. Here Madame Peruzzi's carriage drew modestly in to the ranks, and stood with the others in close square, contributing a little rivulet to the stream of talk spreading around. Everybody was talking, laughing, flirting, making and confirming engagements. Through the narrow lanes left between the carriages, youths like Angelo, and indeed Angelo himself—a sight tolerably welcome to the eyes of his cousin—mingled with elder and less prepossessing men; while ladies leant out of their carriages, making free use of gesture, voice, hand, and fan—ladies with miniature bonnets, disclosing each a mass of glossy black hair and a pair of jewelled ears—ladies so fine that a suspicion of provincialism clouded the magnificence of their toilettes; but not lovely, not pretty—the least comely of Italian women. When Angelo discovered his mother's modest vehicle among the crowd, he made haste towards her with a face glowing with pleasure—the Countess Picasola had just invited him to dinner. His satisfaction reflected itself with a double glow in the countenance of his mother, who bent over him with delighted looks. "We shall not see thee to-night, then, my Angelo?" she said, pressing her son's hand. Other loungers followed Angelo, till Felicia, shy and strange, became quite bewildered by the names and voices, and by the universal Italian, which had been for some years unfamiliar to her, and of which she had not yet recovered the habitual use, in the midst of so much conversation, without taking part in it, with a dozen people talking across her, and Madame Peruzzi half-standing in the carriage, and excited with an indulgence evidently very unusual, ready to respond to all, and answering three at a time. Felicia, who might have been amused at a great distance, leant back in her corner quite overpowered, and longing to escape from the confusion and crowd. Then came the flower-women, with their great flapping hats and pearl necklaces, who thrust little bouquets into her hand, to the extreme confusion and dismay of the stranger, who did not know the custom of the place, and was equally reluctant to take and afraid to offer money for them. When they moved homeward at last, Felicia sighed with relief, and Madame Peruzzi subsided in the highest state of gratification into the corner of the carriage, and began to explain to her niece what great people were some of those who had addressed her. It was all for Felicia's sake that her good aunt had undertaken this expedition; but the kindness in the mean time was its own reward.

The Via Giugnio, however, did not look less meagre and gloomy than before, as once more they ascended the long stairs and reached their own apartments. Everything picturesque and bright out of doors—within, poverty and plainness devoid of every pretension to beauty; once more the penurious chilly life, which found no pleasure in itself, and, when left alone, had no resource but sleep. The dinner of that day was by no means so grand as the previous one; Angelo was doubtless a great deal better off at the Countess Picasola's, not to speak of the honour. The greasy soup, the oily vegetables, the black dish of fried rice, the incomprehensible sweets and sours of the meal, were once more too much for Felicia. She retired hastily, as soon as withdrawal was permissible. Retired, but to what? There was not a book visible, so that resource was impossible; and glad though she would have been to take her work and spend her evening, as she had spent many an evening with her mother, Felicia found that equally out of the question. Madame Peruzzi, indeed, accompanied her niece to the *sala*, and seated herself in a corner of the sofa, yawning horribly; but no lamp was brought into the room, nor did she ask for any, and the twilight gathered quick and grey over the apartment, in which at last it was only possible to perceive the coloured fabric of Madame Peruzzi's dress, and the white glimmer of Felicia's work on the little marble table. Vainly the stranger tried to be amusing, to interest her relative by either remarks or questions, or to draw out her curiosity concerning England and the customs of that country. Madame Peruzzi sat swallowing vast yawns, nodding in her corner of the sofa, answering in monosyllables. Poor Felicia was in despair. When she became convinced that it was mere cruelty to detain her aunt, she in her turn became silent, and favoured the escape of the unfortunate old lady; but when Madame Peruzzi had made her escape, it was still scarcely nine o'clock, and what was the solitary girl to do? She had been shy to ask for light, expecting every moment the advent of the maid Marietta, and that tall Roman lamp with two lights, which had reminded her on the previous evening of the lamp of a carriage, as swung in Marietta's hand, and leaving her person invisible. It came along the long passage from the other end of the house, but no light came through the darkness; and when at last Marietta herself appeared, it was but to ask if the Signorina wanted anything before she went away for the night. With hesitation and faltering, Felicia put forward her humble desire for a light. A light!—there was only oil enough in the lamp to light the Signor Angelo to his own room, when he should come in. What could Marietta do? Yet the kind-hearted Tuscan could not leave the stranger without exhausting herself with expedients to supply what she wanted. At length a sudden idea struck Marietta. She darted back to her odd little kitchen, and reappeared in a few minutes with an old blue tea-cup in her hand, which she placed on the table, to Felicia's great amazement. Then Marietta produced a match-box, struck a match, and lighted a little floating wick which sailed on the surface of a little pool of oil. "Ecco, Signorina!" she cried triumphantly. Yes, behold it!—the domestic lamp—the evening illumination. The good-natured girl could not be sufficiently pleased with herself for the idea, and went off in a little flush of exultation, making the door ring behind her as she closed it to celebrate her clever expedient, and the extraordinary inclination of the Signorina to sit alone through the solitary night.

When Marietta was gone, and Felicia sat by herself in that dreary apartment, with her little light twinkling feebly out of the tea-cup, and herself and it gloomily reflected out of the dark depths of the mirror between the windows, Felicia's first and momentary impulse was a laugh of self-ridicule; but the laugh soon subsided into very different feelings, and before she was aware, her eyes were surprised with heavy tears. The gloom and solitude of the house, where no one moved but herself, the total isolation in which she stood, the apparent impossibility of making any one understand her, oppressed her heart. There was no sleep in her young eyes or her restless mind, and the only occupation which occurred to her for the moment was a desperate fit of home-sickness and longing, in which any refuge in her mother's country, however miserable, seemed better than the condition in which she stood. That was, however, as foolish as it was vain. After a little interval she dried her eyes, and took up her unsteady taper to carry it tenderly to her own room. There she tried a little arrangement to keep herself amused; and when her small possessions were in perfect order—order scarcely more perfect than that which she disturbed, but still something which amused and occupied her—she took out a humble little piece of embroidery, and tried to work. But working by that little floating light in solitude, amidst the gloomy shadows of the Via Giugnio, was not so easy as some people might suppose, especially when one is haunted with recollections of a bright family-table, on which the lamp burned clear, and love was warm, and father and mother smiled upon their only child. Now all that remained to her was Madame Peruzzi, asleep in her room, and the young Florentine, who did not know what home or industry was, and who managed to forget poverty and a useless life by the perpetual amusement of one kind or another, which, in his mother's eyes, was only natural to his youth. Felicia's heart sank as she sat in her dark bed-chamber, trying to do her embroidery, and trying still more to keep her thoughts from interference in other people's concerns. Her aunt and cousin were poor, very poor, yet no thought of occupation or employment seemed to enter the mind of Angelo. What benefit to him was the Countess Picasola and her invitation? said Felicia to herself. What was to become of him if he did nothing, and could do nothing?—and yet what had she to do with it? She perplexed herself to such an extent that she threw down her work, and went to the window to refresh herself with the fresh air. Just then a carriage drew up at the great house opposite, waiting for the great lady, whom Felicia once more saw through the thin blinds, finishing her evening's toilette. Other ladies, young slender figures in floating lace and muslin, had joined her, ere she appeared below at the door, to enter her carriage. Felicia looked on with a certain wistfulness, not envy, but something more like wonder at the differences of providence. When the echoes raised by their departure had died away, she still stood leaning out, looking up and down the deep gulf of street. There was little to see, save the irregular line of lofty houses, and far below an occasional passenger, but the air at least soothed her. Then Felicia, with a low laugh and a deep sigh, resigned herself to the necessities of her position, and, unable longer to resist the gloom, the silence, and the solitude, lay down at last and went to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

In this monotonous and uncomfortable life the weeks ran on rapidly enough—slow as they passed, yet so devoid of interest, when they were gone, that they seemed no longer than a common day. Felicia tried hard to convey her own ideas to the minds of her friends, but without much visible success, and she came to modify her own opinions concerning them, as she gained greater experience. Madame Peruzzi, though she retired to rest at eight o'clock, and suffered no litter of feminine occupation to be visible in her *sala*, was not the less a careful mother, nor scorned to use her needle and her shears for the comfort of her household, though Felicia found it almost impossible to persuade her aunt to bring her mending and darning into the sitting-room, or to share with her those cheerful and sociable domestic labours. It was against Madame Peruzzi's conscience to have her private labours suspected. She would not for the world have had one of her visitors discover her or her young companion at work; and as the old lady had greatly fallen out of acquaintance—if she ever had any acquaintance with the little Florentine world of fashion — and was visited only by old ladies of her own standing, it was not so easy to find a willing and suitable chaperone for Felicia as might have been supposed, and accordingly the projects for taking her out and supplying amusement for her evenings, which the old lady had been eloquent upon at first, soon dropped out of remembrance, and were mentioned no more. And Felicia found that her cousin, though living, after his kind, the life of a young man of fashion, was nevertheless a good son, innocent and without guile, who did not hesitate to bestow his full confidence on his mother, and was entirely trusted by her in return. How it was that under these circumstances Angelo, without the slightest idea of wrong-doing, was absent from home every night, and how, in spite of the extreme poverty of the *ménage*—a poverty which became more visible to Felicia every day—no idea of doing anything for himself or his family to improve his position, or to provide for the future exigencies and expansions of life, seemed ever to occur to his mind, became less a mystery to her as she became more acquainted with her new sphere. Felicia was, however, English enough and woman enough to have a strong inclination towards reform, and a great impatience of those evils which everybody else seemed so contented with. The cousins, were, moreover, much attracted towards each other; and ere they had been long together, the usual result to be hoped or apprehended from the familiar intercourse of a young man and young woman, both good-looking and well-dispositioned, seemed in a fair way of coming to pass. Now and then Angelo stayed at home, the lamp was lit, Felicia produced her embroidery, Madame Peruzzi dozed in a corner of the sofa, and the meagre little *sala* brightened into a kind of magical version of home, an impossibility brought to pass by a dawning of something different from the mild domestic affections which are supposed to have their centre there. And then conversations ensued—conversations unlike everything which the young man had ever taken part in before, and which they carried on alone, the mother being pleasantly absent and lost in dreams. On one of these nights, pleasant to both, and much longed for by Felicia, Angelo directed his inquiries in a somewhat marked and significant manner to England and English customs, a little to the surprise, but much to the satisfaction, of his cousin.

"I wish you could but go to England, Angelo," cried the young reformer, determined not to lose her opportunity; "I cannot describe to you how different everything is. I do not suppose you can understand me when I tell you — if any one had told *me*, before I came here, what I should find in Florence—"

"Does Florence disappoint you, then, my cousin?" asked the young man.

"Yes, in some things," said Felilia; "in others, no; but you do, Angelo."

"I? and how?" said Angelo, with a smile.

"Because I do not know what is the good of you," said the young revolutionary demurely.

"Nor I either," cried her cousin, who thought her frankness a sally of humour. "Why should there be any good in me? is that necessary in your England?"

"I did not say there was no good in you; that is not true," said Felicia. "But you are of *no use*, cousin; you ought to be so different. Had you been born an Englishman, you would have been busy all day long—labouring, exercising your faculties, helping on the work of the world. Every man in England is trained to do that, and knows it is his duty. You would have gone out to work, and come home to rest, if you had been born an Englishman, Angelo."

"Should I have been happier, my cousin?" said the young man.

"Happier!—what has being happy to do with it?" cried Felicia with a little burst of vehemence. "Does it make you happy to go to your *café?* are you happy when you are at the Cascine or in the theatre? You know quite well you are only amused; and that is so different. Ah, Angelo! that makes all the difference. People in England do not think it necessary to be always amused; but we all try, when we have the chance, to be happy."

"But you do not all succeed, my cousin?" said Angelo; "and your Englishman, Felicita mia—your Englishman who goes out to work, and comes in to rest—what shall he do to be happy?"

The young Italian asked the question with a certain bitterness and personality; for Angelo was by no means acquainted with the instincts of English womankind, and had not sufficient experience to know that the existence of the special Englishman, whom he suspected, would have much moderated, in all probability, his cousin's earnestness on his own behalf. Felicia, for her part, faltered in her answer, blushed crimson, and, by her hesitation, convinced the young Florentine that his suspicions had some foundation.

"I do not know—I—I cannot tell," she said with confusion, unable to shut out from her mind, at that embarrassing moment, that English youthful imagination which supposes happiness to mean love and the young home and household, which is the first instinctive suggestion of insular comfort and virtue. In spite of herself, Felicia could not help thinking if Angelo, instead of a Florentine man-about-town, had been that same imaginary Englishman of whom they spoke, what visions of some little surburban house might have been floating in his imagination, and what a fanciful little paradise — perhaps the only refined and beatified conception of his life – might have risen to him out of a little waste of imaginary tables and chairs. That, at least, was her womanish conception of the subject; but something sealed her lips, and she could have done any other impossible thing sooner than betray to Angelo the momentary suggestion of her own heart.

"Then if you do not know, and cannot tell, my cousin, I must tell you of a happiness, or an amusement—I know not how you will call it—which is falling to me," said Angelo, with gaiety which looked somewhat forced. "There is a countrywoman of thine, Felicita, on the other side of the way, young, and rich, and pretty—a wilful little woman; and she does me the honour to smile upon me."

It was now Felicia's turn to feel a little involuntary bitterness. Though she could have done any spite to herself the moment after, by way of punishment for her weakness, she *felt* a momentary blank in her face, and pang in her heart. But she very speedily regained the mastery, and made an answer of congratulation which seemed forced only to herself. Angelo went on fluently with his brag and his description. The young lady of his story was one of the slender white figures whom Felicia had watched so often issuing from the door of the house opposite into the carriage which carried them away to nightly amusement or daily airings. She was very young — only sixteen — an orphan, and a great heiress,—so much Angelo knew; and, led on by the evident interest, and perhaps the slight pique perceptible in the tone of his cousin, the young man poured into her eager ears everything he had heard concerning the young Englishwoman, and perhaps a little more.

"Very rich—a great heiress;—and how have *you* met her, Angelo?" asked Felicia, with an unconscious emphasis upon the *you*, which proved that she considered great heiresses rather out of the young Peruzzi's way.

"I have met her in society, my cousin," said the laughing Angelo, who immediately quoted a list of great names which still further confused and troubled Felicia. "We are poor, it is true—very poor," said the light-hearted Florentine; "but that is not in Florence what it is in thy country: the saints defend us, we are all poor! Yet they will ask thy idle unfortunate cousin to their assemblies, Felicita, while they see him still in possession of a tolerable coat and a pair of gloves. Gloves, heaven be praised, are cheap in Florence, so, though I am poor, I can still see my heiress. And what sayest thou, Felicita? if all progresses, as, to say the truth, all bears promise of progressing, thy poor cousin may not long be poor."

"Do you mean if you marry the heiress, Angelo?" asked Felicia.

"I mean if the heiress marries me, my cousin," said the young man.

Felicita was silent; her own uncomfortable sensations, and the inexplainable mortification she felt in her heart, prevented her from any word or hint of opposition. She went on with her embroidery very swiftly and quietly, while Angelo, very well pleased with the impression he had produced, and with a great deal of boyish mischief and self-complacency seconding some feelings more serious, was silent also, letting his laughing glance travel round the apartment, and finding, with a rapid perception of the picturesque, something rather attractive in the scene. The room not half lighted, with its two unshuttered windows gleaming through the muslin curtains, and all the darkness of the night beyond them; the tall Roman lamp, with its two unshaded lights shining steadily from the little marble table; Madame Peruzzi, a dark shadow in the corner of the sofa, leaning back upon her hard cushions, with her grey head veiled by the darkness; the whole darkly gleaming in the narrow mirror, which gave such strange depth to the shadows and prominence to the light. Then Angelo returned to the light, and the face it shone on, the point of highest illumination in the picture. Felicia was making wonderful progress with her work; her hands moved as hands only can move when the heart is agitated and the thoughts in full career. The young man looked at her white clear forehead, on which the lamp shone, at the graceful stoop of her head, her eyes cast down, and her lips firmly closed. The whole face was very grave, deeply silent, with that indescribable disapproval and mute resistance on its every feature which people abroad are fond of characterising as the insular look of stone. The expression struck Angelo: he could not flatter himself that there was pique or personal offence in it; somehow it seemed a dumb reproach upon his levity, and touched, with a singular pain unknown to him before, the light heart in his Italian breast: higher things than belonged to *his* life; virtues, and honours, and heroisms unknown seemed somehow to beam upon the wistful gaze of Angelo out of that silent uncommunicating face.

"Felicita! *sorella mia*," he said, softly, using the tenderest title of kindred, which by no means meant the exclusive *sister* of our preciser tongue—"you disapprove of me—you think me wrong: shut not up thy thoughts in thy lips—speak! I will listen like a child."

"Why should I speak?" and Felicia, availing herself, however, of the permission with all the eagerness of hitherto restrained eloquence—"why should I speak? you do not understand me. To me, because I know you, and know that there are better things in you, it is terrible to see you throw away your life and dishonour it. Yes, dishonour it, Angelo! Would her friends permit you to marry this heiress? would she, do you think, if she lived with us a week, continue to think you her equal? and besides, women everywhere are obliged to marry for fortune, and you pity and scorn them for it; but men, Angelo! men who can work, is it possible that *you* can calmly think of doing the same thing?"

"Why should not I?" said the young man with an amused and amazed smile. "My little English cousin, does no one do as much in your country? I am poor, you know it only too well; and as for your work, Felicita, I know not what I could work at, nor how I should learn, for here is nothing to do in Florence. Why then must I refuse to be enriched, should that good fortune come to me, by a good little wife?"

"Perhaps not, if she made love to you, and you had only to accept her," said Felicia, with a little scorn; "but it is you who must woo and say you love *her*. Do you love her, Angelo?"

As she looked him in the face in her frank indignation, Angelo responded by a bright intimidating look, which took Felicia much by surprise. She did not repeat her question, but drooped her head with a confused involuntary agitation, of which she was mightily ashamed. There was a pause, and then Angelo answered with great composure and laughing self-possession:

"You take this matter much too gravely, my cousin. If she will marry me, can I help it? In thy country, is it not everybody's duty to be rich? And so long as one does not steal nor cheat, does it matter how?"

"You do not know my country, nor anything about it," said Felicia. "There are men who hold such sentiments in England, but not such men as you."

"My cousin," said Angelo affectionately, "what kind of man, then, am I?"

"The men who say such things, and think such things," repeated Felicia, "are men without innocence, without honour, without heart—men who have tried the world and failed—whom no one loves nor trusts—who are shunned when they are successful, and scorned when they are not. No, Angelo—not such as you."

"Ah, Felicita! you speak easily," said Angelo, growing grave; "you think of your own country. Your Englishman, who goes out to work and comes home to rest, do you think I do not sometimes envy him? —I and many more than me. But what can I do?—what is there in Florence, in Italy, for any man?—mosaics and copies from the galleries—porcelain. Shall I go to La Doccia, my cousin, and learn that craft?—or would you have me work in alabaster? I will be faithful and obedient, Felicita: which will you bid me do?"

Half affronted, half impressed, no longer desirous to continue the conversation, and perhaps as anxious by this time to escape to her own apartment as her aunt herself could be, Felicia made no answer. Angelo had said very little; but somehow he had unsettled the confident and certain standing-ground upon which his cousin stood. She began to feel confused and dizzy, and to understand dimly, as theory always does when it comes in contact with reality, that arbitrary injunctions are not much to the purpose, and that more things than abstract right and wrong make up the sum of most human matters. She was not great in argument or reason, as girls of nineteen rarely are; she was young and arbitrary and imperative, as belonged to her youth, and impatient of those vulgar external obstacles which stood in the way of what ought to be. If there was nothing for Angelo to do in Florence or in Italy, that very fact was wrong. Why was there not anything to do? She was inclined to ask the question angrily—to demand that somebody should be pointed out to her to bear the blame. Whose fault was it? If not Angelo's, at least that of the people or the government. But something closed Felicia's lips; she was vexed, confused, embarrassed—everything was wrong.

In the silence which ensued, Madame Peruzzi gave signs of reviving animation. This old lady, who had no knowledge nor conception of Angelo's heiress, had designs of her own of a less ambitious kind—designs very probably not much different from those which may be entertained by English mothers, but so much honester and more innocent, that this matchmaker had not the slightest conception of any harm in them, or that it was at all necessary to disguise or conceal her schemes. Madame Peruzzi was simply and ingenuously of opinion that Felicia's tiny fortune should not be suffered to go out of the family, and that her fifty pounds a-year would make a very comfortable addition to the income of her cousin. This idea reconciled her to sit up till ten, nay, even till eleven o'clock—if her doze upon the sofa could be called sitting up—to encourage the *tête-à-tête* of the young people. Their silence roused her now, as their conversation had not succeeded in doing. She raised herself, a queer old figure, from her corner of the sofa. Long before this time Felicia had ceased to hope that her aunt, unawares, had forgotten to put on her cap. She got up with her scanty grey hair falling into disorder, rubbing her eyes, which were dazzled by the light. "My children," said Madame Peruzzi, "I love to see you talking together. Ah, it is such happiness when minds are sympathetic! but it is late."

"Yes," cried Felicia, with unusual promptness, putting away her work; "and we have kept you up and disturbed your rest, aunt. It is selfish. I fear it is my fault; for Angelo," she added, with a little girlish pique and mischief, "Angelo is very happy at the *café*, when there is no better entertainment to be had."

"True, my soul," said the matter-of-fact mother, gravely, "and well it is thus. Yet he does not grieve to lose his pleasure now and then for thy sake. He is slow to commend himself, my good Angelo; but I know he loves well to be with thee."

This speech produced some awkwardness to both the persons concerned. Felicia shot a rapid, mischievous, half-malicious glance at her cousin. He, the honest fellow, meaning no harm, only laughed and blushed; for that he should be more than half in love with his young relation, as was very evident, and yet confide to her his heiress hopes, did not strike Angelo as anything extraordinary. He did not quite understand her scruples on the subject. The reluctance with which the heroes of novels in England accept the wealthy hands of heiresses, would have been simply and totally incomprehensible to Angelo; and Felicia's indignation was entirely lost upon a mind innocent of any intention which he would be ashamed to own. He could understand somewhat better, and felt flattered by the slight spark of pique and malice which she exhibited—that was jealousy, the other was something mysterious and unexplainable. As for Madame Peruzzi, who had not heard a word of the conversation, and who could not suppose them to be on other than the most satisfactory terms, she looked on with great complacency upon their good-night, and enfolded her niece in a sleepy embrace, with as much fervour as was compatible with that comatose condition. She thought *her* scheme was progressing famously, and she was exceedingly well content.

While Felicia sought her own apartment with feelings much less satisfactory. What, if Angelo were ever so industriously inclined, what was the young man to do? True, it was very easy to say that carving alabaster or fitting together the tiny morsels of mosaic was better than idleness — better than the poverty closely approaching want which existed, without any effort to remedy it, in this household; but, after all, Felicia had learned to yield some weight to the name of Peruzzi, and even her own humble antecedents did not lend much countenance to the idea of a handicraft. Angelo had no genius; he was not a painter or a sculptor or a musician born, as a young Italian having any connection with romance had a right to be. He had no connection with romance, the honest fellow! He could read his own language, and that was about the sum of his education: if he spoke pure Tuscan, that was by virtue of his birthplace, and no credit to himself; and his few epistolary efforts were not likely to impress any one with high ideas of his attainments in literature. Ambition in its humblest shape—even that power of "bettering himself," under the flattering influence of which the very maid-servants rejoice in England—was closed to Angelo. He might condescend, if Felicia succeeded in impressing her own ideas upon him, to daily labour; but no hope of enterprise or possibility of ambition was there to stimulate Angelo. It was the young man's fortune to belong to a nation caressed and admired and flattered out of everyday existence. If Angelo was idle, he was no more idle than his country; if Angelo contented himself with those barren amusements which stood in the place of life and happiness, he did but what all Italy was doing. Italy, like Angelo, vegetated on the enough which supplied her merest unavoidable wants. Italy, like Angelo, did her best to content the higher part of her with the past; and to make her sunshine of climate, as he made his sunshine of youth, stand in the place of all the real foundations of national joy and prosperity. Generations of such as Angelo had blossomed and degenerated on the same soil. How then was Angelo to blame?

Perhaps Felicia's cogitations were neither so distinct nor so abstract, for Angelo Peruzzi was much more present to her thoughts, and more immediately interesting, than any vision of Italy; still they ran in this channel, and perhaps she was not sorry to find such excuses for her cousin. However, heated and agitated as she was by the conversation which had just ended, she was glad to find her usual refuge from herself at her window, where the wind refreshed her pleasantly, though it was now nearly the end of October, and not so warm as it had been. It was a moonlight night, and moonlight had a picturesque effect on the Via Giugnio. Her eyes were caught irresistibly by the irregular line of house-tops, the broad white lights and impenetrable depths of shadow, where here and there a cluster of windows shone like molten silver, and on either side of them the high opposite houses blotted out the line, and left but a tall dark blank of wall, mysterious and gloomy in the shade. Presently Felicia's observation was attracted by something more immediately interesting; her eyes turned involuntarily to the house opposite which she had watched so often, but from which her cousin's tale, if she had been perfectly mistress of herself, would have turned her eyes now. At the opposite window, almost on a level with her own, was a little white figure unrecognisable in the darkness, for the high roof of the opposite house kept Madame Peruzzi's habitation in complete shadow. This little figure, whoever it might be, found out Felicia shortly after Felicia discovered *it*, and straightway began to make signals and telegraphic gestures across the street, waving a tiny hand out of a wide white sleeve, nodding a little head, and making every demonstration of friendship possible at the distance. Dismayed, astonished, and perhaps not without a more particular pang, Felicia retired from the window: Her first idea was that she had been taken for Angelo, and a flush of indignation and pain, too strong for her control, overpowered her at the thought; but when she sat down with her brow and her heart alike throbbing to think it over, Felicia grew calmer. It must, after all, have been herself, and she alone, for whom these salutations were intended. Angelo's room was at the other side of the house; Angelo must have spoken to his heiress of his cousin. Felicia's vexation and pain subsided gradually. She saw herself, however, in a strangely embarrassing confidential position between two people whose incipient relations to each other affronted her own self-regard as much as they offended her judgment; she felt herself involved in a clandestine correspondence, which most likely, because her heart and her own affections were engaged in preventing it, her girlish pride and honour would move her to encourage. What could she do? Felicia pressed her hands against her hot forehead, which throbbed and beat to their touch, and with growing pain and perplexity confused her brain and heart with thinking. A young woman, a very young girl, an Englishwoman, who ought not to be permitted to fall into this snare, was the little stranger who had just made these eager salutations to her at the window. But if she undeceived this almost child, if she did what real honour and duty demanded of her, the forlorn young creature trembled at the interpretation which might be put upon her conduct. They would say she did it because she herself loved Angelo; they would say it was jealousy, self-interest — things that her face and her heart burned to think of. What could she do?—suffer the whole to go on, and "sacrifice herself," and, to save her own pride, connive at the future misery of all parties? Felicia lifted her face from between her hands, and put out her light, and crept softly to rest in the dark, as if thus she could escape from her own sight and thoughts. She had seen by a sudden prophetic intuition what was coming upon her; but as yet, thank heaven, there was a little breathing-time. The moment when she was called to do anything in the matter was not yet come.

THE MASTER OF SINCLAIR'S NARRATIVE OF THE '15.

It will be in the recollection of many people that Sir Walter Scott has more than once referred, in a manner calculated to excite a lively interest, to a manuscript volume written by the Master of Sinclair. Being an account of the affair of "the fifteen" by one who took an active share in it, expectations of instruction and interest might naturally be embarked in such a production, even though it were not thus recommended, and came from the pen of a stupid instead of a very clever man. Scott, indeed, entertained the idea of publishing the book, and was restrained, not by any fear that it would lack interest in the eyes of the world, but by certain misgivings about the propriety of letting loose so acerb and spiteful an attack on many men whose grandchildren were alive. He wrote an introductory notice to the work, which begins as if it were intended for the press, but ends with the following paragraph, which shows that intention to have been abandoned: "The following memoirs are written with great talent and peculiar satirical energy. They are intended as a justification of the author's own conduct, but are more successful in fixing a charge of folly and villany upon that of others than in exculpating his own. They will be a precious treat to the lovers of historical scandal, should they ever be made public. The original memoirs, written by the hand of the author, are in the library at Dysart. But there are other transcripts in private collections, though some, I understand, have been destoyed to gratify those whose ancestors fall under the lash of the Master. It is remarkable that the style, which is at first not even grammatical, becomes disengaged, correct, and spirited in the course of composition."

These mysterious Memoirs, with Sir Walter's Introduction, are now before us in a handsomely printed volume, for which the reader will in vain search the advertisements of the publisher, or the shelves of the circulating library. The best way, perhaps, of concealing a thing in print at the present day, is to put it into a blue book, and have it "presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty." A method of accomplishing a reserved privacy approaching, but not reaching, such concealment, is to print a work for a select book-club — a practice which we must by no means be held as condemning. It furnishes many a book of interest and instruction to the limited circle who can appreciate that interest and instruction; and if a wider circle demand it, there is seldom anything to prevent the work from being published to them. The Master's Memoirs have been printed by a club, of which the small number predicates stringent selectness — the number of copies brought into existence, is we believe, precisely seventy-five. It often damps the ardour of the critic, who *must* write upon the most prominent book of the day, to remember that it has been already perused by every reader of his review; that all have anticipated him in their private criticisms, and that he is, on that account, preaching to an impatient and intolerant audience. In gathering a few characteristic flowers from the garden of the Master's Narrative, we run no risk of encountering this cause of weariness, whatever the reader may think of the inherent merit of what we set before him.

The Master was a scholar—such as were made, in those days, of well-born Scotsmen, partly by home, and partly by Continental education: they had not the precise learning communicated by the English universities, but what they had was extensive and serviceable. His Memoirs are full of classical metaphors, allusions, and quotations. He had genius, but it ran to waste, or worse, for it was ever driven about by the influence of a restless, scheming, insubordinate disposition. Within his own sphere, he was a sort of Shaftesbury in capacity, intrigue, and volatility — but there was a touch of ferocity in his blood, coming out in acts of sanguinary violence, which were apart from the sphere of the intriguing chancellor, and are indeed more in character with the Ruthvens and Bothwells of the sixteenth century, than with an officer in Marlborough's wars.

A character such as this was naturally surrounded by many vivid attractions to the greatest and the most real of romancers, but we do not find the Master in bodily shape among Sir Walter's characters. One might fancy his fierce impetuosity in Fergus M'Ivor, and his accomplishments and subtle malice in Rashleigh Osbaldiston; but Scott was too great an artist to copy in a full-length portrait from real life, and so disarrange the nice adjustment of his grouping. He showed his interest in the matter not only in reference to the book now before us, but in presenting, as his contribution to the Roxburgh Club, the official record of the great tragedy of the Master's career—his trial before a court-martial for the slaughter of two brothers, members of the distinguished house of Shaw of Greenock. There were three of these Shaws in the army of Marlborough—one died of honourable wounds in a siege, the other two were slain by the Master, their brother officer.

The cause of this tragedy was a charge by Shaw which no soldier can endure with equanimity. At the battle of Wynendaal he was heard calling out in an admonitory and imperious voice to the Master, his superior officer. He afterwards said publicly that his reason for calling out was, because the Master bent or "ducked" to escape the balls. The Master sent him a challenge; but Shaw postponed a meeting till after he should visit his brother, who had been mortally wounded before Lille, and expressed a disinclination to a duel unless it were forced upon him, referring to a resolution which he had adopted apparently on account of some fatal affair in which he had been previously engaged. The Master, infuriated, sought him out immediately. A soldier saw them together, the Master striking Shaw over the head—swords drawn, and Shaw's sword bent and useless before he was despatched. The elder brother, Captain Shaw, it appears, charged the Master with having sheathed himself in a sort of paper breastplate which turned the point of the sword — an odd and not very practicable-looking expedient, though Xenophon tells us of linen *thoraxes* or breastplates among the Greeks. He spoke openly, too, of the probability that the Master would murder him also. Sinclair rode up to the head of the regiment, and held fierce controversy with his victim. He was heard to say that if it were not for the risk of injuring others standing near, he would shoot him there. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he fired, and the other brother fell dead from his horse. Sir Walter Scott says, "Both these rencounters, as they are called, were conducted without seconds, and would now scarcely be thought to come within the forms demanded by the modern rules of honour, though they do not seem to have shocked the British officers of the period, or to have given much scandal to Marlborough." The sentence of the court was death, with a recommendation to mercy. The remaining brother strongly pressed Marlborough to refuse this recommendation. The duke took the matter with his usual lofty calmness, and in a letter, without a word of indignation or sympathy, said to Sir John, "I was so much concerned, that I would not venture so far as has been practised in the army on the like occasion, without first consulting and hearing the advice of the attorney and solicitor general." In the end it was found that the mercy recommended could not be shown. The Master, however, escaped by fleet riding. A traditionary anecdote describes him as encountering a startling reminiscence of these events in after life, when he was revisiting his native country in disguise. He wanted a swift-running footman — a valuable commodity in those days of slow coaches and bad roads. An aspirant to the office, who did not identify his formidable interrogator, when questioned on his qualifications, by way of referring to an example of his prowess on a notorious occasion, said he had kept up with the Master of Sinclair's horse when he fled for his life after the murder of the Shaws. The Master is said to have dropped down in a fit; but, by his own account, neither this nor anything else pressed very heavy on his conscience. Towards the conclusion of his narrative, he says that the cause of all his sufferings was the perseverance of, his ancestors and himself in serving the royal family faithfully though honestly, and that the ungracious reward he met with "was too much to make any man hang himself"—an odd effect of excessive ill-usage. "I vow to God," he continues, "I am not sensible as yet, nor was I then, of any other crime except this of my original sin; for I hope it is not that of my having on all occasions professed ane unbounded zeal for my poor country, which I defy man and the devil, and both their aides-de-camp and agents, to make out that I have not kept strictly up to in all the course of my life."

Such was the position of the man who occupied his leisure, and, as it seems, his desponding heart, in writing a narrative of the unsuccessful enterprise in which he had a considerable share. The affair of the '15 has a much more important place in history than that of the '45, though it must be admitted to be far less fruitful in romance. The latter, coming upon a period of profound tranquillity and security, passed with the brilliancy and also the terrors of a meteor. It was attended by an amount of success wonderful when compared with the elements whence it arose; while its predecessor, on the other hand, was nearly as remarkable for failure, in conditions from which success might have been legitimately expected. A desperate struggle between the two great parties, on the death of Queen Anne, was a thing to anticipated, for as yet the stranger race had not entered into possession; and although they had the technicalities of a minute act of Parliament to plead in their favour, it might be considered yet doubtful whether the country at large had acceded to the arrangement.

When the other affair broke out, there had been peaceful possession for thirty years. Adverse claims were almost forgotten, at least by the most acute and practical of the English politicians, and the supporters of the Hanover succession covered a wide enough area to possess within themselves both a government party and a powerful parliamentary opposition. That during the thirty years so characterised a Jacobite feeling should have grown up in Scotland sufficient to frighten the empire by the march to Derby, can only be accounted for in one way — by the wrongs and insults encountered at the hand of the imperial government, owing to the sway of rulers who were resolved to overlook, or who could not see, national affections and idolatries in the country which had become one with England through the Union of 1707. In no other way is it possible to account for the Hanover succession having survived the crisis of 1715, and having been actually subjected to greater perils in 1745.

But even admitting that many of the events which created in Scotland so protracted a Jacobite nationality occurred in the period between the two insurrections, it is impossible to look back without wonder at the complicated maze of difficulties and dangers through which our present settlement passed scathless. The first faint and gradual departure from the pure line of hereditary descent is not in itself perhaps so remarkable a thing as it seems at this day. It is a fallacy to suppose that principles like those of hereditary succession were better understood, and followed to their conclusions, in former ages than in the present. Like all other matters which admit of a complex and subtle development, the canons of hereditary representation were refined from time to time by the clever men who improved on the practice of the day. It was long ere it became obvious that a grandson by the eldest was a nearer heir by pure hereditary descent than the second son himself. When the failure of issue rendered necessary a retrospect to the descendants of some previous generation, it did not seem of much moment how far it went back; and it was hard sometimes to see why a grandmother's descendant, who did not bear the name, had a preferable title to those of a great-grandfather who did. The wars of the Roses are a bloody testimony to the incomplete settlement, in their age, of the absolute principles of hereditary representation.

The Revolution of 1688 was of course the first ordeal—it can scarcely be called one of the perils — of the Hanover settlement, since it is scarcely possible that any of its promoters imagined that they were preparing a throne for the descendants of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. That that affair should have passed off so easily must ever be a marvel, however successfully philosophical historians may set forth the political and ecclesiastical causes of which it was the effect. In the production of this marvellous effect, indeed, some causes operated of too trivial a nature to receive encouraging comment from philosophical historians. Prominent among these — and so important as a cause of the Revolution, that but for it that great event would, to all human appearance, never have taken place — was the fact that, down to the middle of June in the year 1688, the Princess Mary was the heiress of the British throne by right of birth, and was expected to fill it by all who did not anticipate that a miracle would be performed to defeat the claims of a heretic princess, the wife of the heretic ruler of the United Provinces. Her husband was the grandson of Charles I. It is true that they had no children, but Mary was only twenty-six years old, and the Princess Anne gave promise of leaving a numerous progeny. Nor was this state of matters much altered by the birth of a son to King James. The warming-pan story made matters the same as if no son had been born: the story of a spurious offspring was firmly believed. Perhaps there were statesmen who, knowing the contrary, propagated this belief for their own ends. But it would be as preposterous now to maintain that the charge was true, as to maintain that the nation at large did not believe that goody Wilks had smuggled in at a side-door the babe passed off as a royal infant. Now, inasmuch as to the Roman Catholics this infant was the embodied miracle of their prayers, he was to the Protestant public the "Pretender" which he was afterwards designated in Acts of Parliament. Thus the birth of a prince did not injure the Princess Mary's claims to the succession, and only tended to justify the policy of letting her fill the throne before her time. It seems clear that the Revolution could not have been carried—at least without a civil war—but for the warming-pan story; and so it was that a foolish lie removed the first great impediment to the present settlement. The succession to the crown did not then appear to be changed; its course was only slightly anticipated, and there was no reason to expect a fundamental departure from the reigning line. Mary, it is true, had no offspring, but she was only twenty-six years old; and even should she remain childless, there was her sister Anne, the mother of many children. When Mary died, it mattered little that her husband should remain trustee for those who were to come. The next ordeal of peril came with the death of the Duke of Gloucester, the last of the children of Anne. The fate of that family makes every one who reads pause and reflect on so sad and strange a memorial of the wonderful ways of Providence. We speak of the children of poverty dying early from neglected ventilation and insalubrious food; and here were seventeen princely children, each an additional pledge for the tranquillity of a mighty empire, and one after the other each consigned to the tomb—

> "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
> Regumque turres."

After this last hope had departed, the English Parliament set about, like thorough men of business, to find an heir to the throne, and made their selection of a royal family as dispassionately as if they were selecting a chairman of committee. The many descendants of Charles I.'s daughter—they now amounted to about thirty or forty, seated on divers European thrones, great and small—were passed over, and for sufficient reasons the choice fell on a family almost unknown to Britain, since she who connected it with the old royal family—the daughter of the Scottish James—had departed nearly a hundred years before to share the unhappy throne of the Palatinate. Nor were the Parliament content to take the heirs of this princess—a numerous group—in the lineal order of succession. Passing over her elder children, they selected, for their Protestantism, the descendants of her youngest daughter. This remarkable piece of legislation, the Act of Succession, in virtue of which our gracious Queen now worthily occupies the throne, caused wonderfully little discussion in England. But it found an unexpected enemy elsewhere. Scotland had not been consulted in the choice of a sovereign, and it was taken for granted that she would with becoming docility follow England step by step through that labyrinthine genealogical path which led to the feet of the Electress Sophia. But Scotland, in the matter of Darien and other things, had run up a score of grievous injuries from her powerful neighbour, and she vowed, in shape of an Act of Parliament, that until these were redressed the prince who might be sovereign of England should be disqualified for the sovereignty of Scotland. This was the great peril of the Hanover settlement, for both nations armed themselves and raised troops, and a war between them seemed inevitable—a war in which the Jacobite interest in England might with good grace side with the Scots. It was not until the protracted and perilous negotiations, and the still more protracted and perilous debates in the two legislatures, were crowned by the Union, that this peril was averted.

At the point which our history reaches, eight years afterwards, we would, if we read it for the first time like a new novel, be prepared to see the Stewarts' cause triumphant, or excluded only by a desperate struggle. The old warming-pan story had died the natural death of popular fallacies. No one doubted that the boy left by James II. when he died in exile was his son, though it was the policy of the legislature still to call him the Pretender in Acts of Parliament.

The venerable Electress Sophia, the daughter of a British princess, whose mother had talked to her of the traditions of her own native land, and had, indeed, in her days of adversity, gone back, and occupied a house in Drury Lane, was dead, and the Parliamentary line of succession had gone a step still farther away from the genealogical. Queen Anne, with all her devotion to the Church of England, had a secret favour—surely a natural one—for her brother's family; and acute statesmen, such as St. John and Godolphin, had calculated on the restoration of the exiled house as so probable that they had carefully established an interest there, and were ready to serve it with all becoming fidelity when the proper time came.

But most unexpectedly to those who, as the leading statesmen of the day, should have known the public feeling best, the fact came to be apparent that the inhabitants of Britain, with but few exceptions, liked the Hanover succession. Had the earlier monarchs of the race been better versed in British feeling, or better advised, there would have been no insurrections to break in upon the popularity of the settlement. But George I., who had been brought up at a little despotic court, had probably less notion of constitutional liberty even than the expelled Stewarts. He was naturally and by training a despot. But he had been trained in the handling of different institutions, and consequently was not so able as the Stewarts to work the British system of government to despotic ends. It was like setting a general officer to command a fleet, or an admiral to command an army. With all the desire in the world to be absolute, the misplaced leader would blunder in the tactics and mishandle the material. In one thing, however, George I. succeeded: it was in treating all those who did not side with the Court—the Opposition, in short—as enemies, if not traitors. Fortunately for his own peace, as well as the fortune of many eminent statesmen, he knew not how many of his most trusted advisers had been making terms with the Court of St. Germains. But those whom he saw in the position of palpable opposition he did all that was in his power to drive into the position of rebels, and with some he was successful. The motives of men driven to such a course by irritated vanity or disappointed ambition are neither noble nor good. But the world is the world — "the blood will follow where the pincers tear," and the early Hanoverian governments made their own enemies. In the contest thus created, personal characteristics are more interesting than events, and the chief spirit of the Master of Sinclair's book is in its personal sketches — the sketches of a pencil deeply dipped in gall. With all his crimes upon his head, however, he was better entitled than many others to speak out. Whether it was pure choice or dire necessity that sent him into the insurgent camp, he was a member of a staunch Jacobite house, and had a legitimate right to profess devotion to the cause of the exiles. The only full personal narrative of the '15 heretofore relied on came from a far more polluted pen—that of a perfidious priest, who had been chaplain to the army — preached to it of the divine right of kings, and the sacrilege of touching the Lord's anointed; then at the end turned, and gave evidence against those who were brought to the scaffold, saying it was an atonement for his sins in having countenanced the unnatural rebellion against the happy constitution and settlement; — such is a brief but sufficient account of the author of "The History of the late Rebellion, with original Papers and Characters of the principal Noblemen and Gentlemen concerned in it, by the Rev. Mr. Robert Patten."

To return to the Master — his characters are varied, but chiefly, as we have hinted, of a dusky hue. In this as in other insurrections are to be found the innumerable grades of character and conduct that can find room between two very far distant extremes. At the extreme right we find the real honest devotees — the men to whom their cause is a religion, for which they are embarked in a crusade — who count it little less than profanation to calculate results, but love the cause all the better for its hopelessness. From the beginning they have laid their account with death, and what to them is far worse than death — the downfall of an ancient house, and the scattering of their ruined offspring over the earth.

On the extreme left again we have those who have coolly calculated upon the outbreak, with all its calamities to friend and foe, as a scheme of personal aggrandisement, and have wilfully fed the flames of honest enthusiasm to serve their own base ends, providing in the mean time for their ultimate safety, and even in the midst of their insurrectionary labours framing little counter-schemes of treachery for profiting by the defeat of their machinations and the ruin of their followers. History — British history, at least — has very few such men, but among their small number must be counted Mar, the great author of the insurrection, and at the same time the representative of an old heroic house. He had been one of the most successful working agents in carrying that Union, from which he afterwards spoke of relieving his countrymen as from a degrading bargain, in which they had been sold to an enemy. He promoted an association among the Highland chiefs for the protection and promotion of the Hanover succession, boasting that they were at his disposal for this acceptable end. He offered his services with the most profuse adulation to the new king, who treated him with imprudent scorn; and it was after all this that he raised his standard at Braemar, and spoke in their own spirit of brave enthusiasm to the brave enthusiasts who gathered round it. He provided carefully for his present safety, and in his long exile made many an abject offer of services, and many a vain effort to be restored to the favour of the Government. The Master seems to have considered it his great mission to exhibit this man's character in all its attributes of odiousness; and the unwearied relentless zeal wherewith he pursues this task reminds one, by the association of contrariety, of the gilding the refined gold and the painting of the lily. Mar was deformed in person, as one may see in the general set of his dubious countenance, though courtly painters have evaded the defect. The Master, of course, does not fail to make the best of this misfortune, which, he says, was inherited from his mother, the countess. "He profited nothing by her but the hump he has got on his back, and her dissolute, malicious, meddling spirit." We are now fairly started with Mar and his merits, and we get on in this fashion: "Having no obligations to nature, and so few to his father and mother, and none but that of debt to the rest of mankind, so soon as he was capable of anything, he seemed to think himself in a state of war with the whole; for it has often been observed that those who are born with such natural defects, used to revenge themselves on Nature by doing her as little honour as she has done them; which I believe the reason for that Lacedemonian law for destroying these monstrous productions the moment they were born. His original sin both by his father and mother giving him as small title to honour as estate, he soon gave himself up as by instinct to his hereditary and natural penchant — villany and lying. The first act of hostility he committed was defrauding of his creditors." And here we have some details of private matters not, if true, very honourable to him, until he emerges into more illustrious feats in private life. The Master, it will be observed, in this sketch, follows the method of the Newgate Calendar, and the popular lives of eminent malefactors, where the first symptoms of an evil disposition, displayed in domestic life or private society, afterwards expand into more conspicuous and public criminality. "As he grew older," says the Master, following these models, "his inherent villany and his interested ambition grew with him; he soon found that when he had done his best, the small matter he could pilfer from his creditors was but a trifle to his extravagance. He abandoned himself to the Court, and declared war against his country. He truckled as an underling till the Union, at which time he was made Secretary of State for Scotland, to which it was not the interest or influence he had in his country, or the least good quality, recommended him to the English Court, but the hardy disposition they found in him to ruin and betray his country." Then again follow details which somewhat interrupt the torrent of the Master's savage abuse. We pass over the specific services which Mar performed for England, and against his country, as we are told, in carrying the Union, and content ourselves with the Master's pithy general opinion both of the measure and the man.

"It is demonstrable that his only and great quality was that of undermining his country, and committing the sin against the Holy Ghost, by treacherously, for a piece of money, betraying it; the blackest and atrociouseet of crimes, never to be forgiven by God Almighty, and I think ought never to be forgiven, and impossible to be forgot, by men; for no day has passed since the making of that dismal Union that we have not found the sad effects of it. And to show he never repented so long as he received the least part of the reward of his fratricide, at the time of the pretended invasion he was the great promoter in bringing up to London, in triumph, those of the best families of his country."

After this fashion the Master gives the story, with comments, of the Earl's progress from the Union to the insurrection which he instigated and headed. It is difficult to know what may be found in the inner recesses of a crooked mind. It has often been hinted that the Earl's marriage, just before Queen Anne's death, to a daughter of a great Whig house, was one of his strokes of policy for the purpose of strengthening his interest with the Hanover party. But the Master stands alone in his way of giving voice to the supposition, and shows on the occasion a facility in using the slang of the cock-pit and the race-course not often to be found in print, at least in the last century. After referring to the servile but unaccepted offer of his services to King George, the narrator says: — "Besides this letter to King George, he made use of another precaution, which was marrying an English lady some time before, whose family interest he was in hope might keep him in place to reconcile the Whigs to him, and at least get him of the ready to keep up his credit for some time, in case the Queen should happen to die, which all foresaw, and he sent off grazing. To bring that about, as I am told, he was forced to give her in jointure all that was called his estate. I have some reason to think he cheated her, by pretending to give her what was not in his own name, and if so, not his own; and I am sure, if it was not his own, it was cheating his son and family." His wife was the Lady Frances Pierrepont, the daughter of the Duke of Kingston. She narrowly escaped a strange destiny, for Mar's brother, Erskine of Grange, notorious for having kept his own wife a prisoner in one of the distant Hebrides, had put himself in possession of the legal means for conveying Lady Mar to Scotland as an insane woman. How she would have been dealt with we may infer from his treatment of Lady Grange, and his vindication of it on the ground that there were no means of properly treating insane people in Scotland. The Countess's sister, no less a personage than Lady Mary Wortley Montague, rescued her with a chief-justice's warrant, just before she was taken across the Border. The original cause of Lady Grange's abduction was, that she knew some dark secrets passing between Mar in exile and her husband, who, by audacious and vigilant hypocrisy, kept himself on a slippery steep as a sound Whig and Presbyterian. The plot against the Countess seems to have had a more purely sordid reference to reversionary interests in house property.*

But this is digression. Let us come back to the Master, where we find him exhibiting the Earl ignominiously repulsed from the Court, and turning his path northwards.

"But these precautions and submissions did not serve his turn, being so odious to the English Ministry who had so long known him, and the same who had employed him formerly — who treated him as those who make use of poison do a venomous monster—after squeezing, as they thought, the poison out of him, threw him away, having no further occasion for him, and imagining him sufficiently recompensed for betraying his country. Finding himself in a most despicable condition, and that there was no mercy to be expected from him either from the Court or his creditors, of which there was no want in Scotland, as well as in London, ... thus reasonably looking on himself as one detested and abhorred by all mankind, he could not pardon his country and countrymen the evils which he himself had done them, and imagined their hatred proportioned to his villany, and supposed they'd spare him on no occasion if he did not hasten to prevent them. On these considerations did he double his diligence, and resolve to strike the iron while hot. Having no other game to play—knowing that the mobs and broils in England had roused the Scots Tories, who were very attentive to all that passed there, which, according to their laudable custom, they magnified to cheat themselves—he did not know how far, with his management and making use of so favourable a conjunction, he might work them up before things turned stale, and while their spirits were in a ferment; if, by the force of lying, and making them believe he was trusted by the English Jacobites and the King, he should succeed in raising them—no matter what came of it—he should lose nothing, not so much as a reputation."*

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* For an inquiry into the plot against Lady Mar, see Magazine for Sept. 1849.

We are tempted to cull one other little flower of rhetoric from this garden; it comes in just after Mar is represented as having acted a noble part in refusing to countenance a capitulation after all seemed lost. Mar only gets credit for having negotiated privately for himself, and ascertained that he would not be included in any indemnity. Hence, when he acts the high-minded patriot who will not dishonour his sacred cause by capitulation, his magnanimity receives no better treatment than this:—"But after all that scene of villanies, his whole life, and the innumerable lies and forgeries, the impudence of such a wretch as we knew him and represented him to ourselves, was of all things the most insupportable. Nor did we know what he was not capable of, after all he had done, for the same impudence was a salve for all he could do."†

But enough, perhaps, of this kind of matter. Let us give at least one instance to show that the Master's rhetoric was not all devoted to vituperation. In the portion of the insurgent army which fled at Sheriffmuir fell the young heir of the house of Strathmore—a youth of rare promise, the object of many eulogies, not the least graceful of which, though tinged by classical pedantries, is this:—"When he found all turning their backs, he seized the colours, and persuaded fourteen, or some such number, to stand by him for some time, which drew upon him the enemy's fire, by which he was wounded in the belly, and going off, was taken and murdered by a dragoon; and it may be said, in his fate, that a millstone crushed a brilliant. He was the young man of all I ever saw who approached the nearest to perfection, and had a just contempt of all the little lies and selfish tricks so necessary to some, and so common amongst us; and his least quality was, that he was of a noble ancient family, and a man of quality. Fortune seems to be invidious to those of worth, since she gives a long life with incapacity to some, and joins a short life to great merit in others. Those whose life is of any consequence fall early, and those who never will be good for anything are eternal—either that they appear to be so, or that comparatively with the others they absolutely are so. Chance and death agree in forgetting one who is good for nothing."‡

There is no occasion for expending pity on those followers of Mar who were to any extent like-minded with himself, and led to the enterprise either by disappointed ambition or self-interested calculation. Nor is pity the proper tribute to the heroic zealots who accepted the cause with all its dangers and terrors, unless indeed that pity be so mingled with admiration as to lose its ordinary characteristics. But there was a class—and, as it happened, the most valuable to his purposes, and therefore to be gained at all cost—on whose fate, sacrificed as they relentlessly were to selfish ambition, it is impossible to reflect without deep compassion. These were the Highland clans. Their peculiar institutions were still fresh and vigorous among them; but these were so different from the other institutions of the empire, that the Celt was beginning to stand helplessly apart — an agent to be gained and used by any bold speculator. He could easily have been rendered a true and faithful servant to the new dynasty; he was as easily rendered a troublesome enemy. Later events have shown with what honest fidelity he has borne the hard and dangerous work of our national wars. Peculiarly he was the child which a kindly paternal government could have trained to all good uses. But he found the established government harsh, exacting, and suspicious; and so he fell a prey to the tempter holding out the right hand of fellowship and treachery.

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* Pp. 67, 75.

† P. 295.

‡ P. 227.

It infers no reproach to the chiefs of clans to suppose that they were as free to adopt the Hanover cause as that of the Stewarts. Of allegiance, in its modern acceptation, they had no distinct conception. They were, indeed, far too great in their own eyes to be amenable to such an obligation. They treated with, rather than gave allegiance to, governments and dynasties. If they admitted themselves to be subsidiary to King James or Queen Anne, yet they were not exactly subjects, but rather suffragans or electors. The side they might take in any monarchical dispute was a matter more of policy than of duty, and would be adjusted by such rules as those, for instance which influenced a German grand-duke or margrave in the disputed election of an emperor. The extent to which these chiefs possessed lands and ruled over tribes, without any title according to law, and in defiance of adverse titles granted by the sovereign and sanctioned by the courts of law, is a curious chapter in British history which has yet to be written. Before the commencement of the eighteenth century, most of the clans conformed so far that their chiefs nominally professed to hold their lands of the Crown; but even then the power of the law was not always effective in giving it to the proper representative of the house according to the laws of feudal descent, if it suited the policy of the clan that another member of the family — an uncle or a cousin, perhaps—should rule over them. There passes briefly across the Master's narrative one sept, however, who, even down to the '15, would not acknowledge the feudal superiority of the Crown in any shape, or hold their lands by royal charter, which they disdainfully called a sheepskin title. This was the clan of "rough Keppoch," who held sway in the rugged recesses of Glen Spean and in Glen Roy, renowned for its geologic phenomenon. Since the family which had virtually ruled this territory for centuries would not accept of a feudal title from the Crown, it was necessary, for the sake of uniformity, that some one else should get it —the law could no more put up with unchartered lands than nature with a vacuum. The fortune of obtaining the feudal investiture fell naturally to the Huntly family, who, like the house of Argyll in the south, were gradually "birsing out," as it was termed, the smaller septs around them, especially those who were troublesome from a hankering after Lowland beef and mutton, which they consumed without paying for. Keppoch and his clan were in some measure protected in the exercise of their old Highland rights by the feudal owner of the soil, but gradually, as was but natural, their traditional rights were extinguished by the title supported by law. The Master of Sinclair, a Fifeshire man, with all the ignorance of Highland fashions natural to a Lowlander of that age, tells us, in this ungenial fashion, of the arrival of Keppoch and his men to the insurgent camp:—

> "Keppoch, a Highland chief, and vassal, or rather tenant, of Huntlie, came to Perth with two hundred and forty men. He had never been with us before; but hearing of a battle, and that there was plunder, got his men together, and robbed the other Highlandmen who were going home straggling

with the pillage of our baggage, and what they had taken out of the low country. And having secured it, he and his folks took an itching to see that country where so many good things were got, being so often invited, and being told, before he left home, that we were in a very good condition, having banged the enemy. Mar was extremely civil to him, and knowing him to be the man of the Highlands who is no less famous than the others for his address in robbing and love to money, struck instantly up with him, and he, in a day or two, took no more notice of his master Huntly than any of the others."*

This is not in exact conformity with modern romance pictures of a "rebel chieftain and his band," but with a little tinge of the Master's natural causticity in it, it is a fair type of the light in which a Lowland gentleman of that day viewed a Highland clan. He concludes this episode of the Keppoch men by saying that "the leader stayed, and received a good pay; but the men went home, the greater part of them a few days after, and not long ere all were gone, took what they liked best on the road, that they might not return empty-handed."

As the Highlanders were quite a peculiar people in their social position, so also were they distinct from the rest of the British community in the formidable characteristic, that they possessed arms and knew how to use them. They were, in fact, the only element out of which an army could be improvised, and they were, therefore, the most valuable of all adherents to those who were entering on a contest with the established government, its army, and its resources. Hence it was that the Highlanders, when properly handled, gained their surprising victories; and that, whether as friends or foes, the descendants of the Scottish borderers and of the English yeomen, who had sustained the glory of their respective districts in the toughest and bloodiest contests of former centuries, were useless lumber in the field, and had either to be cut down or to run away. Our European wars showed then, and have proved in many a conflict of later days, that the warlike spirit and the stubborn courage of their ancestors still slumbered in the sturdy frames of the Lowland peasantry and the English yeomen. But ere these qualities could have exercise, the men required in the first place to have arms, and in the second place to be disciplined and drilled. The Highlanders, on the other hand, were masters of their own peculiar discipline and tactics — and these were of a kind which, though not destined to permanent approval and adoption, were memorably formidable to regular troops not specially trained to cope with them. They brought at the same time their own simple and effective arms to the field, and in a manner they provided their own commissariat, without depending either on subsidy or military chest. The Master, with all his social prejudices against the Highlanders, could not fail to see their transcendent value as insurgent troops, especially in so ill-regulated a camp as that of Mar. Some little incidents in the narrative show the difficulty and often the hopelessness of bringing fresh levies of Lowlanders into fighting condition. Huntly raised among the sturdy crofters of his Aberdeenshire domains a troop of light-horse thus sketched off: "A troop of forty or fifty great lubberly fellows in bonnets, without boots or any such thing, and scarce bridles, mounted on long-tailed little horses less than the men — who were by much the greatest animals of the two—without pistols, with great rusty muskets tied on their back with ropes—and these he called light horse. I must own the grotesque figure these made moved everybody's laughter, and soon got the other hundred and sixty horse he brought along with him the same name of light-horse, though they did not deserve it more than those who came with Marshall, who were almost all galloways as well as those who came with Huntly."† The Master, as a trained soldier in Marlborough's wars, and a man not much accustomed to modify either his opinions or the method in which he expressed them, found abundant opportunity for exercising his critical powers on the ill-conditioned organisation of the troops with which he required to act. He gives a very sarcastic account of the efforts to fortify the camp at Perth, conducted by an engineer whom he designates rightly or wrongly a French dancing-master. He has now and then, too, the satisfaction of recording such palpable deficiencies as the drafting in of three hundred musketeers without flints. He told their officers that "it was better to have three hundred fewer, for the moment they came to any action, these men must run away, and by their example carry others with them, and could not fail to ruin the whole, or mutiny, for no man is so stupid but knows the want of a flint; and being low-country men, they neither had swords nor pretended to make use of any, which was the mad excuse when it was complained the Highlanders wanted firearms."* Between Highlanders with swords, and Lowlanders with only flintless muskets, there could be no rational comparison, however mad the Master deemed the excuse for not providing the Highlanders with firearms.

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* P. 267.

† P. 160.

The Master performed a rather signal and original feat in this war, which he describes with singular modesty. It was the capture of a vessel by a small fragment of a troop of dragoons. The vessel contained a supply of arms for the Government—the temptation of course to the capture. She lay in Burntisland harbour. The object was to seize her by a detachment from the camp at Perth—a difficult operation, while Argyll was posted in great strength at Stirling. The leader of the expedition mounted a man behind each dragoon for the purpose of doubling his force, and the cavalcade crept quietly along, avoiding villages, to the margin of the Forth. The master of the vessel was quietly secured in an alehouse ashore, and the capture was easily effected. Trained, however, in the strictest military school of the day, the Master's spirit was much disturbed by the irregularities of his followers. "We seized several small boats the minute we came into town, and after placing a few sentries about the town—which, by the way, was no easy task, since nobody cared to stand—we forced some townsmen to go along with ours to bring in the ships. . . . Nor were there sentries to be got to post about the town, or if any posted would others relieve them; nor would any hold the few horses of those who had gone to seize the ships, who went a-strolling through the town and loosed their bridles. It is not to be conceived how those people's tongues, and other unruliness in going into alehouses, confounds at all times, but more at night, the unlucky officer who has the command of them; for there's no want of advisers, sometimes twenty speaking at once, and all equally to the purpose, but not one to obey." Then at last, when the vessel was secured, and the precious cargo of arms had to be removed to the camp, at Perth—the most serious part of the expedition, from the risk that the convoy would be intercepted by a detachment from Argyll's army—the Master says of his grievances, and his unceremonious remedy for them: "Of the fifty baggage-horses, for we had no more, none would load, or, if they did, not above four firelocks. After humbly begging these fellows to put in more to no purpose, I gave them round, without distinction, a hearty drubbing—the most persuasive and convincing argument to those sort of men." On the march back "some of the command went off without leave to pay their respects to some minister, whom they had a mind to tease; and, as those irregular folks generally contrive it, they returned before break of day with noise." When he had reached Auchterarder, a village illustrious in ecclesiastical controversy, a new difficulty awaited him, not from the unwatchfulness of his Lowland force, but the too suspicious vigilance of a body of Highlanders who were sent thither to meet him. Whether from real misapprehension, or the influence of some wayward caprice, they refused to acknowledge him. "I ordered," he says, "those to march who I saw there; but they were so far from obeying that they pretended they did not understand me, and most cocked their pieces and presented to shoot me, and some lay down on their bellies to take the better aim. If I could have spoken to them, I would have offered myself prisoner: had I offered to run away, I was a dead man; but by forcing myself to look pleased, and as a friend, I stopped their fury till an officer came who understood me." He told them that the Duke of Argyll was within three miles of them, and galloped away; whereat, in rather cockneyish grammar, he says, "It is incredible to believe how them fellows run and overtook the horse on being told that."

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* P. 143.

This little incident is one of the many which exemplify the precarious understanding between the Lowland gentry and the Highlanders throughout the enterprise. Though these were so invaluable an element, as we have seen, in an insurrectionary force, and were numerous, there was no one who knew how to handle them after the example of Montrose and Dundee. Though the chiefs might be too great to exercise the vulgar duty of allegiance, their followers had an allegiance of a devoted and absorbing character. But it was due neither to Stewart nor Guelph, but to their native or adopted chief. Where he went they went, without ulterior question. Thus the Fraser Highlanders had been led out by Fraserdale, the legal owner of the estates on which they lived—a chief reluctantly followed for want of a better. But the chief of their adoption and allegiance, the virtuous and gentle Lovat, having in the mean time escaped from France, arrived at Inverness, where he found it his interest to take the Government side; and his clan, whenever they heard of his happy return, scampered off just before the battle of Sheriffmuir, and gathered round him in their native wilds of Stratheerick. It was useless to officer the Highlanders otherwise than through their own patriarchal hierarchy, and every attempt to combine clans together and tell them off in companies and battalions under regimental officers was ruinous. Mar's camp had a plethora of gentlemen in comparison with the proper material for rank and file, and but a small portion of them could get commissions. "There was, indeed," says the Master, "a necessity of giving those of following commissions, for though not officers, there was no other way of bringing them into a form and subordination—a commission putting them under the obligation of obeying; and no clan being willing to lose their name and join immediately under another chief, every chief pretending to an equality, they could not well have less than that of colonel." Further on is mention of another Highland speciality, not to be easily reconciled with the ordinary notions of military etiquette and discipline. There was under consideration the propriety of signing an association not to sue for terms without the consent of the majority of their body. There were two drafts of the document laid on the table; and Mar, taking up one of them, said, "it was neither English nor grammar;" a remark which the Master, who could not miss so good an opportunity, calls "most impudent in his lordship, who of all men knows the least of either." He continues, "I spoke first, and took exception at that clause of both where we were bound in honour never to accept or sue for terms without the consent of the majority; and desired to have it explained what was meant by the majority—whether it was the majority of the signers or the majority of the whole gentlemen at Perth, or only the majority of such as my Lord Mar pleased to call. Sir John M'Lean was not long of taking off the mask, and very haughtily said, 'It was not left to the majority of those my Lord Mar pleased to call; his clan were all gentlemen, and they had as good a title to judge of things as others.' It being not at all safe, and of no manner of good, to contradict a point of that kind, it was dropped, since it reached the whole common Highlandmen at Perth, Sir John having explained it very clearly. Only some took the liberty of thinking it very hard that a clan, who amongst them all had not one hundred a-year, should pretend to seven or eight hundred votes in an affair of that consequence, which neither related to their chief nor them; and by that means the Highlanders—who we durst not dispute were gentlemen—must henceforth determine us.'*

In one sense the Master seems to have discerned with considerable shrewdness the characteristics of a Highland army—he knew the peculiarities which made bad troops of them in the hands of a leader who had not sufficient military genius to discover in these peculiarities, when well directed, the elements of effective power. When forecasting—which he did with the benefit of knowing what it actually was—the fate of the enterprise, he says, "The Highlandmen would rise out of hopes of plunder, and would do as they had always done, which the history of Montrose, and, since that, of my Lord Dundee, was enough to convince anybody of; which is, they certainly desert in three events: First, they'd weary and go home if they could not come to action soon; the second, if they fight, and get the victory, plunder following, on that they'd be sure to go home with it; the third is, if they are beat they run straight home. So, go as it would, we of the low country must be left in the lurch. The Highlandmen, on the other hand, being encouraged by having nothing to lose, and it not being worth anybody's while to pursue them into their hills, where an army must be fatigued and ruined with hunger and cold, would soon make their peace as they had always done, or at least trust to it, when we would fall the sacrifice, and be the jest of all the people of common sense in all Europe, by not only losing our estates, but our honours."†

The Master is not more gracious to the individual character of some of the Highland leaders. Of the celebrated Brigadier Macintosh of Borlum, he says, "He had neither rank nor any distinguishing thing about him except ignorant presumption, and an affected Inverness-English accent, not common, indeed, amongst Highlandmen; and if I may be allowed to quote the character that a lady gave of him—who I wish most of our men had resembled either in sense or any other thing—I mean my Lady Nairne, who, regretting heartily her husband's being concerned where Macintosh was commander, said he had been herding of Highland cattle these eight-and-twenty years till he was turned ox himself." Macintosh, however, was the leader in the most gallant enterprises of the insurgent army. He carried a detachment across the Firth of Forth in open boats, though it was jealously watched by vessels of war. He established himself in Leith Fort, where, so long as it suited him to remain, he bade defiance to the Duke of Argyll. He managed again to elude the vigilance of the enemy, and evacuating the fort to march southwards, joining the Borderers under Kenmore, and afterwards the English insurgents of the north under Forster. He and his Highlanders imparted life and heroism to the defence of Preston, and when the lazy luxurious Forster made up his mind to capitulate, the Brigadier and his followers were still for fighting it out, and dying in harness rather than on the scaffold. Macintosh completed his bold adventurous career by escaping from Newgate with a few of his followers, not through arrangement and connivance, but by knocking down the turnkeys and reaching the open street.

It is said that the decorum of the bench was somewhat disturbed when, at the reassembling of the court next day, it was stated that the prisoners who should have been in the dock had still to be caught. Some of them were again apprehended, but Macintosh and the majority got clear out of London, a feat more wonderful for Highlanders than even the knocking down of the officers of Newgate. The London populace, though they were then rather thirsty for Jacobite blood, have a ready sympathy with a feat like this. Macintosh became popular among them, and they recalled the various incidents of his intrepid career. A street-ballad of the age, which treats his colleagues with small respect, bestows some characteristic compliments on the rough Brigadier. We are tempted to transcribe from it those stanzas which have special reference to him:—

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* Pp. 275.

† P. 26.

"Macintosh is a soldier brave,
And of his friends he took his leave;
Unto Northumberland he drew,
And marched along with a jovial crew.
With a fa, la, la, ra, da, ra, da.

Macintosh he shook his head
To see his soldiers all lie dead;
'It was not for the loss of those,
But I fear we're taken by our foes.'
With a fa, la, &c.

Macintosh is a valiant soldier,
He carried a musket on his shoulder;
'Cock your pistols, draw your rapper;
Damn you, Foster, for you're a traitor.'
With a fa, la, &c.

My Lord Derwentwater to Foster did say,
'Thou hast proved our ruin this very day;
Thou promisedst to stand our friend,
But thou hast proved a rogue in th' end.'
With a fa, la, &c.

My Lord Derwentwater to Lichfield did ride,
With coach and attendants by his side;
He swore if he died on the point of the sword,
He'd drink a gude health to the man that he loved,
With a fa, la, &c.

Then Foster was brought in from our own home,
Leaving our estates for others to come;
'Thou treacherous dog, thou hast us betrayed;
We all are ruined,' Lord Derwentwater said.
With a fa, la, &c.

My Lord Derwentwater he is condemned,
And near unto his latter end;
His poor lady she did cry,
'My poor Derwentwater then must die.'
With a fa, la, &c.

My Lord Derwentwater he is dead,
And from his body they took his head,
But Macintosh and others are fled,
To fit his hat on another man's head."

Had there been many Macintoshes in the insurgent camp—or rather had those in higher command shown the same prompt audacity of resolve and dashing rapidity of action—the tenor of British history might have been to some considerable extent changed. Sir Walter Scott, who knew more of the intricacies and remote sources of his own country's history than any other man, attached to his copy of the Master's Memoirs a note on the causes of the failure of Mar's attempt, full of wisdom and truth. The opinions it contains are perhaps to some extent to be found in his ordinary published works, but we are not aware that anywhere in these they are expressed in so condensed and emphatic a shape.

"The same sound judgment which dictated to the Duke of Argyll a procrastinating and cautious train of operations, recommended to Mar vigour and decision. An established government always grows stronger, while an insurrection gradually becomes weaker; its chiefs disagree, and its inferior members, unsupported by any regular system of finance, desert for subsistence, or render themselves detestable by plundering. It is vain to say that Mar waited for his distant reinforcements, for the success of a desultory army depends always more on the celerity of its motions than on its numerical force; and as success never fails to strengthen its numbers, so inactivity is sure to impair them. Forth is proverbially said to bridle the wild Highlander, but it did not bridle Charles in 1745, and should not have bridled Mar in 1715. Mar's own arrival at Perth should have been concerted with a movement of the western clans—Macdonalds, Camerons, Stewarts, &c.—toward Atholl and Aberfoyle, and the heads of the Forth, which these ready soldiers could easily have seized, while the Duke of Argyll could hardly have marched towards them without exposing the pass at Stirling bridge to the insurgents, who, by passing a body of men at Mar's own town of Alloa in lighters, could have placed those left to defend the bridge betwixt two fires. If it had been judged necessary, the movement of the western clans might have been combined by a corresponding march of the insurgent calvary, under Winton and Kenmore, towards the Lennox, and as far as Drymen. This would have been more judicious than their union with the handful of Northumberland fox-hunters, who seem never to have had any serious thoughts of fighting, and soon sickened of it."*

Sir Walter remarks that "when the insurgents did at length move, they seem to have been shamefully negligent of intelligence, and the battle of Sheriffmuir was on their part a mere accident." This censure is amply supported by incidents which the Master tells with a sort of sarcastic brevity—as, for instance, the first warning of Argyll's approach to Sheriffmuir. "We continued in full march till three of the afternoon; about which time our quartermasters, who had left us a little before, came back with a lame boy, who had run as hard as he could to tell us that the Duke of Argyll was marching through Dunblane with his whole army towards us, and said the lady Kippendavie had sent him, whose husband was in the army with us."* They were at a loss how to act, "because it looked mean to halt such a body of men on a foolish boy's story, and yet it was dangerous not to give credit to him." The next envoy was scarcely of a more dignified character. "I heard that fresh intelligence was come, confirming the former message. I ran to hear what was said, and finding it to the same purpose with the former, and that it was an old woman sent by the same lady, returned out of the crowd after hearing Glengarry say that he'd lay his life that since the Duke of Argyll was came out, he'd give us battle next morning." Oddly enough, by the way, it was a clergyman taking his morning walk, who, a few days before, had given warning to the insurgents at Preston that Wills's army was upon them.

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* *Introductory Notice*, xvi.

On the position taken up for the night, the Master was more expressively sarcastic; he recommended the immediate crossing of the Allan, and the guarding of all the fords against the enemy; but it was determined otherwise, the wading of the river in a frosty night being deemed a hazardous experiment on the condition of the troops. Sinclair with the rest of the horse was posted in two adjacent farmyards, deemed very convenient and strong, which perhaps they would have proved as mere posts of defence, but as bivouacking-ground for a portion of an army they afforded no room for deploying. "These yards made the bottom of the hollow; all the ground about had a sudden rise from the houses and yards for two hundred paces, except towards the north, where we were hard upon the river, which was behind us; for it can't be properly said we had front or rear more than it can be said of a barrel of herrings. In this uneven ground, with a hollow way in it to better the matter, were we packed in, and all the foot round us almost as much straightened as we." The Highlanders admired this method of screening the troops, which the Master says, "he could forgive Cossacks, Calmucks, or Tartars to do." For his own part, however, he protests he believes "eight thousand men—for we were about that number—were never packed up so close together since the invention of powder; and I can take it upon me to desire the most ingenious engineer, after a month's thinking, to contrive a place so fit for the destruction of men, without being in the least capable to help themselves. God knows, had we been attacked by any three regiments of foot posted on the high ground about, they had cut us to pieces or drove us into the river."

The Master's inefficient execution of his command in the battle, laid him open to heavy censure. The Highlanders, who could not appreciate professional objections to the disposition of the army as a reason for not fighting, suspected him of treachery, and, as he maintained, threatened his life. He withdrew from the army soon after the battle. His motive does not appear to have been cowardice, for that was not among his defects; nor could it possibly have been treachery, for no man had less chance of a welcome, or even an idemnity, from the Government. He found refuge in the Gordon country. Mar sent an order for his return by a navy officer, a member of a noble house, and, by repute, a brave and honourable man, whom the Master, on account of his disagreeable mission, introduces to the reader with more than his usual acerbity. This messenger, "as is usual to sea captains, liked a safe harbour and a bowl of punch better than beating the main in a storm; and like himself, without thinking of the business he was going about, providently took in quadruple, or rather more provision of punch, in case of accidents, to carry him to the next alehouse or town, where he never failed to be several days of careening, till a neap-tide, which was want of liquor or want of credit, obliged him to weigh anchor and set sail for another port, where credit was fresh or liquor abounding.

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* P. 204.

Before the Master could be induced to go southwards, the general scattering of the Jacobite army had begun, and his comrades flocked to his northern retreat. All had to seek a refuge still more remote, where they could hide themselves until an opportunity came for leaving the kingdom. His own choice of a temporary refuge was Orkney. He describes the terrors of the Pentland Firth, to those who had to encounter it in an open boat, with some spirit; his classical recollections, whether during or after the passage, enabling him to recall Virgil's description of the waves assailing the stars between Scylla and Charybdis. After sundry adventures, he and his fellow-fugitives drift ashore somewhere on the mainland of Orkney. They found an Orcadian hut on the moor, which he thought might be the bothy of a solitary shepherd, but "found a numerous family lived in it." On his "creeping in, the whole swarm were struck with amazement." He wanted horses to convey the party to Kirkwall, and, with his characteristic suspiciousness, says the father of the family would not confess to having horses until the large sum charged for their hire was tendered; "and asked a groat, which I was obliged to pay him beforehand, the only expedient to persuade him to bring his horses from the hill: his demand being so extravagant, he was in fear I should not stand to my bargain." The description of his journey with General Ecklin and the other refugees towards Kirkwall, has in it a touch of humour, exceptional to everything of the kind from the Master's pen by having no malice in it. To the authorities at Tattersall's it must be left to decide on the breed of horses described by him. "We mounted Ecklin on a strange species of a short-legged, long-backed, low-bellied, big-headed animal, which the fellow called a horse: having saddled him with a wisp of straw, and made stirrups and bridle of the same, we put our baggage on the others, and so began our procession towards the capital, in great doubts what to make of those long-bodied low creatures in our equipage, which furrowed the ground with their noses, and seemed to creep through the heath, and which I was rather inclined to believe was a large sort of reptile than what they were called." Arrived at Kirkwall, he finds "the melancholy prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors;" and in the gloom of an uncertain detention through a drizzly spring, near this memorial of the ancient princely grandeur of his house, he has opportunity for moralising on the vanity of human greatness, and the folly of trusting to the magnanimity of princes. The restless spirit of the man is uppermost even in these reflections. He cannot reconcile passive obedience with temperaments like his own. "I wish from my soul," he says, "that God in His providence had created us with such a degree of knowledge as could only make us subservient to the will of princes, and that there had been no other end of our creation; or, if it must have been too much trouble to them even in that case to drive us like so many cattle, that He had been pleased to put some distinguishing marks of greater knowledge and authority on some families above them, to help them to drive the great herd: we'd then be very easy without any share of reason, and these passions of ambition, glory, vanity, love, revenge, and the like, which disposes the soul to covet things that nature tells us are useful, and to persist in that will."* But though he could not find the mark of the God to direct him towards those he should obey, he saw distinctly enough the mark of the beast in those base elements of humanity that were made to serve.

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* P. 370.

"What," he says, "does an Irequois, a Negro, a Laplander, a Scots Western Islander, nay, a Highlandman, think? Is it not hunting, fishing, stealing, plundering, and revenging themselves upon their enemies? But without going further to seek examples of the stupidity of men, what does the greatest part of work-people think? Of their work—of eating, drinking, sleeping—to get what's owing them—and a small number of other objects. They are almost insensible to all others, and the custom they have of turning in that little circle makes them incapable of conceiving anything out of it. If you talk to them of honour, religion, or the rules of morality, either they don't understand, or they forget in a moment that which is said to them, and return, the minute, into that centre of gross objects to which they are accustomed." But the man could rise above this sad materialism at times, and with sincerity too; and were there room, we might quote his reflections over the scattering of the enterprise, and the worthlessness of those lives which were all that could be saved out of the wreck in which the fortunes of a party had been lost, and the miseries of civil war inflicted on a people. But there must be an end of his reflections, good or bad. Space presses here, and time presses on the Master, and the avenger was at hand, and he is inclined, on the whole, to save his worthless life. A vessel is seized, and, after many hardships and wonderful escapes, the little party reach Calais, where the Master makes his last of a multitude of quotations from his favourite Virgil:—

> "Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
> Tendimus in Latium: sedes ubi fata
> Ostendunt."

THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS; OR, THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

A Friend of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest,—"Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London."

"Really haunted?—and by what?—ghosts?"

"Well, I can't answer these questions; all I know is this—six weeks ago I and my wife were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, 'Apartments Furnished.' The situation suited us: we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer; and I don't wonder at it."

"What did you see?"

"Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to accept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw or heard (in which you might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard anything. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. She said dryly, 'I know why; you have staid longer than any other lodger. Few ever staid a second night; none before you a third. But I take it they have been very kind to you.'

'They—who?' I asked, affecting a smile.

'Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don't mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon anyhow; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still. The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness, that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her farther. I paid for my week, and too happy were I and my wife to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted, I walked straight towards the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford Street, in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighbouring areas, said to me, "Do you want any one at that house sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to be let."

"Let!—why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr J—— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars for him, £1 a-week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr J——. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G—— Street, No. —."

"What is he?—in any business?"

"No, sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr J——, in G—— Street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to find Mr J—— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputation—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. "Sir," said Mr J——, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I cannot let it, for I cannot even get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a workhouse, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she had rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighbourhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of it, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent-free for a year to any one who would pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character?"

"That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is that my life has been spent in the East Indies, and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year, on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, amongst whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money in repainting and roofing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel retired on half-pay. He came in with his family, a son and a daughter, and four or five servants: they all left the house the next day, and although they deponed that they had all seen something different, that something was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, or even blame, the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who stayed more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have their been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself, than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and to hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please."

"Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?"

"Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You cannot complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add, that I advise you *not* to pass a night in that house."

"My interest *is* exceedingly keen," said I, "and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house."

Mr J—— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me,—and thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as I reached home, I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as any one I could think of.

"F——," said I, "you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle, which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition?—well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear, there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or to be heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think, if I take you with me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?"

"Oh, sir! pray trust me," answered F——, grinning with delight.

"Very well,—then here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now,—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well—see, of course, that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen."

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honour. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. The volume I selected was one of Macaulay's Essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely towards the haunted house. I took with me a favourite dog,—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and vigilant bull-terrier,—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

"All right, sir, and very comfortable."

"Oh!" said I, rather disappointed; "have you not seen nor heard anything remarkable?"

"Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer."

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it, sir;" and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—viz. that, happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street-door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first ran in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation and followed me and F—— through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean apartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not winebibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little back-yard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp,—and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining parlour, a small back-parlour, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an arm-chair. F—— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half laugh—and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet. "Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——; "put it back to the wall."

F—— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten *us.*"

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire up-stairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burned clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fire-place was a cupboard, without locks, flushed with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F——, went forth to complete my reconnoitre. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it cannot have got locked from the inside, for it is a——"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fire-place—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened: we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant.' "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I open the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters — the window looked on the little back-yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing but sheer descent. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F——, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me, and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gaiety amidst circumstances so extraordinary compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light — as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attics. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in the rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers: there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor —just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four), the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen — nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint, soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bedchamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's), "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as ——"

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvellous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the doors between the two rooms. Thus, alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear;

and on the hearth-rug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other: I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out, "Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backwards and forwards. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentred all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if I ever saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognised him had we met in the streets, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling to him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not one even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the THING, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber.

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognise me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as if in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvellous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then the apparation of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—*i. e.* not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernable hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the MEDIUM or living being, with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves, by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerised patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmeriser a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself; and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it mas my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare, though perhaps perilous, chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself out of the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touched the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I seemed to distinguish them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half believed, half doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself, "Is this fear? it is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition;—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond men's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of men.

And now, as this impression grew on me, now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear, I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear;" and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table: hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-coloured—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly as forth from the chair, there grew a Shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress; for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms; and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the flitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom-male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fire-place now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of a woman, aged. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen *the* Hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like nought ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentred all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow—above, all from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in nought else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark Shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favourite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken—actually twisted out of the vertebræ. Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? Good cause to suspect it. I cannot tell. I cannot do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange erratic way for a few hours, and then comes to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Not till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street door, I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:—

"Honoured Sir,—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honoured sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother's, at Walworth,—John knows her address."

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that had been under the writer's charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J——'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined at least to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were anything in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—— seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered, "I know but little of the woman's earlier history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will make inquiries, and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?"

"I would say this, that I am convinced, if we could get to the bottom of these mysteries, we should find a living human agency."

"What! you believe it is all an imposture? for what object?"

"Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not awake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—nay, describe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. I should be, unconsciously to myself, under a mesmeric influence, conveyed to me from a distance by a human being who had acquired power over me by previous *rapport.*"

"Granting mesmerism, so far carried, to be a fact, you are right. And you would infer from this that a mesmeriser might produce the extraordinary effects you and others have witnessed over inanimate objects—fill the air with sights and sounds?"

"Or impress our senses with the belief in them—we never having been *en rapport* with the person acting on us? No. What is commonly called mesmerism could not do this; but there may be a power akin to mesmerism, and superior to it—the power that in the old days was called Magic. That such a power may extend to all inanimate objects of matter, I do not say; but if so, it would not be against nature, only a rare power in nature which might be given to constitutions with certain peculiarities, and cultivated by practice to an extraordinary degree. That such a power might extend over the dead—that is, over certain thoughts and memories that the dead may still retain—and compel, not that which ought properly to be called the SOUL, and which is far beyond human reach, but rather a phantom of what has been most earth-stained on earth, to make itself apparent to our senses—is a very ancient though obselete theory, upon which I will hazard no opinion. But I do not conceive the power would be supernatural. Let me illustrate what I mean from an experiment which Paracelsus describes as not difficult, and which the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* cites as credible:—A flower perishes; you burn it. Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover nor re-collect them. But you can, by chemistry out of the burnt dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower, just as it seemed in life. It may be the same with a human being. The soul has as much escaped you as the essence or elements of the flower. Still you may make a spectrum of it. And this phantom, though in the popular superstition it is held to be the soul of the departed, must not be confounded with the true soul; it is but the eidolon of the dead form. Hence, like the best-attested stories of ghosts or spirits, the thing that most strikes us is the absence of what we hold to be soul—that is, of superior emancipated intelligence. They come for little or no object—they seldom speak, if they do come; they utter no ideas above that of an ordinary person on earth. These American spirit-seers have published volumes of communications in prose and verse, which they assert to be given in the names of the most illustrious dead—Shakespeare, Bacon—heaven knows whom. Those communications, taking the best, are certainly not a whit of higher order than would be communications from living persons of fair talent and education; they are wondrously inferior to what Bacon, Shakespeare, and Plato said and wrote when on earth. Nor, what is more notable, do they ever contain an idea that was not on the earth before. Wonderful, therefore, as such phenomena may be (granting them to be truthful), I see much that philosophy may question, nothing that it is incumbent on philosophy to deny—viz. nothing supernatural. They are but ideas conveyed somehow or other (we have not yet discovered the means) from one mortal brain to another. Whether in so doing, tables walk of their own accord, or fiend-like shapes appear in a magic circle, or bodyless hands rise and remove material objects, or a Thing of Darkness, such as presented itself to me, freeze our blood—still am I persuaded that these are but agencies conveyed, as by electric wires, to my own brain from the brain of another. In some constitutions there is a natural chemistry, and those may produce chemic wonders—in others a natural fluid, call it electricity, and these produce electric wonders. But they differ in this from Normal Science—they are alike objectless, purposeless, puerile, frivolous. They lead on to no grand results; and therefore the world does not heed, and true sages have not cultivated them. But sure I am, that of all I saw or heard, a man, human as myself, was the remote originator; and I believe unconsciously to himself as to the exact effects produced, for this reason: no two persons, you say, have ever told you that they experienced exactly the same thing. Well, observe, no two persons ever experience exactly the same dream. If this were an ordinary imposture, the machinery would be arranged for results that would but little vary; if it were a supernatural agency permitted by the Almighty, it would surely be for some definite end. These phenomena belong to neither class; my persuasion is, that they originate in some brain now far distant; that that brain had no distinct volition in anything that occurred; that what does occur reflects but its devious, motley, ever-shifting, half-formed thoughts; in short, that it has been but the dreams of such a brain put into action and invested with a semi-substance. That this brain is of immense power, that it can set matter into movement, that it is malignant and destructive, I believe; some material force must have killed my dog; it might, for aught I know, have sufficed to kill myself, had I been as subjugated by terror as the dog—had my intellect or my spirit given me no countervailing resistance in my will."

"It killed your dog! that is fearful! indeed it is strange that no animal can be induced to stay in that house; not even a cat. Rats and mice are never found in it."

"The instincts of the brute creation detect influences deadly to their existence. Man's reason has a sense less subtle, because it has a resisting power more supreme. But enough; do you comprehend my theory?"

"Yes, though imperfectly—and I accept any crotchet (pardon the word), however odd, rather than embrace at once the notion of ghosts and hobgoblins we imbibed in our nurseries. Still, to my unfortunate house the evil is the same. What on earth can I do with the house?"

"I will tell you what I would do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bedroom which I occupied, forms a starting-point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house; and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed—nay, the whole room pulled down. I observe that it is detached from the body of the house, built over the small back-yard, and could be removed without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think, if I did that—"

"You would cut off the telegraph wires. Try it. I am so persuaded that I am right, that I will pay half the expense if you will allow me to direct the operations."

"Nay, I am well able to afford the cost; for the rest, allow me to write to you."

About ten days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. J——, telling me that he had visited the house since I had seen him; that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them; that he had read them with misgivings like my own; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written. It seemed that thirty-six years ago (a year before the date of the letters), she had married, against the wish of her relatives, an American of very suspicious character; in fact, he was generally believed to have been a pirate. She herself was the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, and had served in the capacity of a nursery governess before her marriage. She had a brother, a widower, who was considered wealthy, and who had one child of about six years old. A month after the marriage, the body of this brother was found in the Thames, near London Bridge; there seemed some marks of violence about his throat, but they were not deemed sufficient to warrant the inquest in any other verdict than that of "found drowned."

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister the guardian of his only child—and in event of the child's death, the sister inherited. The child died about six months afterwards—it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbours deposed to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death, said that it was emaciated as if from want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid bruises. It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape—crept out into the back-yard—tried to scale the wall—fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half-witted. Be that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune. Before the first wedded year was out, the American quitted England abruptly, and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterwards. The widow was left in affluence; but reverses of various kinds had befallen her: a bank broke—an investment failed—she went into a small business and became insolvent—then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from housekeeper down to maid-of-all-work—never long retaining a place, though nothing peculiar against her character was ever alleged. She was considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways; still nothing prospered with her. And so she had dropped into the workhouse, from which Mr. J—— had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very house which she had rented as mistress in the first year of her wedded life.

Mr. J—— added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen anything, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the blind dreary room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down, with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place; it still retained some mouldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half-rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank—costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court-dresses—a handsome court sword—in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold-lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically stopped. They contained colourless volatile essences, of what nature I shall say no more than that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock-crystal, and another of amber—also a loadstone of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colours most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight.

It was a most peculiar face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey: the width and flatness of frontal—the tapering elegance of contour disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large, terrible eye, glittering and green as the emerald—and withal a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power. The strange thing was this—the instant I saw the miniature I recognised a startling likeness to one of the rarest portraits in the world—the portrait of a man of rank only below that of royalty, who in his own day had made a considerable noise. History says little or nothing of him; but search the correspondence of his contemporaries, and you find reference to his wild daring, his bold profligacy, his restless spirit, his taste for the occult sciences. While still in the meridian of life he died and was buried, so say the chronicles, in a foreign land. He died in time to escape the grasp of the law, for he was accused of crimes which would have given him to the headsman. After his death, the portraits of him, which had been numerous, for he had been a munificent encourager of art, were bought up and destroyed—it was supposed by his heirs, who might have been glad could they have razed his very name from their splendid line. He had enjoyed a vast wealth; a large portion of this was believed to have been embezzled by a favourite astrologer or soothsayer—at all events, it had unaccountably vanished at the time of his death. One portrait alone of him was supposed to have escaped the general destruction; I had seen it in the house of a collector some months before. It had made on me a wonderful impression, as it does on all who behold it—a face never to be forgotten; and there was that face in the miniature that lay within my hand. True, that in the miniature the man was a few years older than in the portrait I had seen, or than the original was even at the time of his death. But a few years!—why, between the date in which flourished that direful noble and the date in which the miniature was evidently painted, there was an interval of more than two centuries. While I was thus gazing, silent and wondering, Mr. J—— said,

"But is it possible? I have known this man."

"How—where?" cried I.

"In India. He was high in the confidence of the Rajah of ——, and well-nigh drew him into a revolt which would have lost the Rajah his dominions. The man was a Frenchman—his name de V——, clever, bold, lawless. We insisted on his dismissal and banishment: it must be the same man—no two faces like his—yet this miniature seems nearly a hundred years old."

Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date 1765. Examining still more minutely, I detected a spring; this, on being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Within-side the lid were engraved "Mariana to thee—Be faithful in life and in death to ——." Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan, who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J——, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron-safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second: it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When he had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round, but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. A very peculiar, but not strong nor displeasing odour, came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odour, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room—a creeping tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the end of the room—and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap-door; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet: it was bound in a plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus:—"On all that it can reach within these walls—sentient or inanimate, living or dead—as moves the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless the dwellers therein."

We found no more. Mr. J—— burnt the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditioned house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

But my story is not yet done. A few days after Mr. J—— had removed into the house, I paid him a visit. We were standing by the open window and conversing. A van containing some articles of furniture which he was moving from his former house was at the door. I had just urged on him my theory, that all those phenomena regarded as supermundane had emanated from a human brain; adducing the charm or rather curse we had found and destroyed in support of my philosophy. Mr. J—— was observing in reply, "That even if mesmerism, or whatever analogous power it might be called, could really thus work in the absence of the operator, and produce effects so extraordinary, still could those effects continue when the operator himself was dead? and if the spell had been wrought, and, indeed, the room walled up, more than seventy years ago, the probability was, that the operator had long since departed this life;" Mr. J——, I say, was thus answering, when I caught hold of his arm and pointed to the street below.

A well-dressed man had crossed from the opposite side, and was accosting the carrier in charge of the van. His face, as he stood, was exactly fronting our window. It was the face of the miniature we had discovered; it was the face of the portrait of the noble three centuries ago.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. J——, "that is the face of de V——, and scarcely a day older than when I saw it in the Rajah's court in my youth!'

Seized by the same thought, we both hastened down stairs. I was first in the street; but the man had already gone. I caught sight of him, however, not many yards in advance, and in another moment I was by his side.

I had resolved to speak to him, but when I looked into his face I felt as if it were impossible to do so. That eye—the eye of the serpent—fixed and held me spellbound. And withal, about the man's whole person there was a dignity, an air of pride and station, and superiority, that would have made any one, habituated to the usages of the world, hesitate long before venturing upon a liberty or impertinence. And what could I say? what was it I would ask? Thus ashamed of my first impulse, I fell a few paces back, still, however, following the stranger, undecided what else to do. Meanwhile he turned the corner of the street; a plain carriage was in waiting with a servant out of livery dressed like a *valet-de-place* at the carriage-door. In another moment he had stepped into the carriage, and it drove off. I returned to the house. Mr. J—— was still at the street door. He had asked the carrier what the stranger had said to him.

"Merely asked, whom that house now belonged to."

The same evening I happened to go with a friend to a place in town called the Cosmopolitan Club, a place open to men of all countries, all opinions, all degrees. One orders one's coffee, smokes one's cigar. One is always sure to meet agreeable, sometimes remarkable persons.

I had not been two minutes in the room before I beheld at table, conversing with an aquaintance of mine, whom I will designate by the initial G——, the man—the Original of the Miniature. He was now without his hat, and the likeness was yet more startling, only I observed that while he was conversing there was less severity in the countenance; there was even a smile, though a very quiet and very cold one. The dignity of mien I had acknowledged in the street was also more striking; a dignity akin to that which invests some prince of the East—conveying the idea of supreme indifference and habitual, indisputable, indolent, but resistless power.

G—— soon after left the stranger, who then took up a scientific journal, which seemed to absorb his attention.

I drew G—— aside—"Who and what is that gentleman?"

"That? Oh, a very remarkable man, indeed. I met him last year amidst the caves of Petra—the scriptural Edom. He is the best Oriental scholar I know. We joined company, had an adventure with robbers, in which he showed a coolnes that saved our lives; afterwards he invited me to spend a day with him in a house he had bought at Damascus—a house buried amongst almond-blossoms and roses—the most beautiful thing! He had lived there for some years, quite as an Oriental, in grand style. I half suspect he is a renegade, immensely rich, very odd; by the by, a great mesmeriser I have seen him with my own eyes produce an effect on inanimate things. If you take a letter from your pocket and throw it to the other end of the room, he will order it to come to his feet, and you will see the letter wriggle itself along the floor till it has obeyed his command. 'Pon my honour 'tis true: I have seen him affect even the weather, disperse or collect clouds, by means of a glass tube or wand. But he does not like talking of these matters to strangers. He has only just arrived in England; says he has not been here for a great many years; let me introduce him to you."

"Certainly! He is English then? What is his name?"

"Oh!—a very homely one—Richards."

"And what is his birth—his family?"

"How do I know? What does it signify?—no doubt some parvenu, but rich—so infernally rich!"

G—— drew me up to the stranger, and the introduction was effected. The manners of Mr. Richards were not those of an adventurous traveller. Travellers are in general constitutionally gifted with high animal spirits; they are talkative, eager, imperious. Mr. Richards was calm and subdued in tone, with manners which were made distant by the loftiness of punctilious courtesy—the manners of a former age. I observed that the English he spoke was not exactly of our day. I should even have said that the accent was slightly foreign. But then Mr. Richards remarked that he had been little in the habit for many years of speaking in his native tongue. The conversation fell upon the changes in the aspect of London since he had last visited our metropolis. G—— then glanced off to the moral changes—literary, social, political—the great men who were removed from the stage within the last twenty years—the new great men who were coming on. In all this Mr. Richards evinced no interest He had evidently read none of our living authors, and seemed scarcely acquainted by name with our younger statesmen. Once and only once he laughed; it was when G—— asked him whether he had any thoughts of getting into Parliament. And the laugh was inward—sarcastic—sinister—a sneer raised into a laugh. After a few minutes G—— left us to talk to some other acquaintances who had just lounged into the room, and I then said quietly—

"I have seen a miniature of you, Mr. Richards, in the house you once inhabited, and perhaps built, if not wholly, at least in part, in —— street. You passed by that house this morning."

Not till I had finished did I raise my eyes to his, and then his fixed my gaze so steadfastly that I could not withdraw it—those fascinating serpent eyes. But involuntarily, and as if the words that translated my thought were dragged from me, I added in a low whisper, "I have been a student in the mysteries of life and nature; of those mysteries I have known the occult professors. I have the right to speak to you thus." And I uttered a certain pass-word.

"Well," said he dryly, "I concede the right—what would you ask?"

"To what extent human will in certain temperaments can extend?"

"To what extent can thought extend? Think, and before you draw breath you are in China!"

"True. But my thought has no power in China!"

"Give it expression, and it may have: you may write down a thought which, sooner or later, may alter the whole condition of China. What is a law but a thought? Therefore thought is infinite—therefore thought has power; not in proportion to its value—a bad thought may make a bad law as potent as a good thought can make a good one."

"Yes; what you say confirms my own theory. Through invisible currents one human brain may transmit its ideas to other human brains with the same rapidity as a thought promulgated by visible means. And as thought is imperishable—as it leaves its stamp behind it in the natural world even when the thinker has passed out of this world—so the thought of the living may have power to rouse up and revive the thoughts of the dead—such as those thoughts *were in life*—though the thought of the living cannot reach the thoughts which the dead *now* may entertain. Is it not so?"

"I decline to answer, if in my judgment, thought has the limit you would fix to it; but proceed. You have a special question you wish to put."

"Intense malignity in an intense will, engendered in a peculiar temperament, and aided by natural means within the reach of science, may produce effects like those ascribed of old to evil magic. It might thus haunt the walls of a human habitation with spectral revivals of all guilty thoughts and guilty deeds once conceived and done within those walls; all, in short, with which the evil will claims *rapport* and affinity,—imperfect, incoherent, fragmentary snatches at the old dramas acted therein years ago. Thoughts thus crossing each other hap-hazard, as in the nightmare of a vision, growing up into phantom sights and sounds, and all serving to create horror, not because those sights and sounds are really visitations from a world without, but that they are ghastly monstrous renewals of what have been in this world itself, set into malignant play by a malignant mortal. And it is through the material agency of that human brain that these things would acquire even a human power—would strike as with the shock of electricity, and might kill, if the thought of the person assailed did not rise superior to the dignity of the original assailer—might kill the most powerful animal if unnerved by fear, but not injure the feeblest man, if, while his flesh crept, his mind stood out fearless. Thus, when in old stories we read of a magician rent to pieces by the fiends he had evoked—or still more, in Eastern legends, that one magician succeeds by arts in destroying another—there may be so far truth, that a material being has clothed, from his own evil propensities, certain elements and fluids, usually quiescent or harmless, with awful shape and terrific force;—just as the lightning that had lain hidden and innocent in the cloud becomes by natural law suddenly visible, takes a distinct shape to the eye, and can strike destruction on the object to which it is attracted."

"You are not without glimpses of a very mighty secret," said Mr. Richards, composedly. "According to your view, could a mortal obtain the power you speak of, he would necessarily be a malignant and evil being."

"If the power were exercised as I have said, most malignant and most evil—though I believe in the ancient traditions that he could not injure the good. His will could only injure those with whom it has established an affinity, or over whom it forces unresisted sway. I will now imagine an example that may be within the laws of nature, yet seem wild as the fables of a bewildered monk.

"You will remember that Albertus Magnus, after describing minutely the process by which spirits may be invoked and commanded, adds emphatically, that the process will instruct and avail only to the few—that a *man must be born a magician!*—that is, born with a peculiar physical temperament, as a man is born a poet. Rarely are men with whose constitution lurks this occult power of the highest order of intellect;—usually in the intellect there is some twist, perversity, or disease. But, on the other hand, they must possess, to an astonishing degree, the faculty to concentrate thought on a single object—the energic faculty that we call WILL. Therefore, though their intellect be not sound, it is exceedingly forcible for the attainment of what it desires. I will imagine such a person, pre-eminently gifted with this constitution and its concomitant forces. I will place him in the loftier grades of society. I will suppose his desires emphatically those of the sensualist—he has, therefore, a strong love of life. He is an absolute egotist—his will is concentred in himself—he has fierce passions—he knows no enduring, no holy affections, but he can covet eagerly what for the moment he desires—he can hate implacably what opposes itself to his objects—he can commit fearful crimes, yet feel small remorse—he resorts rather to curses upon others, than to penitence for his misdeeds. Circumstances, to which his constitution guides him, lead him to a rare knowledge of the natural secrets which may serve his egotism. He is a close observer where his passions encourage observation, he is a minute calculator, not from love of truth, but where love of self sharpens his faculties,—therefore he can be a man of science. I suppose such a being, having by experience learned the power of his arts over others, trying what may be the power of will over his own frame, and studying all that in natural philosophy may increase that power. He loves life, he dreads death; *he wills to live on.* He cannot restore himself to youth, he cannot entirely stay the progress of death, he cannot make himself immortal in the flesh and blood; but he may arrest for a time so prolonged as to appear incredible, if I said it—that hardening of the parts which constitutes old age. A year may age him no more than an hour ages another. His intense will, scientifically trained into system, operates, in short, over the wear and tear of his own frame. He lives on. That he may not seem a portent and a miracle, he *dies* from time to time, seemingly, to certain persons. Having schemed the transfer of a wealth that suffices to his wants, he disappears from one corner of the world, and contrives that his obsequies shall be celebrated. He reappears at another corner of the world, where he resides undetected, and does not visit the scenes of his former career till all who could remember his features are no more. He would be profoundly miserable if he had affections,—he has none but for himself. No good man would accept his longevity, and to no men, good or bad, would he or could he communicate its true secret. Such a man might exist; such a man as I have described I see now before me!—Duke of——, in the court of——, dividing time between lust and brawl, alchemists and wizards;—again, in the last century, charlatan and criminal, with name less noble, domiciled in the house at which you gazed to-day, and flying from the law you had outraged, none knew whither;—traveller once more revisiting London, with the same earthly passions which filled your heart when races now no more walked through yonder streets;—outlaw from the school of all the nobler and diviner mystics;—execrable Image of Life in Death and Death in Life, I warn you back from the cities and homes of healthful men; back to the ruins of departed empires; back to the deserts of nature unredeemed!"

There answered me a whisper so musical, so potently musical, that it seemed to enter into my whole being, and subdue me despite myself. Thus it said—

"I have sought one like you for the last hundred years. Now I have found you, we part not till I know what I desire. The vision that sees through the Past, and cleaves through the veil of the Future, is in you at this hour; never before, never to come again. The vision of no puling fantastic girl, of no sick-bed somnambule, but of a strong man, with a vigorous brain. Soar and look forth!"

As he spoke I felt as if I rose out of myself upon eagle wings. All the weight seemed gone from air,—roofless the room, roofless the dome of space. I was not in the body—where I knew not—but aloft over time, over earth.

Again I heard the melodious whisper,—"You say right. I have mastered great secrets by the power of Will; true, by Will and by Science I can retard the process of years: but death comes not by age alone. Can I frustrate the accidents which bring death upon the young?"

"No; every accident is a providence. Before a providence snaps every human will."

"Shall I die at last, ages and ages hence, by the slow, though inevitable, growth of time, or by the cause that I call accident?"

"By a cause you call accident."

"Is not the end still remote?" asked the whisper, with a slight tremor.

"Regarded as my life regards time, it is still remote."

"And shall I, before then, mix with the world of men as I did ere I learned these secrets, resume eager interest in their strife and their trouble—battle with ambition, and use the power of the sage to win the power that belongs to kings?"

"You will yet play a part on the earth that will fill earth with commotion and amaze. For wondrous designs have you, a wonder yourself, been permitted to live on through the centuries. All the secrets you have stored will then have their uses — all that now makes you a stranger amidst the generations will contribute then to make you their lord. As the trees and the straws are drawn into a whirlpool—as they spin round, are sucked to the deep, and again tossed aloft by the eddies, so shall races and thrones be plucked into the charm of your vortex. Awful Destroyer—but in destroying, made, against your own will, a Constructor!"

"And that date, too, is far off?"

"Far off; when it comes, think your end in this world is at hand!"

"How and what is the end? Look east, west, south, and north."

"In the north, where you never yet trod—towards the point whence your instincts have warned you, there a spectre will seize you. 'Tis Death! I see a ship — it is haunted — 'tis chased—it sails on. Baffled navies sail after that ship. It enters the region of ice. It passes a sky red with meteors. Two moons stand on high, over ice-reefs. I see the ship locked between white defiles—they are ice-rocks. I see the dead strew the decks—stark and livid, green mould on their limbs. All are dead but one man—it is you! But years, though so slowly they come, have then scathed you. There is the coming of age on your brow, and the will is relaxed in the cells of the brain. Still that will, though enfeebled, exceeds all that man knew before you, through the will you live on, gnawed with famine: And nature no longer obeys you in that death-spreading region;—the sky is a sky of iron, and the air has iron clamps, and the ice-rocks wedge in the ship. Hark how it cracks and groans. Ice will imbed it as amber imbeds a straw. And a man has gone forth, living yet, from the ship and its dead; and he has clambered up the spikes of an iceberg, and the two moons gaze down on his form. That man is yourself; and terror is on you—terror; and terror has swallowed your will. And I see swarming up the steep ice-rock, grey griesly things. The bears of the north have scented their quarry—they come near you and nearer, shambling and rolling their bulk. And in that day every moment shall seem to you longer than the centuries through which you have passed. And heed this—after life, moments continued make the bliss or the hell of eternity."

"Hush," said the whisper; "but the day, you assure me, is far off—very far! I go back to the almond and rose of Damascus!—sleep!"

The room swam before my eyes. I became insensible. When I recovered, I found G—— holding my hand and smiling. He said, "You who have always declared yourself proof against mesmerism, have succumbed at last to my friend Richards."

"Where is Mr. Richards?"

"Gone, when you passed into a trance—saying quietly to me, 'Your friend will not wake for an hour.'"

I asked, as collectedly as I could, where Mr. Richards lodged.

"At the Trafalgar Hotel."

"Give me your arm," said I to G——, "let us call on him; I have something to say."

When we arrived at the hotel, we were told that Mr. Richards had returned twenty minutes before, paid his bill, left directions with his servant (a Greek) to pack his effects, and proceed to Malta by the steamer that should leave Southampton the next day. Mr. Richards had merely said of his own movements, that he had visits to pay in the neighbourhood of London, and it was uncertain whether he should be able to reach Southampton in time for that steamer; if not, he should follow in the next one.

The waiter asked me my name. On my informing him, he gave me a note that Mr Richards had left for me, in case I called.

The note was as follows:—"I wished you to utter what was in your mind. You obeyed. I have therefore established power over you. For three months from this day you can communicate to no living man what has passed between us—you cannot even show this note to the friend by your side. During three months, silence complete as to me and mine. Do you doubt my power to lay on you this command?—try to disobey me. At the end of the third month, the spell is raised. For the rest I spare you. I shall visit your grave a year and a day after it has received you."

So ends this strange story, which I ask no one to believe. I write it down exactly three months after I received the above note. I could not write it before, nor could I show to G——, in spite of his urgent request, the note which I read under the gas-lamp by his side.

THE PEACE—WHAT IS IT?

The war is over,—peace has returned. But before we throw up our caps and huzza, let us see how matters stand. Is Europe as it was?—or what are the changes which this war has wrought in the equilibrium of States, and in our prospects for the future? "I confess to you," said Lord Derby at the recent Conservative banquet in London, "that, from the information we are at present in possession of, I look to the state of affairs arising out of this peace as more critical and dangerous than before." In these words the noble Earl had, apparently, primarily in view the general dissatisfaction which the broken pledges of the French Emperor have produced in Italy: but his voice of warning had a wider significance. He closed his review of foreign affairs by declaring that "the keeping of our fleet in a state of complete preparation is essential to the very existence of this country. I say we desire to remain at peace; but the position of France at this moment, with a powerful army, with a large and increasing navy, and the military spirit and excitement awakened in the people, may involve us in a war which must be injurious to the happiness and interests of this country." Is this inference from the present condition of affairs a correct one? We entertain no doubt that it is. The noble Earl—but yesterday Premier, and who may soon be Premier again—could not openly, and as it were officially, discuss the future of the Napoleonic policy. But it is most needful that this be done, if we would not have this country be taken at disadvantage, and humbled in the toils of the subtlest and most far-seeing of calculators that ever sat on a throne, and who now wields with consummate skill the entire forces of the most military nation in Europe. Let us see, then, what is the state of affairs now that this new Napoleon has ended his second war. Peace has come, but how? And the Peace itself, what is it? *Is* it peace: or but the halt which the flood of military ambition makes ere it burst into a new channel?

The Emperor of the French has achieved this peace in the manner contemplated by him from the first. The war with Austria, which he planned and induced in his Cabinet, he has carried out successfully in the field. It was his grand aim to localise the war, and to make it a short one; and in these and other objects he has been entirely successful. Europe stood by, while he played his game in Italy: now the game is played out, and few yet know what it was. To us it seems that the imperial meeting at Villafranca will prove hardly less memorable than its counterpart fifty-two years ago at Tilsit. Napoleon III. has made a brilliant campaign,—winning for himself the renown of a victorious General, and for his troops a prestige rivalling that of the Grand Army in the palmiest days of the First Empire. And now, continuing his policy of subtle and far-reaching calculation, he closes the war by propitiating his foe, and securing a groundwork for fresh military and political combinations, of which he himself will be the mainspring. Under the garb of generosity and moderation, he has driven the wedge into Europe, and is now in a position to split up its States as he desires. He has done much to alienate Austria from Germany, and both of these Powers from England. Thus the great bulwark against the revival of Napoleonism is undermined. The only Powers who had an interest and the power to withstand the ambitious projects of France and Russia are not only alienated from one another, but one of them probably stands ready to join the game on the other side. Bereft of Lombardy, Austria already looks to compensate herself by joining with Russia and France in the coming dismemberment of Turkey,—leaving Prussia to keep the Rhenish provinces from France, if she can, and England the difficult task of guarding her world-wide interests without an ally. Such, it appears to us, will prove to be the results of this war,—a war which was so warmly applauded by the greater part of the Liberals in this country,—which Lord John Russell commended for its disinterested generosity on the part of France, and to which Lord Palmerston publicly wished success! The Radicals—whose chiefs, as they do not accept the responsibilities of office, can afford to change their opinions—have already become considerably disenchanted with the war, and begin to see that the imperial despot of France was merely playing with and trading on their sympathies. But Lords Palmerston and Russell—now become Premier and Foreign Secretary—have committed themselves too far in support of the French Emperor to admit of any recalcitration on their part. We shall doubtless hear them eulogising the generosity and moderation of their good friend and faithful ally the Emperor Napoleon,—proclaiming how entirely the issue of the war has disproved the charges of ambition brought against him,—and congratulating Parliament on the gain which has accrued to Europe from this war by consolidating peace!

If words are to be accepted instead of acts, Napoleon III. will give every support to his dupes in the British Cabinet. Of diplomatic professions of friendship and "reassuring" notes in the *Moniteur* we doubt not there will be plenty. It is true that the rapid increase of the French navy is being continued,—that the greatest activity prevails in fortifying the French coasts, especially the coasts of the Channel,—and also, it is affirmed that a large Channel fleet is being formed at Brest and Cherbourg, with gunboats, and means for embarking and disembarking troops. All this is very threatening in a Power like France, which (unlike England) hardly needs a fleet save for the purposes of an offensive war. Nevertheless the time is not yet. It is the interest of the French Emperor, for the present, to disarm the suspicions of the British public by professions of friendship towards ourselves, and by a wise moderation as regards the affairs of Italy. Although Austria is, we believe, now very much detached from Prussia and from England, Napoleon remembers that Germany is still growling, and he has no desire to fight England when there is still the probability of his having at the same time to encounter a German army on the Rhine. He has little or nothing of his Uncle's love of war. He can fight, and fight well—none better, apparently: but he will never appeal to arms until he has beforehand secured the victory by the profound combinations of his diplomacy. Whenever he attacks a country, depend upon it he has previously estranged its allies, or undermined its defences. Austria might have won a battle during this war; but with France and Italy against her, and with Russia keeping off Germany, and sowing disaffection in her eastern provinces, she never at any moment had a chance of emerging victorious from the contest. This is the art of war as practised by Napoleon III. He is a good soldier, but he has still more of the statesman in his character. It was said of Lord Clyde in the Indian war, that "he never sent a man where a cannon ball would do as well;" and at Lucknow he never let loose our troops against the defences until the artillery had done half the work. Just so is it with Napoleon III.: he will never attack another State until his diplomacy has prepared masked batteries sufficient to render the enemy's position untenable. We are weak enough at present. With our army in India, with our fleet just about equal to that of France, and with all the facilities for invasion which steam has introduced, there is nothing in our position to deter France (especially as she is countenanced by Russia) from attacking us. The First Napoleon would not have hesitated a moment. But his nephew is a man of another stamp. He will never enter willingly on a long or doubtful war. He has great schemes to accomplish, but he is resolved to accomplish them piecemeal. In playing his profound game for the aggrandisement of France, he carefully hides his hand, and shows only the single card that suits his play for the moment. He will not set all Europe in a blaze, by publishing his whole projects at once. While humbling Austria and extending French influence over Italy, it would have been madness for him to announce that he is resolved upon extending France to the Rhine at the expense of Germany, and of curtailing the maritime ascendency of England, by wresting from her Gibraltar and the Ionian Islands. All that will come in due course, if Napoleon lives to play out his game. But for the present it will best suit him to lull Europe into security again by a short peace, and by a show of great moderation as regards his conquests in Italy. Hence, we repeat, we may look for "re-assuring" notes in the *Moniteur*, and for diplomatic assurances of his Imperial Majesty's desire to remain on good terms with England. And, be it observed, he can make such assurances, without violating in any way the code of diplomatic truth. He *does* desire peace with England for the present. And moreover, when a Government, or even an individual says, "I desire to be on good terms with you," such words certainly by no means pledge the speaker to be your friend when your interests and his come to clash. Napoleon III. does nothing by accident or impulse. His uniform professions of a desire to maintain friendship with this country, not only help to maintain that friendship so long as he desires it, but, when the rupture comes, they will greatly help to throw the blame off him upon us. When that time comes, we doubt not he will turn round upon us with most imperial coolness, and say, "You are an ungrateful nation—all along have I sought to propitiate your friendship, but now I can bear with you no longer." And in an imperial pamphlet he will appeal to Europe whether he has not behaved to us most loyally, and whether such falseness and arrogance as ours can be tolerated by the commonwealth of nations! He will then take credit for having stood by us and saved us during the war with Russia,—for having remained friendly to us throughout the great crisis of the Indian revolt,—and, even when our press preached regicide, and sympathised with Orsini, for having restrained his infuriated army that longed to invade the "asylum of assassins," at a time when our army was in India, and our fleet (thanks to Lord Palmerston) was inferior to that of France. He will pretend that his conduct on these occasions was so many friendly sacrifices on his part (whereas they were necessary links in his far-seeing policy), for which England has requited him with nothing but ingratitude. Such is the man with whom we have to do. He fights from a vantage-ground. He is not only by far the ablest head in Europe, but he can work towards his ends with a steadiness and secresy which are impossible to the Government of this country. In a free country the Government cannot take a step without the support of the nation. The nation cannot be expected to support a policy which it does not understand; and in order that it may understand, it must be supplied with all the information which the Government possesses, and an explanation of the policy upon which the Government is acting. But as long as war is not actually imminent, a Government cannot well proclaim its suspicions or convictions as to the insincerity of other Powers: and hence a great disadvantage to a popular Government like ours. For while a despotic monarch can maintain the language and semblance of peace until his forces are actually ready to march, the language of war must resound through this country for months before Parliament will even vote money wherewith a war-establishment may be raised. This disadvantage on our part is more especially to be remembered when we have to deal with France under its present ruler. In a long war, Great Britain would easily prove more than a match for any Power in the world; but, we repeat, it is short wars that are the game of Napoleon III.; and, having humiliated us in the first rush of the contest, it will be his policy to make up matters again before the war becomes one *à l'outrance.* And, he knows well, there is a strong party in this country who, for the sake of their yarns and calicoes, will be quite ready to make peace in such circumstances. We make no special complaint against Napoleon III. Viewed from the French point of view, his policy is right enough. He is only doing what any other ruler would do, if possessed of the same genius. But if the character of his policy be such as we believe it to be, it concerns this country to be on its guard. And at the present moment, when public attention gives itself readily to the subject, it may be well to take this Italian war as a text, and to direct attention to the light which it throws upon the Napoleonic policy.

The first point which must strike any one who has studied this war from its origin is this—that Napoleon III. is quite willing and ready to *make* a war whenever it suits him to do so. The Italian war, as the late Government did not hesitate to proclaim, was "unnecessary." No points were at issue which could not have been settled by diplomatic negotiation. Austria had been doing nothing to provoke or attack France. Austria was simply what she had been ever since Louis Napoleon became ruler of France. Indeed, if she gave no offence during the past years of Napoleon's rule, she was giving infinitely less now. Never before had Austria showed herself so willing to make concessions in Italy; indeed (as Lord Cowley's despatch of 9th March* shows), all that the French Emperor professed to our Government to require, the Austrian Government was willing to concede. But Napoleon was bent upon war. What he wanted, was not administrative reforms in Central Italy, but a war in which he might play the part of "liberator" of Italy, and encircle his brows with some of his Uncle's laurels. And so the war came. Secondly, as regards the war itself, it is impossible not to note the lesson which it gives us as to the extraordinary development which the martial power of France has undergone under the present Emperor. When Austria, during the negotiations, proposed a general disarmament, the French Government replied that it could not do so as "France had never armed." This assertion, of course, was very far from being strictly true—it was a diplomatic quibble bordering on a lie. Nevertheless it is quite true that France at that time had made no extraordinary levies of men; yet, within a month afterwards, what did we see? The instant war was declared, the Emperor was able to forward into Italy an army capable, in conjunction with the Sardinians, of overpowering in Lombardy the whole available forces of the great military empire of Austria,—while a powerful separate expedition of land and sea forces entered the Adriatic,—and an army of 160,000, with 400 cannon, was ready under the Duke of Malakoff, not only to guard, but, if necessary, to assume the offensive on the frontier of the Rhine. And all these armies were supplied *à merveil* as regards commissariat and transport,—were equipped with, and trained to the use of the newest improvements in warfare, such as rifled artillery, the sword-bayonet, &c.—and moreover, by long training in the Chalons and other camps at home, the soldiers were able at the very outset to deport themselves in the field and bivouac as veterans. We commend these facts to the consideration of that well-intentioned but weak-minded party amongst us who imagine that war is incompatible with the enlightenment of the present age, and that this country has nothing to fear if we do not seek a quarrel of ourselves. The fact that the French Emperor has shown himself quite ready to *make* a war when it suits him, and can *on the instant* engage in it with such powerful forces, is, we trust, a lesson of the late war which will not be quickly forgotten.

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* The principal portions of this important despatch are quoted in last month's Magazine, p. 122.

Of the effects which this brilliant and victorious campaign must have in exciting the military passion of the French nation, we need not speak. Every one is aware of it, and we need not waste time in establishing a point which nobody questions. But the manner in which the war has been closed suggests some reflections which may escape the ordinary observer. That the war was terminated so abruptly, in no way surprises us. It is simply what we expected and had foretold. *Five months ago* (writing ten weeks before the outburst of hostilities, and when most people did not believe there would be a war at all), we expressed our certain conviction that Napoleon was bent upon war,—that his aim would be to localise the contest in Italy, and that with the support of Russia he would be able to do so; that he would make it a *short* war; and that he would not drive Austria to extremities, but would *snub* Sardinia and the Italians, and end by propitiating Austria, as formerly he had propitiated Russia.* That he has snubbed Sardinia, the terms of peace and the resignation of Count Cavour sufficiently testify. Austria is *not* driven out of Italy; Modena, which the Sardinian Government had publicly annexed, is handed over to its former ruler; Tuscany is given back to its Austrian Grand-duke; and no stipulation whatever has yet been made in regard to those reforms in the Papal States, a demand for which Napoleon made the pretext for his quarrel with Austria. Lombardy has been annexed to Sardinia; but the very manner in which this has been done shows how imperiously Napoleon III. deals with that "Italian liberty" of which it suited him to assume the championship. One might have thought that the extremely sensitive regard for liberty which brought Napoleon and his army across the Alps, would have shown itself by consulting the wishes of the Lombards and others in regard to their future government. Nothing of the kind happened. Lombardy was handed over by Francis-Joseph to Napoleon III., who in turn made a present of it to the King of Sardinia. Moreover, in what condition is this gift when thus presented? It is a garden without a wall, it is a territory without a frontier. Or, to express the truth still more exactly, it is a garden bounded by a wall and gateways which belong to another and unfriendly proprietor. Venetia still belongs to Austria, and with it the famous *quadrilature* of Austrian fortresses which dominate Lombardy from the east. Not only the strongholds of Verona and Legnago, but the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, which stand actually in the middle of the boundary-stream of the Mincio, remain in the possession of the Austrians; while Lombardy is throughout a level plain, without a single fortress that can stand a siege, or any natural barriers that could obstruct the advance of an army. Napoleon III. has too perfect a coup-d'œil, alike in military and political matters, not to have been perfectly aware of the defencelessness of the gift which he thus made to Sardinia. But in all respects it best suited him to make the aggrandisement of Sardinia subject to this great drawback. Not only was the retention of these fortresses by Austria indispensable to that early close of the war which Napoleon had in view from the first; but by handing over Lombardy to Sardinia without any frontier-bulwarks, he renders Sardinia even more dependent upon France than before. "The union of Lombardy to Piedmont," says the Emperor in his address to his army, "creates *for us* on this side of the Alps a powerful ally, who *will owe to us his independence.*" This is the simple truth. The new Lombardo-Sardinian kingdom is nothing more than an outpost of France, dependent upon France for its existence, and through which French arms and influence may advance to other conquests, whether military or diplomatic.

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* See the March number of the Magazine, where (*e. g.*), at p. 390, the actual course of the war was thus predicted to the letter:

"Napoleon III. will aim at making this war a short one; and it will also be one of the first requisites in his eyes that it be not allowed to overpass the limits of Italy, and assume a European character, giving rise to unforseeable conjunctures. He must wish it to be an Italian war confined to Italy; and he will seek to insure this by a previous understanding with Russia, the influence of which great Power, exerted in unison with the objects of France, will wholly neutralise the influence of Great Britain and Prussia on the other side. . . . The French Emperor, coolly assuring these Powers that he is fighting merely to 'consolidate the peace of Europe,' by removing one of the disturbing conditions, will prosecute his game to its close. . . And probably it is on the threat of a naval alliance between France and Russia against us, if we venture to interfere, that he reckons most confidently to secure our non-intervention. . . . This war with Austria he regards as a neat little enterprise which can be carried on while the rest of Europe is at peace; and now is the time when it may be executed most successfully. *Now*, when Russia is willing to see Austria weakened, and when none of the other Powers can well interfere, is the time for the French Emperor to win brilliant renown for himself as the 'Liberator of Italy,' and also to gain a powerful position in the Italian peninsula, such as may be turned to good account in the farther and grander strife that is likely to ensue when the Ottoman empire falls to pieces, and the Powers of Christendom quarrel as to the distribution of the spoil. . . .

"Napoleon III. will not seek to push Austria to extremities (his policy is never to push any power to extremities); and Sardinia and the Italians may rely upon it that he will stop short in the enterprise whenever it suits himself, and compel them also to do the same. Just as he refused to go along with England and Turkey in the war with Russia, after the French arms had been 'covered with glory' by the capture of Sebastopol, so assuredly will the Italians find him resolved to stop short in the 'liberation of Italy' as soon as he thinks best for himself. Triumphs by short wars and diplomacy are the means upon which he relies to aggrandise himself."

It has ever been the policy of the new Napoleon to impress the world with an idea of his great moderation. The vivid recollection which Europe has of his Uncle's insatiable ambition and career of conquest has hitherto been the most formidable obstacle to the Nephew's success. Hence, since ever he attained the supreme power in France, it has been his grand aim to obliterate those recollections, and to disarm the suspicions of Europe. Hence his ostentatious declarations that "the Empire is peace,"—that "the age of conquests is past,"—"woe to him who shall first interrupt the peace of Europe!" &c. &c. By these and other means he succeeded in impressing a considerable portion of the European, and especially of the British, public with the belief that he was essentially a man of peace, who was thankful to be able to keep possession of his own throne without disturbing the possessions of his neighbours,—and that, to use his own phrase, all his conquests were to be at home, in improving the institutions and developing the resources of France. Having consolidated his power, however, he now finds himself strong enough to emerge from his noviciate, and to begin to realise those schemes of ambition which he has long meditated in secret. Yet now more than ever will he seek to surround himself with the prestige of moderation. And it is not a mere hypocrisy,—it is a policy. He knows that nowadays it is impossible to make conquests in the old style. To have openly annexed an Italian province to France would, to use Talleyrand's phrase, have been "worse than a crime—it would have been a fault." At the outset of his plans for remodelling the map of Europe, it becomes him to be especially careful in his proceedings. After the new system is fairly set agoing, by Russia and Austria appropriating provinces of Turkey, the rounding of France by the annexing of Savoy and the Rhenish provinces will appear a small matter. But moderate as Napoleon III. professes to be, and makes a show of being, at present as regards this Italian war, Europe will be far wrong if it believes his version of matters. France has given Lombardy to Sardinia, and Sardinia will have to pay to France the expenses of the war. And for these expenses Napoleon III. will have taken a bond over Savoy, or perhaps over the island of Sardinia,—the latter an acquisition which Italy would not grudge, and which, standing alongside of Corsica, would greatly augment the power of France in the Mediterranean. Of all this Europe will at present hear nothing. The bond will only transpire when a convenient season has come for acting upon it. Meanwhile Napoleon III. will continue to proclaim to Europe his extreme moderation, and his desire to be on good terms with every one—knowing this to be the best means for gradually working his way to the goal of his ambition.

And meanwhile that ambition works. At Villafranca it entered upon a new phase. The first stage of overt Napoleanism began with the fall of Sebastopol, when the French Emperor succeded in gaining Russia as a confidential ally and abettor of his ulterior plans. In similar fashion now, we believe, he ends the Italian war by gaining over Austria to his side. When the future historian descants upon the matchless skill of the Napoleonic policy, he will dwell long upon the imperial meeting at Villafranca, and upon the secret negotiations which attended the close of the Crimean war. There is a striking similarity in the policy of Napoleon III. on these two occasions. In the Crimean war he had in England an ally as powerful as himself, and whose wishes he could not openly disregard: therefore he resolved to carry his point by secret negotiations. On the fall of Sebastopol, it was often asked why the great army of the Allies did not follow up its success, when another victory must have insured the destruction of the Russian army. That was precisely the reason why it was *not* allowed to follow up its success. Immediately on the fall of Sebastopol, and when Pelissier and the Allies were already extending their right wing to turn the Russian position on the heights of Traktir, we believe there is no doubt that secret orders from Paris caused the movement to be recalled, and enjoined the French Marshall to maintain the *status quo*. In truth the Emperor had already begun those private conferences with Baron Seebach, which resulted in the mission of that diplomatist to St. Petersburg with those secret overtures and promises from Napoleon which led the Ozar to assent to negotiations for peace. The work thus begun was continued at Paris during the Conferences, and was completed by the special mission of Count de Morny to the Court of St. Petersburg. The result we now see in the part which Russia has taken in supporting and covering France in her present intervention in Italy. This Italian war has been closed in the same manner as the Russian one. As soon as success had crowned the arms of France, and the contest had reached the point where a further prosecution of it would have converted it into a war *à l'outrance*, Napoleon III. stopped short, and was the first to make advances for peace. Just as England, then at length in good fighting order, and clamorous for another campaign, found herself circumvented into peace by her ally after the fall of Sebastopol, so has Sardinia, though in style more imperious, been forced to pause in mid career now. England had been preparing for a grand attack on the arsenals of Russia in the Baltic, and for wise reasons longed for the destruction of the Russian fleet; Sardinia longs for the formation of a United Italy, and the total expulsion of Austria from the peninsula. But Napoleon III. desired neither of these objects, and in both cases thwarted them. He desired to make an ally of Russia, and saw that the preservation of her fleet was neccssary to his future plans, as a checkmate upon that of England: in like manner now, he desires to make an ally of Austria also in his ulterior projects, and sees that her maintenance in the Venetian territory will comport well with his plan for extending her at the expense of Turkey along the eastern side of the Adriatic. This is the bribe by which he has reconciled the proud young Kaisar to the loss of Lombardy. He has in confidence opened to him the second (and yet unpublished) chapter of the Napoleonic policy,—in which is shown how Austria may more than repair her losses in Italy by gains in north-western Turkey—how the feud between Austria and her terrible neighbour Russia may at once be closed—and how these Powers in alliance with France may henceforth securely make such revision of the European Treaties as will benefit each of them, and comport with the interests of them all. In that room at Villafranca, Napoleon with dignified courtesy would point out to his brother Emperor how little he asked in order that the war might be closed,—how that, after gaining two great victories, he was willing to accept the terms which, when proposed by Austria herself in 1848, *Lord Palmerston refused to listen to*—and that when his Lordship, now Premier of England, was openly declaring his wish to see Austria entirely expelled from Italy, he (Napoleon), after all his successes, was content that Austria should retain the whole territory of Venice, with its impregnable bulwark of fortresses on the Mincio and Adige. Indignant at his desertion by Prussia, and at the avowed hostility of the British Government, Francis-Joseph would need little argument to prove that henceforth it would be best for him to leave these Powers to look after themselves, and to seek new provinces for himself, by joining with Russia and France in tearing up the treaties of 1815. Such we believe will prove to be the understanding upon which peace has been made between the French and Austrian emperors at Villafranca. A memorable interview, which, though the projects discussed at it may not have been of so sweeping a kind as those of Tilsit, yet may take as enduring a place in history, owing to the greater probability of these projects being successfully accomplished.

One most important change in the course of the Napoleonic policy manifested in this Italian war is this,—that he now assumes to himself the championship of national liberty in Europe. This will prove, especially as regards the position of our own country, a fact of great consequence in affecting the future of European politics. It is not a change (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the Napoleonic policy,—it is simply a development of it. It is a farther step in that far-seeing course which the reviver of Imperialism in France has marked out for himself. Nor ought it to have come upon Europe entirely unexpectedly. A watchful observer of the conduct of Louis Napoleon may mark this,—that before he ever makes any of these sudden strokes or developments of his policy which so surprise the general public of Europe, he has previously *let fall* (as it were) sayings or declarations of principle to which he can refer back in explanation and justification of his new course. These sayings are dropped, as if by the bye, in the course of private conversations with public men, or in public speeches, or in those manifestoes of policy by which he so assiduously propitiates the public opinion of Europe. They are not meant to attract notice at the time, and when they occur in public manifestoes, they seem mere *obiter dicta* or rhetorical flourishes. But Louis Napoleon never utters an unpremeditated word, nor one which he does not design to be of use to him either at the moment or with an eye to the future. Thus, in regard to the present point, it is several years since, in one of his manifestoes during the Russian war, he introduced the words, "The eyes of all who suffer turn to France." And at the Conferences at Paris three years ago, his representative introduced the affairs of Italy, without any view to immediate action in the matter, but with a view to appropriate to himself the ground, in case circumstances should permit of his turning the Italian question to account. We could point out other instances of the manner in which Napoleon paves the way for plans which, at the time of his speaking, have no ostensible existence, and live only in the veiled recesses of his own mind. But what is more important at present is to point out the manner in which this new phase of Napoleonism will affect the position and influence of England. England, as a military Power, can play but a small part in the affairs of Europe. But hitherto her moral power has been very great. Her rivals on the Continent are despotic governments, all of them more or less in dread of revolutionary movements in their own or adjoining countries. England held the match which could explode some of those revolutionary volcanoes; and once one of them is fairly in action, there must ever be a great likelihood of the others blazing up too. This was the sword of Damocles with which Canning once threatened the Continental Powers when they inclined to carry matters against us with a high hand; and unquestionably, however loth to lose it, it has always been a weapon in our armoury which, if pushed to extremities, we could use with terrific force. *Now* the case is somewhat changed. Napoleon, who knows the power of this weapon better than any one, has been working successfully to get it out of our hands. He cannot make *much* use of it himself, but he desires to get it out of the hands of England. However much he is our friend and ally at present, he knows full well that his policy and ours must clash in due time; and he justly dreads to have such a weapon turned against himself. A despot at home, he seeks to reach his ends piecemeal by short wars, and by flattering both imperialism and democracy without breaking with either. And he dreads exceedingly a general war, which might become a war of opinions, exciting the democracy of France and imperilling his position, by compelling him to become the open foe either of liberty or despotism.

This new phase of the Napoleonic policy is amply expressed by the altered tone of the imperial manifestoes. For a long time the burden of these manifestoes was, "the Empire is peace,"—"the age of conquests is past,"—"woe to him who first disturbs the peace of Europe!" Now it is quite different. Napoleon III., in his speech to the Chambers on Feb. 7, proclaimed that it is not only justifiable but befitting on his part to go to war, "for the defence of great national interests" (which, in another document, are announced as comprising "religion, philosophy, and civilisation"); and that "the interest of France is everywhere where there is a just cause, and where civilisation ought to be *made* to prevail." And in a Ministerial circular issued a few days afterwards, the prefects were instructed to apprise the journals that the policy of his imperial Majesty of France "is ready to manifest itself wherever the cause of justice and civilisation is to be assisted." This is just the propagandism of the Republic of 1792, accommodated to the ear of the present age. The championship of "justice and civilisation, religion and philosophy (!)," is certainly as vague a progamme of policy as ever was submitted to the world. The words may mean nothing or everything. They may be a mere rhetorical flourish, or a prospective declaration of war against every Government in Europe—or anywhere else. Europe will find that they do *not* mean nothing,—and that the vagueness is quite intentional on the part of his subtle Majesty of France. There is not anything in the actual words which cannot be diplomatically explained into nothingness; and yet they contain, and are meant to contain, the germ of as many aggressions upon other States as Napoleon may find himself in a position to carry out. Will not the championship of "civilisation" justify Napoleon in supporting Russia and Austria in aggrandising themselves at the expense of Turkey? Perhaps, also, of incorporating Portugal, the ally of England, with Spain, the friend of France? Will not the plea of "justice" entitle him to attack Germany in order to win for France the frontier of the Rhine, and to aim a blow at the maritime ascendancy of England, by demanding the cession of Gibraltar to Spain, and of the Ionian

Islands to the possessor of the adjoining coast? Will not the defence of "national rights" justify him in siding with the Viceroy of Egypt against the Sultan, and, in this way, secure the predominance of French influence on the Isthmus of Suez? And as for "religion," will it not be a plea for him seeking to excite revolt in Ireland, whenever it may suit him to apply a hostile pressure to Great Britain? Not that he cares a straw for the Catholics of Ireland; but he would make a tool of them for the moment in order to concuss the British Government more expeditiously into his terms. Just so did he act in this late war, with respect to Kossuth and the Hungarians. We never thought that a man of Kossuth's calibre could have so befooled himself. He has been thoroughly duped by the French Emperor, and has shown himself but a child when face to face with this new Napoleon, —who used him for three brief months, then tossed him aside like an old glove. Nor can we any longer give to Kossuth even the tribute of our pity. He was not only duped himself, but he made himself an accomplice with Louis Napoleon in duping this country. When the war in Italy seemed approaching, Kossuth opened communications with the French Emperor (a man whom he had always hated and publicly reviled); and as the first mode of turning him to account, Napoleon got him to travel up and down England, employing his eloquence in disarming the suspicions of the English public, and in playing upon their sympathies with liberty, with the view of persuading us to look quietly on while the Emperor commenced his game of tearing up the Treaties of 1815, and driving in the wedge by which he hopes to split up Europe to his liking. We repeat it, Kossuth, while befooling himself, has entirely forfeited the sympathy of Englishmen. His own private letters to friends in this country (recently published in the newspapers) show that he had great misgivings as to the intentions of the French Emperor. But in spite of this, he did not hesitate, at the bidding of the latter, to make himself a tool of the French policy, by delivering a series of lectures and addresses in England in favour of the Italian war. When one foreigner at the bidding of another foreigner—when a Hungarian exile to please Napoleon III., sets himself to interfere with our private concerns, and avails himself of the sympathy we have so freely granted him as a means of secretly playing into the hands of a foreign potentate, we have done with him. As for his treatment by the Emperor Napoleon, what else could he expect? He had persistently reviled the Emperor as a puppet and a villain; and when he went to take service under him, he could only have done so with the intention of making him a tool. Instead of that, it was himself who was made the victim. The result showed that Kossuth, with all his ability and eloquence, was but as an infant in the hands of the extraordinary man who rules France, and who now holds in his power the fortunes of Europe. Even from this little fact we can afford to learn a lesson: for never until the old popular ideas of Louis Napoleon are displaced, and until the British public recognises in him one of the most powerful and subtle intellects that the world has ever seen—a man gifted with the power of calculation that amounts to prescience, joined to a hand that never flinches and a tongue that never reveals,—never, we say, until the British public so learns to appreciate this new Napoleon, will it be possible for our Government to cope with his policy, and make head against those new combinations which will date their birth from the momentous interview at Villafranca.

SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak and poor. Being in the circulation it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only Scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptive and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Blains, and Boils, Tumors, Tetter, and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all Complaints arising from Vitiated or Impure Blood. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice,* and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

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Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten. Prepared by

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No. DXXVII. SEPTEMBER, 1859. Vol. LXXXVI

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HORSE-DEALING IN SYRIA, 1854.

A BRIGHT blue sea with small leaping waves; a cloudless sky; and small rugged islands rising all around, some showing against the blue sky mere *silhouettes* of pearly grey; some fainter still; some nearer, catching the sunshine on their jutting points, and displaying a mass of barren rocks covered, as if by landslips, with fragments of broken stone and rubbish; no verdure, no cultivation; and, except once where a strange dead-looking white town, more resembling a collection of white fragments of rock than an abode of men, was seen perched on the top of a high hill, no signs of life. So showed the "Isles of Greece," as we looked on them from the deck of the "Emperor" of Hull, on the afternoon of the 9th May 1854.

Myself and my companion, the latter the principal and myself the assistant in a horse-purchasing expedition sent into Syria by the British authorities previous to the invasion of the Crimea, had embarked at Constantinople two days before. After being delayed by the commissariat, who were required to, and of course had not, come down with a certain amount of cash by an appointed time, we had got on board by half-past 9 P.M. on the 7th; had reached the Dardanelles the next night at an hour at which, according to all rule and regulation, we ought to have been fired into if we attempted to pass; had run the gauntlet, justly confident in the propensity of Turkish batteries to fire at nothing that they ought to fire at; and, at the moment indicated in the beginning of this chapter, found ourselves steaming pleasantly down the Archipelago.

To a man fresh from dirty Constantinople and filthy Widdin, the change was a pleasant one. The "Emperor," built and long used as a passenger ship of high class, had a gorgeous papier-mâché saloon; sleeping-cabins with marble wash-hand basins gushing water mysteriously at the touching of a spring; clean sheets; port-wine that made one think one's-self in an English mess-room; a remarkable assortment of Yorkshire hams; a captain from Bridlington; a steward from Hull; "Hull" painted on every boat; and broad Yorkshire talked all over the ship. Though only temporarily attached to her Majesty's service, she carried out rigorously that maxim of international law which says that a ship of war is an extension of the territory to which she belongs. She was an extension of the East Riding of Yorkshire; unspeakably refreshing after a winter's residence amongst those hogs of Turks!

With a profound respect for the many good qualities which one cannot but acknowledge in the Turks, I always find myself instinctively, and before my first impulse is tempered by reflection, qualifying them by some such pleasant epithet as that.

Next morning when I came on deck I found that we were anchoring in the gulf of Iskenderoon, a deep bay of little beauty, except such as it derived from its calm blue and purple water. Of the town of Iskenderoon or Alexandretta—a congregation of barn-like houses with red-tiled roofs, occupying a little, nasty, green, swampy-looking bottom delving into the range of high, broken, barren hills that skirt the sea—the most remarkable circumstance that I am able to relate is the fact that a Christian man of sound mind could be got for any sum of money to live in it. There *was* one there—the British Consul—and we went to see him.

A concourse of a score or so of Mussulmans and a few dirty Franks awaited our approach. As we scrambled out of our boat we found ourselves instantly opposed by two of the former, one of whom was armed with a pair of tongs and the other with a stick, with which they strove in the first instance to "fend off" ourselves, and failing in that, to fend off from us the by-standers, upon whom they bestowed progs and digs and taps on the back in a summary manner. The reason, it appeared, was this: Alexandretta is frightfully unhealthy—so deadly, in fact, that navigation books warn "mariners" that if they stop there to refit they may reckon upon losing one-third of their crew. Under these circumstances the people of Alexandretta, thinking (or their governors thinking for them) that it would be too bad to have foreign maladies added to those already indigenous, have established a strict quarantine, in obedience to the laws of which they were thus poking one another away from us as though our contact would have brought on a crisis of that jungle fever from which I believe they suffer. As for us, we marched on resolutely, forming as we moved the nucleus of a sharp skirmish between the quarantine men and the by-standers, the latter closing round us to stare, and the former rushing in all directions administering correction with the tongs and stick. At last the guardians of the public health succumbed, and left us to carry contagion wherever we pleased. To the best of my belief, however, the people of Alexandretta caught nothing from us. I have never heard that they have been found talking Yorkshire, using clean sheets, or washing themselves, any more than they did before we went there.

There is one noteworthy thing at Iskenderoon. On the far side of the bay, just visible from the windows of the consul's house, might be seen what looked to me like the dilapidated brick or stone gate-posts of a ruined Irish gateway, with a low "stone gap"* between them, rising at no great distance from the water's edge, from the stony shingly base of the mountains that skirt the sea. This, it appears, marks the precise spot where Jonah was cast up by the whale.

* * *

Far away out to sea, a headland shows low and dim in the distance. Rising gradually as it approaches, with the ribs and angles of its black rocky summits peeping through the snow, it bears straight on till the sea ceases to wash its base, and then, away inland, gradually sinks from sight. At an angle with this a low ridge, green as from a mass of trees or shrubs, and scarped at base into a line of low cliffs, juts out to sea. A scattering, gradually thickening to a cluster, of white and yellow houses, hot and flaring under the blazing sky, breaks the green line of the lesser ridge, and finds passage through a dip in the cliff down to the edge of the blue water. This is Beyrout.

Beyrout possesses two ruined forts, memorials, they say, of an English bombardment; a stone quay of small dimensions, suited to the commerce of bum-boats; and dirty little bazaars, and Turks, and Franks, and stinks, and coffee-houses, and everything else befitting an Oriental town. It chiefly pleased me because it displayed all these properties in a somewhat mitigated form. I think that it is perhaps the least Oriental, and therefore the least intolerable town that I know in the Turkish dominions.

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* A loose stone wall stopping what, but for it, would be a gap.

On the morning of the 14th May, myself, my companion, an Italian horse-dealer whom we had picked up as interpreter, stud-groom, and general assistant, and his servant, mounted on horses that we had bought in Beyrout, were toiling along high up on the steep path that picks its way up the rugged face of the overhanging range of Lebanon. I must try to give an idea of the view that breaks upon you here at every turn. Mulberry groves rise all around, springing from terraces worked for their reception over the mountain's face; and from out their sun-checkered shade, the eye, ranging out into a brilliant atmosphere, first rests on a mountain village—its flat-topped houses looking in the distance mere cubes of yellow stone—perched on a rounded point that peeps above the surrounding foliage; then, gazing yet beyond, catches grey distant ridges of the Lebanon. This is the world you are *in;* but far below lies another world. Wide and yet wider as you mount, the deep purple-blue expanse of sea spreads out beneath you—not the blue strip you look on from a beach, but a far stretching sheet of deep yet brilliant lustre, specked with a white dot, the canvass of a far-off ship; with the horizon-line so high, so hazy, and so distant, that but for its deep tinge, sea might hardly be told from sky. How it gleams in, through a break in the mulberries! It almost makes one think that here, up in these mulberry shades of Lebanon, is the Happy Land where, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, struggling for nothing, doing nothing, one might be content, gazing upon that sea and through that sky, to sit, and gaze, and rest in peace for ever.

The houses met with in these mountain villages are of very simple construction. Across four plain stone walls are laid some large rough timbers; these, covered with a deep layer of earth, form a flat terrace-like roof, to which access is given by a series of projecting stones planted as steps in the outer face of one of the walls. One, which we entered to get breakfast, was very clean and neat; and all had an air of comfort which contrasted strongly with the appearance of the miserable and filthy Wallachian and Bulgarian huts that formed the last specimens I had met with of the rural abodes of the Turkish Empire. The inhabitants, too, were very different from any of the Christian subjects of Turkey whom I had hitherto seen. The Maronites—I offer the following information, in full confidence that an enlightened public has no clearer idea of them than that they are always quarrelling with the Druses—are a large tribe occupying parts of the Lebanon; Arab in language; Roman Catholic in religion; not unwarlike in character; and possessed, I believe, of an amount of independence that entitles them to be called a free people. In outward appearance they are not to be distinguished from the other tribes of the country, but show a much greater disposition to be civil to Franks than is evidenced by the Mussulmans, and seldom pass one without saluting by laying the hand first on the breast and then on the forehead. They have the reputation of being the greatest rascals in Syria—a character which can scarcely have been fixed on them by any one who had enjoyed the advantage of an acquaintance with the Bedouins; but no matter—rogue or honest, they are free, and carry a different atmosphere with them from that which surrounds the well-kicked peasants of Turkey in Europe. One never knows what freedom means till one has seen those who are not free. Oh, the virtue that there is in being free, if only to go to the devil one's own way! A nation can never sink itself so deep into his realms as a conqueror can trample it.

As we ascended yet higher the

mulberry plantations grew scarce, though they still, together with little plots of corn, struggled to hold their ground wherever a vein of fertile earth gave them the chance. Pine trees, usually small and stunted, began to appear, mingled with grey crags; and then the cultivation disappeared, and next the pine trees vanished; and then we found ourselves in a region of wild white grey crags broken into fantastic forms, and covering the ground far and near with their crumbled fragments. Cliffs and towers of grey rock stood out against the sky; and a deep gorge, with a torrent dashing down it, presented a perpendicular cleft whose sides were lined with wild forms of the same cold grey stone. Large glacier-like patches, yet unmelted, of the snow which, just above us, covered the very summits of the Lebanon, stretched across our path and crunched under our horses' feet; while little dashing streams of snow-water were pouring down in all directions. And here, amongst these wild mountain-tops, at about seven hours' march from Beyrout, we took our last look at the Mediterranean, now scarcely distinguishable from the sky, so faint and hazy in the distance had it grown, so streaked by clouds which, thrown beneath its horizon-line by the elevation from which we looked on them, appeared to rest upon its surface. Then, turning the ridge, we commenced our descent.

All this time, no matter how this glorious view might spread itself before me, I was extremely cross. Every now and then I pulled up my horse on some commanding prominence, and, while he took wind, cooled myself down and waked to the beauty that was around; and then, as he renewed his toilsome scramble up the steep path, relapsed into heat and fume,—just as in the wanderings of fever one struggles up to a momentary consciousness of where one is, and imperceptibly glides back again into the same ill dream. The straining, the fagging, the stumbling of a tired horse up such a path as this, the clammy sweat that makes him damp and sticky, and that in course of time works on to you and makes you sticky too, communicate a sympathetic heat and weariness. And as the ascent grew yet steeper a new tribulation assailed me, and I got crosser still. My beast was of the tribe called "herring-gutted," and no kind of girthing would keep his saddle where it ought to be. Half my time was spent in replacing it, the other half in hanging on to the mane till the saddle, gradually working its way back, oscillated on the very point of the croup, and made instant evacuation indispensable. All this time the horse-dealer's Maronite servant, a squalling, screaming, exclamatory kind of man, was riding in my rear and addressing to me expostulations in Arabic and Italian, none of which I understood further than to know that they conveyed those exhortations and reproofs which people are fond of addressing to one for something that one can't help and would be only too glad to avoid if possible; while I, in the intervals of my struggles, execrated the tiresome noodle off the stern of my horse in a style which I must hope conveyed to him some at least of the sentiments that animated me. This little dispute was finally ended by my saddle giving a backward slide which only just allowed me time to scramble out of it before it went fairly over the tail. Happily at this crisis I was inspired with a bright idea. I girthed the saddle by one girth and passed the other round the horse's chest by way of breast-band. This device produced a bewailing squall from my friend the Maronite, who was justly indignant at seeing a girth applied as neither he nor his fathers had ever seen a girth applied before; but nevertheless it kept me on my horse's back, and brought me, hot, wrathful, and highly desirous of kicking the Maronite, to the summit of the pass.

Our downward road was short and easy. At no great distance below, the plain of Baalbec, a broad valley, checkered with cultivated patches of bright green or brown, wound its way between the heights we stood on and the barren snow-sprinkled ranges, of the Anti-Lebanon. At the foot of the nearer slope, in a narrow ravine which dinted the mountain-side and wound down to the plain below, lay our halting-place, the Maronite village, or, as one might almost call it, town of Zachleh, surrounded by vineyards of trailing vine-plants, and prettily overhanging a small river, which, cool and grey in the shadow of a dense poplar grove, rushed and rippled over its shallows like an English trout-stream.

Close to Zachleh stands a great object of Mussulman veneration and pilgrimage,—Noah's tomb. A long low ridge of mortar or stucco traverses the whole length of the floor of a long and very narrow apartment in a poor-looking house. Noah lies beneath. His precise height, as we are told by the venerable Mussulman that guards the tomb, was 40 *arsheen* or ells. His figure (if we may assume that his breadth as well as length is indicated. by the mound raised over him) was exactly that of a gas-pipe.

If anything could, by force of contrast, make Damascus beautiful, it would be the road that leads to it.

Early on the 16th May we left Zachleh. Away, beyond the plain of Baalbec and the mountains that bound its further side—neither plain nor mountain beautiful—we wound, by a narrow track, through a grim pass whose sides, cumbered with great boulders and fragments of rock that strewed even to the very centre of the defile, rose steeply on each hand to a crest of great jagged blocks of strange form, that fused in the centre of the pass into huge grey cliff-like masses. Then we emerged into barren brush-wood tufted hills, interspersed with small dried-up scrubby-herbed plains, wild, but devoid of beauty. It was a dreary scene, and a weary ride. The sky was clouded, gloomy, and dusty, with black and white vultures sailing in it. The heat was great, and a high wind blew, cooling nothing, but raising clouds of dust. Looking back from any one of the eminences we were slowly creeping over, we beheld a dreary panorama of brown hill-tops, ridge beyond ridge, their dull colour varied only by one chain of gritty white. No sooner were we over one dusty hill than we were on to another dustier; no sooner quit of one desolate plain than into another, where we jogged and jogged away without the rearward hills appearing to recede or the further to approach. Sometimes we passed slow-pacing droves of laden camels, accompanied by their little woolly camel-colts. Beyond these and the vultures, I remember no living things.

At last, looking between two brown baked hill-tops, which, stretching widely apart right and left, formed, as it were, the portals to something beyond, we perceived below us a wide plain, bounded on the one side by the heights on which we stood, on the other by a chain of distant mountains, slanting away to the left till lost in the dull haze. Nearer, at the base of the hills from which we gazed, lay a wide expanse of dark-green foliage, whose richness was diminished by a grey cast given to it, as we afterwards found, by the plentiful admixture of a certain white-leaved tree. Winding through this wood, in a direction parallel to the valley's course, appeared a streak of green sward; and in the centre of all rose a distant mass of white buildings, domes, and minarets—Damascus.

Pretty, but no more; to me, at least, decidedly disappointing. Mohammed looked on it and turned aside, saying that *one* paradise was all that could be allowed to man. The last French writer of rodomontades pronounces it something the *plus féerique* that the mind of man can conceive. Public opinion, intermediate between those two extremes, has given the same verdict. I confess to a provoking faculty of disappointment in everything that I have heard praised beforehand. I may have been bilious when I saw it. *Kim bilir?*—who knows?

Damascus was once famous for bigotry and a ferocious spirit of intolerance. This spirit has left the human inhabitants, or at least its manifestations have been checked by a growing dread of the European power, and by the influence of the European consuls; but it survives in full force amongst the dogs. When we entered the town we had a black Syrian greyhound with us; and the appearance of this unfortunate animal was the signal for a general rising of the whole dog population. Every street in Damascus swarms with curs, and all the curs in the street were on him at once, with a tumult of yelling and barking that was really stunning. Their behaviour was curiously like that of men mobbing somebody. Although they were in force enough to have eaten him bodily, and left no trace behind, and apparently all animated by the most rancorous feelings, no one animal could make up his mind regularly to "go in" at him; but, hanging on his heels, they all made savage rushes and snaps which just fell short, and never that I saw achieved anything more deadly than getting hold of the long hair of his fringed tail; the victim all the time trotting along with the most thoroughly demiss aspect, sometimes, in extremity, rescuing his tail by a snap at the assailant. What his fate might have been, if he had been alone, I do not know; as it was, we were engaged during the whole of our progress in bringing him off by riding over his persecutors. It is not easy, without having heard it, to imagine the infernal nature of the uproar. Every dog in the street, with a sharp, steady, unremitting bark, joined in producing a din that fairly rang through one's head; and not only was the tumult swelled by every cur at hand, but we could hear it spreading like wildfire into far streets, where dogs, as yet unconscious of the precise nature of the row, took up the bark to show their watchful readiness for whatever might turn up. And so, clattering and slipping on the narrow stones, wheeling round for constant charges on the dogs, the object of the clamour of the canine, and the stares of all the human population of Damascus, and the centre of an absurd and vexatious row that was really enough to drive one crazy, we jostled through the narrow bazaars, till in the "Street called Straight," called to this day the Strada Diritta by the Franks, we found peace and iced lemonade in the "Hôtel de Palmyre."

When a Mussulman town has once been described, it is not very easy to describe another, except by repetition. All the minute shades of difference; the greater or less picturesqueness of a bazaar; the greater or less filth of a street; the more or less blank strangeness of the mud walls which the houses present to the outer world; all that so much gives or detracts from interest in reality, is not to be conveyed by words. So I shall attempt no description of Damascus, except of the shortest. Damascus is perhaps more picturesque, more thoroughly Oriental, than other Eastern towns. I think, too, that perhaps it stinks more. If it is not prejudice on my part (founded perhaps on the proverb of their countrymen, which says that every Damascene is a scoundrel), such insolent-looking, surly-looking, or rascally-looking Mussulmans as the inhabitants—or such Mussulmans combining all three looks—are rarely met with.

Damascus is not externally splendid, any more than any other Eastern town of my acquaintance. Damascus silks and Damascus blades do not pervade the scene as they ought. As for the blades, they scarcely exist. Any amount you like can be shown you, with the traces of time on their once gorgeous enamelled hilts—the whole concern, including the traces of time, made, I suspect, in Birmingham. But if you inquire spitefully for the genuine article, you will meet it only in rare instances, and preserved as an antiquity. Woven fabrics there are, but not of a satisfactory nature. A number were brought to us at our hotel, scarfs and what not, the product of a manufactory belonging to our landlord. They were promising enough at first sight; embroidered all over with Arabic sentences which I immediately proposed to myself should mean Glory to God and the Prophet! or some similar poesy of Arabian-Night-like character, which the traveller on his return from Moorish lands might expound with applause and credit. But when investigated, the legend simply proved to be "Made by Geronimo"—by our great, fat, good-natured, chuckle-headed Armenian landlord,—a man of powerful frame but timorous spirit, habited in a petticoat and long white stockings like a great cookmaid, and possessed with a great dread of the swaggering fire-eating Mussulmans, who, he said, drew swords on him if he so much as winked at them.

However, if I could take by the scruff of the neck a friend thirsting for Eastern romance, and, like the Diable Boiteux, fly with him whither I would, I think that perhaps I would land him in Damascus. He would find, if no magnificence, at least picturesque beauty in the lofty, completely-roofed streets, whose shaded, chamber-like aspect gives a strange theatrical air to the horsemen that slowly ride through the crowds beneath; and in the interior of Damascus houses he would see one of the very few things of the real East of to-day that recall the East of poetry —the East imagined in the childish days and dreams, when

"The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-wall'd gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

Splash, splash, the never-ceasing water flows into the stone basin in the centre of the marble floor. Bright with belts of red, white, and blue, and pierced with windows tier above tier, the lofty walls rise to a roof brilliant in a mosaic of red, blue, and gold. Without, a sunny stone-paved court, with trees and tank, and water jets splashing in the hot sunshine; within, cool shade and calm unbroken but by the cold dropping of the water, as it may have been in that enchanted hall of the Alhambra before its fountain began to bubble and to shape its spray into the figure of the unfortunate princess Zorahayda.

Fleas did not exist in the golden prime of Haroun Alraschid. That just Caliph, it is believed, had decreed a general cracking of them, and serve them right too. But in these days of decay and weakness they have recovered themselves, and even invade the stately chambers I have just been describing. Night after night I used to dust the sheets of my bed with a Patent Infallible Flea-destroying Powder, till I felt like a pulverising fowl in the full exhibition of its interesting instincts. The field in the morning was found sprinkled with the corpses of the slain; but they died not unavenged—confound them!

We were received with great civility by the Turkish authorities. Even the old white-bearded Civil Governor, said to be a dreadful old fool and fanatic, put away his folly and fanaticism (if he ever possessed them) for the occasion, and was perfectly polite and reasonable. The first use to which we contrived to turn their favourable disposition was a somewhat unfortunate one. Thinking that it would be convenient to have a private place where we might try such horses as were brought to us, we got permission from the authorities to use one of their barrack-yards for that purpose, and, next morning, when several horses were brought to the hotel door, told their masters to take them to the barracks and wait for us. The owners answered "very good," and straightway went—home, I suppose. They certainly did not go to the barracks, for when we arrived there, neither horse nor man was visible.

We naturally inquired into the reasons of this proceeding, and received, in explanation, from a man whose statement we could not doubt, the following short exposition of the system upon which the Turks rule Damascus. When soldiers are wanted, said our informant, and recruits are scarce, a review is given. A number of ingenious manœuvres are executed by the troops, which result, first, in the spectators finding themselves enclosed in a square, and next, in the able-bodied ones being marched off as conscripts to the Padisha's army. When this device gets stale, another measure is adopted, not calculated, one would think, to promote the better observance of the Sabbath in Damascus; soldiers are sent to the doors of the mosques to catch all who may be inside. When this in turn begins to fail, and the Damascenes will neither attend reviews nor to to church, the authorities fall back on a plan of simple efficacy, and send soldiers to kidnap people in their houses at night.

Such a paternal system of government necessarily fosters and brings forth, on the part of the governed, an astute and prudent spirit, to whose suggestions (representing that the proposed arrangement was a mere trap for their horses) we now owed the absence of our horse-dealers.

This misadventure made us more prudent, and ever after we made a practice of pouncing at once upon such horses as were brought to us; examining and trying them in front of the hotel door, and throwing the whole street into an uproar. The ordinary course of the transaction was something like the following:—

A number of horses are brought to the hotel door and tethered by their masters right across the footpath. The obstruction that results is a matter of the smallest consequence, for two reasons. In the first place, to offer standing room for every horse or donkey that anybody may want to tie up, is one of the recognised functions of the Damascus foot way; in the second, all possible inconvenience from such a cause is merged in the general blockade of the street that shortly follows. Everybody in Damascus is lazy and inquisitive, and all the idlers in the quarter are densely crowding round our horses. Pushing, jostling, and stretching their necks round the quadrupeds; pressing with the most intense curiosity round ourselves; following and hampering every movement with the closest scrutiny; poking inquisitive noses between ourselves and every object of examination,—they constitute us and our proposed purchases the isolated centre of attraction to distinct circles, and seem to see no reason why we should ever be brought into contact. In short, they make themselves a nuisance which only one thing in the whole world has the smallest influence in abating; and that is, for a horseman to prepare to show the paces of his animal. Then, partly to enjoy this, the crowning spectacle, and partly to escape being ridden over, the mob presses itself back in two dense lines on the footpaths, leaving clear the central horse-way, a road so narrow that it frequently gives barely room for two horsemen to ride abreast. To appreciate Damascus horsemanship it is necessary to understand Damascus streets. The footpath, amongst its other curious offices, holds that of general slaughter-house. All the mutton in Damascus is killed and skinned there, and the resulting filth combines with various other filths to grease the large smooth slightly convex stones which pave the street, and to render them as slippery and dangerous a course as I have often ridden on. Reckless of this, however, the rider, raising his right arm above his head with a half-absurd opera-dancing kind of grace (a ceremony whose meaning I do not understand, but which seems to be quite essential to acts of horsemanship in Damascus), sticks in the corners of his shovel stirrups and dashes off at a furious kind of *scutter*, to the alarm of any respectable old grey-bearded Turk who may find himself bestriding a bare-backed donkey in the road; and then, pulling his horse sharp on to his haunches, comes into his goal sliding and slipping, with the horse almost down on his hocks in the effort to stop himself suddenly on the slippery stones. I never saw an accident happen—an illustration of the lengths to which perfect pluck and recklessness will carry a man successfully. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and get through too, while the cautious angel sits *pounded* on the wrong side of the fence.

The action of the Oriental horse which I have described by the word *scutter* is a curious one. It is the result of an effort to combine speed with readiness to obey instantly the check of the powerful bit; and resembles somewhat the spasmodic scurry in which a cat dashes at its prey.

Kalesh Bey, a Turkish gentleman, out of pure kindness, was moved to assist us in procuring horses, and, as the first step in that direction, offered us some of his own. He was a smooth-faced man, with a long hooked nose and a retreating chin, wearing the usual dress of the modern Turkish Bey—a stupendously ill-made coat and trousers, the latter professedly of European cut, but very loose and wonderfully shapeless, and rebelling against the straps which endeavoured to confine them under the boot, by sticking out over the foot in strange folds, reminding one of an ill-furled sail. He was never without a rosary of beads in his hands. Prayerful man! The modes in which he tried to swindle us were various. He did not succeed. I am proud to think that amongst his sweet experiences was not vouchsafed to him that of legging the infidel on this particular occasion; but he tried hard. Producing a horse which, viewed with reference to the number of legs it had fit for work, might be called a biped, he sought to convince us of its soundness by as stout a bit of lying as a considerable experience in horse-dealing has yet brought under my notice. It is interesting to observe how in all parts of the world the true gentleman is the same!

The chief distinction that I have been able to draw between the Oriental and the Englishman in respect of horse-dealing is that the former, with the prejudice which leads all nations to underrate foreigners, gauges your folly and gullibility coarsely and clumsily, and so betrays himself into absurdly transparent rogueries, which your esteemed countryman, with the high feeling which distinguishes him, knows better than to "try on."

I had the honour of assisting at a wedding held in the house of a Jew merchant of the middle class. I made my appearance at the place of entertainment in great state, arrayed in a wedding garment the like whereof, I flatter myself, is not commonly seen in those parts—the stable-jacket of the —th Hussars—and preceded by two of the consular cavasses, who strutted before me with great silver-headed sticks. The open court-yard which, as usual with Damascus houses, occupied the centre of the building, was musical, as I entered, with the violent drummings and twiddlings of four native musicians who sat perched on a raised bench under a small tree, in a style which reminded me of a picture I once used to study of the Birds' Orchestra fiddling at the wedding of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, and was filled with guests and spectators, including a large party of Turkish women in their shroud-like white garments who, clustering together at the far side of the tank and mingling with none of the others, looked on apart. Passing through this throng, I entered the reception-room. It was a moderate-sized apartment of Damascus fashion, with the floor of the inner half raised above the level of the entrance so as to form a kind of sanctum, around the three sides of which ran a low divan. Seated on a chair placed on this divan, and *appuyé* against the centre of the back wall of the room just opposite to the entrance, was what appeared to be a stiff painted ship's figure-head, towering above everything else like an idol on an altar. Around but lower down, occupying the divan, squatted a party of Mayday chimney-sweeps, figged out in all their finery. That, at least, was the first impression produced; the real fact was that the figure-head was the bride, and the chimney-sweeps her lady friends—all the beauty and fashion, in fact, of the Jewish portion of Damascus. This, however, did not dawn on my weak mind for some time, for I was so perplexed by the astonishing nature of the vision; so additionally confused by being instantly presented to all the big-wigs of the establishment, to whom I bowed right and left, in a state of obfuscation which left me for the moment no clear discrimination between sixteen years in paint and petticoats and snuffy sixty in a beard and turban, that I did not at first feel myself capable of any investigation into the phenomenon, but turned all that remained of my faculties to lowering myself gingerly on to the low divan. This was not easy. English trousers at the best are ill adapted to the performance. Mine, unhappily, were unduly tight, and in the struggle I carried away a button, fortunately concealed in part by my waistcoat. Even when fairly down I made bad weather of it. The divan is broad and very low. The natives, male and female, sit perched upon it with their legs coiled under them: the Englishman, whose legs and trousers alike oppose themselves to such a proceeding, may sit on the edge till he breaks his back for want of something to lean against, or may push himself back for the support of the wall, and then finds his unbendable legs absurdly presented straight to the front like two pieces of artillery,—in which last position I was waited upon, according to Jewish etiquette, by the ladies of the household, and received a long pipe, and lemonade, and candied sweetmeats perplexing to handle, and a small "go" of a pale pink liqueur which I must say was nasty, at the hands of damsels each one more extraordinary than the other.

There is a great deal that is graceful in the dress of the Jewish women. A silk or satin jacket, open in front, shows a quantity of fine lace or muslin covering the breast; the sleeves, moderately tight, are cut open at the wrist and hang loose, together with a flood of lace representing, I suppose, an interior sleeve. A long straight petticoat (perhaps there exists a slit up its front which might, in the eye of the scientific zoologist, rank it in an aberrant group of the great family of coat-tails), of very rich materials, white and gold, blue and gold, and the like, without gather and without a trace of crinoline, flows straight down to the ground, unbroken by flounce or other ornament. Round the waist, so low-hung as just to catch on the hips, a large rich sash is twisted in one heavy fold; and beneath all, when the petticoat happens to rise, peep out voluminous muslin trousers and turned-up yellow slippers. So far nothing could be better; but here all beauty ends. The lady's face is simply frightful. The eyebrows are clean eradicated, and in their place, but taking a course which no real eyebrow could have followed, a thick hard line of the deadest black paint is drawn in a tremendous arch, beginning in the little pit that forms the junction of nose and forehead, and ending heaven knows where beyond the opposite corner of the eye. Inside and outside, the edges of the eyelids are blackened, so as to form a deep smudged border all round; and from the outer corner of the eye the paint is carried out in a thick line, intended, no doubt, to increase the apparent length of the opening. The head-dress is worthy of the head. Its groundwork is something resembling a large fez with an excessively long tassel. Round this is folded a handkerchief or scarf, much after the fashion of French tambourine-women; and over this again, wherever there is room to stick them, flowers, diamonds, sprigs of pearl, and incongruous decorations of every kind, are dotted higgledy-piggledy, in a style which reminds one of an entomologist's sheet of cork with butterflies pinned on it. Little plaits of hair, looped up in divers directions, flow from beneath; and a regular cataract of tails, each equal in magnitude to that of a cow, comes down behind,—all, I was told, of false hair, in the case at least of the married women. Jewish proprieties in Damascus forbid a married woman to show a particle of her own hair, so she shows somebody else's.

But the spectacle of spectacles was the bride. Her dress, in general style much what I have described, was of course as splendid as her friends could make it. She was covered with a long and perfectly transparent veil. Round her neck and descending into her lap was a series of gold chains, some of them with gold coins attached, so numerous as to form something like a breastplate of chain armour. Her hands were completely covered with a black pattern produced by caustic, the back being stamped with a small figure such as might be printed on calico, and the fingers ringed with the same colouring till they looked like nasty snakes. She sat perfectly motionless, slightly leaning back in her chair, her eyes closed and her hands in her lap. This deportment, I was told, was symbolical of modesty. The effect, as I said before, was that of a ship's figure-head. If the Mary-Ann of North Shields were to indulge in a representation of herself in a state of virgin bashfulness, executed by the ship's carpenter with an unlimited allowance of paint and gilding, the result would be not unlike this Jewish bride.

After a considerable pause, occupied in the reception of fresh guests, and broken by the solemn entrance of the bridegroom's mother at the head of a column of ladies uttering shrill cries not unlike view-hollas —we were marshalled into a great open alcove adjoining the court. The bridegroom was now brought on the scene. He was an underbred-looking young man with a fez, a downy trace of a mustache, and a long purple-crocus-coloured gown, and looked the biggest fool I ever saw in my life. Along with him appeared the officiating Rabbis, three or four in number, fat clerical persons in turbans and dark gowns, who, taking their stand in the centre of the floor, commenced the service. I forget the exact order of the ceremonies. There was a good deal of chanting in a sing-song tune; then the chief Rabbi read the marriage contract in a species of rapid jabber that was evidently not meant or wanted to be understood, and next, taking a glass of wine in his hand—the glass was a thin ill-made tumbler, and the wine of a pale sour-looking red, more suggestive of stomach-aches than of the generous plenty and fertility of which I was told it was emblematical—he chanted again, and finished by taking a sip himself and giving one to each of the happy couple. The latter, during all this chanting, had been standing face to face, partly concealed by a sheet held over their heads by the ladies of the house. In spite of this covering I had a pretty good view of them. The bride with her eyes still shut—I never saw her open them from first to last—resembled a ship's figure-head as much as ever; the bridegroom, happy man, looked as much embarrassed as his stupidity would allow him, and kept making little futile digs with his hands at his breeches pockets. These he always failed to hit; but still, under the influence of *mauvaise honte* and the spell-bound inability to move which it creates, would feign to have found them, and at some trouble to himself would keep his hands in the suitable position as though he was luxuriating in the desired depths. I must warn the reader that "breeches pockets" is a figure of speech. In strict truth, the apertures so anxiously sought were in the crocus-coloured gown; but they occupied so exactly the position of breeches pockets—not only locally, but spiritually, as a refuge and a solace—that I was unwilling to spoil the beautiful picture I was drawing by stopping at that moment to define them otherwise.

The ceremony ended with that sip of wine. The spell that held him was broken, and the bridegroom, turning his back on bride and company, went straight to earth. Whether, when they next wanted him, they smoked him out, or dug him out, or bolted him with a Rabbi, I am sorry that I cannot state.

Before we took our departure, some of the ladies of the household showed us a Jewish dance. It was a *pas seul*, beginning with a slow motion, which, as you wanted to be complimentary or the reverse, you might call gliding or shuffling, accompanied by sweeps, a little too stiff and angular to be graceful, of each arm alternately. Occasionally, raising her hands clasped together in precisely the position adopted by children when they make "rabbits" on the wall, the performer, drawing one finger over another with a peculiar art, produced a sound not unlike that of castanets; and then, warming upon her work, she further embellished her steps with a kind of rapid wriggling, as though she wanted to create a friction between herself and her dress.

On the 21st May we left Damascus. Our immediate destination was a camp of "sedentary Arabs" lying south of that town, on the very borders of the Desert, and in the vicinity of the tracts which were known to be at that period occupied by those Bedouin tribes, with whom to put ourselves into communication was the ultimate object of our expedition.

We started in grand cavalcade. Two irregular horsemen, furnished by the Turkish Government, led the way. Ourselves—that is, the two original emissaries and a gentleman attached to the consulate—followed, immediately preceded by one of the Consul's cavasses in solemn pomp with a huge silver-mounted stick, and attended by my friend, or enemy, of the Lebanon, the horse-dealer's Maronite, riding a vicious black which spilled him before he was well out of the town. Seven or eight more horsemen brought up the rear. On the outskirts of Damascus we dropped the cavass and the silver stick, and wended our way through tree-studded fields of luxuriant corn, pretty in spite of the high and ugly mud walls that fenced them; down a broad flat corn-bearing valley, bounded by low mountains oddly crumpled by the twisting ravines that broke their surface; then again over a wide, flat, and most Indian-looking plain, bearing at first green vetch-like crops through which we could perceive a burnt, cracked soil, but finally merging into mere stone-sprinkled barrenness. We had begun our journey later in the day than we ought. The result was that night found us still on the road,—a road that wound over clusters of stones and declivities, and was ill travelling by dark. About 8 P.M. light showed ahead, proceeding from our tents, pitched, as we found when the next morning's light dawned, by a small fortified village.

This village was not the first of its kind that we had met with. During the preceding evening's march we had passed a striking specimen. At a spot where the monotony of the wide and barren plain I have mentioned was broken by a small rushing stream with a few cultivated fields by its banks, stood a small square fort with one low door and loop-holes in the walls. This, it appeared, was the *village*. A cluster of villagers surrounded the doorway, and two or three squatted on the top of the wall as if taking the air. A pleasant life they must lead where such villages are in fashion!

Next morning we resumed our march across a pleasant cultivated plain, bounded by mountains showing, in spite of the Syrian sun, long streaks of snow bearing downwards from their summits. Our escort, fresh from the night's rest, broke out into a series of tournaments. A horseman rushed out at a gallop, brandishing his spear, a gigantic beam topped with an enormous blade that looked as if meant for a shovel; another, accepting his challenge, dashed out to meet him. The two antagonists, not couching their lances after the manner of European horsemen, but carrying each his weapon grasped javelin-fashion, and raised above the head at the stretch of the arm, charged, shaking their spears till the long shafts quivered and bent like reeds—a manœuvre intended, doubtless, to perplex the enemy as to the real point aimed at; and then, avoiding collision by a sudden turn, exchanged sham thrusts. One after another the horsemen joined in the fray, till, with the long housing-tassels and fringes streaming behind their galloping horses, and the curtain-like fall of the riders' bright red-and-yellow head-coverings floating in the wind, our whole escort was flying over the plain, firing shots and exchanging thrusts.

I think the head-dress I have just referred to is the most beautiful I have ever seen worn by man. It consists of a silk handkerchief of broad red-and-yellow stripe, thrown over the head so as to fall loosely on the shoulders, and bound round the temples by a small turban. Thus habited, mounted on an Arab-like horse, that he wheels and circles well on the haunches, and carrying a long lance with a ruff of black short ostrich feathers round the shaft beneath the blade, a Syrian horseman is as warlike and picturesque a figure as I have ever met with.

We had a long hot ride that day. Our track led us among the outlying spurs of a mountain ridge, covered with clumps of what appeared to be dwarf oak and wild holly, together with white hawthorn as sweet-smelling as if growing in an English lane, and raising ideas oddly at variance with that hot Syrian hill-side. Then quitting these undulations, but still skirting their base, we traversed level stoneless grassy plains, where distant flocks and herds, groups of half-a-dozen mares and foals in little swampy plashy nooks in the hill-side, and occasional clusters of long low black tents, two or three together, showed us that we were in the land of the pastoral or sedentary Arabs. Presently a score or so of tents in the distance were pointed out to us as our journey's end. As we approached them a most melancholy and never-ceasing piping was heard. Wee-weedlo-wee, wee-weedlo-wee,—industrious and without the smallest intermission was the sad strain. Looking in the direction of the sound, we saw half-a-dozen dingy Arabs marching in solemn procession, with a fife at their head and a banner flying, apparently composed of a dirty sheet tied to a pole. This, as one of our escort informed us, was a "fantasia" (this word is in common use amongst the Syrians and Turks) given in honour of a marriage then in process of celebration.

A more sedate or sober fantasy I never yet beheld. On our approach, however, it somewhat brightened. The music changed to a measure a shade (only a slight shade) livelier, and the performers, ranging themselves in a row, with the exception of one man who stood facing them with a sword in his hand, raised a grunting chaunt of "Hah, hah, hah," clapping their hands at each grunt. The swordsman, brandishing his weapon in time to the music, executed with an air of solemn swagger a series of slow prancing movements, in which he never quitted the ground he first took up. Pastoral Arabs celebrating the nuptials of a comrade with dance and song! Pretty dears! They came round for *bakhshish* when they had done. Most Arab sentimentalities end in that.

The ground on which we now found ourselves camped occupied the intermediate space between the cultivated and (as things go in Syria) civilised tracts, and the territory of the real Arabs of the Desert—the Anazeh, whom Burckhardt describes as "the only true Bedouin nation of Syria," and "one of the most considerable bodies of Bedouins in the Arabian deserts." In front of us, or eastward, within half-an-hour's ride, lay the Anazeh tents; in the rear lay the snow-streaked mountains that mark the country of the Druses. Of the Sedentary Arabs themselves there is no need to say much. They are but a poor and corrupted sort of Bedouin, and are held by the wilder and more wandering tribes of the desert, to be the plebeians of the race. Unlike their kinsmen, they never penetrate into the depths of the wilderness, but limit their migrations to the pastures bordering the confines of the cultivated grounds; camping in tents, and shifting their quarters in conformity with the requirements of their herds of cattle, sheep, and camels. In person they are, I think, bigger and coarser than the men of the purer races, and are without the wild savage *sui generis* look which many of the latter possess. There is something thoroughbred in the air of the real Bedouin; he seems to be the type or perfection of a race—and a precious race of scoundrels it is; while the Sedentary Arab, both in dress and person, gives the impression that he has been crossed with the ordinary people of Syria.

The tribe with whom we had taken up our abode had little that was noteworthy about them. Their Emir (for he did not, like the chiefs of the desert tribes, assume the title of "Sheikh") was an ugly, thin-bearded, stupid-looking young Arab, with a sausage nose, and, in common with his subjects, was as rapacious and extortionate as Arabs usually are. Their tents may be worth describing, as they are much the same as those of the true Bedouins. The ground plan is a very long rectangle. The walls, perhaps four feet high, and striped longitudinally with two or three broad stripes of alternate black and white, enclose only three sides—the long back and the two short sides; the front being left perfectly open. The sloping roof, of the same material, but entirely black, is stretched over a longitudinal rope supported by four or five low upright poles, and consequently rises into peaks where it rests on the poles, and droops in hollows between them, presenting an appearance like that of a serrated hill-range, and is supported by enormously long tent-ropes. The women's apartment is usually partitioned off;

and the whole edifice varies in size from perhaps thirty paces by six or seven, when it belongs to a chief, down to a very small kind of kennel, when it belongs to a poor man. I remember being amused once at seeing the children of a sheikh of the Anazeh taking a ride on the ridge of their father's tent. They had climbed up, three or four of them, and there, leaning all of a row across the rope which connected the summits of the tent-poles, with their feet on the slope of the roof, and with countenances expressive of the greatest satisfaction, were dancing most furiously up and down with the spring which the tent-poles, bending to their weight, communicated to the rope. The prospect of having house and home and a cluster of children brought flat on his head in a pancake, apparently had no terrors for the son of Ishmael that sat beneath. I should like to see some civilized papas of my acquaintance in the same situation.

Merj Kotrani, the site of our present abode, was close to the camping-ground of the Wulad-Ali, a tribe of the great Anazeh nation. As the news of our arrival and object spread, their men came into our camp in gradually increasing numbers; and before long we had obtained a very fair opportunity of judging of at least the outward appearance of the desert Arab and his horse.

Most people, I think, picture to themselves the former as not perhaps bearing in his aspect the traces of high civilization, but as at all events something far removed from the savage. This is a mistake. A more perfect savage in appearance, a more thoroughly dirty wild man, it would be difficult to find. As the Anazeh stands before you, you see a little Hottentot-like figure of a dirty brown all over. A dirty clout, falling loose on his shoulders, is fastened round his head by a band of camel's hair or else by a bit of common rope; a loose garment, apparently of sackcloth, reaches to below the knee, and is covered again by a coarse cloak. Beneath appear brown naked shanks without either trousers or shoes, with sometimes one spur, consisting of a single spike or else of a thing like a nutmeg-grater with two serrated ridges, strapped on the bare heel. Possibly the articles of dress, if you inspect them with a microscopic eye, may be detected to have once possessed colour; the handkerchief may have had the red and yellow stripe so common amongst the Syrians, and the cloak will once have exhibited stripes of brown and white; but all have been toned down to one uniform dirt colour, and the former existence of brighter tints is merely a fact rewarding the investigations of the philosopher, and not in the least affecting the present appearance of the wearer.

When, penetrating beneath the dirty savagery that overlays his aspect, you look closely at the features of the Anazeh, you often find them good; not always, for they frequently verge upon the coarse sensual savage face, with projecting orang-outang-like lips and great ragged fangs of teeth. But, on the other hand, they are sometimes remarkably fine and delicate. The colour is a deep brown; the eyes dark hazel, with a tinge of brown in the whites; the nose aquiline, with the nostrils sloping much upwards, leaving it sharp at the point, and then curling and expanding near the face. The teeth are often small and beautifully white and regular; the hair dead black, sometimes growing in little short corkscrew curls, sometimes plaited on each side of the face into a long band and tucked away under the handkerchief.

The horses are small, not rising in general above fourteen hands one inch; but they are fine, and have great power and size for their height. I do not suppose that they would be much admired by a purely English horseman; in fact, we see every day that Arabs brought into England don't *faire fortune*, and experience teaches one that the English and the Arab horse look each absurd by turns, as the eye has grown accustomed to the other. But to my eye, used for some time to rest on nothing but the Eastern horse, they seemed to exceed all that I had yet seen in point of beauty. Stallions used to be led into our camp, looking like horses in a picture; the limbs flat, broad, and powerful, deep below the knee, small and fine about the fetlock, of a cleanness and beauty of outline enough alone to stamp *blood* on their possessor; the neck light, but yet arched; the flanks closely ribbed up; the tail carried out with a sweep like the curve of a palm branch; and the small head terminating in large nostrils always snorting and neighing. It was a beautiful sight to see one of them when he got wind of another stallion, draw himself up with his neck arched, his ears pointed, and his eyes almost starting out of his head; his almost rigid stillness for the instant contrasting curiously with his evident readiness to break out into furious action. Watching such a horse at such a moment one feels the truth of the figure of speech by which the horse is called *noble*. Noble, knightly, heroic, he seems less a brute than an incarnation of high blood and fiery energy; a steed that Saladin might have mounted, and that would well have matched his master.

Grey of various shades, bay, chestnut, and brown, are the ordinary, and it may almost be said the only, colours of the Arab horse. The commonest of all colours is one which I recollect as being very frequent amongst the Arabs met with in India, a dark, uniform, nutmeg grey. Light grey verging upon white, is neither rare nor peculiar to old horses. Next to grey in frequency come bay and chestnut, both fine and rich in quality, and the latter so prized above all other colours by the Arabs that they have a saying that if you ever hear of a horse performing any remarkable feat, you will be sure to find, on inquiry, that he is a chestnut. Browns are not unfrequent; and in my register of horses bought from the Anazeh, I find one black. But so rare is that colour, that, if I had merely trusted to my recollection, I should have said that I never saw a black horse in the desert. Of other colours I saw none, except in the solitary instance of a skew-bald; and I cannot at this moment undertake to say whether he was an Anazeh or belonged to some of the tribes where the purity of the breed can less be depended on.

Sometimes the Anazeh, especially the chiefs or men of wealth, ride with Turkish saddles and bits. But, with poorer men, the horse appointments are much on a level with the dress of the rider. A coarse pad of ragged dirty cloth or bad thin leather, slightly stuffed to form a sort of pommel and cantle, girthed with a bit of coarse web and sometimes with another bit of the same passing round the horse's chest to form a breast-band, and without any kind of stirrups, forms the saddle. The bridle consists of a simple halter with a nose-band of rusty iron links, without bit, and, in fact, without means of action of any sort upon the horse's mouth. A single thong or end of rope is attached to this, and serves to tether the horse, or, passing on one side of the horse's neck and held in the rider's hand, acts as rein. A curious addition to this was sometimes used, in the shape of a piece of rope attached to the headstall between the ears and held by the rider. The explanation of this appendage which suggested itself to me at the time, was, that it was intended to steady the horseman's seat: whether this was the fact or not I have no means of saying positively. These accoutrements were often perfectly bare of all ornament, but, on the other hand, were sometimes decorated with long black-and-white tassels of the size of those of an old-fashioned bell-pull, suspended from the saddle by ropes which allowed them almost to sweep the ground; with red cloth and tufts of ostrich feathers stuck all over the headstall; and, most frequently of all, with a little short frizzy black plume set up between the ears.

When armed for war the horseman carries a light lance of twelve feet or more in length, with a long tapering four-sided spike much like a great nail with each of its four edges bulging out at the base into a flat lobe, through which is passed an iron ring supporting a little flat tinkling bit of metal, intended, I suppose, to give ornament and music simultaneously. This is the great and universal weapon, and I suppose that the Anazeh does not exist who does not possess one. Swords and pistols are seen in the possession of individuals; and almost every man, when walking about his private affairs, carries a stick cut, I fancy, out of a root, and much resembling a shillelagh, except that it is further fortified by a tremendous knob at the end as big as one's fist.

When riding unarmed, the Anazeh always carries a small short stick with a crook at the end like a walking cane, with which he appears to guide the horse. His horsemanship, when he chooses to display it, is very striking and curious. He puts his horse to the gallop; leaning very much forward, and clinging with his naked legs and heels round the flanks, he comes past you at speed, his brown shanks bare up to the thigh, his stick brandished in his hand, and his ragged robes flying behind; then, checking the pace, he turns right and left at a canter, pulls up, increases or diminishes his speed, and with his bitless halter exhibits, if not the power of flinging his horse dead upon his haunches possessed by the Turks and other bit-using Orientals, at all events much more control over the animal than an English dragoon attains to with his heavy bit. On these occasions it appeared to me that the halter served to check and the stick to guide; but I have seen the same feats performed when the horseman was carrying the lance, and consequently was without his stick. When I say that our purchases in the desert amounted to one hundred horses, it may be supposed that the number of horses I saw tried and ridden was considerable; amongst the whole, I never saw one attempt to pull or show the least want of docility.

I think that most horsemen will admit that this is an extraordinary performance, and that none will allow it more readily than those who are acquainted with the Arab horse as he appears in our hands in India, where—so far as I may trust my own experience—he is hot and inclined to pull. Why should he display this failing with us, and not with his original masters? My own impression is that the secret lies in the different temper of the English and the Bedouin horseman. The Bedouin (and every other race of Orientals that I am acquainted with seems to possess somewhat of the same quality) exhibits a patience towards his horse as remarkable as the impatience and roughness of the Englishman. I am not inclined to put it to his credit in a moral point of view; I do not believe that it results from affection for the animal, or from self-restraint; he is simply without the feeling of irritability which prompts the English horseman to acts of brutality. In his mental organisation some screw is tight which in the English mind is loose; he is sane on a point where the Englishman is slightly cracked, and he rides on serene and contented where the latter would go into a paroxysm of swearing and spurring. I have seen an Arab stallion, broken loose at a moment when our camp was thronged with horses brought for sale, turn the whole concern topsy-turvy and reduce it to one tumult of pawing and snorting and belligerent screeching; and I never yet saw the captor, when he finally got hold of the halter, show the least trace of anger, or do otherwise than lead the animal back to his pickets with perfect calmness. Contrast this with the "job" in the mouth, and the kick in the ribs, and the curse that the English groom would bestow under similar circumstances, and you have in a great measure the secret of the good temper of the Arab horse in Arab hands.

But at the same time, giving every weight to the reason which I have just assigned, the fact of the Bedouins making a practice of riding such horses in such a fashion is surprising to me. Doubtless the nature of the country assists them. There are no carts to run against, no gate-posts to smash a horseman's knee-pan, no plate-glass windows to bolt through; if a horse *did* decline to stop, I suppose the rider would have a fair chance of letting him go till he was tired, without damage to either party. But how it is that that most untrustable animal the horse does not find some opportunity for mischief—how it is that he does not sometimes rush into battle with a hostile stallion, bearing his rider *nolens volens* into the fray —how it is that he never seizes a chance of bolting over the tent-ropes of a camp, picking out the sheikh's by preference—I do not pretend to understand. Perhaps he does all these things occasionally, and the Arab mind is resigned thereto: all I know is, that I never saw him.

Our *manège* riders have a great idea of the direct mechanical power which they have over the horse, as opposed to the indirect power optained by acting upon his will through the medium of his intelligence. They "aid," they "support," they "balance," they "collect" him; by the action of bit and leg they induce a carriage which confers upon him an agility which he would never have possessed without; in short, they render the animal so much assistance that it becomes doubtful whether Colonel Greenwood was not mistaken when he laid it down as an axiom, "that the horse carries the rider, and not the rider the horse."

The Anazeh, bitless, and almost reinless, destitute of the very mainspring of all his mechanism, with his horse as uncontrolled in his carriage as a wild animal—beats them. Now, if their system is really as efficient as they believe it—if they really have these powers in their hands, and are yet beaten by a man destitute of them, or at the best possessing them imperfectly—it is clear that they must labour under some counterbalancing inferiority somewhere. Where does this inferiority lie? Not, certainly, in the power of inflicting pain, for the Englishman rides with gigantic curbs, and the Anazeh with an inefficient halter. Does it lie in the moral ascendancy of the rider over the horse? If so, our *manège* riders must stand low in that great quality of a horseman, when compared with the Arab.

To a certain extent I believe this to be the case. As I have said before, I believe the Englishman to be inferior to the Oriental in point of temper. But it may be doubted whether his natural inferiority is so great as fully to explain why, possessing so powerful a system, he yet rises no higher in the scale of horsemanship. And precisely as you choose to raise your estimate of his natural capacity, must you lower your estimate of his system; until, finally, if you shall determine to raise the English capacity as equal to that of the Anazeh, you must lower the English system of "aiding" the horse by mechanical power to something less than the similar powers of "aid" possessed by the Anazeh—which, considering that the latter has not a bridle, cannot be great.

I think myself that a comparison between our *manège* riders and the Arab does not assign to the former a position so perfectly triumphant and satisfactory but that they might venture on an experiment or two to see if they could not mend it. And the channel into which I should be inclined to turn experiment would be this: To ascertain whether the direct power of the rider over the horse has not been much overrated, and whether an exaggerated belief in it has not led our riders to waste their efforts on the body of the horse, when they ought to have been directing them upon the mind.

As I do not wish to give exaggerated ideas of the powers of the Bedouin horseman, I will state more clearly in what I consider his superiority over our *manège* rider to consist. Put the latter inside the four walls of a school, or even in an "open *manège*" where the horse has been schooled till the very aspect of the ground has become associated in his mind with "right turn" and "left turn;" in fact, put him in a place where the influence of habit and the absence of extraneous excitement combine to dispose the horse's mind to obedience; and he will ride with a precision and dexterity which the Anazeh may or may not be able to equal. I never saw him exhibit under circumstances in any degree similar, and therefore cannot speak to this point. But get the same rider into the open country; make him put up his horse's temper by a sharp gallop on the turf; then tell him to repeat his riding-school feats, and watch the result. See how frequently the scene becomes one of plunging and fighting against the bit on the part of the horse, and of pulling and hauling on that of the rider: observe the unwilling and imperfect obedience rendered to such a horseman, and then compare him with the Anazeh, wheeling and sweeping like a swallow on the wing, as if man and beast were inspired by one will. Then it is that you see that the Arab is a real rider, and the other a school rider in the fullest acceptation of the term—good in the school, and good for nothing out of it.

If I speak disrespectfully of English horsemanship, I must be understood to refer only to that particular style which our *manège* riders attempt. The Englishman seems unable to command that instantaneous and willing obedience which tell in single combat, and which make the horse to the rider as the boxer's legs are to the boxer. But if it is a question of going straight ahead, of taking a horse headlong over every obstacle with a skill mingled with perfect recklessness of both the rider's neck and the horse's, I never saw the nation—Parthians, or Medes, or Elamites, or the dwellers in Mesopotamia—that was able to "hold a candle to him."

* * *

The horses brought to us, handsome as they were, showed an amount of blemish—chiefly consisting of curbs and enlargements of the knee and fetlock, and not perhaps, in the majority of instances, amounting to unsoundness of a disabling nature — which surprised me. The only cause I can suggest for this is the universal practice of riding horses at a very early age; for the style of horsemanship to which they are subjected is, as far as my observation goes, by no means calculated to produce unsoundness. If you meet a Bedouin travelling, he is never at any other pace than a sedate walk; he never *piaffes*, never excites his horse to unnecessary action; the sharp straining halts upon the haunches, practised by other Orientals, are rendered impossible to him by the absence of bit; and so generally averse is he to "knocking his horse about" that, even for the purposes of sale, it is often difficult to get him into a gallop, and, where the ground is bad, impossible. Of course, in making these statements, I refer only to what I saw. Arab horsemanship may, at other seasons and under other circumstances, be very different.

The aversion of the Arab to galloping for the satisfaction of an intending purchaser, is sometimes strengthened by other feelings than those of mere dislike to exacting unnecessary exertion from his horse. One motive that I believe to be pretty strong with him is, simply a sulky obstinacy and disinclination to do anything he is asked; but I have known him object upon religious grounds. A very fine horse was one day brought to us. I had some idea of buying him for myself, and told the rider to let me see his paces. He declined, on the ground than the Franks never, when they admired anything, took the precaution of averting from it the consequent dangers (that of the curse of the Evil Eye) by the use of the word "Mashallah!"—an introduction of the name of God which is supposed to break the evil spell; and that he could not venture to expose his horse to the unsanctioned admiration which his paces could not fail to call forth. I am inclined, at this present speaking, to wonder why I did not immediately volunteer to chant "Mashallah" throughout the whole of the performance. I did *not* do so, but walked straight off, rather pleased to let the pious Mussulman know that he had spoiled the sale of his horse.

Most persons have read stories of the astonishing endurance of the Arab horse in his native deserts. I do not undertake to contradict these statements, as my acquaintance with the animal was not sufficiently prolonged to allow me to speak to his powers under circumstances other than those in which I saw him, and as, above all, my acquaintance with the mares was but small. But I saw nothing to confirm them. All the horses that I saw during my stay in the desert (a period commencing with the 22d May and ending the 16th June), were plainly incapable of any great exertion, from an over-fatness produced by the grass-feeding which they got at that time of the year, combined with the practice of never putting them out of a walk. In the winter, we are told, they are fed on barley and camels' milk. Perhaps a change of treatment may accompany this change of food, and the Arab horse may, for anything I know, be in hard condition then. He certainly was not when I saw him.

The Bedouins fortunately gave very little evidence of skill in concealing blemishes. The deception most commonly attempted upon us lay in disguising a rejected animal in the hope that he might be taken on fresh inspection. A horse makes his appearance in the morning in a plain halter and Bedouin saddle. If he is not accepted, towards evening he appears in the character of a fresh arrival, with long heavy tassels hung all over the saddle, and with a breast-band whose fringe covers all the fore-arm. If this again fails, next morning he is brought in a gorgeous red braided saddle with a padded saddle-cloth that conceals nearly all but the head and tail. I recollect only one instance in which another mode of deception had been adopted. A horse was brought to us with his legs all plastered with mud as if he had passed through a quagmire up to his belly. The owner was, of course, required, as a preliminary to business, to wash his horse's legs; and when, finding that otherwise there was no hope of sale, he complied, there appeared a beautifully fired fetlock, seamed all over in a manner which indicated some severe disease.

(*To be continued.*)

FELICITA.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER IV.

In the next morning's cheerful daylight Felicia smiled at herself over her night's trouble. *She* was not called upon, surely, to arrange or to prevent her cousin's marriage. There was no need for her arbitration one way or other; how foolish she had been! But perhaps the smile had a little bitterness in it; and it is certain Felicia felt very lonely (more lonely than she had felt since her first arrival) as she glanced out at the window—and it was astonishing how often that impulse moved her—at the opposite house.

As for Angelo, he continued to be rather triumphant and in high spirits, pleased with the thoughts of becoming suddenly a rich man, and also, with extraordinary inconsistency, not perceiving how one thing contradicted the other, pleased with the idea of having made Felicia a little jealous, and piqued her into betraying something of her own feelings. Perhaps this was the real occasion of his glee; but the sight of her cousin's satisfaction made Felicia withdraw more and more into herself: his kindness affronted and offended her; his levity struck her with sharp pain and impatience; she took refuge in her own room, and shut her door, and betook herself to some homely matters of dressmaking. Felicia had to be very economical with her little income. It was not in her nature to retain anything in her own hands which any one beside her seemed to want. She had already silently expended her own little funds to increase, as much as such a trifle could, the comforts of the household, and of her poor old aunt. She would gladly have worked, if she could, for the same purpose, with the best heart and intention in the world, but not without some idea of shaming Angelo into the way he should go.

However, Felicia did not find even in dressmaking sufficient attraction to counterbalance her excitement of thought. She had by no means completed the proper round of sight-seeing which ought to be accomplished by a stranger in Florence; and after wandering about the house restlessly for some time, interfering with the orders for dinner, intruding into Madame Peruzzi's room, carrying off the greater proportion of the work there to relieve the old lady's eyes and fingers, and generally expressing her restless and dissatisfied condition by all the means in her power, Felicia at length prevailed upon her aunt to conduct her to the Pitti Palace, and leave her there to wander among the pictures at her leisure. This grand indulgence was one which Madame Peruzzi was very doubtful about. She greatly feared that it was not quite proper; but with a wilful English girl, who feels quite competent in broad daylight and a public place to protect herself, what can a tremulous old lady do?

Felicia accordingly strayed about at her own sweet will among the pictures, finding them very generally unsatisfactory, and in a perverse mood forsook the realities for the shadows, and lingered behind the copiers who had possession of the finest pictures in the room, wondering over that branch of industry. If Angelo, for instance, worked at *that*, would his critical cousin be satisfied? She answered herself, No, no! her heart making indignant thumps by way of echo against her breast; and so indignantly vowing to let Angelo alone—surely she could find something better to do than a constant speculation about Angelo?—went lingering round the room making unamiable criticisms in her discontented mind. She was standing opposite that pale Judith—pale with passion and exhaustion, and yet bearing a hectic touch of shame, abusing it to herself, when something happened to Felicia. Here eyes were by no means fixed upon the picture, but had sidelong glimpses of passing figures round her. Thus she saw something dart from behind the great overshadowing easel of an industrious artist—something which moved in a flutter and a bound, noiseless foot and clouds of noiseless muslin. This something fell upon her suddenly, and grasped both her hands. Agitated, but not alarmed, knowing instinctively who it was, yet instinctively assuming a look of surprise and ignorance, Felicia (who, herself, was not very tall) looked down upon a pretty little wilful face, half child half woman, radiant with smiles, and eager to speak. Following this figure was an old French maid looking kind and curious, who investigated Felicia's face and dress with a most attentive inspection, and drew as close to her mistress as decorum would allow. The little girl held Felicia's hands clasped in hers, and looked very much as if she meant to kiss her. "Oh, you are Felicita!" she cried, out of breath—"Angelo's Felicita! I know you are; do not deny me. I am so very glad to see you here."

"And you?" said Felicia, looking down upon her, perhaps without the cordiality which such a bright little creature was accustomed to meet, and permitting without returning the pressure of her hands.

"Has he not told you of me?" said the stranger, with a momentary look of disappointment.

"My cousin Angelo has told me of ——." Felicia was about to say something rather cruel. She checked herself suddenly, perceiving the atrocity of her impulse; she was going to say "of an heiress," and paused to think of another word.

"Of somebody!" said the little stranger; "and I am somebody. Yes, look at me! he has told me of *you*, and I love you already, Felicita. I think of you quite as his sister. We shall be such friends. Come, Annette speaks only French; she will not understand a word we say; and I have a hundred things to tell you—come."

Somewhat amazed and taken by surprise, Felicia, who had only her own vague reluctance to oppose to this imperious friendship, was hurried on ere she knew what she was doing; and, bewildered by the flood of words which immediately overpowered her, as her new acquaintance clung to her arm, and, keeping half a step before her, looked up into her face, was for the moment entirely subjugated and taken captive. The two strayed along the grand galleries of the Pitti, no longer looking at the pictures, making a stray dash at one here and there, most frequently a worthless little miniature—if anything is worthless in that collection—which the little butterfly could not see perfectly without rushing to it, and exclaiming, "Oh, look—do you know what this is?"—isn't it pretty?" while she pulled Felicia briskly along with her by the arm. To all these girlish vagaries Felicia quietly submitted, feeling, after a while, in her elder womanly gravity, a touch of that charm of remembrance which makes one girl just out of her childhood indulgent to the freaks of another who is still in that rejoicing time. This girl was so much gayer, finer, more self-confident than Felicia had ever been; so much of the conscious power of wealth, and the freedom of one to whom nothing she wished for had ever been denied was in her air, and manner, that the sight of her was a kind of apotheosis of girlhood and its privileges to Felicia. She, a woman nearly twenty, tried by the early calamities of a life which had been hard upon her, could no longer venture to walk with that free step, to talk with that unrestrained voice, to say, "What does it matter if the people look at us?—let them look!" as defiant sixteen did, who was afraid of nobody. Felicia was even shy of being visible to passing eyes in that close *tête à tête* of confidential friendship. She smiled at herself and blushed and dropped her veil, and hurried her companion past the little groups of picture-gazers. All this the lively blue eyes perceived and understood, and made their own interpretation of.

"What are you afraid of?—people looking at us?" said the young lady. "Never mind the people, Felicita; I want to tell you something. Call me Alice, will you, please? I am so disappointed and mortified and disgusted that you did not know my name. To think that Angelo should have told me so much about you, and never mentioned my name! I shall scold him so to-night. But do call me Alice, please; and then I will tell you my darling little scheme."

"I must call you Miss Clayton. You and I are not equals," said Felicia gravely; "you are younger than I am, and I ought not to yield to you what I know is wrong. I scarcely see how we can be friends, so different is your place and mine; but at least we are not, and never can be, equals, so I must not call you by your Christian name."

The little girl looked up with her face overcast and wondering. "But—but you are as good as I am," she said, pressing Felicia's arm.

"Perhaps," said Felicia smiling; "I did not speak about being as good; it would be sad work if the highest were to be the best as well: but we are not *equals;* you understand what that means?"

"Yes—but you are—what the servants call gentlefolks," cried Alice. "Angelo told me he was poor; I know that very well; but I know that people of good family despise those who are only rich. Is that what you mean?—do you mean because my father was only a moneyed man that I am not good enough for you?—or what do you mean?—for I know very well that Angelo is a gentleman, and you are his cousin; and unless you have taken a dislike to me, or don't think me good enough for him, I don't know what you wish me to understand, Felicita!"

"I am not speaking of Angelo. I believe he is of good family by his father's side; but I am not a Peruzzi," said Felicia. "If I were at home in England, I could not by any chance associate with such as you. I will not deceive any one here. I am not your equal. I cannot be comfortable to meet you and call you Alice, and hear you talk of all your friends and your cousins, so very, very different from mine. Do you know," said Felicia, raising her head with quite an unusual effusion of pride, "I am much more on a level with your maid than with you?"

"Nonsense; I don't believe it!" cried Alice energetically; then the little girl made a pause, and changed her tone, evidently following out this new question in her own mind, and arranging it to suit her other ideas in respect to Angelo's family. "I suppose your father was the naughty son, was he? and ran away and married somebody he fell in love with—oh, no; I mean your mamma, Felicita. Oh, I do so love these stories; and they have sent for you here to take care of you, and make you like their own child? Now tell me; I want to know one thing: is she a very sweet person, Angelo's mother?"

A very sweet person! Felicia's lip trembled with almost irrepressible laughter. Little Alice thought it was restrained feeling; she fancied that the poor niece's gratitude and admiration were too much for speech, and ran on in her own convenient rattle, without leaving her new acquaintance time to answer.

"She does not care for society now —she never goes out anywhere, the dear old lady!" said Alice; "and I suppose it is because you are not quite so noble as they are that I have never met you in society. Angelo says you are so good and so attentive to his mother, Felicita. Oh! don't you think you could smuggle me in sometimes, and let me help to amuse her?"

"I don't think it is possible," said Felicia laconically.

"How dreadfully English you are —how uncivil! You are not a bit like an Italian. You never say a word more than you can help, and look as if you meant it all. I really do think I shall begin not to like you," cried Alice; "but I do like you, mind," she added, once more pressing Felicia's arm; "and I never will be content till you love *me* — do you hear?" — and there was a renewed pressure of the arm she held—"because if it comes true, and — and happens, you know — we shall be quite near relations, Felicita; and I never had a sister in my life."

Unconsciously to herself, Felicia shrank a little at once from the idea and from her companion. "Don't you like to think of it?" cried the quick little girl instantly. "Felicita, would you rather that Angelo did not love me?"

"I have nothing to do with it," said Felicia, trembling a little. "Angelo is almost a stranger to me, though he is my cousin. Do not ask me, pray. I shall be glad to see him happy, and you also; but now you must let me go. Some one will come for me presently to take me home."

"Oh! but I want to speak to you first," said Alice, clinging only the more closely to her companion's arm. "Will you be quite sure not to be offended? Will you forgive me if I am going to say something wrong? Oh, Felicita! I want to know you, and see you often. And you tell me you are poor. Will you be my *parlatrice*, dear? Now it is out, and I have said it: will you, Felicita? I shall love you like my own sister, and we can have such delightful long talks, and I'll get on so quick with my Italian. Dear Felicita, will you? It would make me so happy."

With this bright little creature standing before her, pleading with her blue Saxon eyes, her rosebud face, her affectionate words, looks, and smiles and syllables, each more winning than the other — the first person who had spoken to her in her own language since she came to Florence — Felicia found resistance very difficult. The little girl was clothed in that irresistible confidence of being unrefusable which so seldom lasts beyond childhood, and was so radiant in her ignorance of disappointment that it was far harder to say nay to her than it would have been to deny a boon really needful to a careworn suppliant. Little Alice was not presumptuous either in the strength of her inexperience. She did not believe she could be denied, but asked with her whole heart notwithstanding, and with the most sincere importunity. Felicia could not look at her unmoved; somehow the little face, in its bright ignorance, touched her more than a sad one could have done. She said something, she scarcely knew what, about being quite unprepared for such a proposal, and thinking it over when she got home, and added once more that she must go, as somebody waited for her. Already she felt conscious of a momentary duplicity. Why did she not say, "My aunt is coming for me," as under any other circumstances she would have done? Poor Felicia! who had so little heart or inclination to further this delusion. Yet she watched with instinctive terror lest Madame Peruzzi's gaunt shadow should appear at one of the doors.

"And we can have such delightful talks—all about Angelo," said Alice, with a laugh and a blush—"only don't tell *him*. I would *never* let him know we mentioned his name. Oh, look, Felicita! is that dreadful old woman beckoning to *you?*—is that Madame Peruzzi's maid? Never mind her. Annette will go and tell her you are coming. Annette—Oh, Felicita! what is wrong?"

And Alice stood amazed and in dismay as her new friend burst from her abruptly, and made all the haste possible across the room to where Madame Peruzzi stood by the door, looking for her niece. The light came full from a side-window upon that tall bony old figure, and upon the face grey with age and seamed with deep wrinkles, where the dust of time lay heavy. Madame Peruzzi wore a bonnet of very fashionable shape, though dingy material, and had some artificial flowers encircling that oval of grey hair and leathern cheek. Old age was not lovely in Angelo's mother. She had no complexion, and rather too much feature even in her youth, and the features now bore too great a resemblance to the eagle physiognomy to be at all fair to behold. She wore her usual thrifty household dress of black, with, however, a coarse gay-coloured shawl; and even a spectator more observant and of calmer judgment than Alice Clayton would have found it hard to discover anything like gentility in the old woman's figure. She carried a little travelling-bag in her hand—a bag of Felicia's to which her aunt had taken a fancy—which was stuffed with homely purchases, and, contracting her grey eyebrows over her eyes, stood waiting for her niece, and contemplating Alice with curiosity scarcely less keen than her own. Alice Clayton made a very different vision to the eyes of Madame Peruzzi. Her pretty face, which was characteristic of little beyond English good health and good temper, and the bloom and beauty of extreme youth, the old lady bestowed but little attention upon; but the pretty perfection of her morning dress, the many-flounced muslin, gay and light, the delicate falls of embroidery about her neck and wrists, the dainty hat, were not lost upon Madame Peruzzi. She saw a sight not unfamiliar to Florentine eyes—the English girl perfectly equipped in everything appropriate to her youth and condition, whose appearance testified, beyond a doubt, to the wealth and luxury of her family. There she stood, with her French maid close behind her, gazing with all her eyes at Madame Peruzzi, full of curiosity, murmuring to herself, "What an old witch!" resolute to ask Angelo who that extraordinary figure belonged to, and if it was his mother's faithful hundred-year-old traditionary maid. "If she were not such a hideous old creature, what fun it would be to have her tell us stories!" said the unconscious Alice to herself, as she gazed at her lover's mother, and at Felicia in her black dress hastening to join her; while Madame Peruzzi in return, gazed at Alice, speculating on who *she* was, and whether Felicia's acquaintance with her might be an opening into "society" for her niece, and an enlargement of connection for her son. Between the two, Felicia, with a flutter and pang, ran across the spacious room, and caught at her aunt's arm, and drew her hastily away. She felt so hurried and anxious to escape that she could scarcely hear or understand the questions with which Madame Peruzzi assailed her, and certainly had neither breath nor inclination to answer them. She hurried the old lady down the stairs at a most unusual pace, and could not help looking back again and again to see if they were followed or observed, and yet she could not have explained to any one why she did it. Certainly it was nothing to her, and it is quite doubtful whether Angelo, under the same circumstances, would have taken any pains to conceal his mother. But Felicia could not resist her impulse. She only felt safe at last in the Via Giugnio, within the shady portraits of their own lofty house.

Then Madame Peruzzi was much dissatisfied with the very brief reply which our niece gave to her questions — "a young Englishwoman, whom she knew." The old lady had ocular demonstration that her niece knew the little stranger, and that she was English; but who was she?—and how had Felicia become acquainted with her?—and how long had she been in Florence?—and of what degree were her friends?—and where did she live?—and altogether who was she? The result was so much the less satisfactory, that Felicia could not have answered if she would, and would not if she could. On the contrary, she restrained herself carefully, and did not even confess that she did not know. Angelo himself she said to herself, somewhat bitterly, must tell his mother. She had been sufficiently vexed already without *that.* The consequence was that the day passed somewhat uncomfortably in Via Giugnio, where Madame Peruzzi's curiosity lasted long, and was mixed with some jealousy and annoyance in the thought that her English niece meant to keep this fine acquaintance to herself, and was not disposed to share with Angelo the further advantages it might bring. The old lady laid up in her mind every particular of what she had seen, to tell her son. Perhaps he could succeed better with Felicia than she had done, and at least it was right that he should know.

While Felicia, for her part, a little sulky and solitary, in her own room, pondered the interview, and watched at her window behind the curtains, to see Alice in undisguised solicitude watching for her from the opposite house. Amidst all the disagreeable feelings which this little girl had excited in her mind, she still felt a certain indescribable melting towards the sweet English face and English tongue, of the confidential and frank accost of the stranger. She was so young, after all—only sixteen—that Felicia's womanly dissatisfaction at her unconcealed liking for Angelo would have very speedily given way, had Angelo been nothing more than a mere relative to Felicia. As it was, her conscience and her imagination tormented her the whole day long. What was Angelo to her—why should she object to anybody preferring him, or saying so? Why should not the wealthy orphan bestow her fortune on Angelo if she pleased? Then Felicia's mocking fancy taunted her with believing Alice her *rival;* and with a stinging blush and bitter humiliation, she flew from her window. Her rival! All Felicia's work, and all the haste she made about it, and all her other resources of thought and speech, could not drive that humiliating suggestion out of her head. Her blush and her discomfort lasted the whole day. She had not a word to say, nor a look to bestow on Angelo, though she forced herself to sit rigidly opposite to him while his mother recounted every detail of the appearance of Alice, and complained that Felicia would not tell her who the stranger was. Angelo had no such delicacy. *He* disclosed all that he knew with the frankest equanimity. She was very rich, the little Englishwoman, and pretty, yes—and was extremely gracious to himself, he added with a laugh and look which sent Madame Peruzzi's ambitious hopes bounding upwards. This occurred in the afternoon, when it was still daylight, the young man having appeared this day much earlier than his wont. He stood at the window as he spoke, with something of the pleased hesitation and fun of a young girl describing a conquest, looking down upon the windows where Alice certainly was not visible, though Felicia suspected otherwise. Madame Peruzzi sat on the sofa, asking questions and admiring him, as, indeed, was not wonderful, for he looked all the handsomer for looking pleased, while Felicia sat by looking on with the most intolerable impatience in her mind. She could not bear to see him smiling with that womanish complacency. She was too much interested for his credit to tolerate it. The look disturbed her beyond measure in her imperative youthful thoughts. She was ashamed for him—he who was happily and totally unconscious in his own person of having anything to be ashamed of, and at last joined in the conversation when too much provoked to bear any longer her spectator position.

"Miss Clayton wishes me to be her *parlatrice,*" said Felicia. "I would not decide, aunt, before consulting you. Should you object?"

She glanced at Angelo as she spoke, and saw that he started slightly, but not that he was discomposed or mortified at the thought of his little lady-love knowing a relation of his to be in circumstances which could justify such an offer. Angelo was not a schemer—he was content to marry the heiress as a very proper and legitimate means of promoting his own interest, but not to deceive her into a marriage with him. Felicia, in the ignorance of her insular notions, having done him more than justice at one time, and given him credit for exalted sentiments impossible to the atmosphere in which he lived, did him less than justice now. He would have brought in the astonished Alice into this very *sala* if he could have done it with propriety, as smiling and good-humoured as now.

"My soul," said Madame Peruzzi, faltering a little—for she could not forget that, until ten minutes before, her hopes had been fixed on Felicita as her son's wife, and the prudent old lady still remembered that a bird in the hand was more satisfactory than a dozen in the bush—"My soul, you have no need to give yourself trouble. You have enough, Felicia mia—and—it might harm our Angelo, thou perceivest, my life!"

"Nay; but Felicita has no friends — this signorina longs to know her, and loves her already," said Angelo: "be not hindered, my cousin, by any thought of me."

"You do not know the English," said Felicia, turning to him quickly with a significance of meaning which Angelo could not even guess at. "Should I have presented Miss Clayton to your mother, Angelo?"

"And why not?" said Angelo, turning his eyes from Felicia to his mother—then, perhaps, he coloured, slightly. "They saw each other," he said; "I will tell Mees Aleece who it was."

"Nay, my son," said Madame Peruzzi, "they are proud, these English, as Felicita says. I had but my household dress, and was not like thy mother. Say it was thy old nurse, or thy mother's maid. Thy rich heiress shall never scorn thee, my life, for thy mother's sake."

Angelo crossed over quickly to her sofa, and kissed Madame Peruzzi's hollow grey unlovely cheek. "Who scorns my mother scorns me," he said, with a glance towards his cousin, who looked on with amazed and uncomprehending eyes.

Felicia was totally discomfitted. She "gave it up" in complete bewilderment; she could no more understand how fortune-hunting was a perfectly honourable and laudable occupation, and could be pursued honestly without guile or concealment, than Angelo could understand the self-delusions of Alice concerning himself, nor how utterly dismayed that young lady would be could she see the reality of his domestic arrangements, and know his mother as she was.

CHAPTER V.

But when Angelo next encountered Alice Clayton, and was accosted by her with eager questions about his cousin, and inquiries concerning the "frightful old witch" who hurried Felicia away, the young man began to understand what his cousin meant when she said he did not understand the English; and the blue eyes fixed upon him took away his courage. He did not answer boldly that it was his mother, as he meant to do, but faltered, and found himself assenting at last when Alice suggested his mother's maid. When he had done this a great revolution of feeling befell Angelo. He was half disgusted, half stimulated by the deception. It was no longer a jesting matter to him. Now, in mere vindication of himself to himself, it became necessary to press his suit and become serious in it; while the more he did so, the less he liked his little heiress; and a certain sense of guilt in his conscience, and the dishonour of denying his mother, gave a bitterness to every thought of her, which by no means promoted his happiness as a lover. Meanwhile Felicia, who disapproved of him and watched him, and seemed to perceive by intuition his sentiments and his actions alike, became more and more interesting to Angelo. He was flattered by that constant noiseless watchful regard which he knew she bestowed upon him. He felt that she found him out, and saw the change in his mind; and feeling, for the first time in his life, pain and dissatisfaction with himself, Angelo, instead of being offended by her unexpressed perceptions, felt a relief in grumbling vaguely to her over all those vague miseries upon which youthful people revenge the youthful pangs of their own beginning life.

While things were in this condition, Alice Clayton lost no opportunity to improve her acquaintance with Felicia. She watched from the windows when she went out, and followed her; she continued to encounter her in all sorts of unlikely places; she took that girlish violent fancy for the elder young woman, which is generally every girl's first love;—indeed, but for the greater force and excitement of what Alice supposed to be *real* love—the love which would blossom into bridal cake and orange blossoms—it is extremely doubtful whether the little girl liked Angelo better than his cousin; and at last, by persistence and entreaties, she gained her end. Felicia, tormented by constant petitions, and full of an indescribable curiosity about the progress of affairs between Angelo and the little stranger, consented at length to become her *parlatrice*. This peculiar office was one excellently well adapted for making her acquainted with everything which passed in or flashed through the volatile and girlish mind of Alice. A *parlatrice* is a talking teacher—a shoot from the great governess tree—from whom no accomplishment is required, but a good accent and tolerable command of her own language, and whose duty is simply to talk with the individual under instruction. An easy task to all appearance, but not so easy as it seems when it is the pupil who is bent upon talking, and whose thoughts flood into abundant rivers of English instead of strait streams of Italian. It was now winter, and winter is not much more gracious in Florence than in England; but while the weather grew colder and colder, Madame Peruzzi's stony rooms remained innocent of fire, and perhaps Felicia found an additional inducement in the warm comfort of the carpeted apartment which was Alice's dressing-room, and where she could warm her chilly English fingers at the sparkling wood-fire and recall insular comforts without rebuke. Here she heard all about the antecedents, prospects, and limitations of her young companion's life. Alice Clayton was the only child of a rich man, who had left her nothing much to boast of in the way of family connections on his side, and no relative on her mother's save a proud aunt, who could scarcely forgive her sister's low marriage, and yet was not indisposed to accept the guardianship of a young lady with a hundred thousand pounds. This, however, Mr. Clayton had strictly guarded against. The guardian of Alice was a London solicitor—an excellent man, who lived in Bedford Row, and was the most innocent and inexperienced of old bachelors. Mr. Elcombe, totally ignorant what to do with her, had confided her to the care of his sister-in-law, a semi-fashionable widow of these regions, and under the maternal care of Mrs. George Elcombe the young heiress had come to Italy, and at sixteen had made her appearance in the society of Florence. "With her fortune," her accommodating chaperon saw no advantage in retaining Miss Clayton in girlish bondage. It did not matter to *her* how early she came out. Here, accordingly, the child well pleased had come into all the privileges of the woman, had met Angelo Peruzzi, and pleased with his good looks, and flattered with the novelty and frolic of the whole matter, had fallen in love, according to her own showing, at first sight. Falling in love had no sentimental influence upon Alice. She thought it the best fun possible, and enjoyed, above all her other pleasure, that delightful secret which she could only discuss with Felicia, and which, "for all the world," must never be mentioned to anybody else. One drawback, however, remained to her happiness. Till she was twenty-one she was under her guardian's authority. She could neither marry nor do anything else of importance without his consent.

"But about Angelo?" cried Felicia one day, astounded to hear of this hindrance—"does he expect to satisfy your guardian? or what is to be done?"

"That is just what he asked me the other day," said the laughing Alice; "and I told him, to be sure, he must wait. Oh, *I* am not in a hurry at all, I assure you—*I* can wait very well till I come of age."

"But if you wait till you come of age," said Felicia quickly, "you will not marry Angelo."

"Felicita!" cried her little companion indignantly. "Do you mean to suppose that I will be inconstant? or do you think he will forget me?"

"I do not know," said Felicia—"perhaps one, perhaps the other; but you cannot expect Angelo to wait for four—five years."

"The knights long ago used to wait for scores of years," said Alice, indignantly.

"I hope they were very happy at the end," said her grave senior, with a smile; "but there are no such knights nowadays. And Angelo is very different, and you are so young: you two will never wait for each other through five long years."

"We will, though!" cried Alice. "Felicita, I do believe you don't like us to be fond of each other. I always thought so from the first. Something is wrong: either you don't approve of it, or you don't like me, or something. You are always English and downright on other things, but you are a regular Italian here—you never say right out what you mean."

"I am sorry you think so," said Felicia with a sudden painful blush and paleness immediately succeeding each other, which would have betrayed her to a more skilled observer of human emotions; "but I have nothing to do with it, and no right either to approve or disapprove. Besides, we are speaking English," she added immediately in Italian, "and that is quite contrary to our purpose. If you are going to speak English, Miss Elcombe will be a better *parlatrice* than me."

"Oh, never mind the *parlatrice*. Imagine me speaking to Maria Elcombe of Angelo!" cried Alice, with a little burst of laughter. Felicia, who sat with her back to the door, could not understand how it was that the little girl's cheeks suddenly flushed crimson, and an injured sullen look of anger came upon her face. Half afraid to look round, and guessing the domestic accident which had happened, Felicia did not turn her head, but watched the course of events in her companion's face. She knew, by the look of Alice, that some one was approaching; and though she heard no footstep, was scarcely surprised by Mrs. Elcombe's distinct slow voice close at her ear. "Who was it, Miss Clayton, may I ask, whom you could not speak of to Maria?"

Alice was greatly discomfited, and first of all she was angry, as was natural to a spoiled child. "I am not obliged to speak to Maria of everybody I know," she said, with a pout and a frown. Mrs. Elcombe was still invisible to Felicia, who sat motionless, sunk in a low easy-chair, with the colour fluctuating rather uneasily on her own cheek, and her eyes fixed upon the blushing, pouting, discomposed face before her. Then an authoritative rustle of silk made itself heard in the apartment, and Mrs. Elcombe, gliding round behind Felicia's chair, seated herself beside Alice, and took the affronted little girl's hand affectionately into her own.

"By no means, my dear child! Speak to Maria of whom you please," said this sensible woman, remembering that young ladies of Alice Clayton's endowments demand other treatment from ordinary girls of sixteen. "You know how glad I always am when you make *nice* friends—friends whom I can approve of;" and here the slightest side-glance in the world made a parenthesis of Felicia, and excepted *her*; "but you are my little ward at present, my love. I am responsible to my brother for so precious a charge, and you must forgive me for inquiring, my sweet Alice. I heard what seemed to me a gentleman's name—a gentleman's *Christian* name. Most probably I know him also, and think him charming; but, my love, you can surely speak of him to *me*."

This appeal threw Alice into the greatest confusion and dismay, and had a still more painful effect upon Felicia, whose presence Mrs. Elcombe studiously ignored after that one glance, but for whom it was much less easy to suppose herself a piece of furniture than it was for that respectable woman of the world to conclude her to be. Felicia was all the more humiliated and abashed that she felt herself to have no real standing-ground here. She was no *parlatrice*, though she filled that office. She had no claim whatever to consider herself an equal or companion — not even the imaginary claim of nobility; the few drops of long-descended blood which made Angelo a Peruzzi. Felicia's blood was of a very mediocre Italian quality, diluted by intensely commonplace English. Any one with a prejudiced eye, like Mrs. Elcombe, finding her here so familiarly installed, and investigating her claims, must infallibly conclude her an accomplice of her cousin's, the agent of a clandestine correspondence; and Felicia, who had so little sympathy with this correspondence, felt her breast swell and her cheek burn, while smooth Mrs. Elcombe, the pleasantest of maternal women, went on, wooing the confidence of her heiress with every appearance of believing herself to be alone with Alice, and having lost sight entirely of the presence of a third person in the room.

In the mean time Alice, faltering and ashamed, half disposed to cry, and half to be angry, did not know what to answer. She was not crafty or wise by any means, though she was an heiress, and the English fashion of answering honestly a fair question was strong upon the little girl. She could not tell what to do; she looked at Felicia, but it awed even Alice for the moment to see how her dignified chaperone ignored Felicia's presence. Then a little indignation came to her aid; she began to pluck at the corners of her handkerchief, and pout once more. Then her answer came reluctantly, being a subterfuge. "I know nobody, Mrs. Elcombe, that you do not know as well. I don't know any gentleman in Florence" (here the breath and the voice quickened with rising anger) "whom I have not seen with you."

"Precisely, my love; I am quite aware of that," said Mrs. Elcombe, cheerfully; "therefore, Alice, I am sure, when you think of it, you can not have the slightest objection to tell me whom you were speaking of. I have the most perfect confidence in *you*, my dear child; you don't suppose that I don't *trust* you; but I confess I am curious and interested to know who it was."

Here followed another pause, then Felicia rose. "Perhaps I may go now," she said hurriedly. "You will not want me again this afternoon, Miss Clayton; and you can let me know afterwards when I am to come again."

"Oh, by all means, my love, let the young person go," said Mrs. Elcombe, looking up as if she had discovered Felicia for the first time. "We are going out to make some calls presently. Surely, Miss Clayton does not require you any longer to-day; it is a pity to detain her, wasting her time. I hope you have a good many pupils. Good-day. I never like to detain such people, my dear, after I have done with them," said the excellent matron, in audible consideration, "for their time, you know, is their fortune."

"But, Felicita, Felicita, stop! Oh, Mrs. Elcombe, you mistake—she has no pupils!—she is quite as good as we are," cried Alice, rising in great distress; "she only comes because it is a favour to me. Felicita, stay! I cannot let you leave me so."

"I beg the young lady's pardon," said Mrs. Elcombe; "but I think it is always a pity to have things done as a favour which you can pay money for, and get the proper persons to do —I don't mean anything in respect to the present instance, but as a general rule, my dear Alice, I think you will find it useful to remember what I say. The young lady is Mademoiselle Antini, I think; but, perhaps, as we were beginning quite a private conversation, my love, we need not detain her now."

Alice ran to Felicia, put her arms round her, and kissed her eagerly. "Don't be angry, please—I shall not tell her anything—oh, Felicita, dear, don't be vexed!—and promise you will come again to-morrow!" cried Alice, in a whisper, close to Felicia's ear.

"Tell Mrs. Elcombe anything you please; you surely cannot suppose I want anything concealed from her," said Felicia, quietly; "I should not have come to all, but, as I supposed, with her perfect concurrence; and I will ask to see her if I come to-morrow."

So saying, despite the frightened and deprecating look with which Alice replied, and the gesture she made to detain her, Felicia went away—her heart beating quicker, and her pride, such as it was, sore and injured. After all, everything Mrs. Elcombe had said was quite true: she was in an undeniably false position—her cousin's agent! and the conversation that might ensue touching Angelo was sure to bear fruit of one kind or other. She went away, accordingly, with some commotion in her heart.

Angelo lingered at home that evening. Angelo himself was dissatisfied and out of sorts. The saucy composure with which his little heiress had announced to him that she was not at all in haste, and that he must wait five years, confounded the young man. Hopes of sudden wealth are not good for any one; and Angelo felt a certain share of the gambler's feverishness and contempt for ordinary means and revenues. There are circumstances under which the pretty sauciness and assurance of pretty little girls like Alice Clayton are exceedingly captivating and delightful; but there are other circumstances which give quite a different aspect to such coquettish girlish impertinences. Angelo had never made very desperate love to the little Englishwoman—she did not require it. Fun and good-humour, and a general inclination to abet all her frolics and do what she wanted him, were quite enough for the sixteen-year-old beauty. But to wait five years! What would become of that youthful flirtation in five years? The young Florentine was very sulky, sufficiently inclined to talk over his troubles, but ashamed to enter upon the subject with Felicia, who alone could understand him. The *sala* that evening was less comfortable than it had used to be in summer. January in Florence is January without any equivoque; and though Madame Peruzzi had a stove in the room, she was an old-fashioned Italian, and was not in the least inclined to use it, not to speak of the high price of wood. The old lady, accordingly, less pleased than ever to sit up through the long cold evening, sat in her usual sofa corner, wrapped up in a large ancient faded shawl, beneath which she wore so many old jackets and invisible comforters that her leanness was rounded into very respectable proportions. Close beside her, under her skirts, only visible when she made some movement, was a little round earthenware jar with a handle, within which a little heap of charcoal smouldered in white ashes. Madame Peruzzi would have scorned the brightest coal-fire in all England, in compensation or exchange for that unwholesome little furnace under her skirts; but with all her shawls huddled round and her pan of charcoal, she did not look quite an impersonation of that sunny, glowing, fervid Italy of which we read in books. Everything looked cold to-night—poor Felicia, working at her needlework with blue fingers, and beginning to repent of her stubborn English resistance to the pan of charcoal—Angelo leaning his arms on the chilly marble table with discontent and disappointment on his face. Even Angelo felt the cold pinch his feet upon those disconsolate tiles, which no carpet ever had covered, and buttoned his greatcoat over his breast with a physical sensation which seconded his mental discomforts and increased them. Felicia wore the warmest winter dress she had and a shawl, which rather shocked her English sentiments of home-propriety, but was quite indispensable. They were a very dreary party under the two bright steady lights of their tall lamp. It was a kind of Italian interior unknown to strangers, and novel in its way.

"I wish," cried Angelo, at last, in a sudden burst as if his thoughts had been going on in this strain, and only broke from him when he could restrain himself no longer—"I wish that this Firenze had never been 'la bella.' I wish we had no Dante, no Giotti, no fame, Felicita! The past murders us. Is there so much power in a mass of stone and marble, in a line of pictures, that they should trample the life out of generations of men? I wish these strangers, these travellers, these wandering English, would find some other place to visit and admire and degrade. I wish they would but leave us our own country, to make the best of it for ourselves. They would degrade us all into cooks, and couriers, and hotel-keepers. It should not be—it is shame!"

"What have the English done, that you should speak so?" cried Felicia, somewhat indignantly; for her national prejudices were very easily roused, and this unexpected attack astounded her beyond measure.

"Done!—oh nothing very bad; they have taken my mother's house, floor after floor, and made up our income," said Angelo, with an angry laugh. "They have done nothing wrong, my English cousin. Why should they do *every* thing, I say? Why are they doing a thousand things everywhere, every one, all over the face of the earth, except Italy? Why must we never live out of hearing of those frogs who croak to us of their present and our past? Ah, shall we never have anything but a past! You stare at me, Felicita; you think me mad, I who am useless and idle as you say, but I too am an Italian. I think of my country as well as another. I could be a revolutionary, a politician as well as another; and if I say nothing, it is for my mother's sake."

"But your mother would not hinder you from making a revolution in yourself, Angelo," said Felicia, philosophically, improving the opportunity.

Angelo laughed. "Insatiable moralist!" he said, shrugging his shoulders, "I have already had the honour of telling you what are the only things I could do, copying pictures, carving alabaster, making porcelain. Then there are the Government bureaus, it is true; but I have no interest, Felicita mia; what shall I do?"

"You only mock me, Angelo," said Felicia. "You never think seriously, much less speak seriously. You want to be rich and have everything that pleases you, but you don't want to work for it. A great many people are like that—it is not singular to you."

Her tone stung her cousin deeply. "And you—you despise me!" he said. "Because I care more for what you think than for what all the world thinks, therefore you scorn me."

"Do not say so," said Felicia quickly; "Alice Clayton's opinion ought to be, and is, a great deal more important to you than mine. She thinks you always right; I do not; but that is no fault of mine."

"Alice Clayton is a child," said Angelo; "her opinion is what pleases her for the moment. How should she judge of a man? she knows less of me than Marietta does. I am a stranger to her disposition, to her little experience, and to her heart."

"Then why, for heaven's sake," said Felicia, before she was aware of what she said—then she paused: "I do not understand what you mean."

"But I understand it perfectly," said Angelo, with pique. "Little Mees Aleece can play with me, she supposes, but she shall see otherwise. If she had me in her power, this little girl, it shall be but once and no more."

"Angelo," said Felicia, "I am not a proper adviser on such a matter—I am not a proper confidante. Pray be so good as to say no more to me. I can understand the other subject of your complaints, but not this."

"Yet it is the same subject, Felicita," cried the young man: "can I, who do nothing, and have no hope—can I have a wife like your Englishman? Can I ask any woman to live as my mother lives—she who is old and contented with her life, and an Italian? What must I do? You tell me work; but unless I make me an exile, there is nothing to work at; and, my cousin, if I marry little Alice, I will be good to her. I will not love her, but she shall have nothing to complain of me. Why should not I marry her?—but I will not wait five years."

"Cousin Angelo," said Felicia, rising abruptly from the table, "I wish you good-night; you oppress me, and I will not bear it. I have nothing to do with your marrying or your love. I am only a plain English girl, and I do not understand them—I bid you good-night."

And with a hurried step and voice that faltered slightly, she went away, not in a very comfortable condition of mind, poor girl; tried on both sides beyond what was bearable, yet already blaming herself for her ebullition of impatience, and fancying she had betrayed feelings which she would have given the world to hide. Yet, inconsistent as human nature is, this sudden and angry departure of his cousin somehow cheered and exhilarated Angelo. His cheek took a warmer glow—he looked after her with a gleam in his eyes which had not been there a moment before. He was not affronted, but encouraged, and made Felicia's excuses to his mother, and sat by himself when the old lady was gone, with fancies which warmed his heart, but in which no though of Alice Clayton interposed. He was not sorry nor concerned—he took no new resolution on the moment—he considered nothing—but in the pleasure of the moment basked like a child and took no further thought.

While, as for Felicia, she laid down her head upon her bed, till even that homely couch trembled with her restrained trouble. She was humiliated, grieved, oppressed; between these two her judgment was perpetually shocked and her heart wounded. To-morrow even opened to her a new variety of trial. To-morrow the chances were that accusations against her as a secret agent of Angelo's courtship would be brought with unanswerable logic; and Alice, when they were alone, would once more toss her little head in saucy triumph, and talk of leading Angelo, like a second Jacob, a willing wooer for five long years. Yet while this had to be looked for, *she* was the person whom Angelo himself offended with looks and suggestions of love, and to whom he did not scruple to confess his carelessness for Alice. She scorned him, she despised him, she turned with proud disgust from his unworthiness; yet, poor girl! leaned her head upon her bed, devouring sobs whose bitterness lay all in the fact that he was unworthy, and defending him against herself with a breaking heart. It was not Angelo, it was his education, his race, the atmosphere which surrounded him. The one sat smiling and dreaming in one room, pleasing himself in the moment, and taking no thought for the morrow; the other, on the other side of the wall, kept her sobs in her heart, thinking with terror of that inevitable to-morrow, and believing that she would be content to give her own life, ere the day broke, only to wake the soul of Angelo to better things, and open his eyes to honour and truth. Poor Felicia! and poor Angelo!—but it was very true her greater enlightenment did not make her happier. The young Florentine went smiling to his rest, and slept the sleep of youth half an hour thereafter; while his English cousin, chafing and grieving herself with that most intolerable of troubles, the moral obtuseness of the person most dear to her in the world, wept through half the night.

CHAPTER VI.

Brightly this day of Felicia's trial broke upon Florence—bright with all the dazzling sheen of winter—a cloudless sky, an unshaded sun, everything gay to look at, but the shrill *Tràmontana* whistling from the hills, and winter seated supreme in the stony apartments of Italian poverty. In this morning's light Madame Peruzzi's shawled figure, encumbered with all its wrappings, was even more remarkable than it had been at night. A woollen knitted cap tied over her ears—a dark-brown dingy article, by no means improving to her complexion—worsted mits on the lean hands, in which, throughout the house, wherever she went in her morning perambulations, the old lady carried her little jar of charcoal, and her shawl enveloping the entire remainder of her person, left much to the imagination, but did not stimulate that faculty with very sweet suggestions. While in the dazzle of the sunshine, everything in that bare little *sala* shone so bitterly and remorselessly cold, that it is not wonderful if Felicia, who was only in her first Italian winter, and not quite inured to the domestic delights of that season, felt chilled to her heart. Possibly this chill was no disadvantage at that crisis, for the extreme physical discomfort she felt not only blunted her feelings a little to future mental suffering, but held up before her, with an aspect of the most irresistible temptation, the cosy fire and warm interior of Alice Clayton's room.

Thither accordingly, a little after mid-day, Felicia betook herself, with no small flutter in her heart. She did not enter as usual, and make her way to the apartment of Alice. She asked for Mrs. Elcombe, and was ushered up with solemnity into the drawing-room, to have that audience. Mrs. Elcombe, though she was not a great lady at home, could manage to personate one very tolerably at Florence; and, to tell the truth, Felicia had so little experience of great ladies that she had entire faith in the pretensions of her little friend's guardian and chaperon. With Mrs. Elcombe in the drawing-room was seated an elderly gentleman, looking much fatigued, heated, and *flustered*, if such a feminine adjective is applicable to elderly gentlemen. He looked precisely as if, vexed and worried out of his wits, he had escaped from some unsuccessful conflict, and thrown himself, in sheer exhaustion, into that chair. Seeing him, as she began to speak, Felicia hesitated, and made a pause. Mrs. Elcombe hastened to explain—"This is Mr. Elcombe, Miss Clayton's guardian, my brother. He is newly arrived, and naturally very anxious about his previous young charge. Pray tell me with confidence anything you may have to say."

"I have nothing to say, except to know whether—as I supposed from what you said yesterday—you have any objection to my visits to Miss Clayton," said Felicia. "I would have given them up at once; but—indeed I have not many friends in Florence, and it is a pleasure to see her sometimes; besides, that she wants me; but I thought it right in the first place, before seeing her again, to see you."

"I am much obliged—it is very judicious—pray be seated, mademoiselle," said Mrs. Elcombe. "I am puzzled, however, to know in what capacity you visit my young ward. I had supposed as her *parlatrice?* She engaged you, as I imagined—indeed, I remember, finding you to be perfectly respectable so far as I could ascertain, that I gave my consent to make an arrangement; but according to what you say, I should suppose your visits to be those of friendship, which mades a difference. May I ask which is the case?"

"Certainly I have come to speak Italian with Miss Clayton," said Felicia, blushing painfully; "but I have not taken money from her, and never meant to do so. I came because she entreated me."

"And how did she know you, may I ask?" continued the great lady, fixing upon Felicia her cold and steady eyes.

"I believe through my cousin, whom she has frequently met," said Felicia as steadily, though her heart beat loud, and the colour, in spite of herself, fluctuated on her cheek.

"So! I believe we are coming to the bottom of it now," cried Mrs. Elcombe, turning to her brother-in-law with a look of triumph. "Your cousin is Angelo Peruzzi; he knows our poor child's fortune, and in case his own suit should not prosper sufficiently of itself, he has managed to place you about her person, to convey his messages and love-letters, and so forth; and to make her suppose a beggarly Florentine idler to be a young Italian nobleman! Oh, I see the whole! Can you dare to look in my face and deny what I say?"

Felicia had become very pale; she was still standing, and grasped the back of a chair unconsciously as Mrs. Elcombe spoke, half to support herself, half to express somehow by an irrepressible gesture the indignation that was in her. "I will deny nothing that is true," she said, commanding herself with nervous self-control. "Angelo Peruzzi is my cousin. Because he had spoken of me to her, Miss Clayton claimed my acquaintance one morning in the gallery of the Palace. That is all my cousin has to do, so far as I am aware, with our acquaintance. If Angelo ever wrote to her, I am ignorant of it. I have never borne any message whatever between them. I have nothing to do with what he wishes, or what she wishes. They are both able to answer for themselves. Now will you be good enough to answer my question — I have answered yours. Do you object to my visits to Miss Clayton? May I beg that you will tell me yes or no?"

Mrs. Elcombe stared at her questioner with speechless consternation. She expected the presumptuous young woman to be totally confounded, and lo! she was still able to answer. "I see you will not lose anything for want of confidence, mademoiselle," she said with a gasp. "To dare me to my very face! Do you suppose I believe your fine story? No! this poor child shall not be sacrificed to a foreign fortune-hunter if I can help it. I prohibit your visits to Miss Clayton—do you hear? I will give orders that you are not to be admitted again."

"Stay a moment," said the distressed elderly gentleman, who all this time had been recovering breath and looking on. "The young woman seems to me to have answered very sensibly and clearly — very different from that little fury in the other room — not to say that you have exposed your case unpardonably, sister, as indeed was to be expected. May I ask how it is that you, being an Italian, speak English so well?"

"I *am* English," said Felicia; she had no breath for more than these three laconic words.

"Ah, indeed; and what service, then, were you likely to be to Alice Clayton, when you went to her as her parla — parla — what-do-you-call-it? Eh, can you answer me that?"

"My father was an Italian—the one language is to me as familiar as the other," said Felicia, quietly.

"Hum—ah. What do you know, then, about this courtship business?" said the stranger. "Girls are always intrusted about such matters. Tell us in confidence, and be sure *I* shan't blame you. What hand have *you* had it? Eh?"

"None whatever," said Felicia.

"Well, well; that is not precisely what I mean. What do you know about it? That will satisfy me!"

"I know nothing at all about it," said Felicia with some obstinacy—then she paused. "I am English, and I am not a waiting-woman. I neither will nor can repeat to you all that Alice Clayton—a little girl of sixteen—may have said to me. I am not aware of any duty which could make me do that; but so far from wishing to help on what you call a courtship between them, the idea is grievous to me. I have every reason in the world to oppose it," said Felicia hurriedly, giving way, in spite of herself to her natural feelings. "My cousin's honour — his whole life—— But it is useless to tell you what I think on such a subject. May I see Miss Clayton? I have no farther concern with the matter."

"Sister," said the lawyer, whose eyes had been fixed on Felicia while she spoke, "I see no reason to doubt what this young lady says. Let her go to Alice, and as often as she will. I believe she speaks the truth."

"As you will! The unfortunate child is your ward; let her be sacrificed," cried Mrs. Elcombe. But Felicia did not wait to hear the end of her oration; she made a little curtsy of gratitude to her defender, and hurried away.

The half of it was over; now for Alice, whose saucy girlish brag of the impatience of her lover, and determination to make him wait, was perhaps rather more aggravating than even the doubts and interrogatories of her friends. But Alice to-day was neither saucy nor triumphant; she lay sunk in a great chair with her hands over her face, sobbing sobs of petulant anger, shame, and vexation — a childish passion. Felicia was entirely vanquished by this strange and unexpected trouble. She did not believe the little girl could have felt any thing so much, nor did she understand what was the occasion of her sudden grief. Something in which Angelo on the one side and her newly-arrived guardian on the other, had to do, was evident; but all Felicia's personal indignation was quenched at once by the sight of her tears. What had she to do weeping, that bright little happy creature? There are certainly some people in the world who are not born to weep, and whose chance sufferings strike with a sense of something intolerable the saddest spectators who see them. Little Alice Clayton, with her sixteen-year-old-beauty, was one of these.

"What has happened? what is the matter?" cried Felicia, sitting down beside her, and drawing away the little hands from her face. "Let me make your mind easy by telling you that Mr. Elcombe himself has just given me permission to come. I am not here under disapproval. Your guardian has sent me; and now tell me what is wrong?"

"Oh, Felicita," cried Alice suddenly, throwing herself upon Felicita's shoulder, "I will depend upon you, I will trust to you; though all the world should deceive me, I know you will tell me the truth; and if he really loves me, Felicita, I will wait for him ten, twenty—I do not mind if it was a hundred years!"

Felicia involuntarily drew herself away. "A hundred years is a long promise," she said, with a trembling smile.

"But that is no answer," cried Alice, recovering her animation. "I said I would depend on you, and believe whatever you said; and I will, Felicita! They tell me Angelo wants my fortune, and does not care for me. They try to make me believe nobody could love me at my age: that is a falsehood, I know!" cried Alice, with sparkling eyes, which flashed through her tears: "they might as well say at once that nobody could ever love a girl that had a fortune, for that is what they mean; but never mind, Felicita! It is of Angelo they were speaking—Angelo, your cousin, who is very fond of you, and tells you what he thinks, I know he does. If you will say you are sure he loves me, Felicita, I will wait for him, I tell you, a dozen years!"

This serious appeal took Felicia by surprise. She grew red and grew pale and drew back as her young companion bent forward, with a pang which she could not express. For the moment she felt guilty and a culprit, with the blue eyes of Alice gazing so earnestly and unsuspiciously in her face. How could she answer?—she who remembered, no further gone than last night, those looks and words of Angelo's which sent her thrilling with mortified pride, yet tenderness inextinguishable, to the solitude of her own chamber. When that first natural shock was passed, and when she supposed she could detect a sharper and less earnest scrutiny in Alice's eyes, the poor girl once more grew indignant. Bad enough that she should be accused of abetting a wooing so little to her mind. Now must she be called upon to answer for him, and pledge her own sincerity for his? If Felicia had been a young lady in a novel, she would doubtless have recognised in this the moment for self-sacrifice—the moment in which to make a holocaust of her own feelings, and transfer, with the insulting generosity of a modern heroine, the heart which she knew to be her own, to the other less fortunate woman who only wished for it. But as she was only a plain girl, accustomed to tell the truth, this climax of feminine virtue was not to be expected from her. And happily for herself she grew angry, resentful of all the perplexities forced upon her. She drew quite back from her little friend, or little tormentor. She rose up, and gathered her cloak about her with haste and agitation. She would go away—she was safe only in flight.

"It is not a question which can be asked of me," she said, with so much more than her usual gravity that Alice thought her stern, and grew quiet unawares. "Only one person can or ought to answer you. You must not repeat to me such words. No, you do me wrong; it is cruel to put such a question to me—"

"Why? you ought to know best. You are not going away, Felicita? Oh, don't go away! oh, I do so want you," cried Alice, rising and throwing herself upon her friend's arm. "I have everything to tell you, and I want to know what I should do, and

I want to ask about Angelo, and I want—oh, Felicita, don't *you* care at all about me? Won't you stay?"

"I care a great deal about you, but I will not stay," said Felicia firmly. "I can neither advise you what to do, nor tell you about Angelo. Ask Angelo himself, he is the proper person to speak to; and do what you think best. I will come back when you please; but I will not answer any questions: and now I cannot stay."

Saying which she led the little girl back to her seat, and with a swiftness and silentness which half-frightened Alice, left the room and the house. The little heiress sat still in her chair, startled into positive stillness. She could not hear Felicia's retreating footstep, but knew she was gone; and this new incident and new idea gave a new turn to the thoughts of Alice. Her tears dried of themselves, and her passion subsided. She no longer thought of her guardians, or Mrs. Elcombe, or even of Angelo; but puzzled with all her amazed but shrewd little faculties over the new, abstruse, and mysterious question, What could Felicia mean?

While Felicia, sick at heart and utterly discouraged, went away by the quietest streets she could find to the other end of Florence. She had nothing to do there, and it would have greatly shocked her aunt's prejudices to see her alone so far from their own house; but Felicia's secret vexations were too much at the moment for any consideration of her aunt, or indeed for considerations of anything. She was not thinking; her utmost mental effort was to remember, and sting herself over again with those words and looks, questions and implications, from which she had already suffered so cruelly; and when, returning home, having tired herself completely, she saw at a little distance, unseen herself, the laughing careless face of Angelo amidst a group of other such at the *café* door, her patience entirely forsook the English girl. What had she done to have her quiet footsteps so hopelessly entangled in a volatile, hopeless, inconsequent, Italian life like this?

That night she and her aunt spent alone in their usual fashion—which is to say that Madame Peruzzi went to bed, and that Felicia, with one feeble wick of the lamp lighted, bewildered herself with a book which she had not sufficient power of self-possession to understand, and watched from the window when Mrs. Elcombe's carriage drove up to the door opposite, to see Alice glide into it with the others in a mist of floating white. That morning's passion did not hinder the little heiress. She was there as usual, and doubtless quite as smiling and bright as usual. Felicia said to herself with a momentary bitterness—"But what was it all to her?" She went back to the table, and bewildered herself for the rest of the evening with her book of Italian proverbs, scarcely seeing what she read, and certainly not comprehending it. That was how *she* spent the night.

Next morning Felicia rose with a craving anxiety in her heart, dimly feeling that something must have happened overnight, dimly dreading something which might happen to-day. She felt little doubt that Angelo had encountered Alice and seen her guardian; but Angelo was late, and did not make his appearance. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could manage to preserve enough of her usual calmness to save her from embarrassing inquiries, and sitting by while Madame Peruzzi sipped her coffee, Felicia was too much occupied in keeping down a convulsive shiver, half physical, half mental, combined of cold and anxiety, to be able for anything else. When the ungenial meal was over, and she had to occupy herself with her usual female work, the mending and darning of which she had insisted upon relieving her aunt, with the whole bright cold hours of the day before her, and that thrill of expectation in her whole mind and frame, the strain upon her became still harder. It was while she sat thus vainly endeavoring to restrain her thoughts, and assuring herself that, however the matter ended, she had nothing to do with it; and while Madame Peruzzi, in her great shawl, and with her pan of charcoal under her skirts, sat carefully surveying some very old much-worn linen, to ascertain where it was practicable to apply a patch, that a sudden noise at the door startled Felicia. Angelo was not yet up, and the house a moment before had been perfectly still. Now Marietta's voice, in active discussion with intruders, made itself audible. Marietta was endeavouring to impress upon some obstinate visitors, first, that the Signora did not receive, and, second, that it was quite inconvenient, and out of the question, to attempt to make good their entrance at such an hour. Madame Peruzzi listened with an anxious flutter, sweeping up in her arms the heap of linen; while Felicia, perfectly still, heard the noise of English voices, and yet could scarcely hear them for the throbbing of her breast. But then, an indisputable reality, rang the girlish tones of Alice, speaking to some one who answered her in a voice which could belong to nobody but an elderly Englishman, doubtless Mr. Elcombe. Another colloquy, and the two had swept triumphantly in, Alice dragging after her her reluctant and troubled guardian. Felicia started to her feet as this astounding vision appeared at the door. Madame Peruzzi, who had half risen, dropped back into her chair, scattering the linen at her feet in her nervous bewilderment. There stood the little heiress in her flutter of pretty flounces, not muslin this time, but more costly silk; and there sat at the household table "the frightful old witch," whom she had ridiculed to Angelo, and who could be no other than Angelo's mother. Alice, who had come in very briskly, and on first sight of Felicia had been about to rush into her arms, checked herself at this sight. She made a little frightened curtsy, grew very red, and stood gazing at Madame Peruzzi as though she had eyes for nothing else. The old lady rose immediately, unquestionably a very odd figure, and "received" her visitors with as much equanimity as she could muster, and the utmost exuberance of Italian politeness. But Alice's fright had startled all her Italian out of her little girl's head, and Mr. Elcombe, stumbling forward, upset the charcoal pan and its white ashes, covering himself with confusion, and adding, if possible, to the awkwardness of the scene. Nobody spoke a word at first but Madame Peruzzi, and only Felicia understood what Madame Peruzzi said: but when Mr. Elcombe began to stammer and apologize in English, and in the utmost embarrassment, the old lady, discovered so terribly out of toilette, and in employment so commonplace, addressed herself in incomprehensible explanations to him. But that the younger persons of the group were moved by much more serious feelings, the combination would have been simply ludicrous; but Alice, who had come in with all the energy and earnestness of a purpose, was so utterly confounded and dismayed by the sight of Madame Peruzzi, and Felicia was so anxious and so painfully excited, that they added quite a tragical element to the other by-play, and presently swept its lighter current into the course of their own stronger emotion. Singularly enough, the first idea which struck Alice was horror and disgust, not at the appearance of her lover's mother, but at her own unintentional levity and cruelty in speaking of her to Angelo; and all the youthful kindness towards Angelo which she dignified by the name of love, sprang up in double force in the warm rebound of her generous feelings. She had done him wrong—she returned with vehemence and earnestness to the idea which had brought her here.

"Felicita," she cried, "beg Madame Peruzzi to forgive us for intruding on her. Tell her we speak no Italian; do tell her, pray! I can't think of the words, and there is no time.—Have you told her?—does she understand you, Felicita? Oh, thank you! If she only knew how wicked and cruel I once was about her, she would hate me; but how could I tell it was his mother? She is not like him—not the least in the world. Felicita, we watched at the window and saw Angelo go out, and then we came to you. Mr. Elcombe says he will trust what you say; and so should I, if it were for my life. Oh, Felicita, this time you must answer me! Mr. Elcombe says it shall be as you say. If you say Angelo loves me, he will give his consent; if you say it, I will wait for him, if it should be a dozen years!"

Felicia uttered a little cry of impatience and anger. "I said yesterday this question was not to be asked of me. I said I could not answer it—I will not answer it! It is cruel! Why do you come again to me?"

"Felicita! have I any one else whom I can ask?" cried Alice, taking her reluctant hand and caressing it, as she looked up with her girlish, coaxing, entreating looks in Felicia's face. "You said you liked me—you said you were fond of me; and when it may make me happy or unhappy all my life, you will never have the heart to refuse me now."

"There is but one person who can answer such a question; let him speak for himself. Can I tell what is in Angelo's heart?" said his cousin with a kind of despair. "I told you so before; you must ask himself, and not me. Am I a spy to know what is in his heart?"

"But I have asked Angelo, and I cannot tell whether he is in jest or earnest," said Alice, with a plaintive mingling of pique and humility. "Felicita, Felicita! I do not know what to do, or what to trust to, if you do not tell me; and it is for all my life!"

"For all your life! You are only sixteen; you do not know what life is," cried Felicia.

"And that is all the more reason you should tell me," said Alice, stealing once more to her side. "Mr. Elcombe says I might pledge my whole life, and then find out—— Felicita! I trust only in you!"

"She says truly; the young man of course must preserve his consistency," said Mr. Elcombe. "Speak to her; you are reasonable, and know—for his sake as well as hers. She will be content with nothing else."

"Felicita! tell me," cried Alice, clasping her hands.

Felicia had risen up, and stood drawing back into the corner of the room—her face burning, her eyes glowing, an indignant despair possessing her. All this time Angelo's mother had been looking on amazed and uncomprehending; even her presence was some support to the poor girl. Now Madame Peruzzi, struck by a new idea, and stimulated by the frequent sound of Angelo's name, the only word she understood, left the room hurriedly. Felicia stood drawing back, holding up her hands to defend herself from the advance of Alice, saying she could not tell what—eager disclaimers of being reasonable and able to tell, indignant appeals against being asked. Her voice grew shrill in her trouble. What had she to do with it? She had always said so!—she had never stood between them!—why should she answer now?

"Because you are my friend," cried Alice, suddenly throwing herself into Felicia's arms, breaking down her defences, and clasping her appealing hands—"because I have no one to trust but you—because I take you for my sister. Felicita! does Angelo love me?"

"No! Alice, go away from me—you will kill me. No!—he loves *me!*" cried poor Felicia, with a sob and cry. Then she sank down without further word or thought upon the floor—her head throbbing, her heart beating, insensible to everything but that forced utterance, which came with no triumph, but with a pang indescribable from the bottom of her heart. She felt that some one endeavoured to draw her clasped hands from her face, and raise her from the ground; but she resisted, and kept there crouching down into her corner, thrilling with a passion of indignant shame, bitterness, and undeserved suffering. Why was this extorted, wrung from *her?*—why was *she* driven to confess it, as though she was the culprit? She desired no more to raise her eyes to the light; she was sick of scrutiny, sick of questions, conscious of no wish but to disappear from everybody's sight, and hide herself where neither Alice nor Angelo should see her more. She had said it, but she had no pleasure in it. She heard a murmur of voices, without caring to hear what was said or who was speaking. She had no longer either friend or cousin. Alice and Angelo were alike lost to her now. Nothing in the world seemed to remain visible to her through those eyes blind with tears, and covered with her hands, save a flight somewhere into some unknown solitary country, and no comfort but the dreary consciousness of having separated herself from everybody she cared for, by that burst of plain-speaking, the inevitable truth.

CHAPTER VII.

Five years afterwards, a little English village had brightened to a public holiday. The place was a tiny hamlet of some twenty cottages, bearing conspicuous tokens of being close to somebody's lodge-gates who was pleased with pretty cottages, and wealthy enough to encourage the culture of the same. It was as easy to predicate, from the state of the gardens, that a flower-show and prizes were somewhere in the neighbourhood, as to conclude that the holder of the curacy under whose care that tiny Gothic chapel and schoolhouse had sprung into existence, wore a long priestly coat, and waistcoat buttoned up to the chin, and was slightly "high." The little village street was gay with a triumphal arch of boughs and flowers, for the five years were slightly exceeded, and the season was May. The sky was doubtful, uncertain, sunny and showery — an airy, breezy, variable English morning, with no such steady glory in its light as the skies of Italy; and anything more unlike the lofty houses of the Vio Giugnio than those low rural cottages could not have been supposed. Along the road, where the sunshine and the shadows pursued each other, a bright little procession came irregularly along, with the flutter and variable movement which belongs to a feminine march. It was a christening party, headed by an important group of womankind guarding and encircling the one atom of weak humanity disguised in flowing muslin skirts, who was the hero of the day. Behind, at a little distance, were the ladies and gentlemen, godfathers and godmothers, papa and mama. The little mother in thanksgiving robes of white, with delicate roses on her soft cheek, and sweet lights of womanly triumph and gratitude in her eyes, called herself still Alice, but not Alice Clayton, and had blossomed out into a cordial and sweet young womanhood, prettier in her mother-pride than at saucy sixteen, when all her life, as the child supposed, hung upon the question, whether Angelo Peruzzi loved *her*, or sought only her fortune. Small thought of Angelo Peruzzi was in that sunshiny existence now. Behind Alice and her husband—yet not behind from any wish of theirs, or any distinction made by them—came a young woman alone. More marked in her characteristic Italian features than she used to be, five years older—perhaps, if no longer moved by active agitation, graver than formerly — it was still Felicia; "a young person" whom Alice's country neighbours could not comprehend—who did not choose to accept the entire equality which her friend would fain have forced upon her, and whose position in the young and gay household which called Alice mistress was a grave, doubtful, half-housekeeper position, in which *she* found no inconvenience, and which suited Alice perfectly, but did not satisfy the excellent neighbours, who had difficulty in making out whether or not Miss Antini was "a person to know." Felicia in Holmsleigh was twice as Italian as Felicia in Florence had been, and looked back strangely enough to that uncomfortable and agitating period of her existence with sighs and smiles, and recollections which touched her heart. Madame Peruzzi's cold rooms no longer chilled her, and she was no longer repelled by that unlovely unhomelike life of which memory preserved only the brighter parts. Yet nearly five years had passed since Felicia had either heard or seen anything of her Italian friends. The day on which she had made that confession which Alice extorted from her—a confession which she found afterwards, to her greatly increased horror, to have been made in the very presence of Angelo, and immediately confirmed by him—had been her last day in the Via Giugnio. Alice, who bore her disappointment magnanimously, if disappointment it was, and who felt greatly shocked at the evident and extreme suffering of Felicia, had half entreated, half compelled, the poor girl to accompany her home. Felicia could scarcely be persuaded to see her cousin again; when she consented at last, she too had her caprice. He whom Alice would no longer wait for, must either relinquish Felicia too, or wait the full five years for his humbler and less wealthy love: perhaps other conditions were added which neither of them mentioned — but it was thus the cousins had parted. In the mean time Madame Peruzzi died, and when Felicia mentioned Angelo at all, she spoke of him as a relation whom she should never see again. But the five years were past, and sometimes, unawares to herself, she started at an unusual sound in the house, and trembled and grew pale at an unexpected arrival. A possibility, however stoutly one may deny it, is still so powerful over that unruly imagination which is aided and abetted by the heart.

Thus she went lingering along the road, after Mrs. Alice and her handsome husband, to the heir of Holmsleigh's christening, thinking, she would have said, of nothing in particular — of the passage of time, and the slow yet rapid progress of life—wonderfully grave and philosophic reflections, quite becoming to the inauguration of the new generation, as any one aware of them would have naturally said. But when the christening was over, and there was nothing but rejoicing in the house and park, where all the villagers, and a little crowd of other tenants, were feasted outside, and the great people had a grand dinner in the evening, Felicia continued wistful and contemplative still. The continual arrival of the carriages startled her, and kept her uneasy. She could not help a lingering idea that some one or other of them some day — this evening or another—might bring that stranger to Holmsleigh, whom she professed never to expect. There was no reason in the world to think of him to-night; but the noise and commotion and perpetual arrivals startled her; she was uneasy and anxious, and could not tell how it was.

At last the arrivals were over—the dinner was over. That moment of repose, which the ladies spend alone in the drawing-room — blissful moment after the troubles of a grand dinner — fell calm and grateful upon Felicia. She was past being snubbed by her friend's fine neighbours; she was quite sure of her position, if nobody else was; and people began to know as much. She sat in her usual quiet place, with her usual cheerfulness recovered. Another arrival! she was surprised and vexed to find how the sounds of these wheels ringing through the evening quiet disturbed her composure again. Of course it was somebody invited for the evening; could nobody come or go without a fever on her part? She sat doubly still, and busied herself all the more with the prose of her next neighbour by way of self-punishment, and would not look up when the door opened to see who entered the room.

Would not look up for the first moment,—then she did look up. The person who entered was a gentleman alone—a soldier—the only man in the room, and he certainly had not been at dinner. Felicia was much too ignorant to know what his uniform was. It was not an English red coat; but she caught at the distance the gleam of a medal, the familiar Crimean medal, well enough known to her, on his breast. He had not been announced, but had sent his name to Alice, who was quite at the other end of the room. It was a very long apartment, stretching across the entire side of the house; the door was quite at one end, and Alice, as it happened, quite at the other. Felicia could not hear a word her neighbour was saying to her, but she could hear her own heart beat, and she could hear the slightest stir of motion the stranger made; the stranger, brown, bearded, and medalled, whom certainly she had never seen before, and did not know. Just then a little cry of joy and amazement from Alice struck her ear. Looking up, she saw the little mistress of the house running past her, with her girlish curls dancing about her ears, and her foot as light and unrestrained as though no responsibilities of wifehood or motherhood lay on her bright little head. Alice's face was flushed with surprise and pleasure, and her eyes fixed upon the stranger. Involuntarily, and by an impulse she could not restrain, Felicia rose. She did not know him! she had never seen him before; and yet, when Alice ran to meet him, she could not keep her seat. Alice ran with both her hands held out. When she met the stranger, Felicia bent forward with a face like marble. "Angelo!" It was not Angelo; and yet that was *his* name.

When Felicia came to herself she was in another room, with only Alice bending over her, and somebody behind in the twilight, who was not distinguishable save by some gleams of reflection, especially one which shone over Alice's head strangely like the medal upon that soldier's breast. Felicia did not answer the tender inquiries of her little friend; she turned towards this undiscernible figure and pointed almost imperiously —"Who is it?" she cried, and the foolish little kind creature by her side kept hold of her hands, and kissed her, and wasted a world of caressing words "to break it to her." "Who is it?" cried Felicia: and then the stranger took matters into his own hands, — for to be sure it was Angelo — Angelo himself five years older, a Sardinian soldier, though a Tuscan poor gentleman, with a beard and a captain's commission, and her Britannic Majesty's Crimean medal upon his breast. As the three stood together in the twilight, or at least a minute later, when only two stood together, and the little mistress of the house had returned to her guests, Felicia was able to forgive Alice for her anxiety not to startle her, and her care in "breaking" the news.

But what had he to do with arms, that pacific Florentine? and with the Sardinian uniform and foreign wars? "You remember how I told you there was nothing to do, Felicita," explained the returned soldier days after, when Alice and her husband listened too; "but men who can do nothing else can fight, — it is an idler's natural profession. Every Italian like me has not an English cousin; but time is doing your work, Felicita, and some time or other the rulers in our country will learn at last to know that men who are good for little else are very good for soldiers; and that people who may not work *will* fight."

Plain politics—not hard to understand; and Felicia, perhaps, was less hard to please than before, and found great comfort in that Crimean medal. What natural consequences followed this visit to England of Captain Angelo Peruzzi it may not be necessary to particularise, nor where they went to live, nor what kind of *ménage* was their Anglo-Italian one; but it was a better ending to Angelo's innocent fortune-hunting than if Alice had made him master of Holmsleigh, and waited for him five years.

VOLUNTARY AND INVOLUNTARY ACTIONS.

It seems an easy thing to distinguish a voluntary from an involuntary action; and yet this seemingly easy thing sorely perplexes the cunning of philosophy. It seems also an easy thing to distinguish between an animal and a plant; yet when we come to seek for the one distinctive characteristic which marks the animal nature, and separates it decisively from the vegetable world, we are sorely puzzled. There is no difficulty in saying that a cow is an animal, and a cabbage is a plant: but when we descend to the simpler forms of animal life, we find them so nearly allied to vegetables that our classification is troubled. Still greater is our perplexity when the simpler actions are presented for analysis; positive as we may be that some actions have a volitional element, we are at a loss to mark out what that element is.

If the reader will be a gentle and a patient reader to the length of a few pages, we will endeavor to illuminate this dark subject; and in so doing, introduce to his notice the very able and suggestive treatise in which Mr. Bain discusses it, and other important topics. The volume now before us is entitled "The Emotions and the Will," and with its predecessor, "The Senses and the Intellect," it forms a body of psychological doctrine, the fruit of long meditation, and well worthy the meditation of all students.

Mr. Bain does not attempt to define the Will, but to explain what is the nature of a voluntary action, and how it grows up from certain natural germs in our constitution. He is silent as to involuntary actions; but we may assume that they are implicitly explained in the explanation of volitions. While we believe that he has thrown a steady light on the physiological and psychological processes involved, the light seems to us occasionally to flicker; and therefore, before expounding his views, we will ask attention to a little preliminary explanation.

In popular language, those actions are called voluntary over which we can exercise control, either in the way of restraining or prompting them. I can move my arm, or keep it motionless, if I will to do so. But there are other actions which are beyond control; no effort of Will suffices to prompt, or to restrain them. The heart beats without my control. The eyelid winks, the wounded muscle quivers, the stomach digests, involuntarily. I can control the movement of my arm, unless a sharp pain forces me to withdraw it, and when I withdraw it under sudden pain, the action is said to be involuntary.

This is a rough classification which suffices for our daily needs. We want a term to mark a certain group, and the term voluntary satisfies that want. But the severer exigencies of Science are not satisfied so easily. A rigorous examination shows that in most, if not in all, the so-called involuntary actions (as we shall see presently) this very volitional element of control may find a place. Although breathing is an involuntary act, it can be, and often is, restrained or accelerated by the will; but the controlling power soon comes to an end—we cannot voluntarily suspend our breathing for many seconds, the urgency of the sensation at last bears down the control. In like manner, we can partially, but not wholly, restrain the shrinking and trembling which accompany pain and terror. It has been said that these partial influences of control are due to the fact that the apparatus involves some of the voluntary muscles, and these are, of course, under the control of the will; but that inasmuch as the apparatus is not wholly constituted by voluntary muscles, it is not wholly under control. Yet this is only a re-statement

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The Emotions and the Will. By Alex. Bain, A. M., Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the London University.

of the fact in different terms. The muscles are styled voluntary, because they are under control. Nevertheless, it is easy to prove that an apparatus of purely voluntary muscles will furnish an involuntary act — an act quite beyond all influence of the Will. The act of winking is an example. It is performed by voluntary muscles, and may be a purely voluntary act—as when we wish telegraphically to warn one of our hearers that we are jesting. Yet this act, which is as purely voluntary as any we perform, is habitually an involuntary act; the contact of the air with the eye causes a loss of temperature by evaporation, and the sensation caused by this dryness, urgently insisting on being remedied, we wink. Not only is winking one of the typical examples of involuntary action, but we find that it occurs in spite of the most obstinate effort to restain it: no resolution on our part *not* to wink, will prevent our winking, after a certain time, or if a hand be passed rapidly before the eye.

This example shows that the partial control which the will exercises over what are called involuntary acts, does not depend on the nature of the muscles involved. The *same* action which is voluntary at one moment, will be involuntary at another, according to the urgency, or intensity, of the stimulus. We laugh because we are tickled, or because some ludicrous image presents itself; both of these are involuntary actions, although both are capable, within certain limits, of control; but we may also laugh because we pretend to be tickled at the great man's joke — secretly felt to be a very feeble effort of humour. We cough because there is a tickling in the throat; and we also cough because we desire to drown the too buoyant platitudes of a remorseless orator. We yawn because we are weary, and we yawn because we determine to set others yawning. It seems clear, therefore, that the *volitional* element we are in search of, cannot lie in the act itself, but in something which precedes or accompanies the act. According to the popular opinion, an act is called voluntary if the mind has determined it by a conscious conception of the object to be attained; and if we were to say that volition is an action determined by a distinct idea, we should express the current opinion pretty accurately. Is that opinion tenable?

It is not tenable, because on the one hand actions may be determined by distinct ideas and yet be "involuntary;" and because on the other hand actions may be voluntary, yet not determined by distinct ideas, but determined simply by sensations. Let a friend pass a finger rapidly before your eye, and although he has solemnly assured you that he will not touch you, and you have profound confidence in his word, yet no effort of Will prevents your winking. It is in vain you resolve to be firm—the eyelid drops as the finger approaches. This winking is assuredly an involuntary act, since it is performed in spite of the will; yet it is an act determined by an idea, the idea of *danger;* and the proof of this is seen when you approach a finger to the eye of an animal, or infant, in whom no such idea of danger is excited: it does not wink. Nor do you wink when you approach your own finger to your eye, because then the idea of danger is absent. We have here an action eminently *controllable*, and obviously determined by an *ideal stimulus*, having therefore the two cardinal characters of a voluntary act, yet being unmistakably involuntary. To reconcile such a contradiction we must suppose that the Will oscillated—one instant it resolved that winking should not take place, and the next instant resolved that it should. This explanation would, however, force the admission that the act of winking was not involuntary; after which, it would be puzzling to say *what* acts are involuntary. If the will can thus oscillate, and thus rescind its orders, why may it not in all the assumed cases of involuntary action be in a state of oscillation?

What is the process of control? Every action is a response to a sensitive stimulus. Muscles are moved by motor-nerves which issue from nerve-centres; these nerve-centres are excited by impressions carried there, either by sensory nerves going from a sensitive surface, or by impressions communicated from some other centre. A stimulus applied to the skin excites a *sensation*, which being reflected on a muscle excites a *contraction*. This is the much-talked-of *Reflex Action*. In the opinion of the present writer all nerve-actions whatever are reflex: when a sensation plays upon a muscle, there is reflex-action; when a sensation is reflected on a nerve-centre, instead of on a muscle, there is *reflex-feeling*. This secondary or reflex sensation, may either play upon a muscle, or upon some other centre, and *this* will excite an action. Thus it is that the same external stimulus may issue in very different actions. We decapitate a frog, and half an hour after prick or pinch its leg: the frog hops, or suddenly draws up its leg. We now prick, or pinch, an uninjured frog, in the same way, and we mostly (not always) observe that its leg is motionless; it does not hop away, it only lowers its head, and perhaps closes its eyes; a second pinch makes it hop away. In the decapitated frog, the action was reflex; the stimulus transmitted from the skin to the spinal chord was directly answered by a contraction of the leg. In the uninjured frog, the stimulus was also transmitted to the spinal chord; but from thence it ran upwards to the brain, exciting a reflex-feeling of alarm; but though alarmed, the animal was not forced into any definite course of action to secure escape; and whilst thus hesitating, a second prick came, and the urgency of the sensation then caused it to hop away. The hopping was reflex, but it was indirectly so; it was prompted by the reflex-feeling which in turn had been excited by the original sensation. In like manner, if a dog's tail be pinched by a stranger, the dog cries out, and turns suddenly round to bite his tormentor. If the tormentor happens to be the dog's master or friend, the dog will cry out, start away, or perhaps even turn round to bite—but he will not bite; should he get so far as to seize the hand with the teeth, he checks himself in time. This control is often touchingly seen in removing a thorn from a dog's foot; the pain causes a reflex-action which brings the dog's head down upon the operator's hand; but instead of biting, the grateful animal licks that hand.

These are cases of control. They are possible only because reflex-feelings are excited; one sensation being rapidly followed by another, so that before one action, directly reflex, can occur, *another action* is set going, which interferes with it, controls it. An examination of the Nervous System discloses a number of centres, all capable of independent action, yet all connected with each other, and thus brought into some dependence on each other; it is through this dependence that control becomes possible. A sensation instead of issuing in the action which usually follows it, sometimes issues in another sensation, this in turn may issue in a third sensation, instead of in an action; just as, when a row of billiard balls is struck, the impetus is transmitted from one ball to the other, the *last* in the row flying off, and all the others remaining in their original position. At some point or other, could we follow its course, we should observe that the original sensation issued in an action, although, because the final stimulus to this said action is a reflex *feeling*, the action itself is very unlike what it would have been if directly reflex. Tickle the face of a sleeping man, and by a reflex-action his hand is raised to rub the spot; tickle the face of that man when awake, and instead of this reflex-action, there will be one of vocal remonstrance, or perhaps one guiding a pillow in its descent upon your head.

Inasmuch as all actions whatever are the products of stimulated nerve-centres, it is obvious that all actions are reflex — reflected from those centres. It matters not whether I wink because a sensation of dryness, or because an idea of danger, causes the eyelid to close: the act is equally reflex. The nerve-centre which supplies the eyelid with its nerve has been stimulated; the stimuli may be various, the act is uniform. At one time the stimulus is a sensation of dryness, at another an idea of danger, at another the idea of communicating by means of a wink with some one present; in each case the stimulus is reflected in a muscular contraction. Sensations excite other sensations; ideas excite other ideas; and one of these ideas may issue in an action of control. But the restraining power is limited, and cannot resist a certain degree of urgency in the original stimulus. I can for a time, restrain the act of winking, in spite of the sensation of dryness; but the reflex-feeling which sets going this restraining action will only last a few seconds; after which the urgency of the external stimulus is stronger than that of the reflex-feeling—the sensation of dryness is more imperious than the idea of resistance—and the eyelid drops.

If a knife be brought near the arm of a man who has little confidence in the friendly intentions of him that holds it, he will shrink, and the shrinking will be "involuntary"—in spite of his will. Let him have confidence, and he will not shrink, even when the knife touches his skin. The idea of danger is not excited in the second case, or if excited, is at once banished by another idea. Yet this very man, who can thus repress the involuntary shrinking when the knife approaches his arm, cannot repress the involuntary winking, when the same friend approaches a finger to his eye. In vain he prepares himself to resist that reflex-action; in vain he resolves to resist the impulse; no sooner does the finger approach, than down flashes the eyelid. Many men, and most women, would be equally unable to resist shrinking on the approach of a knife: the association of the idea of danger with the knife would bear down any previous resolution not to shrink. It is from this cause that timorous women tremble at the approach of firearms. An association is established in their minds which no idea is powerful enough to loosen. You may assure them the gun is not loaded; "*that* makes very little difference," said a *naïve* old lady to a friend of ours. They tremble, as the child trembles when he sees you put on the mask. These illustrations show that the urgency of any one idea may, like the urgency of a sensation, bear down the resistance offered by some other idea; as the previous illustrations showed that an idea could restrain or control the action which a sensation or idea would otherwise have produced. According to the doctrines current, the Will is said to be operative when an idea determines an action; and yet all would agree that the winking which was involuntary when the idea of danger determined it, was voluntary when the idea of communicating with an accomplice in some mystification determined it.

The reader will have gathered already that we admit no real and essential distinction between voluntary and involuntary actions. They are all voluntary. They all spring from Consciousness. They are all determined by feeling. It is convenient, for common purposes, to designate some actions as voluntary; but this is merely a convenience; no psychological, nor physiological, insight is gained by it; an analysis of the process discloses no element in a voluntary action, which is not to be found in an involuntary action. In ordinary language it is convenient to mark a distinction between my raising my arm because I will to raise it for some definite purpose, and my raising it because a bee has stung me; it is convenient to say "I *will* to write this letter," and "this letter is written against my will—I have no will in the matter." But Science is more exacting when it aims at being exact; and the philosopher, analysing these complex actions, will find no element answering to the "will," in one, which is absent from the other: he will find this only, that in each case certain muscular groups have been set in action by certain sensational or ideational stimuli.

It is a very general mistake to suppose that every act of volition implies a distinct idea of its object. Unless such an intellectual element be present, guiding the movement, the voluntary character is said to be wanting. But we agree with the eminent physiologist, Johann Von Müller, that "the ultimate source of voluntary motion cannot depend on any conscious conception of its object; for voluntary motions are performed by the fœtus before any object can occur to the mind—before any idea can possibly be conceived of what the voluntary motion effects. . . . The fœtus moves its limbs at first, not for the attainment of any object, but solely because it can move them. Since, however, on this supposition there can be no particular reason for the movement of any one part, and the fœtus would have equal cause to move all its muscles at the same time, there must be something which determines this, or that, voluntary motion to be performed. The knowledge of the changes of position which are produced by given movements, is gained *gradually and only by means of the movements themselves.* . . . The voluntary excitation of the origins of the nervous fibres, without objects in view, gives rise to motions, changes of posture, and consequent sensations. Thus a *connection is established* in the yet void mind *between certain sensations and certain motions.* When subsequently a sensation is excited from without, in any one part of the body, the mind will be already aware that the voluntary motion, which is in consequence executed, will manifest itself in the limb which was the seat of sensation; the fœtus *in utero* will move the limb that is pressed upon, and not all the limbs simultaneously. The voluntary movements of animals must be developed in the same manner. The bird which begins to sing is necessitated by an instinct to incite the nerves of its laryngeal muscles to action; tones are thus produced. By the repetition of this blind exertion of volition, the bird at length learns to connect the kind of cause with the character of the effect produced. The instinct of this dreamlike and involuntary-acting impulse in the sensorium has some share in the production of certain movements in the human infant, which are in themselves voluntary. In the sensorium of the newly-born child there is a necessitating impulse to the motions of sucking; but the different parts of the act of sucking are themselves voluntary movements."*

In this passage, Müller calls certain actions voluntary which writers usually consider to be reflex (involuntary), and reflex-actions with them mean actions without sensation; but as Mr. Bain in his former volume remarks, "it may be by a reflex-action that a child commences to suck when the nipple is put between its lips; but the continuing to suck so long as the sensation of hunger is felt, and the ceasing when that sensation ceases, are truly volitional acts. All through animal life, down to the very lowest sentient being, this property of consciousness is exhibited, and operates as the instrument for guiding and supporting existence. To whatever lengths the purely reflex instincts, or the movements divorced from consciousness, may be carried on in the inferior tribes, I can with difficulty admit the total absence of feeling in any being we are accustomed to call an animal; and with this feeling I am obliged also to include this property, *which links the state of feeling with the state of present movement.*" † It is this link of feeling with action, which according to Müller, constitutes Volition. Mr. Bain has developed this idea with remarkable skill in the volume now under notice; and has furnished more suggestive and instructive contributions than any psychologist we are acquainted with, to the difficult and still unsolved problems of the Will.

Mr. Bain never alludes to the Will as an independent Entity, not even as a separate Faculty. He treats it as the generalised expression of our power to perform voluntary actions; and voluntary actions he distinguishes from those which are involuntary, by their connection with certain sensations: whenever a link is established between a sensation and one particular action, that action is voluntary. He points to the indisputable fact that a sensation of pain excites the active organs. An animal in pain struggles till it has escaped, or thrown its body into such a posture that the pain ceases. These writhings, excited by pain, are involuntary; and they are so because beyond definite control, beyond the guidance of any one feeling; they belong to what Mr. Bain calls the "diffusive wave of emotion;" whereas voluntary actions are isolated, and directed to a particular end. In the course of its struggles, the animal accidentally makes one movement which is followed by an alleviation or cessation of the pain; this makes it discontinue all the other movements, and continue that which alleviates. If any of the other movements are set going, the pain recurs, and warns the animal to cease. The continuance of an alleviating movement, Mr. Bain regards as the volitional element.

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* MÜLLER: *Physiology*, by Baly, ii. 835.

† BAIN: *The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 296.

> "We must in the first instance clearly and broadly separate the diffusive wave, accompanying all emotions as their necessary embodiment, from the active influence now under discussion. This is the more necessary as the two classes of movements are very apt to coexist. A blow with a whip, inflicted on a sentient creature, produces, as a part of the emotional effect, strictly so called, a *general* convulsive start, grimace, and howl; it also produces, in the case of the mature animal, an exertion *in some definite course* to avoid the recurrence of the infliction. The first effect is entirely untaught, primitive, instinctive; being intimately and indissolubly connected with feeling in the very nature of it. The other effect is based likewise on an original property, but brought into the shape that we usually find it in, after some experience and considerable struggles. The element just mentioned, of aim or purpose, in no sense belongs to the movements of the diffused wave, or those constituting the manifestation or expression of the mental state. The ecstatic shout of hilarious excitement, the writhings of pain, are energetic movements, but they belong neither to the class of central spontaneity above described, nor to the voluntary class now under consideration."

When a very young infant is in pain it struggles and squalls. That is all it can do; it does that lustily. Mr. Bain considers it due to the diffused wave of emotion. Suppose the cause of the pain to be a needle pricking its foot; the child will make no effort to remove that needle, because the link between such a pain and such an action has not yet been established, and this voluntary effort cannot be made. Before it can make such an effort it must have learned to *localise its sensations*. Every surgeon knows that the young infant may be allowed to have his hands free, when operated on, because it cannot with its hands interfere with the knife, not as yet knowing *where* the seat of pain is. When, later on, it has learned to localise its sensations, it may learn what actions alleviate them. A baby in discomfort from some itching of the nose is at first simply restless; it learns to rub that nose with its little fist, only after much experience of rubbings.

Let us pause here, in the exposition of Mr. Bain's views, to notice a point respecting the nature of the Will, as understood by two different schools. Those who hold that the Will is not simply the generalised expression of all voluntary actions, but exists independent of these, though *manifested* by them, may consider that the helpless infant has the same Will as the older infant who can perform certain voluntary actions; but although he has the Will—and it is by this that he makes those incoherent efforts to free himself from the pain—he has not yet learned what actions will relieve him. There is no logical objection to this conclusion; but there is the very fatal objection, that if the struggles and squalls of an infant are true voluntary actions (*i.e.* prompted by the Will), there can be no actions that are involuntary: a conclusion we accept, but one energetically repudiated by the doctrine now in question. Those, on the other hand, who hold that the Will simply means the power of performing voluntary actions, will deny that the infant has any Will until that power has been developed in him; and *how* it is developed Mr. Bain endeavours to expound. Let us follow him in this endeavour.

He takes for his basis the primary fact that when pain coexists with an accidental alleviating movement, or when pleasure coexists with a pleasure-sustaining movement, such movements become subject to the control of the respective feelings which occur in their company. It is a primordial law that we shrink from pain and cling to pleasure; as long as the pain is unalleviated, movements are kept up; as soon as one particular movement brings cessation of pain, that movement is kept up. An infant lying in bed has the painful sensation of chilliness. This feeling produces the usual emotional display, namely, movement, perhaps cries and tears. In the course of a variety of spontaneous movements of arms and legs, there occurs an action that brings the child in contact with the nurse lying beside it; instantly warmth is felt, and this alleviation of painful feeling becomes immediately the stimulus to sustain the movement going on that moment. That movement, when discovered, is kept up, in preference to the others. In this way the child learns to connect certain sensations with certain movements, and at a year old will draw close to its nurse whenever the sensation of cold comes on, even during sleep. "It is an original property of our feelings to prompt the active system one way or another, but there is no original connection between the several feelings and the actions that are relevant to each particular case. To arrive at this goal, we need all the resources of spontaneity, trial and error, and the adhesive growth of the proper couples, when they can once be got together. The first steps of our volitional education are a jumble of spluttering, stumbling, and all but despairing hopelessness. Instead of a clear curriculum, we have to wait upon the accidents, and improve them when they come."

No one will withhold his assent from the proposition that a pain increasing in company with any movement must tend to cause the arrest of that movement; or that pleasure increasing in company with a movement must tend to cause the continuance of that movement.

"The spontaneous action that brings a limb into a painful contact, as when the child kicks its foot upon a pin in its dress, is undoubtedly from the earliest moment of mental life arrested. Without this I see no possible commencement of voluntary power. So a movement that mitigates a pain already in operation is maintained, as long as the creature is conscious of diminished suffering. In this way, the arms, hands, and fingers work for abating sharp agony, provided only the right member has found its way into action. No provision, as I have often said, exists at the dawn of life for getting the right member into play. The infant being must go through many a cycle of annoyance, because, among numerous stimulants to action that have occurred, the right one has been omitted. But the true impetus once arising, the mind is alive to the coincidence of this with decreasing or vanished pain; just as, on the other hand, we must suppose it alive to the coincidence of some other movement with an aggravation of the evil. The greater the pain, the more strongly is the alleviating movement sustained when once under way. For the next stage of the process, the establishment of a connection between the pain and the special action, we must fall back upon the foundation of all our acquisitions, namely, the force of contiguous association. The concurrence of a particular sensation, as a prick in the arm, with that retracting movement which rids us of the pain, leads to the rise of an adhesive bond between the two, if a sufficient number of repetitions have occurred. We cannot say how many instances of chance conjunction are requisite to generate an association so strong as to take away the uncertainties attending the spontaneous discharge; all the circumstances governing the rapidity of contiguous adhesion would have to be taken into account in this case. The excitement of strong pain on the one hand, or of strong pleasure on the other, is a favourable moment for the growth of an association: and probably not a great number of those occasions would be necessary to convert an inchoate into a full-formed volition. Full-formed, I say, because when the supposed pain can bring into play the proper movement, in the absence of all spontaneous tendency, we have a case of voluntary power complete for all the purposes of the living being. The example that I am now discussing, namely, the retractation of any part of the body from a painful contact, implies a very numerous set of coincidences between local pains and local movements. For all contacts on the back of the hand, there must be an association with the muscles of flexion; for the palm, the extensor muscles must be affected. For the outside of the arm, the tendency to draw it towards the side has to be prompted. And so in like manner for every part of the body, under an irritating smart, there must be a formed connection between painful sensation arising in the locality and the corresponding movements of retractation. This is one department of voluntary acquisition, and consists of a multitude of couples of individual sensations and individual movements, joined by association, after being commenced by spontaneity. For the class of acute pains supposed the acquirement is perfect, owing in a great measure to the simplicity of the case. It is not so with many of those muscular pains, which we are professedly considering at present, although in the foregoing illustration we have departed from them, and somewhat anticipated the subject of sensation at large. The cramps of the limbs do not ordinarily suggest the alleviating action. Owing partly to the rarity of the feeling, we have not usually a full-formed volition which enables the state of suffering to induce the alleviating action, and consequently we are thrown upon the primitive course of trial and error. This instance shows, by contrast with the preceding, how truly our voluntary powers result from education. An established link between a cramp in the ball of the leg, and the proper actions for doing away with the agony, is quite as great a desideratum as drawing up the foot when the toe is pinched or scalded; yet no such link exists, until a melancholy experience has initiated and matured it. The connection in the other case is so well formed from early years, that almost everybody looks upon it as an instinct, yet why should there be an instinct for the lighter forms of pain, and none for the severest? The truth is, that the good education in the one is entirely owing to our being more favourably situated for making the acquisition."

Hitherto we have seen voluntary actions under the guidance of sensations only; let us now observe the ideal element. A child is seated at table with us. He places his hand upon the bright teapot, and the pain of the burn makes him withdraw his hand; again the brightness attracts his curious fingers, and again the pain makes him desist. After a certain number of trials the idea of the pain is so associated with that of the teapot, that the child no longer burns himself. But he has thrust his hand into the biscuit-plate, and finds this action rewarded with a biscuit instead of a burn. On repeating it he is scolded, or slapped, or put into the corner—made to suffer pain; and if this pain be *always* inflicted when he acts thus, he will soon learn to restrain those forays upon the biscuits. This link which is established between an action and a pain, is an ideal link, and finds its place in memory; it is nearly as firm as a sensational link. The supposition, however, that this ideal link makes the action voluntary, as distinguished from an action which is guided by a sensational link, will not withstand criticism.

At first our actions are guided by sensations; then by the ideal representatives of those sensations.

"Instead of an actual movement seen, we have for the guiding antecedent a movement conceived, or in idea. The association now passes to those ideal notions that we are able to form of our various actions, and connects them with the actions themselves. All that is then necessary is a determining motive, putting the action in request. Some pleasure or pain, near or remote, is essential to every volitional effort, or every change from quiescence to movement, or from one movement to another. We feel, for example, a painful state of the digestive system, with the consequent volitional urgency to allay it; experience, direction, and imitation, have connected in our minds all the intermediate steps, and so the train of movements is set on. On the table before us we see a glass of liquid; the infant never so thirsty could not make the movement for bringing it to the mouth. But in the maturity of the will, a link is formed between the appreciated distance and direction of the glass, and the movement of the arm up to that point; and under the stimulus of pain, or of expected pleasure, the movement is executed."

It often happens that we are conscious of "an interval of suspense between the moment of painful urgency and the moment of appeasing action;" because the reflex-feelings are many, and these cross and recross each other, so that no one of them issues in action. This was the case with the frog to which we previously adverted; instead of hopping away when pinched, it cowered and seemed hesitating as to its escape. And this leads us to consider how thoughts, no less than actions, can be controlled; how the mind has power over its actions, no less than over the actions of the body. The fact that we can, in some degree, control the thoughts, is indisputable; *how* we do so is not so clear. Mr. Bain, if we do not misunderstand him, has been led into some confusion on this point, by his error of limiting the Will to the region of the voluntary muscles.

"As we can under an adequate motive observe one point in the scene before us, and neglect everything else; as we can single out one sound and be deaf to the general hum;—as we can apply ourselves to the appreciation of one flavour in the midst of many, or be aware of a pressure on a particular part of the body to the neglect of the rest; so in mental attention we can fix one idea firmly in the view, while others are coming and going unheeded. On the supposition, that the influence of the will is limited to the region of the voluntary muscles and parts in alliance therewith, something needs to be said in explanation of this apparent exception to the rule. It is not obvious at first sight that the retention of an idea in the mind is operated by voluntary muscles. Which moving organ is put in force when I am cogitating on a circle, or keeping my attention wedded to my recollection of St. Paul's? There can be no answer given to this, unless on the assumption that the mental, or revived, image occupies the same place in the brain and other parts of the system, as the original sensation did: a position supported by a number of reasons adduced in my former volume, which need not be repeated. I have shown that there is a muscular element in our sensations, especially of the higher senses, touch, hearing, and sight; this element must somehow or other have a place in the after remembrance or idea; otherwise, the ideal and the actual would be much more different than we find them. The ideal circle is a restoration of those currents that would prompt the sweep of the eye round a real circle; the difference lies in the last stage, or in the stopping short of the actual movement performed by the organ. I know of no other distinction between the remembered and the original, except this stoppage or shortcoming of the current of nervous power, which is no doubt an important one in several respects, but still permitting the power of voluntary control."

This explanation is far from satisfactory. The principle which Mr. Bain has so well illustrated respecting the guidance of our actions, is surely ample to explain the guidance of our thoughts. The power of keeping up one train of thought, is analogous to that of keeping up one course of muscular action. We cling to certain ideas because they are pleasant, or interest us, or because some remote pain or pleasure stimulates us; and we repress all other thoughts as they arise, just as we should repress movements which disturbed a pleasurable sensation. It is notorious that we cannot call up any one idea at will; but having once got hold of the idea, we can keep it before the mind. What Mr. Bain has said when treating of the intellectual process named by him "constructive association," seems to us the true explanation of *all* command over the thought:—

"When Watt invented his 'parallel motion' for the steam-engine, his intellect and observation were kept at work, going out in all directions for the chance of some suitable combination rising to view; his sense of the precise thing to be done was the constant touchstone of every contrivance occurring to him, and all the successive suggestions were arrested, or repelled, as they came near to, or disagreed with, this touchstone. The attraction and repulsion were purely volitional effects; they were the continuance of the very same energy that, in his babyhood, made him keep his mouth to his mother's breast while he felt hunger unappeased, and withdrew it when satisfied, or that made him roll a sugary morsel in his mouth, and let drop or violently eject what was bitter or nauseous. The promptitude that we display in setting aside or ignoring what is seen not to answer our present wants, is volition, pure, perennial, and unmodified; the power seen in our infant struggles for nourishment and warmth, or the riddance of acute pain, and presiding over the last endeavours to ease the agonies of suffering. No formal resolution of the mind, adopted after consideration or debate, no special intervention of the 'ego,' or the personality, is essential to this putting forth of the energy of retaining on the one hand, or repudiating on the other, what is felt to be clearly suitable, or clearly unsuitable, to the feelings or aims of the moment. The inventor sees the incongruity of a proposal, and forthwith it vanishes from his view. There may be extraneous considerations happening to keep it up in spite of the volitional stroke of repudiation, but the genuine tendency of the mind is to withdraw all further consideration, on the mere motive of unsuitability; while some other scheme of an opposite nature is, by the same instinct, embraced and held fast. In all these new constructions, be they mechanical, verbal, scientific, practical, or æsthetical, the outgoings of the mind are necessarily at random; the end alone is the thing that is clear to the view, and with that there is a perception of the fitness of every passing suggestion. The volitional energy keeps up the attention, or the active search, and the moment that anything in point rises before the mind, springs upon that like a wild beast on its prey."

We have now laid before the reader the cardinal positions of Mr. Bain's theory of the Will, or, as he calls it, of voluntary action. It differs, as is evident, from current theories; but a careful study of the arguments by which it is supported will convince the reader that, if not the whole truth, it is no inconsiderable step towards a true explanation. We have not urged the objections which might be urged against some of his views, because we wished our limited space to be occupied with exposition rather than criticism; but our reticence must not be construed into acquiescence. There is one point, however, which we desire to notice, in order that some curious physiological facts may be laid before the reader.

Nowhere has Mr. Bain expressed himself categorically respecting the difference between voluntary and involuntary actions; but he assumes the difference, and, implicitly at least, he makes it depend on the establishment of the link of feeling. "Voluntary actions," he says, in the nearest approach to a definition we can recall, "are distinguished from reflex and spontaneous activity by the *directive intervention of a feeling in their production.*" In denying the intervention of sensation in reflex-actions, he only follows established theories; but unless he separates the involuntary from reflex and spontaneous actions, he falls into manifest contradiction with his own principles in making the intervention of feeling *the* mark of a voluntary act. We have endeavoured to show that both voluntary and involuntary actions are reflex, following upon the stimulus given to their centres, that stimulus being sensational or ideational. Nor is this all: they are both capable of being brought under *control* — that is to say, of being restrained or originated by the influence of some other centre. That we do not habitually control (that is, *interfere* with) the action of the heart, the contraction of the iris, or the activity of a gland, is true; it is on this account that such actions are called involuntary; they obey the immediate stimulus. But it is an error to assert, as all physiologists and psychologists persist in asserting, that these actions *cannot* be controlled, that they are altogether beyond the interference of other centres, and cannot by any effort of ours be modified. It is an error to suppose these actions are essentially distinguished from the voluntary movement of the hands. We have acquired a power of definite direction in the movements of the hands, which renders them obedient to our will; but this acquisition has been of slow laborious growth. If we were asked to use our toes as we use our fingers—to grasp, paint, sew, or write with them, we should find it not less impossible to control the movements of the toes in these directions, than to contract the iris, or cause a burst of perspiration to break forth. Certain movements of the toes are possible to us; but unless the loss of our fingers has made it necessary that we should use our toes in complicated and slowly acquired movements, we can do no more with them than the young infant can do with his fingers. Yet men and women have written, sewed, and painted with their toes. All that is required is that certain links should be established between sensations and movements; by continual practice these links *are* established; and what is impossible to the majority of men, becomes easy to the individual who has acquired this power. This same power can be acquired over what are called the organic actions; although the habitual needs of life do not *tend* towards such acquisition, and without some strong current setting in that direction, or some peculiarity of organisation rendering it easy, it is not acquired. In ordinary experience the number of those who can write with their toes is extremely rare, the urgent necessity which would create such a power being rare; and rare also are the examples of those who have any control over the movement of the iris, or the action of a gland; but both rarities exist.

It would be difficult to choose a more striking example of reflex action than the contraction of the iris of the eye under the stimulus of light; and to ordinary men, having no link established which would guide them, it is utterly impossible to close the iris by any effort of their own. It would be not less impossible to the hungry child to get on the chair and reach the food on the table, until that child has *learned* how to do so. Yet there are men who have learned how to contract the iris. The celebrated Fontana had this power, which is possessed also by a medical man now living at Glasgow — Mr. Paxton—a fact stated on the authority of no less a person than Dr. Allen Thomson.* Mr. Paxton can contract or expand the iris at will, without changing the position of his eye, and without an effort of adaptation to distance.

To move the ears is impossible to most men. Yet some do it with ease, and all can learn to do it. Some men have learned to "ruminate" their food; others to vomit with ease; and some are said to have the power of perspiring at will.† That many glands are under the influence of the Will—in other words, that we can stimulate them to secretion by a mere ideal stimulus — is too well known to need instance here. Even the beating of the heart can be arrested. The heart has its own nervous system. The minute ganglia imbedded in its substance regulate its rhythmic movements; and long after death the heart is seen to beat. But although thus independent, it is also dependent; its nervous system is in connection with the spinal chord and brain; and influences from these will act upon it. Thus it is that emotions agitate the heart; the disturbance of its movements comes from the interference of brain or chord. Now, if once we recognise a channel of sensation, we recognise a possible source of control; and if the daily needs of life were such that to fulfil some purpose the action of the heart required control, we should learn to control it. Some men have, without such needs, learned how to control it. The eminent physiologist, E. F. Weber of Leipzig, found that he could completely check the beating of his heart. By suspending his breath, and violently contracting his chest, he could retard the pulsations; and after three or five beats, unaccompanied by any of the usual sounds, it was completely still. On one occasion he carried the experiment too far, and fell into a syncope. Cheyne, in the last century, recorded a case of a patient of his own who could at will suspend the beating of his pulse, and always fainted when he did so.

It thus appears that even the actions which most distinctly bear the character recognised as involuntary — uncontrollable — are only so because the ordinary processes of life furnish no necessity for their control. We do not learn to control them, though we could do so, to some extent; nor do we learn to control the motions of our ears and toes, although we could do so. And while it appears that the involuntary actions can become voluntary, it is familiar to all that the voluntary actions tend, by constant repetition, to become involuntary, and are then called secondarily automatic.

The conclusion at which we arrive is this: Popular language conveniently classes actions as voluntary when a distinct conception of the object to be achieved accompanies or originates them. But Psychology and Physiology, descending deeper than such classifications, and analysing the process which takes place in the organism, declare that all actions whatever are the responses of organs to the stimulus of their nerve-centres. Whether the action be the movement of a muscle or the secretion of a gland, it is finally determined by the centre from which the organ is supplied. This centre may be stimulated by a sensory nerve going from the surface — as when the salivary gland pours out its secretion, or the limb contracts, after the stimulus of food, or pain. The centre may also be stimulated by the action of some *other* centre; as when the *idea* of food causes a flow of saliva, or the irritation of the salivary gland causes a flow of gastric juice. But whether the action result from a direct or an indirect stimulus, it is always the same response of an organ to its centre; whether the starting-point be an idea or a sensation, the final issue is an excitation of the particular centre, and the response of a particular action. We cannot separate some actions from others, and call them voluntary because they are dependent on a link of feeling, since all actions are dependent on sensation. And if any reader objects to such a conclusion on the ground that it makes the Soul animate the *whole* body, and preside over all its actions, not simply over a few of them—if he objects that we are thereby retrograding towards the doctrine of Stahl—our reply is: we must follow Logic whither Logic leads. Any reader who is uncomfortable at the idea of retrograding, who is unwilling to believe that all the phenomena of his sensitive organism have one common source, one kindred nature, and one common name—the soul—is at perfect liberty to try and reach some other conviction which, besides being more agreeable to his feelings, will better explain the facts. It is a topio on which no man will wisely dogmatise. The veil of mystery will never be lifted. We who stand before that veil, and speculate as to what is behind it, can but build systems; we cannot see the truth.

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* We learn this from Brown Séquard's *Journal de la Physiologie* 1859, p. 287, who cites the *Glasgow Medical Journal*, 1857, p. 451.

† Mayer: *Die elementarorganization des Seelenorgans*, p. 12, is the authority for the last statement.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE WARNING.

Dame Elfhild and her niece occupied their usual seats in the solar window. Isola, too, at Gladice's persuasion, had left her chamber; and the change of scene, and the natural efforts which she made to appear cheerful in the company of her kind entertainers, were not without their good effect upon her health and spirits. Still, with the exception of the elder lady, they were but a silent party. Gladice's eyes might have seemed, as usual, to have been counting the stones in the old wall opposite, or the blades of withering grass in the court below; there was the same dreamy gaze and indolent grace as ever; but the cheek that leant on the richly-moulded arm had an unusual paleness, and there was at times a passing contraction of the brow, observed by Isola's eyes, if by no others. For the Italian alone had no ostensible occupation, and she might be pardoned if her glance rested on the beautiful face, upon which the full light of the window was streaming, with far more interest than upon the elder lady's busy fingers, or any other object in the gloomy chamber. Dame Elfhild also darted occasionally a questioning look, such as she could spare from her more absorbing object, in the same direction; for to the various discursive remarks, by which that lady had been doing her best to enliven their little circle, her niece had made but short and vague replies. She was tolerably well accustomed to Gladice's moods of meditation; but she could not surely be wrong in concluding that the maiden's thoughts, on this particular morning, had taken a more definite shape than their wont; and she bore her inattention with admirable patience, and an inward smile of satisfaction. But as her own ideas of love's distractions were built rather on theory than experience, it is possible that her conclusions in the present case were wrong. It was a subject which she did not choose to open to the stranger whom accident had made their guest, even by the favourite feminine process of hints and smiles; and Isola's own position was too embarrassing, and her thoughts too bitter, for her to make any attempt to break the restraint by indifferent conversation.

Suddenly Gladice rose, and threw the lattice open, and called to the seneschal, who was passing across the inner court.

"I would ride this forenoon, Warenger," she said; "let us get to saddle as soon as may conveniently be."

Warenger looked up with some surprise, for the lady's tone sounded far more peremptory than he approved of; he was wont to be consulted with some deference on such matters. He felt it due to himself in consequence to make some difficulty, but he was not exactly prepared with one at the moment.

"To ride, did my lady say?"

"To ride, master seneschal; shall we be favoured with your good company? I trust so."

His lady smiled so sweetly as she said it, that almost any other man than the old seneschal must have grasped at the invitation at once. It had its effect even upon him: he was preparing his line of defence to resist any form of dictation which could be brought to bear upon him, and here he found himself taken in flank by smiles and bright eyes. He made a brave show of resistance, nevertheless, before he yielded.

"Hengist hath caught somewhat of a wheezing in his throat—it were hardly well to ride him to-day," said Warenger; "unless, indeed, your ladyship would be pleased to go slowly."

This was an alternative which the seneschal well knew his young mistress would scarcely avail herself of.

"Nay, then, it is very ill-timed of him," said she; "but the blame lies rather with those who should have looked to him better; he would be well if he knew I wanted him. But there is the new palfrey which you have been mouthing for me, Warenger; I will ride him to-day."

The seneschal shook his head solemnly. "The saints forbid," said he, "that I should suffer it!"

"And why not?" rejoined the lady; "I saw Harry put him through all his paces two days ago, and he carried himself so discreetly that even Judith said she should not fear to mount him."

"Judith may ride what she will," returned Warenger gruffly; "she is no charge of mine, and there will be no great outcry made if harm comes to her of her own wilfulness."

"Shame on you, master seneschal," said Gladice; "if ever you fall sick again, I will warn Judith to make you no more possets."

"Making of possets is one thing, good my lady, which Judith may do well enough, but riding of half-managed colts is another. I would not put you on the roan-palfrey's back for the best of the Hope manors."

"You are more careful of me than I deserve," said Gladice; "but my good kinswoman here proffers me her jennet, which is staid enough to carry an abbess. So prithee despatch, kind Master Warenger, while the sunshine lasts."

"I misdoubt the weather," said the seneschal, looking round him ominously, as a last remonstrance, into an unusually bright November sky.

"I never saw it promise fairer," returned the lady in laughing contradiction; "we may as well make prisoners of ourselves all the winter as be scared by a passing cloud. You will not ride to-day, then?" she continued, turning to Elfhild, as Warenger retired from the contest with a protesting wave of his hand, and moved off to execute her wishes.

The elder lady declared that it was impossible to spare the time.

"And you cannot, I fear?" said Gladice to the Italian. Isola shook her head with a faint smile.

"Alas! no," she said; "but in a few days I will gladly try, for it is full time that I should myself put some limit to the kindness of such generous friends. I know," she continued, as both her hearers joined in protesting warmly against any such idea—"I know well there is no such thought in either of your hearts; but there are good and weighty reasons why I should take my journey hence as speedily as I may find strength."

Gladice alone saw the rising colour in the speaker's face, and turned her eyes away.

"I must go prepare me," she said; and she left the apartment.

Finding herself alone, almost for the first time, with her elder hostess, Isola summoned all her courage to repeat to her the sad tale of error and suffering which she had already told to Gladice; and from the kind-hearted Elfhild she received at once, if not a more real and heartfelt sympathy, at least warmer demonstrations than from her niece. On one point only the confidence was incomplete—no mention was made of Sir Nicholas Le Hardi's name, and nothing escaped from the Italian's lips which could lead to any suspicion that the faithless knight whom, in the weakness—or the strength—of her woman's love, she had crossed the sea to follow, had been so lately a visitor within those very walls. If such concealment was a fault, it was at least not altogether a selfish one.

Dame Elfhild's lively recognition of the stranger's wrongs was checked by the reappearance of Gladice in her riding-dress. The morning cloud had passed from her face, and the smooth open brow bore no longer any trace of painful thought. Isola looked at her as she entered, and with the warm impulse and in the expressive language of her nation, murmured audibly her affectionate admiration. Beautiful as ever, there seemed a soft consciousness now in the expression of the features, which made her more than ever attractive. The Italian gazed long enough to call up a blush in the cheek of Gladice, but it did not seem a painful one; and when at length she took her eyes away, filling as they were with tears which were not of sorrow, her companions needed no skill in languages to understand, in the soft impassioned Tuscan accents which broke from her, the expression of her gratitude and blessing.

There had been no need to put into requisition, for the younger lady's use, the sleek and short-winded animal which went through life so easily under her kinswoman. Hengist's indisposition proved not to be very serious; and as Gladice caressed her favourite before she mounted, she smiled to herself at the old seneschal's palpable excuse, though she wisely made no remark beyond an expression of satisfaction. To Warenger she had never seemed more gracious, or in gayer spirits. Once only, before they left the castle-yard, she spoke with such a strange abruptness that the old man looked in her face to read there some explanation of the unusual tone, but it was turned purposely away from him. It was when he asked permission to carry with them one of the foreign hawks which had been the gift of Sir Nicholas, and without which he seldom willingly stirred abroad. That his young mistress, who had always loved the gentle sport so well, should object to such an addition to their party at all, surprised him; but the short and sharp terms, almost of displeasure, in which she refused this very natural proposition, were even more unaccountable. A few moments afterwards, however, when she addressed him again, her voice was as winning as ever, and he set down the momentary petulance in his own mind as one of those curious anomalies of feminine nature which, he thanked heaven, he had never had any personal interest in investigating.

Followed by a couple of grooms, they galloped along the level meadows by the river-side, at a pace which might have discomposed the old seneschal, had not great part of his life been spent in the saddle; for today Gladice seemed less than ever content to ride slowly. As at length she turned her horse to look round for her escort, whom she had outstripped, she saw that Warenger's eyes were fixed on the pathway which wound amongst the brushwood on the slope above them. A solitary figure stood there, which appeared also to be watching attentively the party below. As the seneschal rejoined his lady, still turning his eyes occasionally to the hill-side, the wayfarer suddenly waved his hand as if to attract their notice, and began to move down towards them at a run.

"Who comes yonder, Warenger?" asked his mistress.

"I cannot tell, so please you," replied the seneschal; "but he knows us, belike, better than we know him. I thought he was watching us when I first saw him; 'tis some knave that hath a purpose of his own, no doubt."

"It is Raoul, from Ladysmede!" exclaimed Gladice, as the figure came plainer into view.

"Nay, that may hardly be, saving your worshipful presence; my young gallant would not for his life be seen so far afoot of a morning, for fear of spoiling his boots." Warenger was very unwilling to think that his eyes could fail him now more than they did fifty years ago.

"Raoul it is, and no other," returned Gladice, "come he here how he may;" and she rode forward to meet him.

"It hath somewhat the favour of him," admitted Warenger sullenly, as he followed his mistress; "but it looks more like a man, and less like a popinjay."

Very unlike himself indeed did the young squire look that morning, as he came panting towards them. Even had old Warenger's eyesight been sharper, he might have well been excused for being slow to recognise him. His handsome curls were all uncared for, his gay dress was torn and travel-stained, his face was pale, and the bright bold look which became him so well was there no longer. Life had run so smoothly with poor Raoul until now, that its troubles and realities seemed to have come upon him all at once. A night of watching and anxiety—the first, perhaps, that he had ever spent—had sadly dashed the joyous young spirit; and the forcing himself, with Picot's help, through the narrow window, lying close under the wall till daybreak, and then stealing cautiously through the wet fern and bushes until he was at a safe distance from the manor, had left him, in outward appearance, something which he himself would have been the first to have felt ashamed of. It was a guise in which he would have been very slow at any other time, to present himself before a fair lady. Even Gladice could hardly suppress a questioning smile of astonishment as she greeted him. But poor Raoul was now in too serious a mood to waste much thought upon his innocent vanities; and if his countenance had lost something of its boyish grace, it had a wild earnestness which checked Gladice's smile as she read it closer. If he coloured scarlet as she spoke to him, it was from no thought about his personal appearance.

"What is it, Raoul?" she asked. Her look was almost as eager as his own, as he raised his cap to salute her. "Has any harm befallen you?"

"No, no!" said Raoul — "nothing." He was out of breath. "I was on my way to the Tower, to tell you something which concerns you nearly, lady—I am right glad to have met with you here."

"And what may be the matter of such importance, that you should run afoot, as I guess, all the way from Ladysmede, Master Raoul, to tell me?" Gladice coloured slightly in her turn, and spoke a little nervously; for the esquire's look and manner were painfully earnest.

"I would rather, if the Lady Gladice please to listen to me, speak a few words in her hearing alone."

"So be it, in heaven's name," said old Warenger contemptuously, drawing his horse back to a respectful distance; "be only discreet in your communications, young sir: I have no fancy, I do assure ye, to be a listener in ought that doth not concern me; I would I could shut my ears oftener to matters which I am forced to hear."

"I bear a message from Sir Godfrey," said Raoul, addressing the seneschal in a tone of haughty explanation.

"It must needs be a weighty one, that a gentleman of such experience is charged with it," said the seneschal; "let me stand no longer in the way of its being delivered."

"Pardon my boldness, sweet lady," said the esquire when he was out of hearing—"was any message brought from Ladysmede this morning?"

"None, to my knowledge," said the lady.

"Do not go there at present, if Sir Godfrey seeks your company," said Raoul hurriedly; "if you are told that Sir Nicholas has left these parts, do not believe it."

"What have I to do, I pray you, Sir Squire, with Sir Nicholas Le Hardi's movements, whether he comes or goes?" She spoke, as she might be excused for speaking, with a tone and look of offended dignity. Raoul saw the colour on her face, and felt neither rebuked nor abashed. He laid his hand on her bridle, and only spoke the more earnestly.

"I do humbly entreat your pardon, lady; that you care not for him, I know — God forbid it! but — but — I cannot tell why, but I fear some evil is on foot." And he told her of his interview with Sir Godfrey —all but the blow.

Gladice listened at first with a show of haughty carelessness, but as he proceeded, with gradually roused attention.

"My lord of Ely expected as a guest at Ladysmede?" said she, when Raoul repeated that part of his lord's message—"it is strange I should not have heard of it."

"Such was Sir Godfrey's message; but that which he bad me be sure to tell, and which I know is false, was that Sir Nicholas was to take his departure to-day."

"And this priest — this Father Giacomo — why are you so ready to trust him more than others?" asked Gladice after a pause.

"Because I am sure he has spoken the truth."

"How can you be sure of it?" repeated Gladice; "the report I have ever heard of him has been evil."

"Yet I am sure of it, none the less," said the esquire; I would pledge my life that he means honestly in this."

"And what pledge have I, beyond your own word, young sir, for the strange suspicions which you hint against knights and gentlemen of name? Why should I believe you?"

"Because—" Raoul checked himself before he had well begun his eager speech, and said, "Do you think that I could play you false, lady?"

"I know not—ye may be all false

alike," half-bitterly; but she did not move her eyes from the youth's appealing face, and he read in her look more confidence than her words conveyed.

"I confess I am strangely inclined," she continued, "to put some faith in your warning; and as for your own honesty in the matter, I have a thought to put it to the trial at once."

Raoul coloured like a girl, but only answered by a profound obeisance.

"You do not think to return to Ladysmede?"

"Never!" said he indignantly.

"Then listen." She bent forward in her saddle, and spoke in a lower tone, so that no word could reach the ears of her attendants. "Ride for me straight to the mynchery at Michamstede, and ask to have speech of the lady-abbess; she will tell you where to seek the Bishop of Ely my good cousin—he is surely by this time within a day or two's journey, if not nearer; and when you find him, say to him from me, that I would gladly take counsel with him upon a matter of pressing importance. You will do this? I have none that I may trust better."

"I will not fail you, lady,—be sure of it."

"I am bound to furnish you with a horse for my service. Lambert! this young esquire will hold it a charity for thee to change places with him—he does me the grace to ride to-day upon a certain errand of mine own."

Both the serving-man and the seneschal heard their lady's order with some surprise; but it was not for them to make objection to it; and Lambert, with as good a grace as he could command, dismounted and held the stirrup for the esquire to mount. Scarcely waiting to fix himself in his seat, with brief word of thanks to the groom, and a low bend of parting salutation to the lady, Raoul put the horse to his speed over the level ground, and was soon out of sight.

The lady Gladice was very thoughtful as she rode homewards. On her, too, as well as upon Raoul, the stern realities of life were fast crowding all at once. She had made her first personal acquaintance with falsehood and with danger. But she was neither overpowered nor dismayed. Rather, the call to earnest thought and action had roused her spirit, and awoke her from a life which had seemed to her miserably without a meaning or an object. She had now to call forth all her energies, and think and act for herself. In none of those about her could she look for a friend who could give her any real sympathy or protection. She shrank from disclosing to her aunt Isola's unhappy secret, at least until the latter should have removed to some quarter where she would be safe from any danger which she might apprehend from Le Hardi's vengeance. She had too much reason to fear, from the esquire's story, that her kinsman Sir Godfrey would not be over-scrupulous in the means which he employed to entrap or even force her into a marriage with Sir Nicholas; she felt by no means sure that the unfortunate Italian could substantiate her claim—however morally rightful it might be—as the Crusader's wedded wife, if he himself were determined to repudiate it; and she knew how lightly her guardian would hold all obligations which stood in the way of any cherished design of his own; and there was little settled law or authority in the kingdom to which she could appeal. Her relative, William Longchamp, she had reason to think, was little inclined to look with favour on Sir Godfrey; and once under his powerful protection, she would at least be safe from the persecution which seemed to threaten her at present: even if his advice should point to the cloister as her only eventual refuge, the vows of a recluse did not seem so wholly distasteful to Gladice at this moment as they had a short while ago.

Old Warenger looked graver, too, on their return. There was an uncomfortable feeling in his mind that something was going wrong, though how or why he would have been quite at a loss even to guess to himself. That his young mistress was to marry the Crusader was an established fact in his mind, as with the household generally; that she would be so unreasonable as to make any objection to an arrangement so very desirable — or, indeed, that she could expect to be consulted on such a point except as a matter of courtesy, — would never have entered his thoughts. Still, having as sincere a feeling of affection for his old lord's daughter as his rude nature would admit, he had remarked to himself and to others, with considerable satisfaction, that the knight's attentions had been received as graciously as they deserved, and with as little show of displeasure as might comport with maiden dignity. He would have been sorry to have caused his young mistress unhappiness; but that any such feeling could arise from the prospect now before her, which promised to set her free from the perils and embarrassments of a maiden heiress, and the chance (which Warenger's experience taught him was not an improbable one) of having her lands seized on some pretext by her guardian, and being driven herself into the dull shelter of the church, and to make her the honoured bride of a stout soldier like Sir Nicholas — this was a piece of woman's unreasonableness which the seneschal never contemplated, and would assuredly have been inclined to laugh at if he had. He considered himself in some sort, too, as Sir Godfrey's liegeman; for it would have been easy for the knight of Ladysmede to have put the keeping of the old tower into other hands, in spite of any remonstrances from its female inmates; and if he had entertained any suspicion that young Raoul was at this moment engaged in counteracting the designs of his lawful master, he would not have allowed him to ride off so quietly upon his lady's errand. It needed some caution, therefore, on Gladice's part, not to turn her own household into enemies.

She recovered herself, however, as she re-entered the old tower, and met her kinswoman with even a gayer smile than usual. Her face was still lighted with the flush of exercise, and none could have suspected that there was an anxious restlessness in her thoughts. She was fully prepared for the intelligence with which Dame Elfhild greeted her. The message which Raoul had refused to convey had reached Willan's Hope during Gladice's short absence by a more trusty hand. Gundred had done his lord's bidding, if not with a very graceful courtesy, at least with no mistake as to the terms; and though the announcement of Sir Nicholas's sudden departure from the neighbourhood had taken even Elfhild by surprise, the chamberlain spoke in such an important and mysterious manner of the emergencies of the king's service, upon which the knight had visited England, that his unsuspicious listener was more than satisfied. She did indeed venture to hint at the probability that it would not be very long before Ladysmede would receive him as a guest again; and to this supposition Gundred — who was not slow to perceive what answer would be most acceptable — had readily assented. To the formal announcement of the legate's expected visit, he also made bold to add some more particular details, which would come naturally within his own department, of the extraordinary preparations necessary to be made at the manor itself, and among its surrounding tenants, to receive the large retinue which was now daily expected.

Gladice listened patiently while the elder lady with some little excitement, repeated the invitation which had been conveyed to them by Sir Godfrey. She judged it wiser to be silent on the subject of Raoul's communication, and nothing in her countenance betrayed any previous knowledge on the subject. When consulted as to the answer which was to be returned, she at once agreed that there could be no good reason for refusing, and allowed her relative, during great part of the ensuing afternoon, to discuss with much vivacity the characters and pretensions of the good company whom they were likely to meet in the train of William of Ely. A year's residence in the seclusion of the old tower, though borne with all the cheerfulness of a naturally elastic spirit, and solaced by the never-tiring companionship of her busy needle, had not, as Elfhild began to be conscious since the Crusader's visits, destroyed her interest in the gayer world of camp and hall and festival in which she had once moved conspicuously. The younger lady, after all, had perhaps been the more contented recluse of the two. The vague possibilities of the future are pleasanter food to feed upon than reminiscences of an impossible past.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE CONFERENCE.

There was hurrying to and fro amongst the domestics of Ladysmede on the morning when the prisoner's escape was discovered. Baldwin had gone round early to the window of the tower, to convey some word of comfort, as well as more substantial cheer, to his unfortunate brother esquire. The severed bar and the empty chamber told their own story. The first feeling in every breast in the household, when Baldwin returned with this intelligence, was hearty satisfaction that poor Raoul was for the present beyond Sir Godfrey's vengeance; for it had been noticed that the knight's anger against him, though scarce so loudly expressed as usual, seemed more bitter and enduring; and even on their return from the banquet at Rivelsby, when Sir Nicholas had alluded in jesting tone to the enforced fast which he presumed their delinquent had been keeping meanwhile, the answer from his host came in a low tone from between his set teeth, from which Baldwin, taught by experience, augured worse than from his most violent menaces and imprecations. In fact, there was a gleam of a better human feeling in the knight's present exasperation against Raoul, than even those who knew him best were inclined to give him credit for. The orphan son of an old companion in arms, whose widow had taken the veil, Raoul had been received into Sir Godfrey's household immediately on his return to his native country and his succession to his ancestral inheritance, and had been treated by his patron with as large a share of kindness and forbearance as his selfish nature was capable of. Sir Godfrey bore the boy as much love as he did towards any human being, and Raoul had striven diligently to entertain a similar feeling towards his benefactor. That a direct and contemptuous opposition to his will should have come from such a quarter, awoke, therefore, in the knight's heart, something of the bitter feeling which a nobler nature might have entertained at the first discovery of some base ingratitude in a son. He would have forgiven any one of his household more readily, because they were perfectly indifferent to him, except so far as they could minister to his convenience or his pleasures. He would strike them in his fury, or thunder forth a sentence of torture or imprisonment, just as he might hurl from him a faithless weapon, or dash down a vessel that offended his eye, or crush an insect that annoyed him; but when the vexed mood had passed, he forgot even without forgiving. His present wrath against Raoul had more of human nature about it, and was likely to be the more lasting. But while the first feeling amongst Raoul's late companions was joy at his escape, there soon succeeded a very natural apprehension for themselves. Perhaps the consciousness of many among them that they would willingly have had a hand in it, had they dared or found safe opportunity, made them assume at once that Sir Godfrey would accuse them of a guilty complicity. Baldwin, the only one present who could really have been accused of any unlawful communication with the prisoner, bore the boldest front of all.

"He is gone," said he; "and I for one am right glad on't."

"And so am not I," said old Stephen, looking cautiously round him before he spoke; "what is to become of him, poor youth? though Sir Godfrey be a rough master by times, better ride after him than be running the country. If he had been content to bide where he was, things would have been like to go easier for all of us."

"There will be a grand stir about it, when our worshipful lord comes to hear," said one of the serving-men, who had been with others to examine the Falcon Tower; "the bar of the window is cut clean through, as I could cut a carrot: I never saw the like—it was never Master Raoul's hand did that."

"He hath had help in the business, no doubt," said Baldwin. "But give us our morning's drink, none the less, Stephen — trouble never sat lighter yet upon empty stomachs; and I would fain not be choked with dry bread, whatever else is to happen to me."

Stephen had paused upon the cellar step, astounded at the intelligence, with his empty measures in his hand. He cast a suspicious glance at Baldwin before he proceeded to fill them, for he alone was aware of the squire's charitable visit to his imprisoned companion, and naturally supposed that he might have assisted him to escape; but he was too honest-hearted to hint his suspicion to the others. There was a slight uncomfortable feeling however amongst the party at their morning meal; for the more all the circumstances of the escape were investigated, the more evident did it become that the prisoner had been aided from without; and it was highly probable that some one of those present was in possession of a secret which he dared not impart to his fellows. Nearly all the household were present, except the chaplain and Gundred, but these were the two very last persons upon whom any such suspicion was likely to fall: the chamberlain, because he was understood to be devoted to his master's interests, and was, besides, at all times more ready to lock up a man than to release him; and the chaplain, because every man there present felt in his own heart, that if they had him once locked up safe in the old tower, they would take care to keep him as fast there as bolts and bars could make him.

Sir Godfrey was astir early as usual; and as none of his retinue conceived that it fell within the line of their duty to acquaint him with the fact of Raoul's escape—which, indeed, they would have been themselves ignorant of but for Baldwin's surreptitious visit—he had summoned Gundred to attend him, and made his way to the Falcon Tower with this intention of questioning the culprit, now that his blood had surely had full time to cool. Those who saw him go there made up their minds at once not to cross his path, if they could avoid it, on his return; but from more than one eylet-hole or turret-window of the old manor there were eyes watching him with mingled fear and curiosity as he stopped at the door. Gundred had to apply the key with some force to the rusty bolts before they yielded. An exclamation of surprise broke from him as he preceded his master into the dungeon, for a glance was enough to convince him that there was no prisoner there. Sir Godfrey stooped through the low doorway, and pushed his attendant aside.

"Escaped, as I live!" said the knight, as he looked round him. "I thought thou hadst been a safer jailer, Gundred—what cursed negligence is this?" To any other of his followers his tone and language would hardly have been so moderate.

Gundred did not at once reply; he was engaged in examining the place as carefully as the dim light allowed. It was not until de Burgh had repeated his question in somewhat more emphatic terms that he spoke at all, and when he did, it was more with reference to the result of his own investigations than in deprecation or self-excuse.

"The tackling was strong enough to hold half-a-dozen men, much less a child like that; but there has been a piece of workmanship here I never saw the like of."

He produced the hand-bolt, the link cut through cleanly and evenly. While Sir Godfrey was examining it, he reached up to the window.

"Here is the stanchion, too—good iron, near an inch and a half thick—with as pretty a cut in it as the other. Marry, the tools that could do this might work a way through hell gates, if they had time enough." There was a mixed feeling in Gundred's mind—his mortification at the escape of his prisoner was scarcely so strong as his admiration of the masterly way in which it had been effected.

"He could not have done this

alone," said the knight, after glancing at the window-bar.

"No," replied the chamberlain; "clever as my young sir thought himself, this was a point beyond him. I have heard of tools that would do the like of this, but I scarcely believed it."

"Did you set any watch on the place?" asked the knight.

"Nay, I had no orders to do that, as may be in your worshipful remembrance. He lay here safe enough, as I deemed. It passeth my poor comprehension," continued the chamberlain, still studying the severed iron.

"It is an ill-managed business," said Sir Godfrey, sourly; "there are wiser heads than yours, Gundred, about the manor, and we had need look more warily to ourselves, if we would not have them prove our masters after all—in other matters than smith's work."

There was a meaning in his tone; but if his hinted suspicion was meant to point to the Italian chaplain, he did not choose to give it more open expression.

"After all," he said, "the young knave will have punished himself pretty heavily for his bold speech. I had scarce dealt so hard with him as to cast him forth to beg his bread."

"The place is well rid of him," said the chamberlain; "he was good for little, that ever I saw, but to spend more money on laces than would keep a better man in meat and drink, and to twang his gittern o' nights, when honest folk would fain sleep, if they could."

"There was the making of a good knight in him, none the less," said his lord. "I wish you could have seen him, Gundred, when he sprang at me like a young wolf-hound after I struck him—it was thanks to Sir Nicholas that his dagger had not made close acquaintance with my ribs. Faith, I was rather hasty with him, too, I doubt; but he was a fool to chafe me."

"Will it please, you, Sir Godfrey," inquired the chamberlain, "that we shall raise the country after him? it were surely easy to retake him, if we make search at once."

"Let him go hang," said the knight angrily. "Can ye take me the armourer that forged this?"

He held up to his follower's view the broken end of one of the steel saws, which had attracted his notice as it lay on the ground at their feet, glittering in the ray of sunlight that streamed into the dungeon by the narrow window. Raoul had broken it when his tedious work of deliverance was all but completed.

Gundred took it from his master's hands, and examined it with admiring attention. The Spanish smith who had tempered it had sold its fellows for fifty times their weight in gold, and died without disclosing the secret of their manufacture.

"The like of it was never seen in these parts," said the chamberlain, as he returned it.

"Nor carried in an esquire's girdle," said de Burgh. "Canst take me the owner of this plaything, I ask thee?"

"I have heard much talk of Saracen steel," said Gundred in a careless tone, without looking at his master.

"And wouldst have it this might have been some trophy from the Paynims—ha?" said the knight, turning round towards him.

"Nay, I know not whence it came—it may be a work of Mahound himself, for aught I can tell of it."

"Enough"—said his master, setting his teeth as he turned to leave the place—"we shall know more of this anon. Follow me now, Gundred—I have a charge for thee."

The chamberlain, locking the door as carefully as if he had a dozen prisoners in safe custody, followed Sir Godfrey into his cabinet, and in a short time was on his road to Willan's Hope, charged with the same message which Raoul had contumaciously refused to deliver.

The knight of Ladysmede and his guest held graver discourse than usual over their morning repast. Sir Godfrey himself pushed away, after a few hasty mouthfuls, the tempting slices which the esquire, who knew his vigorous appetite, placed before him, and let the flagon stand beside him almost untouched. He ordered the chamber to be cleared before the attendants had well done their office, and related to his companion, as soon as they were alone, the circumstances of Raoul's escape. Sir Nicholas listened with his usual quiet demeanour, and was not loud in his expressions of surprise even at the mode of its accomplishment. He did more justice to the good fare than his host, and though he also drank sparingly, it was his habit. But the other rose and sat down again from time to time, with even more than his usual restlessness and impatience.

"And now, as touching the lady of Willan's Hope," said Sir Nicholas, "it were time to bethink us of some less delicate messenger."

"I have despatched Gundred thither even now," replied de Burgh; "I would I had taken your counsel at the first—though I tell you now, I would far rather have trusted the boy if he would have obeyed me. I knew not till to-day what a nest of traitors I have about me."

"You had best have carried your message yourself," returned his friend; "the fair dames yonder would surely have come to the lure then."

"They would have read the falsehood in my face," said Sir Godfrey, with a scowling laugh; "I can swallow a lie in my conscience passably, but it ever sticks in my throat when I try to put it into words. I would give something for your smooth tongue, Le Hardi; but you have had more experience in the ways of the wicked than I have."

The Crusader smiled at the compliment—one of his most unpleasant smiles, which changed the whole expression of his otherwise handsome features.

"Words may fail us, though, at times—a bold hand, never. You will match me there, de Burgh. But tell me, is Father Giacomo of your council in this matter?"

"No," said his companion, shortly.

"And why not? we shall need his service, if all goes as we would have it; and it were surely safer to make a fiend of him at once;—he knows far too much already, as you tell me, to make an enemy of."

"May the fiend take me if I know whether I am to hold him as friend or enemy at this moment! Ever since he carried the boy away, there has been little more, I fancy, than a hollow truce between us; yet for years he has been true to me, and he had long ago been a beggar and an outcast but for me."

"I can well suppose that he is a tool that needs wary handling," said Sir Nicholas; "but he must be dealt with in this business, and that speedily, if we would not have him meddle in it to our confusion. "If it like you, I will speak with him myself."

"Speak when and as you will," said de Burgh; "it may happen that you shall understand him better than I do. But I would not trust him too far."

The intercourse between Sir Godfrey and his chaplain had of late ceased almost entirely. They were as much strangers as it was possible for those to be who continued members of the same household, and observed towards each other the decent courtesies of life. In the few words which did from time to time pass between them, Father Giacomo showed more outward respect to his patron than before; while Sir Godfrey's words and manner were apt to be rudely sarcastic, and such as, a short time back, he would have been slow to venture upon with such a master in the art of reply. Seldom now did the priest appear at meal-times, and never remained to share in the noisy conviviality which sometimes succeeded, when Sir Godfrey could welcome to his board some more genial companion than the too abstemious Crusader. Great part of his time was spent still—as had been his constant practice—in long solitary walks to a distance from the manor: and when he was within the walls, he confined himself more strictly than ever to the little oratory in the turret, which, besides its communication with Sir Godfrey's own chambers, had a small external staircase of its own, and where his lamp, in despite of the chamberlain's protest, might often be seen burning far into the night.

It was here that Sir Nicholas found him, when he resolved to confide to him his determination to obtain, with the sanction of the king and of her guardian, the hand of the heiress of Willan's Hope. The two men looked at each other, as the Italian, without even a shade of surprise expressed in his countenance, rose and greeted courteously his unexpected visitor; and before any words beyond those of mere formality had passed between them, each was perfectly aware that he was the object of the other's doubt and distrust. And again Sir Nicholas felt an uncomfortable impression that he had seen those eyes elsewhere, before he met them at Ladysmede.

He judged wisely that, in a negotiation with Father Giacomo, it was best to speak to the point at once. Any kind of diplomatic circumlocution, or fencing with the real question to be discussed, he felt would be time and breath wasted, if not worse; for, strong as Sir Nicholas might feel himself in the art of language to conceal his thoughts, he knew that in that art he now stood before at least a rival master.

"I think," said he, "Father Giacomo, it would be for our interest to be friends." Even this assumption of honesty, selfish as it was, hardly sat well upon him.

The Italian's eyes, though not his lips, smiled as he replied, and the knight felt that the humility of his bow was ironical.

"You have need of my service?" he said.

Sir Nicholas found that the priest could be fully his equal in sincerity.

"I have," he replied, continuing the conversation in the Italian's own language, which he spoke admirably for an Englishman, and hoping by this means to win something of the stranger's confidence—"I have, father, and am prepared to pay for it in kind."

"You speak the Tuscan in perfection, Sir Knight — you have been much in Italy?"

Le Hardi assuredly had not come there to be questioned as to his travels and adventures; but he replied with a courteous smile.

"There are few lands I have not travelled in, father; in Italy among the rest—but it is long ago—is it possible that we have met there?"

"Possible enough," replied the other carelessly, "though such a chance were unlikely — I went little beyond the walls of my cloister there."

The knight tried in vain to recall those eyes peering from beneath a cowl in some Italian street. He *must* have seen them; of that he was more strongly convinced than ever.

"I have need of your services, Father Giacomo," he resumed, determined to confine himself if possible to the actual business of his visit—"in a matter which I have much at heart. And to prove to you that I can return your good-will, let me say that I am somewhat in your secrets already; I know where the boy Giulio is in keeping — the knowledge shall be safe with me."

The chaplain only replied by a courteous bow.

Sir Nicholas found himself obliged to begin the conversation again. "I am, as you may know, well-nigh a landless man."

The chaplain bowed again.

"I would wed with wealth and beauty, Sir priest: churchman as you are, you will not blame me in this?"

The chaplain smiled.

"Men say indeed," continued Sir Nicholas, encouraged a little by this token, "that the Church would fain keep both for itself; and, under your favour, what with mortmain and the cloister—to say nought of less legitimate methods — she gets the lion's share; but you will not grudge us poor men of the world the crumbs?"

"I will grudge no man that which he wins fairly, Sir Knight."

"I will win what I seek fairly," replied Sir Nicholas, — "with my sword and spear. In plain words, I seek the love and the lands of the lady Gladice, Sir Godfrey's fair ward. I have the good knight's word, King Richard's special sanction——"

——"But not the maiden's consent," added the chaplain quietly, without raising his eyes.

"That," said the knight, by no means disconcerted, for he was prepared to find his companion intimately acquainted with the designs and movements of most of the household—"that I shall not wait to ask."

"Or have already asked, and are little pleased with the answer?"

Sir Nicholas moved uneasily, and turned his face away.

"Suppose it were so," he answered with an unreal laugh,—"what does a maiden know of her own fancies? A little loving compulsion, in these cases, Father Giacomo, is often the only thing required."

"So are English maidens won? it is hardly so with us in the south. Yet it is a marvel to me," continued the priest, looking steadily at the crusader, "that a knight of such a presence and such gentle and gracious discourse, as I may say most truly, should fail to find favor in ladies' eyes."

Sir Nicholas' face grew dark under the Italian's searching glance; but again he spoke in what seemed a bold and honest tone.

"I have been wedded once, Father; it may well be that I am the worse skilled in wooing again."

"So!" said Giacomo, in a tone of courteous surprise and sympathy; "I can well understand you, Sir Knight; your love lies with the dead: but you need the broad lands, and you would be generous and faithful to her who could bestow them on you. You speak honestly and well—you cannot feign a passion, but you promise honour and good faith?"

"Ay, more, by heaven!" said the Crusader, thrown now somewhat off his guard by the other's open speaking. "I wedded where I thought I loved—it was an idle folly, and has passed; but I love now—love with a passion of which a youth's fancies are but the imagination—which you, fenced in by the vows of your priesthood, may have learned to cast from you, but which masters sense and reason in a nature like mine! But you are not my confessor, Father."

"No, nor you mine," said the priest; "we may speak the more honestly therefore. Listen, if you will. I have loved once; not," he said in a tone of sarcasm which he seemed unable to restrain, though his words were earnest and emphatic—"not with a love like either of yours. I loved, and I did a wrong; and the love and the memory live with me for ever. I see a buried face, Sir Nicholas—not only in my dreams, but day and night the vision of her I loved and wronged is before me. Not always, but suddenly, it comes—the same pale, sad, reproachful face: it starts before me in the full glare of daylight—meets me in the deep shadows of the woods—looks into mine at the banquet, till all faces round grow indistinct—looks not in accusation, but in tender sorrow—checks the light word upon my lips, rebukes the evil thought in my heart, and seems like an angel holding back the sinful passions which shut me out from heaven—I see it now!"

His searching eyes had left Sir Nicholas' face, and were fixed with a stony glare upon the tapestry beyond. The knight turned round, pale and shivering, as if he too expected to see a face behind him.

"The church I serve," continued the Italian after the silence of a moment, "teaches us that there is one Hell, and one Redeemer—I tell you, Sir Knight, there are redeemers upon earth every day, that suffer to save us—if it may be—and a hell about us every hour, of spirits sent to torment us before our time! Go your ways, Sir Nicholas; you have my promise—I will help you to your bride."

The priest, as he spoke the last words in a cold passionless voice, turned away as if to close their interview; and the knight whose wonted self-possession had now wholly failed him, after some hurried and almost unintelligible words, rose and left the little chamber.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE JOURNEY.

If Raoul's feelings had been less profoundly interested in the service which brought him to the gates of Michamstede, he might possibly have shown more embarrassment in his interview with the lady-abbess in her parlour. As it was, he spoke out his message with so much simple earnestness, that the wise and gracious lady who ruled the house, though she crossed herself with a slight shudder of pious propriety when he named his connection with Sir Godfrey de Burgh, not only gave him readily the information which he required, but pressed upon him with almost motherly kindness the refreshment which his boyish frame really much needed, but which he would have impatiently refused, and even now, saving a draught of wine, scarcely more than tasted. She would also willingly have kept him longer in conversation, if he had not seized the first moment that courtesy allowed him to continue his journey. Gladice had been well known to the abbess from her childhood, for she had been an inmate of the convent for some months immediately after her mother's death; and it was with no little satisfaction that the lady Brunhild now gathered, from the fact of Raoul's being charged with a message from her to the Bishop of Ely, that the young heiress at length intended to place herself under his protection; for she had more than once herself gently pressed upon her the wisdom of seeking peace and happiness in the religious life, and such she confidently trusted would be the result of her interview with the prelate; for she knew that William of Ely's wishes in the matter corresponded with her own. Not that the unscrupulous churchman took much care for the interests of his order, but he would rather have seen the fair lands of Willan's Hope swelling the revenues of the church than enriching any adventurous friend of Sir Godfrey's; and it was much more convenient to free himself at once from any troublesome claims on his protection which their present owner might prefer, by bestowing her safely in the cloister, than by engaging in any contest with her guardian as to her disposal in marriage. He had some pride in the beauty and spirit of his young kinswoman, and had treated her, in their slight intercourse, with much consideration: if he could have secured Sir Godfrey's consent, he would gladly have strengthened his own influence in those quarters, by bestowing her hand and revenues on some follower of his own; but he had cared little of late for anything but his own ease and pleasures.

Raoul rode on, revived by the generous wine of the convent, and cheered in spirit by the hope of doing useful service. He met with the prelate of whom he was in search even sooner than the abbess's information had led him to expect. Three hours' brisk riding, after he left the convent walls, brought him within sight of the towers of Ely. The bishop had not yet arrived at his palace, nor was it there that Raoul had expected to find him; but he had learned at Michamstede that he had lain, two days ago, at a castle some twenty miles distant, which formed one of the private residences of Hugh, Bishop of Durham, who now sat as lord chief-justice for the king, and was a personal friend of Longchamp. Halting in the city only long enough to rest his horse, and having ascertained from the bishop's domestics that, although they had orders to be in readiness to receive him at any moment, the day and hour of his arrival there were in fact very uncertain, as their master's movements were wont to be, the squire was soon again in the saddle, content to think that the object of his journey would be gained before nightfall. Scarcely, however, had he cleared the suburbs of the city when he met upon the road a single rider. Judging him by his dress and bearing to be of near his own degree, Raoul, who was prudently resolved to lose no opportunity of gaining information in a district wholly strange to him, checked his horse as the other was passing, and saluted him with some inquiry as to his route.

The stranger seemed in haste, for after a brief reply to Raoul's question, he would have passed on, without pausing to interchange any of that courteous gossip between solitary wayfarers which, in the utter absence of all our modern facilities of communication, was almost the rule of the road.

"One thing more I pray of your goodness—know you aught of my lord of Ely's movements?" said Raoul, nothing daunted by the stranger's seeming impatience.

"My lord of Ely?" The traveller's steed was easily reined up again, for he seemed more glad of a breathing-space than his master. "Have you business with his holiness, young sir?"

"I have; and have ridden far since morning to seek him."

"Then," said the other, "you may count your journey well-nigh ended. If it please you to turn with me, my lord will be in his own palace of Ely in the space of an hour. I am his poor esquire of the body, at your service."

In spite of Raoul's youth, and his present disordered apparel, there was something in his free and gallant bearing which won at once courtesy and respect from his new acquaintance, who in the service of the magnificent prelate had mixed with men of many nations and degrees.

Raoul was puzzled at first how to introduce himself, as he felt bound in courtesy to do, in reply to the other's announcement of his own position. But the boy's natural impulse was to speak the truth, and he had wisdom enough, unused as he was to difficulties, to follow that safe and simple policy.

"I am of squire's degree also, gentle sir; I served the knight of Ladysmede—until this morning."

"I remember to have heard of him," said the other. "It will be best that you turn again with me, as I said; I dare hardly promise to get you speech of his holiness to-night—he will be tired, it is like, with travel, and my lord of Durham is in his company; but I will see you fairly lodged, and you shall do your master's errand in time to ride homewards again to-morrow."

"Thanks for your ready courtesy," said the young esquire, with some little hesitation; "but my message to the lord bishop comes not from Sir Godfrey. I ride to-day upon a lady's service, and did I not fear to seem too bold, I would go forward to meet the bishop, who, if I have gathered aright, is even now upon the road. I have scarce five words to trouble him with, but I shall hardly be easy until they are said."

"Nay, in that case," said the bishop's esquire, smiling, "ride on, in heaven's name. I never rode on ladies' errands, and will by no means venture to judge of their urgency. But I trow I may no longer delay mine own. There will be scant preparation for my lord's reception as it is. I trust we may yet meet at Ely."

He put his horse to its speed, as if to make up for the interruption; his parting speech being more creditable to his discretion than to his veracity.

Raoul proceeded at a slackened pace, doubting in his own mind how far the urgency of the lady Gladice's message might suffice to justify him in the eyes of others, (for in his own it took precedence of all other considerations) in stopping the papal legate upon the king's highway. He felt no hesitation as to his line of action; but as he watched every turn of the road for the appearance of the bishop's cavalcade, and thought with himself in what terms he might best accost so high a personage, and what reception he might probably meet with, he began to look forward to the interview with a tremulous anxiety which he had not felt until now; and when the spears and banners of the escort who rode in advance of the two prelates appeared suddenly over the brow of the hill up which the road had been gradually winding, scarce two hundred yards ahead of him, the courage and self-possession which had sustained the boy through the trying incidents of the past two days wholly gave way, and he began to tremble like a child. In great part it was physical exhaustion; for he had tasted no food that day, with the exception of the few morsels which the abbess had almost forced upon him, and the wine which he had eagerly drank had served rather to stimulate his powers for the time than to supply the place of wholesome refreshment. Dizzy in brain and sick at heart, he drew his horse up by the roadside, and was well-nigh unconscious that the foremost of the train had already passed him, and that he was almost in the presence which he had come so far to seek.

The escort of lances, who rode so noisily by, cast rude and contemptuous glances at the young stranger as they passed, and bandied among themselves rude jests upon his sad and weary look and jaded horse, which, happily for Raoul's peace of mind, fell upon ears that would have been dull at that moment even to direct personal insult. They were the foreign riders whom William of Ely, to the indignation and disgust of his own countrymen, kept in his pay, and by whom he loved to be continually surrounded. They were drafts from half the nations of Europe — Flemings, Brabanters, Béarnois, Hainaulters, and many whose nationality might have been as doubtful as their characters. Amongst them were a few Englishmen, the most reckless, perhaps, of the whole band. The prelate seldom moved from place to place in his official capacity without being attended by some four or five hundred of these armed retainers, who spread alarm and disgust wherever they went, although discipline was administered by their own leaders, whenever any graver complaint than usual reached the ears of the prelate, with a severity which was unknown in more regularly constituted forces. It seemed as if the haughty and careless churchman took a pleasure in defying the feelings and prejudices of the nation; and he succeeded by this conduct in neutralising the respect and the high reputation which he might fairly have acquired, during the king's absence, by an administration which, though arbitrary, was on the whole just, and by a lavish munificence at all times popular with Englishmen.

The band of horsemen passed on, in their loose array, with shouts and laughter, exchanging their ribald wit with each other in their peculiar jargon, in which German, French, or Anglo-Saxon predominated according to the speaker's extraction; and still Raoul leant forward wearily on his saddle-bow, watching their disorderly march with a dreamy half-unconscious gaze. They were followed by a troop of minstrels, also on horseback, wearing their lord's livery of scarlet and tawny, with tabors, trumpets, cornets, and other instruments, the combination of whose sounds produced at the best more noise than harmony, and who plied their art occasionally, playing a few notes in or out of time and tune, according as breath and inclination suited them, and producing an effect upon sensitive ears which might have made the noisy mirth of the spearmen sound melodious by comparison. At their head rode an officer, habited in cloth-of-gold furred with ermine, and bearing upright a tall silver wand in token of his office, whom Longchamp, with the assumption of princely dignity which he was wont to affect—not without some show of reason, since he was virtually regent of the kingdom—had named his "King of the minstrels," in imitation of the style assumed by the chief musician in the royal courts of France and England. It was Helion de Blois, reputed the most perfect master of his art in all its branches, whom Philip of France had vainly endeavoured, by threats and promises, to retain to be the grace and delight of his royal table; for the minstrel, proud in his degree as any monarch, and capricious as a flattered beauty, preferred the more appreciating taste —or the unbounded liberality—which even among the courtiers of a foreign prince were unanimously ascribed to William of Ely.

There followed a large body of armed retainers on foot, of somewhat more reputable character, because of less noisy pretension, than their mounted comrades: they moved at a rapid walk, which broke occasionally into a long swinging trot, enabling them easily to keep pace on the march with the heavy Norman and Flemish horses on which the spearmen rode. At least fifty knights, or holders of knight's fees, each in complete armour and strongly mounted, formed the immediate personal escort which preceded and followed the legate. Right in front of him was borne the banner of the Holy See; and side by side, in dress and equipment almost the least conspicuous of the glittering show, on two quiet-paced palfreys, such as might beseem churchmen, and which looked almost diminutive beside the stately chargers of some of the knights of high degree who kept the post of honor next the legate's person, rode Longchamp and his brother prelate of Durham. The legate himself, indeed, had a noble war-horse led by two esquires close behind him; for he loved better, like many of the prelates of his time, to assert his military position as a feudal baron than his spiritual dignity. He wore a suit of plain but costly armour; Hugh of Durham, his ordinary episcopal habit—the scarlet rochet and close black cap. Behind them followed chancellors, chaplains, and secretaries, and a long array of small ecclesiastical dignitaries who, in some real or nominal capacity, were the inevitable companions of their superior's official progress.

The baron—for his degree was no less—who bore the sacred banner before the papal legate, was now nearly opposite to Raoul; and though the youth had raised his head and was gazing open-eyed at the bishops as they approached, still his consciousness of all that was passing before him was little more than the consciousness of a dream; the words in which he had meant to address the prelate had passed from his mind, his tongue and his senses failed him alike, and even the purpose of his weary journey was well-nigh forgotten, when he was rudely awakened for the moment from this trance-like apathy. One of the knights who rode on the left hand of the banner had cast his eyes upon the young horseman who was halting—out of idle curiosity, as it seemed to him—by the roadside. He made a side movement towards him as the standard was borne past.

"Uncover, sirrah, to the banner of the Holy See—where got ye that heathen nurture?"

Raoul lifted his hand mechanically to his cap, and doffed it at once with some incoherent words of apology for his unintentional offence. But in the sudden action he startled both his own and the knight's horse; and after some jostling, the latter backed so as to threaten inconvenience to the prelates who rode but a few paces in the rear. The knight, with a stifled oath, half inclined to resent the young stranger's awkwardness as intentional, seized Raoul's rein, and checked his horse so violently as almost to bring him on his haunches. Quite lost to all sense of the high presence in which they were, the esquire raised his riding-wand, and aimed a feeble blow at the knight as he leant forward in his stirrups.

There were loud cries of indignation from those who saw the action, and a confused movement which threatened more inconvenience to the bishops than the poor esquire's mistake. But Raoul neither heard nor saw it. He had sunk down gently from his horse, and lay on the ground in a swoon.

This result did not serve to lessen the confusion. Many thought that the knight had struck him; and a few of those who had seen what they accounted his insolent disrespect, were not slow to murmur that he had deserved it. None cared to render him assistance; and had he not fallen almost directly in the bishop's path, the train might have ridden on and left him where he lay.

William of Ely, who trampled without scruple on the feelings and remonstrances of a nation, would not lightly have spurned a beggar from his feet. He had seen something of the encounter, and thought as others did, that his own follower, zealous for the honour of Heaven, had struck to the ground the irreverent stranger who had refused or neglected to pay due homage to its representative. But he was not content to see the youth lie there motionless and senseless, whatever might have been his offence.

"Look to him, some of ye," he exclaimed; "hath he taken any hurt?"

The great man's humanity was contagious; and footmen ran forward, and knights prepared to dismount, to offer help to the stranger in whom their lord was pleased to show an interest. But Raoul had found a friend already. A young man—who, in spite of his plain dress, might be judged a person of some consideration, since he rode close behind the Bishop of Durham, side by side with the legate's chancellor and secretary—had already dismounted and left his place in the procession, and was standing by the side of the fallen esquire.

"I surely know his face," said he to the others who now pressed round him; "he is a near neighbour of mine, or I much mistake." He raised Raoul's head gently on his arm, and looked at him closely. "What hath chanced to him?" He had been too far in the rear to see clearly what had passed.

"He overreached himself in striking at me, and so fell from his horse, I reckon," said the knight who had first accosted him. "He rode at me as though he had been mad, and I did but check his horse. The foolish youth hath surely had a cup of wine more than he can carry."

"Nay, it is hardly that," said the other, looking kindly into Raoul's pallid face.

Longchamp and his brother prelate had stopped; and the Bishop of Durham, either out of humanity or curiosity, turned his palfrey's head towards the group, but the gathering crowd of heads prevented his seeing anything distinctly."

"What is it, Waryn?" he asked of the young man who was supporting Raoul.

"This poor youth hath fallen from his horse, reverend uncle," he answered, as the others moved aside; "he is in a swoon, as it seems to me, for there was no blow given."

"Let some leech look to him, if it be your lordship's good pleasure," said Hugh of Durham, turning to Longchamp; "there be such in our company, I may safely avouch."

"A leech, ho there!" said Longchamp, turning to those behind him; "we should have some half-score of them with us, Jews and Christians, if they have not fallen out and cut each other's throats by the way. Send a brace of them hither—I commonly run them in couples, brother," he continued, addressing the Bishop of Durham, "in hopes that one rogue may hold the other in check. I have mostly found that when the Gentile advises bloodletting, the Jew swears by the beard of Aaron that it were rank murder in such a case; and where one compounds a fever-drink, the other will hear of naught but a cordial; so my knaves are fain to swallow both, for the little faith they have left them is in gifts of healing. In mine own case, I thank both for their counsel, and follow neither."

Two or three of the mediciners, of whom there were several in the prelate's motley train, whose art was half charlatanism and half superstition, were hurried up from the rear in obedience to their patron's order. They were for once unanimous in declaring, as was tolerably plain already to common-sense observers, that the youth had fainted, and seemed to be suffering from exhaustion.

"Who and what is he, Waryn?" said the Bishop of Durham, who had been told that his nephew possessed some acquaintance with the stranger.

"He is esquire, as I believe, to Sir Godfrey de Burgh. I have seen him often in his train, and have heard that he comes of gentle blood."

"He has fallen early into a goodly fellowship," said his uncle.

"Bring him away among ye in some fashion," said Longchamp, growing impatient at the delay; "there shall be lodging found for him at Ely, and the whole rascality of leeches shall deal with him there. We can do no more for him, were he of the blood-royal."

The council of mediciners, after some little discussion among themselves, the tone of which they prudently moderated so that little of it should reach profaner ears, had administered to Raoul some recipe which had at least the effect of reviving him a little. He opened his eyes, looked with a sick and weary glance round him, and made an attempt to rise. There were plenty of ready hands now to assist him; and in a few minutes he had recovered sufficiently to be mounted again upon his own horse, and, supported by a groom on either side, to ride back slowly in the rear of the company to the bishop's palace at Ely.

FLEETS AND NAVIES—ENGLAND.

PART II.

"The awaking of a giant shakes the earth," says the Arab proverb. The rousing of the English nation from its slumber, to open its eyes on the state of its navy, was as the awaking of a giant. It was a rough rousing, and a heavy shake; but the sleep is broken, and the slumberer has started to a lifefulness of effort which will prove to the world that the might of England did but sleep, and that it is equal and vigorous as ever to battle for the supremacy of the seas. The slumbers are, however, dangerous. It so fell that this awakening found us with an interval betwixt us and peril; there was yet a space intervening before the precipice, yet time for safety and retrieval. Had the alarum been deferred—had the ambitions of monarchs sought a different field, and their secret preparations taken a different direction—had we reposed on the security of assured strength, and risen to see, on one side of the Channel, ports filled with ships and transports, on the other only hulks, a few guard and broken-down block-ships, the day might have dawned when the greatness of England would have departed, and its glory been obscured by a darkness which would have shrouded it for ever.

It is well that our warning has not come from such a crisis of danger. The warnings brought by conviction are more salutary even than those which come as the cries of panic and alarm — their lessons are more rational, their results more effective.

The nation has awoke, not with fire and slaughter on its shores and its homesteads, but to the deliberate conviction that the strength of its navy had not a sufficiency for defence, much less for the assertion of supremacy.

The calm resolve which this warning has evoked, the unanimous feeling by which this conviction has been manifested, are signs of healthy strength and innate reliance, which, though less understood by other people than by ourselves, must and will bear to the powers of Europe an expression of supremacy.

Such an assertion, however, if it be even affirmed by commensurate results, will not be enough, should it only provide for present need and present emergency. It must have an assurance for the future as well as the present. The state of the navy has been adopted as a national charge —a national responsibility; and it will now be a national crime if there be not given to it a magnitude and a permanency, which shall be absolute and uncontrolled by the policy of cabinets, the expediency of finance, or the demands of factions; which shall insure a naval might equal to the standard of the greatness, position, and destiny of England and its people.

A standing navy can alone assure this—a navy of ships and of men, fleets and crews, which, in magnitude, shall poise the navies of the world, in permanency defy alarm, the vicissitudes of politics, or the changes of administration, and which shall possess a capacity for expansion sufficient for the maintenance of a great struggle or a great defence. Less than this is not enough for national safety, or the supremacy in which it is involved. Such supremacy, certain and manifest, would be also the surest of peace-agencies — it would avert attack and promote neutrality, which can only be maintained with dignity when it is maintained in strength. The nation which fears not war, and is prepared to meet it, has always a power to avoid it; in weakness lies the danger and the difficulty of neutrality.

The first, the only aim, however, of naval supremacy with us, is national security and defence, and this can never be attained except by the union of all the conditions we have named. The will of the nation will certify a sufficient magnitude to the navy for the present, but the na-

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See art. "Fleets and Navies—France," in our June Number.

tional will is apt, after a great exercise, to nod and doze in complacency over its products. Then a time may come—as it has been before, so will it be again—when the tactics of party demand a reduction in the budget, and then, in the lull, when few are caring, few observing, ships will be dismantled, seamen dispersed, artisans dismissed, dockyards reduced to the lowest ebb of retrenchment, and the national will, if aroused by any crisis or menace, would find, perhaps, that it had scarcely means to resist an invasion of gun-boats, and that in the construction of a fleet or navy it must begin the work over again.

A great navy, without assured permanency, would be only a delusion and a danger. Men trust much in the past; they would know that there had been a strong naval force, and believe that it still existed; and should any doubts or suspicions arise, they would be soothed and comforted by statistics and totals which would confound real ships with skeletons, and conceptions represented merely by a few planks, or a board with a name painted thereon.

The navy should be the navy of the country, of the people, not of a ministry or government—a certain fact, which could not be altered in its sufficiency for defence without the knowledge and approval of the nation—a fact which, in magnitude, might defy comparison or danger, in permanency be established beyond the power of reduction below the standard of safety—in expansion be equal to the needs of the future, or the threats of aggression. What should be the standard of its magnitude? What the conditions of its permanency? What the extent of its expansion? These are questions all pressing vitally on us, and which must be solved whilst there is time for practical issues, whilst the direction of the strength of our competitors on other projects offers the opportunity of advance, the vantage of progression. What should be the magnitude of our navy, must be a question of comparison and of national position.

The position is that of the first naval power of the world—the comparison involves all the fleets and navies which singly or in combination could dispute or overthrow that position. To be the first naval power is, as we have said elsewhere, the condition of the existence of England as a great power. It is no presumption of ambition, no design of aggression, but the rightful assertion of her own place among nations. To be less is to be nothing—to decline from this point of supremacy is to endanger the commercial ascendancy which makes her wealthy, and to abandon the colonial imperialism which makes her great. This position of supremacy is life, very life to England. Let its vitality stagnate, or its sources fail, let it droop or wither from neglect or maltreatment, and the old name, which has been a power and a glory among men, may become a byword and a reproach. The strength which can uphold this life and maintain this supremacy, must be equal or superior to all the forces which can imperil or threaten it. The forces which can thus be possible foes are the navies of the world. They have heretofore been arrayed in hostility to us. The present phase of the world's politics gives no assurance that such a contingency may not occur again—and the magnitude of our navy must, as a necessity of safety, match the united magnitude of those which can unite to attack us. Since they last challenged us, the navies of the world have very much altered their classification, and now there are two only whose combination of line-of-battle power would be dangerous. France and Russia are the two great rivals who, by the construction of steam navies, are still asserting a pre-eminence as first-class naval powers. America is strong in frigates, in the armaments and size of her different ships, and in her management and knowledge of steam; and the other navies which have not progressed in the application of the new power, would still present a formidable contingent of ships and seamen. It may not be probable that these may be all at the same time our enemies; but in a matter so vital, we may not depend on probabilities, we must prepare for possibilities. The life or death of a nation cannot be left to the chances or casts of politics.

To determine the magnitude, therefore, of the navy of England, we must return to an estimate of its possible opponents. France, as we stated in a former paper, numbers 31 line-of-battle ships afloat, and 37 frigates, and in the year 1860 contemplates possessing a total force of 40 steam liners, 6 iron-plated frigates, 30 screw frigates, 19 paddle-wheel frigates, and 26 steam transports.

Russia, though checked in her efforts by the loss of two divisions of her fleet, and the "treaty obligation not to re-establish a naval arsenal at Sebastopol, is devoting her naval resources to increase her Baltic fleet, which will in the course of the next year amount to 40 steam-ships of the line, all the sailing ships being converted into steamers." *

The Austrian, Swedish, Dutch, Danish, and Spanish navies have as yet, we believe, only two screw liners — one Austrian, one Dutch — and few steam-ships of a large size; but they could muster an aggregate of about 30 sailing line-of-battle ships; not all, perhaps, very efficient. Some of these, the Dutch especially, are in a state of progress, and the Northern States would be always strong in the numbers and quality of their seamen. Thus, should England stand once again against the world in arms, she would enter the lists against combined fleets which in different quarters might assail her. With 82 screw and about 50 sailing line-of-battle ships, supported by large bodies of heavy frigates, and swarms of smaller vessels, a naval war would scarcely begin with such a coalition; but in a conflict with one or two of the great powers our resources would be too heavily taxed to admit of the preparations necessary to meet an increase of foes. The nation which may stand against the world in arms must have arms for the world. The navy which is to the safeguard of England and the protector of her destinies, should be equal in numbers or power to the collective fleets of war-ships which float on the seas, and should have a capacity of expansion which would enable it to compete with the growth of new navies or the revival of old ones. Is it at present equal to this high requirement? There are now floating on the seas or in the harbours of England, 40 screw liners and 35 sailing ships, which perhaps, until they are made more valuable as converted liners, may nearly balance the sailing force which would be opposed to them. At the commencement of the financial year 1860, it is calculated that we shall have 50 line-of-battle ships and 34 frigates ready for service. France, at the same time, would command 40 screw liners, 4 iron-plated ships, and 46 steam-frigates. Thus, single-handed, navy to navy, people to people, we need not shrink from comparison or fear the issue. But the balance is so even, so well-poised, that the alliance of another navy on one side or the other would turn the scale, and it behoves us to see how the comparison would stand should the fleets of Russia be joined to those of France. We believe that the estimate given of them by Sir H. Douglas is overrated. In 1854-55, Russia had only 2 screw liners; and resolute as that power has ever been in the pursuit of a purpose, it is giving too much credit to its energy to suppose that in four years, and those years following on the exhaustion of a disastrous war, it could produce 38 ships, even by the conversion of old material. Should the number be much less, and not exceed 15 or 20, which would be ready during the next year, as stated by the reports of eye-witnesses who have returned from Cronstadt this summer, the combination of such a force with the navy of France would establish a preponderance which might give it the command of the Channel, leave our ports open to attack, our shores to invasion. Should even our fleets exhibit an equality in numbers, their necessary dispersion to guard our colonies and our military stations would prevent a concentration sufficient for our home defences. Both these rival naval powers, also, possess the means of equipping and manning their ships on the instant, and their neighbourhood would enable them speedily to

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* Howard Douglas.

follow the word by the blow — the menace by the action. The disadvantage, too, under which Russia would operate, in single combat, from having her ports closed by the ice for many months in the year, would be annulled were she in alliance with a country which could offer her ships a harbourage in the "cinque ports militaires."

Such combinations, such coalition, may be sneered at, laughed down by politicians, especially now that it is the fashion to repose on the faith and good intent of sovereigns; but the people of England, with the experience of New-year's greetings, secret treaties, and secret preparations, might prefer to rely on a formidable navy and stalwart seamen, rather than put their trust in princes.

The present age and the policies of the age give no warranty to England to confide her safety and immunity to aught save her own power of defence. What, then, should be the magnitude of the navy which would insure such defence?

One hundred sail of the line was the old stand-point of England's naval might. It often rose above, sometimes on emergency doubled itself, but never fell below until peace agitations and financial expedients tampered with our strength and stagnated our resources.

The standard of the old times should be the standard of the present. A hundred screw liners, and sixty or seventy powerful frigates — the smaller craft and gun-boats are already in proportion to such a force — would only constitute a navy corresponding with the responsibility of a nation whose destiny it is to uphold against the world the supremacy of the seas. We have seen that our navy is below — miserably below this standard. The next point is to see whether it has inherent in itself an expansion which may attain it. It is announced, and announced too as a sort of triumph, that next year we shall have 50 line-of-battle ships afloat, and that in 1861 the number will be increased to 56. We shall then have arrived at the end of our material, built, building, converted, and convertible. We shall have wrought out the new, and used up the old. This result, however, inspires confidence in statesmen, they exult in it, brandish it as a defiance to the call of the country for defence. Even a gallant admiral has stated that "with 50 sail of the line in two divisions—one ready for sea, and one in a forward state — we might defy the world." Such confidence supposes that we should have only one power to encounter, and betrays a rather hazy experience of the past, and a blind forecast into the future. In what great naval war have we ever been allowed to battle with any one navy single-handed? What is there in the aspect of present politics to encourage a belief that, in the event of another, we should not be challenged to join issue with a combination? After our late essay of strength especially, it would be only a coalition which would dare to attack us, and such a contingency, now that absolutism wields the might of the great military peoples, is neither contrary to probabilities, nor to the principles by which the policies and ambitions of empires have been directed.

Our prosperity is an offence, our constitution a reproach, our supremacy a barrier to existing systems and existing doctrines of government; and spite of the confiding faith of politicians and peace-dogmatists in the soft-tongued phrases and affectionate assurances of powers and diplomats, we know that there has been and is a feeling among the mighty ones of the earth, which would lead them to regard our humiliation as a triumph, and our decline among nations as a victory to the principles and systems they represent. There are few, if any, of these mighty ones who have not suffered defeat or foil from us — few in whom it has not left a bitter memory—few in whom this memory has not bred an impulse to avenge and retaliate. This is a consideration which must enter into our calculations.

Fifty sail of the line may enable us to defy France, to defy Russia, but they are not enough to defy both — not enough to defy the world. They would barely suffice, according to the statistics given by great authorities, to form a first line against a junction of these two great navies, leaving no reserve to redeem a reverse or consummate a success. Our block-ships, despised and rejected as they are in all classifications—regarded as neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor even good red herring, would doubtless, where there was an approximation to equality, turn the tide of battle; otherwise and even then they would swell the numerical force without giving a corresponding reality of strength, and thus detract from the honour of victory or multiply the disgrace of defeat. Our flotilla of gun-boats, too, might exhibit a power of war unknown in the tactics of the past, which would balance the superiority of a line of battle, but this would depend on the skill with which they were handled and on the projectile force of their armament. But the honour, the safety, the life of such an empire as England may not be trusted to makeshifts, or calculations of new war-forces, or the ingenious views of diplomacy; they must be based on the surest and the strongest reliances in inherent strength and resources. It may be good diplomacy to court the favours of foreign potentates by weakness, and to depend on the forbearance of allies, but it is better patriotism to provide for every possibility of attack, and prepare every means of defence.

Neither the present state, then, of the British navy, nor its prospective state in '61, can be accepted as a finality. Fifty-six line-of-battle ships cannot be the limit of our preparations, but as this number will represent the total in process of conversion and construction, it will be well to see what are the means of expansion by which this number can be extended to reach the old standpoint of one hundred ships of the line. The Surveyor of the Navy has stated, "that the force in the dockyards before the last increase of shipwrights and apprentices was not more than sufficient to build three line-of-battle ships, three frigates, and six sloops per annum, besides executing the necessary repairs; and that this number ought to be produced every year, merely to maintain the navy on a proper footing." This, however, provides not for an increase, but only for keeping up to a certain existing standard. At this rate the stand-point could not be reached in 15 years, as out of the 45 liners which would have been then constructed, 10 at least would be required to fill the places of those which had become ineffective from age and service. Thirty years is the estimated duration of a ship, and many of our present fleet would ere the period named have reached the allotted terms. This is, however, only a calculation of maintenance; that of extension would be much greater, and require a large increase of means and appliances. Our dockyards present a building-space equal to the effort. They occupy altogether an area of 866 acres, and contain 33 docks and 44 building-slips. Of the slips, 25 or 26 are adapted for line-of-battle-ships of different classes. According to French authority, a liner occupies two years in building under the most favourable circumstances, and generally four or five; our returns show that of the ships which are promised in '60, "one was laid down in '55, two in '56, one in '57, and four in '58," so that as far as regards building-space we might in two years, counting from 1860, when the slips would be empty, attain the grand stand-point of England's navy. But will the building-power correspond with the building-space? The Secretary of the Admiralty has announced that with the present labour-power the dockyards can turn out in one year 46,000 tons of shipping, and that if we were pressed for ships, by giving the shipbuilders a four months' start they would be able to build half-a-dozen very large corvettes per month in the merchant yards, and the steam machinery that could be produced would be in proportion. Thus, under an emergency—and the present is an emergency—the construction of corvettes, gunboats, &c., might be left to the private yards, and the whole power of the Government establishments be concentrated on liners, or the class of ships which would supply their place, and the very large frigates. The average tonnage of a modern screw line-of-battle ship is about 3500 tons, that of a first-class frigate about 2400; so that our building-power would represent ten liners and five heavy frigates annually, besides those of the latter class which could be built by contract. Thus the work of expansion, with the present disposable agencies, would extend over four years, or five—making allowance for a fair start. This is a longer period than we should wish to see intervene between what is and what ought to be the state of our navy, and we would fain see it diminished by extra efforts; but even at this rate we should have the satisfaction of seeing the proportions every year increasing towards fulfilment. The cost of this expansion is the next consideration. A three-decker, in construction alone, without counting her masts, &c., and machinery, costs £106,000 in mere labour and material—a second-rate would be less, of course—so that the completion of ten liners might be calculated as under £1,000,000 a-year. This would be doubtless a tremendous item, as the whole cost of labour (including superintendence and material at the dockyards at home and abroad) for building, repairs, &c., amounted only in 1858-1859 to nearly three and a-half million. But the outlay would be only one of anticipation in its great excess; for in future years, after the stand-point had been reached, there would be solely the cost of maintenance and repair, and *that*, with ships comparatively new and efficient, would be light enough: we believe, too, that outlay is not the great question at present—that the will of the nation is defence, and *that* it is willing to possess at any cost.

Financiers and peace-apostles would doubtless denounce this as a war establishment. But it is hard to say what, in the present day, is a peace and what a war establishment, or how soon the one may be changed into the other. The question is, whether we should have peace with a war cost, or a peace cost with the constant risk and panic of war. The time to which economists refer with the greater unction as the golden age of peace and retrenchment is the latter part of the year '44 or the beginning of '45. We had then nine line-of-battle ships in commission out of eighty-eight afloat, and this number included guard-ships, and flag-ships on foreign stations. The defence of our shores was left to two war-ships. Our navy will never again fall to this low mark, but should it ever be reduced to what politicians recognise as a peace establishment, and should some word or phrase be thrown at our plenipotentiary by a great potentate, on some New-year's morn or other great anniversary, which would show us war looming in the distance, though like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, how could our peace armaments be converted into war ones, so as to meet the crisis? Ships do not spring into existence in a few weeks or months; men are not collected from the four quarters of the globe in an instant; and the economy which left England unprepared or defenceless, would thus strike at the very heart of her life. What mourning would there be throughout the land should the gazettes of victory even announce such holocausts of slain as we have lately read of! What indignation, what humiliation would there be, should this blood have been poured out in defeat! What long faces and bitter hearts there would be in Liverpool and Hull, should it be told that our merchant ships had been stopped on the seas and carried into foreign ports! What wailing and gnashing of teeth in Manchester, when tidings came that our ports were closed and our trade suspended! Would there not be then general sorrow and remorse that the country had not insured peace at a war cost, rather than peace estimates paid for in slaughter, spoil and ruin? The delusion that mankind will fraternise over cotton bales, and that bills of exchange and bills of lading shall be the future tokens of brotherhood, has been rudely dispelled; and it is now a forced fact, that if we would sit under our own vine and our own fig-tree—if we would send forth our ships in safety on their missions, if we would insure product for our industry, prosperity and progress for our people, it must be under the shadow of great armaments. Thus it is, must ever be, when despotisms hold the balances of peace or war. There is no security save in strength. When strong men arm, he who would keep his house must be stronger than they. The magnitude of the material force of the navy ought not to be, and cannot be safely, below this old standpoint of one hundred sail of the line. But even should this be achieved, how is its permanence to be assured? How is it to be preserved, strong and intact, against the inroads of economy and political tactics? There seems only one means—publicity. The nation has assumed to itself the responsibility of its defence, and it has a right to demand a knowledge of the state and disposition of the means which it has provided for that purpose. The Navy List is at present a mystification—a puzzle to the uninitiated as great as a table of logarithms, or a *Bradshaw's Guide*, or an Egyptian scroll. The uninitiated may wade through columns of Sphynxes, Bulldogs, Alarms, &c., without knowing more of the real strength of the navy at the end than at the beginning. It need not be so. The Navy List might be an open book, which all who run may read.

Let the screw-ships of the line actually afloat and fit for service be included in one list according to their classes, not alphabetically—those in commission being noted as usual. The screw frigates, smaller vessels, and gun-boats, might follow in the same order. Then should appear separate lists of the liners (steam), frigates, &c., which were in progress, the state of forwardness and the probable date of completion being noted under each. The summary might be closed by a return of the sailing-vessels, guard-ships, hulks, &c., which are rather accessories to our strength than realities. Thus even the most newly-fledged legislator might inform himself of the state of the navy without references to secretaries or officials, and the country know fully and surely on what it might depend in the hour of danger. The great objection to this plan has always been that it would give too accurate knowledge to foreign powers. This implies a confession of weakness. Strength needs no concealment or mystification. The fact is, that we cannot and do not mystify foreign cabinets. The bureaus of France, Russia, and all the governments which desire it, can get and do get as accurate information of the state of our ships, our dockyards, the number of our seamen, and our war resources, as is possessed by the Lords of the Admiralty themselves. Any mystery or unintelligibility will only keep in the dark those who require to have the fullest light on the subject—the people of England.

The magnitude of our navy should then, as a necessity of national safety, be equal to the aggregate navies of the world; and its permanency in quantity and efficiency of material can be only assured by its actual, real state, in these respects, being made patent and plain, that the country may have the responsibility and power of its own defence.

The great import of this magnitude and permanency is increased, too, by the fact that, though our main strength may lie in producing material, and our difficulty be the raising of man-power, any sources of war strength are more quickly and readily developed, and brought into reserve, than ships: any exhaustion or deficiency in these may, in a particular emergency, be fatal. In a race of construction we could outbuild any or all maritime people; but, to commence the competition, we should start on equal terms with them all. Possessed of a number of ships sufficient to meet every possible attacking force, we might send forth fleet after fleet,—for in such a crisis, with the great resources of our mercantile marine, it might be easier to find men for our ships than ships for our men,—and then rely on our great product-power to increase our superiority and maintain supremacy.

In the present state of foreign navies and foreign policies, we believe that 100 ships of the line, built, afloat, and ready for commissioning, would be essential for this purpose; and we believe that it is a force which the country would rejoice in, and willingly create. The burden now imposed on us by the "reconstruction of our navy" will be borne unmurmuringly; its continuation for two or three years more would render defence no longer a question or a doubt. For such a result the nation would not hesitate to give. It has less reluctance to give than financiers to ask; it has less sympathy than is supposed with pinched and pared budgets, when these mean also curtailed armaments. It will give, when it knows how and for what it is giving; when it knows that it is giving for realities and not chimeras —that it is giving for real fleets and armies, seamen, soldiers, ships, guns, engines, which may defend its shores, and uphold its empire, and not shams and idealities which would break down and disappear at the first shock of war.

If we may not be content with the magnitude of the navy, there is great satisfaction in considering the present constitution of its elements, and the designs and principles on which it is being constructed. Of the fifty liners which are to be afloat in 1860, there will be four three-deckers carrying 131 guns, three having 800 horse-power, and one 700 — three of 121 guns, two bearing 1000, and one 500 horse-power — one of 102 guns and 400 horse-power — seven two-deckers of 100 guns and upwards, with horse-power varying from 600 to 800. "Thus England has 15 ships of 100 guns and upwards, carrying collectively 1694 guns, and engines of 10,800 horse-power." She will have 23 or 24 of 90 or 91 guns, with horse-power varying from 400 to 800. The rest are 80-gun ships of 400 horse-power, 9 of which are converted. Of this force 27 have been converted from sailing-ships, and 23 built for screws. Of the former it is needless to say much; they were necessities: they presented material ready for conversion in much less time, and at much less cost, than new ships could be built, and were therefore seized upon to meet the demand of a steam-navy. They belong to different systems and schools, which of course varied in the adaptability of their designs to the new power. Many are good, strong ships, carrying their guns and engines well; and as these are not proposed as models, but merely provided as exigencies, and as, in case of a naval war in the present time, they would be opposed to an equal or rather greater proportion of ships of the same class and style in the navies of Russia and France, they may be regarded as fairly answering the purpose for which they were intended.

The creations of the present school of naval architecture are, we believe (as was stated in a former paper), to be models of excellence — that is, ships built of timber and encased in iron are henceforth to be a line-of battle power in naval warfare. It would be scarcely profitable to trace the progress of the systems by which we have advanced step by step to our present science of shipbuilding. Some of the old principles have been retained, others, especially those of the school immediately preceding the state of transition, have been abandoned as inapplicable to present modes and requirements: all, however, even the most faulty, are identified with some improvement. "The changes which our navy has undergone embrace not minor variations merely, but entire and unprecedented transformations, consequent mainly upon the introduction of steam."* It was necessary that the dimensions of our ships should be much enlarged, and that the tonnage should be largely increased; "this difference arose partly from the introduction of the engines and fuel, but it is also due to a wise increase in the carrying power of the ship, independent of her steam requisites." Again, "the form of our present ships has been adapted by the introduction of fine lines to the circumstances attendant on screw propulsion, so as to insure those high speeds for which our navy has lately become remarkable."† These advantages were, however, to be united to others — mobility, stability, stowage, fighting-room, the power of carrying a large armament, a steady platform for guns, and extreme handiness. In the war of which we have lately been receiving the records, the victory was ever gained by projectile force and mobility. The same principles, we believe, must prevail afloat. Handiness of movement will and must have great effect in naval actions and naval tactics. It will be a question of raking or being raked, of giving or receiving a broadside; and that, with the present armaments, will be a question so vital that the ship which can turn most quickly, and answer her helm most readily, would have superiority, which, if properly used, would be equivalent to victory. The new projectiles will all require greater accuracy of aim and steadiness of fire; so that a stable platform, to give due effect to the long ranges, will be an indispensable quality. This combination of fighting with motive power, of size with mobility, of tonnage with speed, has, we believe, been happily achieved in the construction of our new ships: even now, however, the Surveyor of the Navy has declared that the proceedings of naval architecture must be based on experiments, and experiments alone, and that "there are a few great points yet to be fixed for future guidance." Among these the principal are the determination of the amount of steam-power required for each ship, and the advisability of obtaining speed under steam by means of length and fine lines. The first is being established by repeated experiments; and with regard to the latter, the Surveyor states, "until it shall have been satisfactorily ascertained that the great length which is necessary to high speed under steam alone does not materially interfere with the ready performance of the evolutions which may be required of men-of-war under any circumstances, it would not be prudent to depart otherwise than gradually, and after sufficient experience, from the dimensions and forms of the ships which have been found to possess every good property."* The experiments on this point have been tested to the utmost in the ships, especially the frigates which have been lately built. The Orlando, carrying 50 guns, has 1000 horse-power and is 300 feet in length—that is, 50 more than the Renown or Diadem. High speed is doubtless of paramount importance in the present day, but it is a question whether handiness and mobility can be safely sacrificed to it. Ships of this extraordinary length would have a difficulty in turning, except in a great space, and their utility in operating under batteries, in narrow channels, or even in an action, would thereby be much lessened. However, this point is in safe hands. The men who are deciding it are not theorists or intuitive architects, but men to the matter born, who have made it a science and a study, and based it on experiments of trial and practice. There is one other result, and no mean one, which has been directly or indirectly caused by these changes, and that is the great improvement in ventilation and accommodation. When we look at the old ships, in which a man of average height could only creep betwixt decks, see the narrow space, and feel the stifling atmosphere in which men were formerly compelled to exist, we cannot but rejoice in the accession of health and comfort, which, by the great increase of air, room, and light, must be afforded to the seamen in ships of the new class.

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* REED's *Lectures*.

† Ibid.

Yet these noble vessels, we are told, must shortly give place to a new power, and the Donegals, Renowns, and Dukes of Wellington become ere long as obsolete as the Victories and Impregnables of a former time. Henceforth, according to new theories, the ships must be smaller, carry fewer and larger guns, be coated with or built of iron; and it is supposed that these, stationed at long distances, would effectually disable or sink line-of-battle ships of greater size, and bearing greater number of guns. This supposition is based on the relative force of projectiles, and of resistance possessed by each, and does not at all take into consideration the influence or effect of the man-power and the man-spirit which must ever direct the motions, and determine the action, of an engine of war. This idea of battles settled by long balls, and at distances where the combatants could scarcely see one another, reminds us of the mode adopted by Peruvian and Chilian armies for arranging fighting matters *à la distance*, though it was probably less bloodless and destructive. When the rival troops came in sight of one another, the drummers on each side marched to the front, and began with all their might to beat a point of war, and the soldiers shouted with all their might and main, until one army manifested a great superiority in the power of lungs and drumstick, and the other then withdrew, leaving the field to the conqueror.

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* Extracted from *Mechanic's Magazine*.

As long as pluck and daring are elements of human nature, men will never submit to be mowed down or sunk, at an interval of miles, without attempting to close, if they have the power. It was said that rifles and rifled cannon would decide military operations at long ranges, and that a close encounter, a hand-to-hand fight, or a bayonet-thrust, would be a thing unknown in modern combat; and yet in these late battles the bayonet has done more deadly work than ever, and positions have been carried by the rush of men. Unless these armour-ships have some marvellous speed which enables them to keep their foes at their own distance, there will be closing too in naval actions, and then, spite of plates and coating, size and broadsides will tell: the traditions, too, of boarding still remain, and the iron sides would be little proof against seamen swarming over the nettings, or dropping from the fore yardarm, cutlass in hand, as in the time of old.

If we are sometimes slow in invention, and in adopting ideas, our mechanical skill and energy enable us to embody them better when we see their utility or necessity, than even the projectors or originators. If not first in invention, we are generally best in adaptation. Our Enfield is a decided improvement on the Minié conception; the Armstrong is an advance on the Napoleon rifled cannon; and we are about to give the experiment of the "frégates blindées" a much fuller development in the steam ram. The French trial of proof-armour has been confined to sheathing ships built with the scantling of three-deckers, or old ships razeed with thick iron plates, and providing them with engines 800 or 900 horse-power. We are carrying it much farther. The steam ram is to be "a wrought-iron vessel of great size, strength and steam-power." "Her length will be 380 feet; her breadth 58 feet; depth 41 feet six inches; and her tonnage will be 6000 tons." This monster of the deep is to be propelled by engines of 1250 horse-power, at the rate of sixteen knots an hour. The attempt at impenetrability is carried to the utmost in her construction, and must be fairly tested now if ever. "The keel is to be of immense slabs of wrought iron, and the ribs which spring from it are of the same material; the iron plates, which commence 5 feet below the water-line, are placed over beams of teak 1½ feet thick, are 15 feet long by 3 feet broad, and 4½ inches thick." "The main and upper decks will be of iron, and will be carried on beams of wrought iron, to which both ribs and decks are bolted; while along the whole vessel, from stern to stern, are immensely solid wrought-iron beams at intervals of 5 feet inside the ribs, which are again crossed by diagonal bands, tying the whole together in a perfect net-work. The iron plates, however, shield only the fighting portion of the vessel, about 220 feet of the broadside; and the bow and stern are coated only with wrought-iron plates of 1½ inches in thickness over 2 feet of teak; but both bow and stern are so crossed and re-crossed in every direction with water-tight compartments, that it is a matter of perfect indifference whether they get riddled or not, and each of these ends is shut off from the engine-room and fighting portion of the ship by continuous massive wrought-iron transverse bulk-heads, so that, supposing it possible that both stem and stern should be shot away, the centre of the vessel would remain complete and impenetrable as ever, still offering in all 24 inches of teak coated with 5 inches of wrought iron to every shot."[*]—

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[*] *Times*, June 30.

This would seem the very model of resistance, a defiance to projectile power. We must remember, however, how man attained the perfection, as it was supposed, of impenetrability by casing himself in iron, and how he was driven out of his armour by its own unwieldiness and the new force of projectiles. This monster tortoise-ship is also to be very formidable in her offensive qualities, and is to carry thirty-six of Armstrong's guns of 100 lb., twenty-eight on her main deck, and eight on the upper. Of the upper-deck armament there will be two pivot-guns forward and two aft. Independent of these she would be able to throw in a broadside a ton and a half of metal, if 100 lb. be the real and not the nominal weight of the shot.

Thus we have a tremendous representation of offensive and defensive power. Here is a mass from which shot of 100 lb. could be thrown at a distance of nearly five miles, and which would at such range be impenetrable to any missile or projectile which might strike her. It could move, too, at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, a rate which might enable it to keep whatever position, with regard to other ships, might be required. Is there any drawback? The ram would weigh, when fully equipped, armed, stowed, and provisioned, 9000 tons; and this, together with her extreme length, suggests unwieldiness. It is not known, too, how she would carry her guns in the sea way, what water she would draw, or how manageable she might prove in bad weather or in narrow channels. On her possession of these qualities would depend her great superiority as an attacking force. It must be admitted that the ram, constructed according to plan, would be impervious to shot or shell fired at a long range; nothing save a direct fire could hurt her. It is also, we believe, as certain that at close quarters her impenetrability would not be proof against a concentrated broadside of heavy wrought-iron shot. The question, then, will be, whether this tortoise-vessel can be constructed with speed and mobility enough to keep the distance at which she is impregnable, and take up the position which would enable her to give full effect to her projectile power: if so, wooden ships must become an obsolete force. This is the problem which has yet to be solved ere we abandon our present ships as useless, fit only to rot, or be cut down and sheathed in iron. It is an important, it is also a very difficult one.

The aggressive capacity is not to be confined to projectiles. There is also to be the ram power. It is designed that she shall not be able only to batter ships at a distance, but to crush and sink them by running at them. "The mode in which she attacks will be to run straight at the enemy, taking him, if possible, in the stern or quarter;" and it is then supposed that, with the great weight and speed, she might sink a line-of-battle ship in three minutes. The bow is made strong enough to bear the shock of the encounter; "her bowsprit is to be made telescopic, in order to be housed on board before striking the enemy." To escape any share of the injury she would inflict, "her crew are to be prepared to retire to the stern to avoid injury from her own masts and spars, which would certainly fall by the board; the engineers are to stand by to reverse the engines, in order to clear her of the wreck of her antagonist." This sounds very theoretic, very complex and unpractical. So much depends on so many conditions. The blow must be struck in the right place; the engines must be reversed exactly in time to escape not only from falling spars and wreck, but from the vortex which a sinking ship would make; and she could not have the full services of her crew at the time of encounter. That she would sink the line-of-battle ship under the proposed conditions is possible enough; but it is not to be supposed that the line-of-battle ship would remain fixed like a wall to receive the blow wherever she was most vulnerable, and where her foe chose to inflict it. Being in all probability more mobile, she might be so handled that the ram might miss the mark, and be then exposed to a crushing, smashing broadside. There is a plan now very much practised, if not universally, in men-of-war, by which all the guns of a broadside can be so trained as to throw their concentrated fire within a space of twenty feet; and we believe that nothing made of wood or iron, which could float, would resist such a weight of metal projected at close quarters. It is well to say that this ram, even if bow or stern were shot away, would still be impregnable. She might be impregnable, but she would also be unmanageable. Once unmanageable, she would be powerless—would be at the mercy of an enemy, or might be left to drift helplessly away. Against a crippled ship the ram would be fatal, but in that case it would be as easy to take as sink her; and sinking a ship, like hanging a man, is about the worst use to which it can be put. It is also believed that, in the confusion of an action, one of these armed vessels might run successively into ships engaged with an enemy, and so render them *hors de combat.* In order that such a plan should succeed, the character of the vessel must be disguised, or the commander of the opposing fleet too ignorant or too negligent to foresee or provide against such a danger. No admiral would dare to lead his ships into action without having fairly assured himself against the risk of having them helplessly rammed down. This calculation, like many others of the day, assumes that mechanical science is to be all in all; that the work of war even is to be regulated by mechanism, and that genius and courage are henceforth to count as nought.

None will dare now, with the experience of the past, to denounce any new power as an impossibility or an impracticability. A learned man staked his fame on the impossibility of steam-ships crossing the Atlantic; another talented one opposed, with might and main, the introduction of the screw into the navy; soldiers of war experiences scouted the rifle and minié bullet. It would therefore be dangerous and unwise to say that this steam ram will not be a power in modern warfare. It will be doubtless a power, but whether so great and overwhelming a one as to supersede the present line-of-battle ships, remains a question of experiment. There are as yet many pros and cons. The ram property will, we believe, prove a fallacy. As an attacking force which, at the distance of three, four, even five miles, can throw its shot and shell with accuracy, and with impunity to itself, it must be formidable and dangerous; but how dangerous, must depend much on its stability and manageableness. Guns fired at such distances must have great accuracy in order to render their fire effective, and the vessel that is intended to command a position must be capable of being readily and rapidly moved. If it should prove, therefore, that these armour-ships are unsteady and uneasy, and could only fire their guns accurately in smooth water, or that they are unhandy, their redoubtable character would be much diminished. There is one respect, however, in which they must be ever a power, and that is, in assailing forts or arsenals, stationary objects which cannot move out of their way, and would therefore require little change of position, or ships lying in a harbour or roadstead. Against such objects they would launch destruction, and themselves defy reprisals.

One of the fallacies invoked by these new inventions is, that the great accession of mechanical appliances in war will diminish the necessity of man-power and nullify seaman skill. A leader of the Manchester school proclaims that "war depends not, as heretofore, on individual bravery, on the power of a man's nerves, the keenness of his eye, the strength of his body, or the power of his soul; but it is a mere mechanical mode of slaughtering men." Whence comes this deduction? Not surely from the experience of the manufacturer? Does he find that steam-power and mechanical science do away with the requirement for skilful labour, and that a bumpkin from the plough or a lad from the streets would be as useful as an experienced artisan? We have heard, and believe, that skilled labour is of more account and more need in manufactures than ever since the introduction of steam-machinery.

It is the fate, however, of this prophet to make his denunciations and deliver his oracles at times when the patent facts and experiences of the day contradict and belie them. There was never a period when strong nerves and keen eyesight were of such import as now. Without them the rifled musket and the rifled cannon would be merely useless tubes, from which projectiles would be cast into empty space. In former times, the dash of a rush or the solidity of endurance were the qualities essential in soldier nature. Now, the direction of most powerful projectiles requires nerves steady as iron, limbs which shall not quiver, an eye which shall not falter, and which shall extend its vision to thousands and thousands of yards. Let the fields of Magenta and Solferino say whether "individual bravery and power of soul" are no longer soldier virtues—no longer powers in war!

We believe that the greater the power, especially if it be mechanical, the greater the skill required to wield and direct it. Thus this steam ram, instead of being under-manned, would require to be full-handed, and to be manned by the most able men, both gunners and steersmen. Even if the ship were impervious to shell striking her, or falling on her decks from a distance, this would not extend to her crew. The shell which would not penetrate her sides, or force through her decks, would yet scatter death amid the crews of her guns. Therefore it would be necessary that she should be possessed of relays, and the nicety of her handling and the pointing of her guns would demand the most skilled and experienced hands.

The ram, as it comes forth from our workshops, will represent the principle of impregnability and resistance. Betwixt it and the Armstrong gun will rest the question of the power of attack and the power of defence. The "frégates blindées" are comparatively very inferior conceptions—they have engines only of 800 horse-power, move only at the rate of five or six knots, and are supposed to be unwieldy; they would thus fail in the two forces which could alone make them formidable—mobility and velocity.

Our weapons of war have necessitated this change in the construction of our war-ships, and these changes of construction again demand an alteration in our existing armaments. At present, spite of the assertions of the "Conversations-Lexicon," our ships are well and efficiently armed to meet the existing exigencies of war, and we believe, in guns, fittings, and fighting equipments, are superior to the French. The common armament of our ships consists of 32-pounders, 8-inch guns, throwing 56-lb. hollow shot, 10 inch guns, and 68-pounders. The 10-inch gun has been generally condemned, and will probably be shortly disused; the 68-pounder, on the contrary, has been as generally approved of, though its great weight (95 cwt.) would prevent its being largely used as a broadside gun. As a pivot-gun it is most efficient and effective, both with shot and shell. The 32-pounders of different dimensions and weight, and the 8-inch gun, are for present purposes well approved of. A great objection against the latter will, however, be, that it cannot throw solid shot, which alone would take effect on iron-coated ships, and therefore in such warfare it would be reduced solely to the action of a shell-gun, and in a close encounter, a very formidable part of a broadside would thus be lost. These, however, must and will give way to rifled cannon and Armstrong guns, and may therefore be considered only as existing until their successors are ready to take their places. In the interim, betwixt the creation of the war-engines which shall supersede them, and the armour-ships which necessitate an increase of projectile force to balance the power of attack and defence, they may be regarded as a very sufficient armament, and equal to any which may be opposed to it. The armament of the first-class French liners consists now of six 84's, sixty long 30-pounders, and fifty-four 30-pounder Paixhans. One of our three-deckers would carry 8-inch guns on her lower deck, 32's on her middle, main, and upper decks, and a 68-pounder pivot-gun on the forecastle. So that, according to the old war-establishment, there would be little inequality in the relative armaments. But the French have already gained a stride ahead in this respect, by introducing rifled cannon into their ships. They have employed and provided for the interregnum whilst the new inventions and the new powers are in their cradleship, by rifling their old ordnance, and thus, unless we adopt the same plan, will, as they did in the construction of their steam navy, achieve an advance in the arm-power of their ships.

The Armstrong gun is no doubt, as yet, the most advanced stage of projectile development. Though its principles and construction are only partly known, and the experiments have been conducted privately, yet there exists a general conviction that in range, accuracy, and lightness, and all the chief requisites of an engine of war, it is the model gun of the times, and initiated and uninitiated alike accept it as such. Indeed, a gun which at a distance of 5000 yards can make first-rate practice at a target nine feet square, and which weighs scarcely half as much as guns of the same calibre of the old pattern, may fairly, in the present state of projectile science, challenge pre-eminence among the arms of the world. Its adaptability as a ship gun has not been questioned; its adoption as such will be an era in naval warfare. The conception and suggestion of it have already caused a great change in the system of defence, and its success will initiate a complete revolution in the tactics of actions at sea. We know too little at present of the details to determine whether the 100 pounder will be available as a broadside-gun. This will depend much on the space it would require, and the nature of the carriage on which it will be mounted. The weight will be no objection, as it will scarcely exceed that of the present 8-inch gun, if it bear any proportion in that respect to those already produced; nor will the length; and the breech-loading principle will of course save exposure and manual labour in loading and firing. The idea, however, that its introduction will enable us to have smaller ports in our ships, and to diminish the strength of a gun's crew, is, we believe, a fallacy. The ports cannot be contracted without interfering with the ventilation, the escape of the smoke, the facility of taking aim; and the difficulty which the contracted limits of the port-hole as an embrasure will at present place in the way of obtaining the necessary training and elevation to give full efficacy to its power of range and precision, will require to be overcome by some new expedients. Nor do we believe that the diminution of the manual labour in handling the gun will justify a decrease of its crew. The attention required by an arm of such nicety must be most minute and incessant, and would demand the superintendence both of well-trained and full-handed skill. However, its adoption as a broadside gun, irrespective of its merits, must be some time deferred in consequence of the limited supply; and its first test will doubtless be as a pivot-gun, and in that capacity it is confidently anticipated that it will exhibit a new and high phase of projectile progress. The experiments of the effect of the Armstrong bolt on iron-cased ships were not so perfect or satisfactory as to establish the ascendancy of the power of attack over that of defence, but it is yet to be ascertained what will be the penetration and force of the heavier and larger bolt; and should it be found to have the requisite penetration, its property of bursting after entering would make it an unpleasant visitor on the decks of a ram or tortoise.

We are told that one hundred of these guns may be ready at the beginning of the next year, and two hundred more in the ensuing. At this rate, it will be several years ere they can be supplied in numbers sufficient to fully, or even partially, arm our ships and forts, and in about the same time probably the ram problem will attain a solution. Then Greek may meet Greek. In the mean time there are other Greeks to be met—the rifled cannon of France. We have a profusion of material—plans enough, workman skill, workman power enough for the purpose. We suppose that the means thus at our disposal are being used to place us on a footing with our rival. It cannot be otherwise—we cannot lag behind. Competition in such a race is not a choice, it is a necessity. Plans are not, will not, be wanting. Inventive genius, inventive skill, would with us equal the mechanical, were it not so nullified, so clogged, fettered, perverted, deadened by circumlocution offices and red-tapist prejudices, that it grows tired of being shuttlecocked from hand to hand, and being docketed and pigeonholed, takes flight to more congenial spheres, and gives the initiative to other governments. The invention, neglected and overlooked among us, becomes a power, and we are compelled to imitate where we might have originated, to follow where we might have led.

The plan for rifling guns, now carried out in France, was, we believe, first proposed to us. So were many others, which have been allowed to remain in abeyance. The idea of the minié bullet lay ensconced for half a century in the dust of pigeon-holes and the notes of *savans;* and our neighbours have since reproached us that we did not give our discovery to the world, if we were not disposed to develop it ourselves.

Official routine, official system, is, perhaps, the strongest thing in England. It has a vitality, endurance, and tenacity greater than any other system or principle existing among us. Though bearing all the signs of decrepitude, decay, weakness, it yet, like Sinbad's old man, can override the public will, and control the military genius of the nation.

How long shall these things be? How long? Until they cease to be, England will ever be striving by forced strides to make up for halts and false steps—will ever be struggling for the vanguard, instead of assuming it as an assured and rightful position.

Before closing our remarks on the material of our navy, we must notice a force which we believe would play a conspicuous part in any future naval war, and which will not be superseded or rendered obsolete even by rams, and that is the gun-boats. We believe (as was stated before) that their importance has been overlooked in the estimate of our strength, and that they will be formidable auxiliaries to a line-of-battle, and that the navy which possesses them in the greatest perfection and the greatest strength will have a great vantage in all the preliminaries and details of operations where larger ships could not act.

England numbers now 13 gun-vessels, varying from 40 to 160 horse-power, and 185 gun-boats, varying from 20 to 60 horse-power.

This force, armed with the Armstrong gun, acting as a light body in an action, would doubtless embarrass the evolutions of the hostile fleet—would tease slow ships, and prevent the escape of crippled ones—would, from their drawing so little water, be very efficient in reconnoitring in shallow channels, in cutting out vessels, and in annoying and considerably damaging a fleet at anchor in a roadstead; whilst they, mere specks themselves, and constantly in motion, would suffer little from an enemy's fire.

To be thoroughly effective, however, as a light force, these vessels should have not only mobility, but velocity—should be able not only to shift and change their position, but to maintain safe distance. Our gun-boats possess the requisite mobility, as was well shown at Sveaborg and elsewhere; but, constructed as they were on an emergency, and for a certain purpose, the speed was not so much considered. Their average speed is barely eight knots, and that would not enable them to command the necessary distance from ordinary line-of-battle ships or frigates. We are promised, however, vessels of this class of a superior description, and trust they will not be stinted in number, and will combine the necessary velocity and mobility. They would then be in naval warfare what the voltigeur, chasseur, and Zouave forces have proved to an army in a campaign, and would give to a maritime power or naval commander the means of taking the initiative in a war or battle.

Thus, in the material of a navy, we have, prospectively, at least, the power of a supremacy. We have the power of producing ships in a less time than any other country; we possess inventions and plans which might enable us to take the lead in the armament, machinery, and the armour of ships; we command resources of finance which should insure us the fulfilment of every project and the advance in every detail and principle of naval efficiency necessary for the national position and the national defence; we can challenge the workman-power of the world; we are assured of the will of the nation to employ all its resources, to put forth all its strength, to establish the maritime supremacy which is to it legitimate defence. And yet why is it, with all this, that there are questions of defence? Why is it? Can it be that there exists a suspicion that the intent of Government accords not with the will of the nation?

A return to the old stand-point of our navy—the assured possession of a force equal to the united marine of the world—can alone allay this suspicion, and establish a confidence undisturbed by periodic alarms and panics; and we might then exhibit to the world the grand spectacle of a people repudiating war and aggression as false to its policies and interests, repelling attack by the might of its defence, seeking peace and ensuring it by the demonstration and consciousness of its strength.

So much for material: in that respect the prospect is hopeful. There remains the more serious and difficult question of the supply of man-power—the certain and instant command of crews for our ships. It is too difficult, too serious, to be discussed at the end of an article; we must reserve it for another occasion. It is the most important problem we have been called upon to solve for many generations. It is one which will involve and determine the future of England.

JOURNAL OF A CRUISE ON THE TANGANYIKA LAKE, CENTRAL AFRICA.

[*Jordans, Taunton, August* 1859. My Dear Blackwood,—As a great number of friends, both here and in India, have expressed a warm desire to be made acquainted with my late journeyings in Africa, as well as with the social state and general condition of the people whom I found there, I send for publication in your Magazine the accompanying Journal, which I kept when travelling alone in Africa. Very numerous inquiries have been addressed to me by statesmen, clergymen, merchants, and more particularly geographers; and I hope the appearance of the Journal in your widely-circulated pages will convey to them the desired information; although, being more of a traveller than a man of the pen, I feel some diffidence as to my own powers of narrative. The country which I have recently discovered by the influential aid of the Royal Geographical Society, invites our attention by the commercial tendencies of the inhabitants, and the desire shown by them to improve their present fearfully degraded position. For the better comprehension of my Journal, I begin with a short introductory sketch of the country through which I passed, conducting you from Zanzibar to Ujiji, on the borders of the Tanganyika Lake, lying in lat. 5° S., and long. 29° E. During this early part of the journey the Journal was kept by my commandant, Captain Burton, I taking only the subordinate office of surveyor, and applying myself solely to mapping, entering topographical remarks, and shooting for the pot. You must, therefore, look elsewhere for details of this stage of the journey. Anybody desirous of becoming fully acquainted with the geographical features of these regions would do well to obtain those Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society which have been lately published, and will eventually be contained in the Society's volume for this year.—Yours very truly, J. H. Speke.]

PRELUDE.

Many may remember the excitement produced by an extraordinary map, and a more extraordinary lake figuring upon it, of a rather slug-like shape, which drew forth risible observations from all who entered the Royal Geographical Society's rooms in the year 1856. In order to ascertain the truthfulness of the said map, the Royal Geographical Society appointed Captain Burton to investigate this monster piece of water, represented as extending from the equator to 14° S. latitude, as having a breadth of two to three hundred miles, and as lying at a distance of seven hundred miles inland west from Zanzibar.

As Captain Burton and myself had been engaged on a former occasion exploring the Somali country in Eastern Africa together, he invited me to join him in these investigations. Having, therefore, obtained the necessary equipments in the scientific and other departments in England and India during 1856, we left Zanzibar at the end of June 1857, in a vessel of war, lent by Sultan Majid, to convey us across to Kaolé, a village on the mainland, a little south of the Kingani river. Colonel Hamerton, late British Consul at Zanzibar, accompanied us there, to support us by his presence in case anybody should endeavour to oppose our starting; a precaution which he thought necessary, because the only European, a young Frenchman, who had ever tried to enter Africa by this route, was barbarously murdered before he had penetrated one hundred miles; and up to the present time, although his assassin is well known, nobody will divulge who the instigators of the murder were. Our caravan consisted of an Arab called Shaykh Said, the Ras-cafila (head of caravan); some Belooch soldiers lent us by Majid Sultan of Zanzibar, some porters of the Wanyamuézi tribe (people of the Moon), negroes who inhabit a large portion of central Africa, and a host of donkeys for riding and carrying our spare kit. Besides these we hired, through the medium of an Hindi merchant called Ramji, a number of the slaves of certain Diwans (headmen) living on the mainland opposite to Zanzibar, to carry muskets in the manner of guards, as well as to do odd jobs. Leaving Kaolé, we passed the Mrima, a low hilly tract of coast-line, diversified with flats and terraces, well peopled and cultivated, and rich in tree-forests and large tropical vegetation, and following the course of the Kingani river through the districts of the Wazeramos and Wakhutus, we reached in about a hundred and ten miles the first great elevation of Eastern Africa, which we shall, for distinction's sake, call the East Coast Range. This hilly district is about ninety miles broad, is composed chiefly of granite and sandstone, formed into groups and lines, intersected transversely and otherwise by considerable rivers—such, for instance, as the Kingani and Lufiji—which, rising far in the interior, flow east to the Indian Ocean. This—a longitudinal range extending from 9° N. latitude down nearly to the Cape of Good Hope—attained, where we crossed it, altitudes varying from three hundred to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is occupied by the Wasagara tribe—a people who live in lightly constructed conical huts of grass and wicker-work, tend cattle, and cultivate extensively when not disturbed by the slave-hunters, who live nearer to the coast, and frequently make excursions here to supply the Zanzibar market with human cattle.

On descending its western side, we found an elevated plateau of rather poor land, bearing more wild forest than cultivation, and more wild beasts than men, and not very many of either, excepting near some congenial springs, the fountains of Africa's glory. This plateau extends westwards two hundred miles. Its average altitude is from twenty-five hundred to four thousand feet, and it is occupied by the Wagogo and the Wanyamuézi tribes, who live in huts of a very civilised appearance, and far more comfortable than those possessed by any other interior clans. The conception for building on so grand a scale was probably first occasioned by the travelling habits of the Wanyamuézis having brought them earlier than any other people into contact with the coast, where square rooms divided by mud walls, constructed much on the same principle as the common East-India ones, are the prevailing fashion. These men are industrious for negroes, mostly occupying their time in trafficking with the coast, or tilling ground and tending cattle; many of them again are rope-makers, smiths, or carpenters and weavers. Here, in the centre of this latter tribe's country, at an Arab depot called Kazeh—in south latitude 5° and east longitude 33°, the immediate district of which is called Unyanyembé, and which we might well designate the great emporium of Eastern Interior Africa, for to this place most of the caravans come before diverging off to the respective places north, south, and west, when carrying on their ivory transactions with the more remote negro tribes—our porters took their discharge, and dispersed to their homes. The Arabs we found collected here were extremely obliging, especially one called Shaykh Snay, who gave us a house, looked after our wants, and assisted in procuring fresh porters not only for that occasion, but every other; in short, we established him our agent, and found him a most creditable one. After waiting a month or so reforming our caravan, we proceeded westwards in the height of the monsoon, and passed through a highly cultivated country, which, by determining with the thermometer the temperature at which water boiled, I found gradually declined as we proceeded west, and in 145 miles made a remarkable descent of 1800 feet. In this region, differing greatly from the first and greater part of the preceding one (where great droughts act detrimentally on the crops), rice, sugar-cane, and all Indian productions, grow in great profusion, and the people weave their cotton into loin cloths. After travelling along this decline about one hundred and fifty miles, we began to ascend at the eastern horn of a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of the Tanganyika Lake, which I am now about to describe to you.

This mountain mass I consider to be THE TRUE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, regarding which so many erroneous speculations have been ventured. I infer this because they lie beyond Unyamuézi (country of the moon), and must have been first mentioned to geographical inquirers by the Wanyamuézi (people of the moon,) who have from time out of mind visited the coast, and must have been the first who gave information of them. I am the more satisfied of the correctness of this view from remembering the common Greek practice of changing significant general names into equivalents in their own tongue, and the consequent probability of their calling these mountains after the men who live near them. Indeed, modern geographers, I am inclined to think, would have christened them in similar manner, since neither they nor any other places in Negroland bear general names to distinguish them by. Some must be originated; and nothing more appropriate could in this case have been found for this group than that which Ptolemy has given, as the mountains form a crescent overhanging the north end of the lake, large and deep in the body to the north, and tapering to horns as they stretch southwards down the east and west sides of the lake. Our line of march, about six hundred rectilinear geographical miles, had been nearly due west from Zanzibar. Here you may picture to yourself my bitter disappointment when, after toiling through so many miles of savage life, all the time emaciated by divers sicknesses and weakened by great privations of food and rest, I found, on approaching the zenith of my ambition, the Great Lake in question nothing but mist and glare before my eyes. From the summit of the eastern horn the lovely Tanganyika Lake could be seen in all its glory by everybody but myself. The fact was that fevers and the influence of a vertical sun had reduced my system so, that inflammation, caught by sleeping on the ground during this rainy season, attacked my eyes, brought on an almost total blindness, and rendered every object before me enclouded as by a misty veil.* Proceeding onwards down the western slopes of the hill, we soon arrived at the margin of the lake, and hired a canoe at a village called Ukaranga to take us to Ujiji, the chief place on the lake which Arabs frequent, with which name we had long been familiar, and by which they called this lake. This mode of nomenclature is quite in accordance with the usual custom of semi-civilised people, as we see in Arabia, where the Arabs call the Red Sea by the names of the different ports which they frequent. Thus for instance, at Jeddah, it is called by them the Sea of Jeddah, whilst at Suez it is the Sea of Suez, &c. &c. As in its present state your atlas presents a blank instead of one of the most beautiful inland seas in the world, you would be glad, perhaps, to know its position and dimensions, which will enable you to lay it down on the map yourself. The Tanganyika Lake, lying between 3° and 8° south latitude, and in 29° east longitude, has a length of three hundred miles, and is from thirty to forty broad in its centre, but tapers towards each end. The surface-level, as I ascertained by the temperature of boiling water, is only eighteen hundred feet, and it appears quite sunk into the lap of these mountains. It lies in a trough-like or synclinal depression, draining the waters of all the surrounding districts into its own bosom. Its waters are very sweet, and abound with delicious fish in great variety. Its shores are thickly inhabited by numerous tribes of the true Negro breed, amongst which the most conspicuous are the Wabembe cannibals, into whose territory no Arabs durst ever venture. Bombay, my interpreter, describes them as being very dreadful creatures, who are "always looking out for some of our sort." The port we finally arrived at is called Kawélé, a small village in the Ujiji district. Here we found ourselves in the hands of a very ill-disposed chief, called Kannina, tyrannical, and, as such savages invariably are, utterly unreasonable. We paid a heavy tribute for the advantages of this savage monster's *protection*, and were too short of beads and cloth to search out for and pay another chief of more moderate inclinations. This was a serious misfortune, for, having once entered his dominions, and established our headquarters there, we could not very well leave them, the more especially as we could not have removed our camp to any distance—Ujiji being the only district where canoes are obtainable. This was the more distressing as comfort, pleasure, and everything is at the mercy of these headsmen's wills, and we were destined for a long sojourn here. To war with these chiefs is like "cutting off the nose to spite the face." Nobody, let his desire be what it may, dares assist you without the chief's full approbation, and Kannina's austere government we had occasion to feel from first to last. Our first object on arrival was to get boats for the survey of the lake; but here arose a difficulty. Hostilities were rife with nearly all the border tribes, and the little cockle-shell canoes, made from the hollowed trunks of trees, are not only liable to be driven ashore by the slightest storm, but are so small that there is but little stowage-room in them for carrying supplies. The sailors, aware of this defect, fear to venture anywhere except on certain friendly beats, and therefore their boats were quite unfitted for our work.

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* On my return to England, Dr. Bowman, after inspecting my eyes, sent me the following explanation of the causes of this blindness:—

"5 CLIFFORD STREET, *May* 12.

"DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in replying to your inquiry as to the nature of the attack from which you suffered in Africa. The dimness of sight resulted from an inflammation of a low type affecting the whole of the interior tunics of the eyes, particularly the iris, the choroid coat, and the retina. I find in one of the pupils positive proof as to the existence at a former period of the inflammation of the iris, known as iritis, there being a deposit of some of the black pigment of the iris on the front of the lens. The gauzy films which flit before your sight, depend on delicate microscopic webs in the vitreous humour floating before the retina, and casting their fine shadows upon it. They are fortunately not thick or dark enough to impede vision in any serious degree. They may in time disappear, but I do not know that the medical art can supply any remedy for them. They are one of the results of the low inflammation of which I spoke.

"This whole attack, such as you describe it, resembles what I have occasionally witnessed in persons whose blood has been impoverished. I saw some cases of it in officers who had gone through the Crimean winter of 1854-5.—Yours very sincerely,

"W. BOWMAN.

"Captain SPEKE, &c."

This dilemma made us try to hire a dhow or sailing-vessel, belonging to Shaykh Hamed bin Sulayyim, living at Kasengé Island, on the opposite or western shore, as it was the only boat afloat on these waters fitted for carrying provisions, and moving about independent of the border clans. On arriving here, we were so disabled by sickness — Captain Burton utterly, and I suffering from ophthalmia, and a weakness in the lower extremities resembling paralysis — that we at first proposed sending our Ras-cafila, Shaykh Said, across the lake to bargain for the dhow, and applied to Kannina for the means of transport. At first he seemed inclined to treat, though at an exorbitant rate; but when we came direct to terms, he backed entirely out. We fortunately obtained a boat and crew from another chief, at the extortionate charge of four kitindis and four dhotis American, besides the usual sailors' fee. The dhoti is a piece of American sheeting measuring eight cubits. The cubit is still the negro's yard, the same as was adopted at the time of the Flood; they have no other measure than that with which nature has provided them—viz. the first joint of the arm. These kitindis are a sort of brass-wire bracelet worn on the lower arm by the negro females, coiled up from the wrist to the elbow, like a wax taper circling up a stick or stem. Sometimes this wire is re-formed and coiled flat out round the neck to a breadth of about eight inches, and gives the wearer's head much the appearance of John the Baptist's standing in the middle of a charger. These necklaces are never taken off, so at night, or resting-time, the wearer, on lying down, places a block of wood or stone beneath his head, to prevent the wire from galling. This concession of the chief was given under the proviso that Kannina would not object, which, strange to say, he promised not to do, and hopes were entertained of an early departure. However this, like every other earthly expectation, especially in these black regions, was destined to be disappointed. In the first place, an African must do everything by easy stages, nor can he entertain two ideas in his head at the same moment. First a crew had to be collected, and when collected to be paid, and when paid, the boat was found to be unseaworthy, and must be plugged; and so much time elapsed, and plans were changed. But after all, things, it happened, were wisely ordained; for the time thus wasted served to recruit my health, as I employed it in bathing and strolling gently about during the cool of the mornings and evenings, and so gained considerable benefit. There is a curious idea here with regard to the bathing-place, in fancying the dreaded crocodile will obey the mandates of a charm. They plant the bough of a particular tree in the water about fifty yards from the shore, which marks the line of safe bathing, for within it they say the animal dares not venture. At noon, protected by an umbrella, and fortified with stained-glass spectacles, I usually visited the market-place, with beads in hand, to purchase daily supplies. The market is held between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M., near the port, and consists of a few temporary huts, composed of grass and branches hastily tied together. Most of these are thrown up day by day. The commodities brought for sale are fish, flesh, tobacco, palm-oil, and spirits, different kinds of potatoes, artichokes, several sorts of beans, plantains, melons, cotton, sugar-cane, a variety of pulse and vegetables, and ivories, and sometimes slaves. Between these perambulations, I spent the day reclining with my eyes shut. At length, after eighteen days' negotiations, improved by these constitutional diversions and rest, and longing for a change, especially one that led across the sea, and afforded the means of surveying it, I proposed to go myself, and treat directly with Shaykh Hamed. This intention soon reached the ears of Kannina, who, fearing that he might thus lose much cloth, threw obstacles in the way, and most unjustly demanded as large a passport fee for my crossing, as had been given to the other chief; which demand we were obliged to comply with, or the men would not take up an oar.

THE JOURNAL.

3*d March* 1858.—All being settled, I set out in a long narrow canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree. These vessels are mostly built from large timbers, growing in the district of Uguhha, on the western side of the lake. The savages fell them, lop off the branches and ends to the length required, and then, after covering the upper surface with wet mud, as the tree lies upon the ground, they set fire to and smoulder out its interior, until nothing but a case remains, which they finish up by paring out with roughly constructed hatchets. The seats of these canoes are bars of wood tied transversely to the length. The kit taken consists of one load (60 lb.) of cloth (American sheeting), another of large blue beads, a magazine of powder, and seven kitindis. The party is composed of Bombay, my interpreter, Gaetano, a Geoanese cook-boy, two Belooch soldiers, one Nakhuda or sea-captain, who sometimes wore a goat-skin, and twenty stark-naked savage sailors: twenty-six in all. Of these only ten started, the remainder leaving word that they would follow down the coast, and meet us at a *khambi* (encampment), three miles distant, by 12 o'clock. The ten, however, sufficient for the occasion, move merrily off at 9 A.M., and in an hour we reached the rendezvous, under a large spreading tree on the right bank of the mouth of the river Ruché. The party is decidedly motley. The man of quaintest aspect in it is Sidi Mabarak Bombay. He is of the Wahiyow tribe, who make the best slaves in Eastern Africa. His breed is that of the true woolly-headed negro, though he does not represent a good specimen of them physically, being somewhat smaller in his general proportions than those one generally sees as fire-stokers in our steamers that traverse the Indian Ocean. His head, though woodeny, like a barber's block, is lit up by a humorous little pair of pig-like eyes, set in a generous benign-looking countenance, which, strange to say, does not belie him, for his good conduct and honesty of purpose are without parallel. His muzzle projects dog-monkey fashion, and is adorned with a regular set of sharp-pointed alligator teeth, which he presents to full view as constantly as his very ticklish risible faculties become excited. The tobacconist's jolly nigger stuck in the corner house of . . . . street, as it stands in mute but full grin, tempting the patronage of accidental passengers, is his perfect counterpart. This wonderful man says he knows nothing of his genealogy, nor any of the dates of the leading epochs of his adventurous life,—not even his birth, time of captivity, or restoration. But his general history he narrated to me as follows, which I give as he told it me, for this sketch may be of interest, presenting, as it does, a good characteristic account of the manner in which slave-hunts are planned and carried into execution. It must be truthful, for I have witnessed tragedies of a similar nature. The great slave-hunters of Eastern Africa are the Sowahili or coast people; formerly slaves themselves, they are more enlightened, and fuller of tricks than the interior people, whom they now in their turn catch. Having been once caught themselves, they know how to proceed, and are consequently very cautious in their movements, taking sometimes years before they finally try to accomplish their object. They first ensnare the ignorant unsuspicious inlanders by alluring and entangling them in the treacherous meshes of debt, and then, by capturing and mercilessly selling their human game, liquidate the debt, insinuatingly advanced as an irresistible decoy to allure their confiding victims. Bombay says, "I am an Uhiyow; my father lived in a village in the country of Uhiyow (a large district situated between the East Coast and the Nyassa Lake, in latitude 11° S.) Of my mother I have but the faintest recollection; she died whilst I was in my infancy. Our village was living in happy contentment, until the fated year when I was about the age of twelve. At that period a large body of Sowahilis, merchants and their slaves, all equipped with sword and gun, came suddenly, and, surrounding our village, demanded of the inhabitants instant liquidation of their debts (cloth and beads) advanced in former times of pinching dearth, or else to stand the consequences of refusal. As all the residents had at different times contracted debts to different members of the body present, there was no appeal against the equity of this sudden demand, but no one had the means of payment. They knew fighting against firearms would be hopeless; so after a few stratagems, looking for a good opportunity to bolt, the whole village took to precipitate flight. Most of the villagers were captured like myself; but of my father, or any other relatives, I never more gained any intelligence. He was either shot in endeavouring to defend himself, or still more probably gave leg-bail, and so escaped. As soon as this foray was over, all the captives were grouped together, and tethered with chains or ropes, and marched off to Kilwa, on the east coast (in latitude 9° S.) Arrived there, the whole party embarked in dhows, which, setting sail, soon arrived at Zanzibar. We were then driven to the slave-market, where I was bought by an Arab merchant, and taken off to India. I served with this master for several years, till by his death I obtained my liberation. My next destination was Zanzibar, where I took service in the late Imaum's army, and passed my days in half-starved inactivity, until the lucky day when, at Chongwé, you saw and gave me service."

Shortly after we had encamped under the rendezvous tree, and begun our cooking, some villagers brought ivories of the elephant and hippopotamus for sale, but had to suffer the disappointment of meeting a stranger to merchandise, and straightway departed, fully convinced that all Mzungus (or wise, or white men) were mere fools for not making money, when they had so good an opportunity. Noon and evening passed without a sign of the black captain, or the remaining men. We were in a wretched place for a halt, a sloping ploughed field; and, deceived by the captain's not keeping his promise, were unprepared for spending the night there. I pitched my tent, but the poor men had nothing to protect them; with the darkness a deluge of rain descended, and owing to the awkwardness of our position, the surcharged earth poured off a regular stream of water over our beds, baggage, and everything alike. To keep the tent erect —a small gable-shaped affair, six feet high, and seven by six square, made of American sheeting, and so light that with poles and everything complete it barely weighs one man's load — I called up the men, and for hours held it so by strength of arm. Even the hippopotami, to judge by the frequency of their snorts and grunts, as they indulged in their devastating excursions amongst the crops, seemed angry at this unusual severity of the weather. Never from the 15th of November, when the rainy season commenced, had we experienced such a violent and heavy downpour.

4th.—Halt. The morning is no improvement on the night. The captain now arrives with most of the remaining crew, fears the troubled waters, and will not put out to sea. In consequence of this disappointment, a messenger is sent back to Kawélé, to fetch some fresh provisions and firewood, as what little of this latter article can be gathered in its saturated state is useless, for it will not burn. During the afternoon the remainder of the crew keep dropping in, and at nightfall seventeen hands are mustered.

5th.—At 3 A.M. the sea subsides, and the boat is loaded. To pack so many men together, with material, in so small a space as the canoe affords, seems a difficulty almost insurmountable. Still it is effected. I litter down amidships, with my bedding spread on reeds, in so short a compass that my legs keep slipping off and dangling in the bilge-water. The cook and bailsman sit on the first bar, facing me; and behind them, to the stern, one half the sailors sit in couples; whilst on the first bar behind me are Bombay and one Belooch, and beyond them to the bow, also in couples, the remaining crew. The captain takes post in the bows, and all hands on both sides paddle in stroke together. Fuel, cooking apparatus, food, bag and baggage, are thrown promiscuously, under the seats. But the sailors' blankets in the shape of grass matting, are placed on the bars to render the sitting soft. Once all properly arranged, the seventeen paddles dash off with vigour, and steering southwards, we soon cross the mouth of the Ruché. Next Ukaranga, the last village on this line down the eastern shore, lying snugly in a bay, with a low range of densely wooded hills about three miles in its rear, is passed by dawn of day, and about sunrise the bay itself is lost to sight. The tired crew now hug a bluff shore, crowned with dense jungle, until a nook familiar to the men is entered under plea of breakfasting. Here all hands land, fires are kindled, and the cooking-pots arranged. Some prepare their rods and nets for fishing, some go in search of fungi (a favourite food), and others collect fuel. My cook-boy, ever doing wrong, dips his cooking-pot in the sea for water—a dangerous experiment if the traditions of Tanganyika hold good, that the ravenous hosts of crocodiles seldom spare any one bold enough to excite their appetites with such dregs as usually drop from those utensils; moreover, they will follow and even board the boats, after a single taste. The sailors here have as great an aversion to being followed by the crocodile as our seamen by a shark, and they now display their feelings by looks and mutterings, and strictly prohibiting the use of the cooking-pot on that service again. Breakfast ready, all hands eagerly fall to, and feast away in happy ignorance of any danger, when suddenly confusion enters the camp, and with the alarming cry that foes are coming, some with one thing, some with another, all hurry-skurry for the boat. The greater part of the kit is left upon the ground. A breathless silence reigns for several minutes. Then one jumps off and secures his pot; another succeeds him, and then more, till courage is gained to make a search, and ascertain the cause of the alarm. Sneaking, crawling in the bush, some peering this way, others listening that, they stealthily move along, until at length a single man, with arrow poised, in self-defence I suppose, is pounced upon. His story of why he came there, who and how many are his comrades, what he wants in such a desert place, and why he carries arms, though spoken with a cunning plausibility, has no effect upon the knowing sailors. They proclaim him and his party, some eight or ten men, who are clamorously squabbling in the jungle at no great distance, to be a rough and lawless set of marauders, fearing to come out and show themselves on being challenged, and further insist that none ever ventured into such wilds who had not got in view some desperate enterprise. In short, it was proverbially men of their sort who were the general plunderers of honest navigators. They therefore seize his weapons, cut and break his bow and arrows, and let him go; though some of the crew advocate his life being taken, and others, that the whole party should be chased down and slaughtered. The sailors then return to the canoe, each vaunting his part in this adventurous exploit, and banding congratulations in the highest spirits. They are one and all as proud of this success, and each as boastful of his prowess, as though a mighty battle had been fought and won. On starting again we pass alongside another bluff, backed by small well-wooded hills, an extension of the aforesaid east horn of the Moon, and cross a little bay, when the lazy crew, tired by two hours' work, bear in with the land, and disembark, as they say, to make some ropes, or find some creepers long and strong enough for mooring this *mighty* canoe. It is now eleven o'clock; there is more rest than work, a purely negro way of getting through the day; three hours went in idleness before, and now five more are wasted. Again we start, and after crossing a similar small bay, continue along a low shelving shore, densely wooded to the water's edge, until the Malagarazi river's mouth is gained. This river is the largest on the eastern shore of the lake, and was previously crossed by the caravan on its way from Kazeh, in small bark canoes, much rougher, but constructed something similar to those of the Americans. Each of these canoes contains one man and his load, besides the owner, who lives near the ferry, and poles the vessel across. Still to the eastward we have the same tree-clad hilly view, beautiful in itself, but tiresome in its constant sameness. After a stretch, and half an hour's pipes and breathing, we start afresh, and cross the bay into which the river debouches. Here tall aquatic reeds diversify the surface, and are well tenanted by the crocodile and hippopotami, the latter of which keep staring, grunting, and snorting, as though much vexed at our intrusion on their former peace and privacy. We now hug the shore, and continue on in the dark of night till Mgiti Khambi,* a beautiful little harbour bending back away amongst the hills, and out of sight of the lake, is reached at 11 P.M. Could but a little civilised art, as white-washed houses, well-trained gardens, and the like, vary these ever-green hills and trees, and diversify the unceasing monotony of hill and dale, and dale and hill—of green trees, green grass—green grass, green trees, so wearisome in their luxuriance, what a paradise of beauty would this place present! The deep blue waters of the lake in contrast with the vegetation and large brown rocks form everywhere an object of intense attraction; but the appetite soon wearies of such profusion, without the contrast of more sober tints, or the variety incidental to a populous and inhabited country. There are said to be some few scattered villages concealed in these dense jungles extending away in the background, but how the shores should be so desolate strikes one with much surprise. The naturally excessive growth of all vegetable life is sufficient proof of the soil's capabilities. Unless in former times this beautiful country has been harassed by neighbouring tribes, and despoiled of its men and cattle to satisfy the spoilers and sell to distant markets, its present state appears quite incomprehensible. In hazarding this conjecture, it might be thought that I am taking an extreme view of the case; but when we see everywhere in Africa what one slave-hunt or cattle-lifting party can effect, it is not unreasonable to imagine that this was most probably the cause of such utter desolation here. These war-parties lay waste the tracks they visit for endless time. Indeed, until the effects of slavery and the so-called *free labour* are suppressed in Africa, we may expect to find such places in a similarly melancholy state.

Immediately on arriving here I pitch my tent, and cook a meal; whilst the sailors, as is usual on arrival at their encamping-grounds, divide into parties,—some to catch fish, others to look for fungi, whilst many cook the food, and the rest construct little huts by planting boughs in a circle in the ground and fastening the tops together, leaving the hut in the shape of a haycock, to which they further assimilate it by throwing grass above; and in rainy weather it is further covered by their mats, to secure them against getting wet. As only one or two men occupy a hut, many of them, for so large a party, have to be constructed. It is amusing to see how some men, proud of their superior powers of inventiveness, and possessing the knack of making pleasant what would otherwise be uncomfortable, plume themselves before their brethren, and turn them to derision: and it appears the more ridiculous, as they all are as stark naked as an unclothed animal, and have really nothing to boast of after all.

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* *Khambi*—Encampment.

6th.—The following morning sees us under way, and clear of the harbour by sunrise; but the gathering of clouds in the south soon cautions the weather-wise sailors to desist from their advance. Timely is the warning; for, as we rest on our oars, the glimmer of lightning illuminates the distant hills; whilst low heavy rolling clouds of pitchy darkness, preceded by a heavy gale and a foaming sea, outspread over the whole southern waters, rapidly advance. It is an ocean-tempest in a miniature, which sends us right about to our former berth. Some of our men now employ themselves in fishing for small fry with a slender rod, a piece of string, and an iron hook, with a bait of meat or fish attached; whilst others use small hand-nets, which they place behind some reeds or other cover, to secure the retreating fish as he makes off on being poked out of his refuge on the opposite side by a wand held for that purpose in the sportsman's other hand. But the majority are occupied in gathering sticks and cooking breakfast till 1 P.M., when the sea abates, and the journey is resumed. During this portion of the journey, a slight change of scenery takes place; the chain of hills running parallel with the shore of the lake is broken, and in its stead we see some small detached and other short irregular lines of hills, separated by extended plains of forest, thickly clad in verdure, like all the rest of the country. After two hours' paddling, we stand opposite the Luguvu river, and rest awhile to smoke; then start again, and in an hour cross the mouth of the little river Hebwe. Unfortunately these streams add nothing to the beauty of the scenery; and were it not for the gaps in the hills suggesting the probable course of rivers, they might be passed without notice, for the mouths are always concealed by bulrushes, or other tall aquatic reeds; and inland they are just as closely hidden by forest vegetation. In half an hour more we enter a small nook called Luguvu Khambi, very deep, and full of crocodiles and hippopotami. On landing, we fire the usual alarm-guns—a point to which our captain is ever strictly attentive—cook our dinners, and turn in for the night. Here I picked up four varieties of shells—two unis and two bivalves—all very interesting from being quite unknown in the conchological world. There were numbers of them lying on the pebbly beach.

7th.—We started at dawn as usual; but again at sunrise, the wind increasing, we put in for the shore, for these little cranky boats can stand no sea whatever. Here a herd of wild buffaloes, horned like the Cape ones, were seen by the men, and caused some diversion; for, though too blind myself to see the brutes at the distance that the others did, I loaded and gave them chase; whilst tracking along, I saw fresh prints of elephants, which, judging from their trail, had evidently just been down to drink at the lake, and sprang some antelopes, but could not get a shot. The sea going down by noon, we proceeded, and hugged a bluff shore, till we arrived at Insigazi, a desert place, a little short of Kabogo, the usual crossing-point. Although the day was now far advanced, the weather was so promising, whilst our prog was running short, that impatience suggested a venture for the opposite shore to Kivira, an island near it, bearing by compass S. 65° W., and which, with the Uguhha Mountains in the background, is from this distinctly visible. This line is selected for canoes to cross at, from containing the least expanse of water between the two shores, between Ujiji and the south end. The Kabogo Island, which stands so conspicuously in the map that hung on the Royal Geographical Society's walls in 1856, and, as already mentioned, the accuracy of which we were sent out to investigate, is evidently intended for this Kabogo or starting-point, near which we now are, and is so far rightly placed upon their map as representing the half-way station from Ujiji to Kasengé, two places on opposite sides of the lake, whither the Arab merchants go in search of ivory. For Kabogo, as will be readily seen on a corrected chart, lies just midway on the line always taken by boats travelling between those two ports—the rest of the lake being too broad for even these adventurous spirits. In short, they coast south from Ujiji to Kabogo, which constitutes the first half of the journey, and then cross over. On the passage I carefully inquired the names of several points and places, to take their bearings, and to learn the geography of the lake, but all to no purpose. The superstitious captain, and even more superstitious crew, refused to answer any questions, and earnestly forbade my talking. The idea was founded upon the fear of vitiating their *uganga* or "church," by answering a stranger any questions whilst at sea; but they dread more especially to talk about the places of departure or arrival, lest ill luck should overtake them, and deprive them of the chance of ever reaching shore. They blamed me for throwing the remnants of my cold dinner overboard, and pointed to the bottom of the boat as the proper receptacle for refuse. Night set in with great serenity, and at 2 A.M. the following morning (8th March), when arriving amongst some islands, close on the western shore of the lake—the principal of which are Kivira, Kabizia, and Kasengé, the only ones inhabited—a watch-boat belonging to Sultan Kasanga, the reigning chief of this group, challenged us, and asked our mission. Great fraternising, story-telling, and a little pipe ensued, for every one loves tobacco; then both departed in peace and friendship; they to their former abode, a cove in a small uninhabited island which lies due south of Kivira, whilst we proceeded to a long narrow harbour in Kivira itself, the largest of all these islands. Fourteen hours were occupied in crossing the lake, of which two were spent in brawling and smoking. At 9 A.M., the islanders, receiving intelligence of our arrival, came down the hill of which this island is formed, in great numbers, and held a market; but as we were unprovided with what they wanted, little business could be done. The chief desideratum was flesh of fish or beast, next salt, then tobacco, in fact anything but what I had brought as market money, cloth and class beads. This day passed in rest and idleness, recruiting from our late exertions. At night a violent storm of rain and wind beat on my tent with such fury that its nether parts were torn away from the pegs, and the tent itself was only kept upright by sheer force. On the wind's abating, a candle was lighted to rearrange the kit, and in a moment, as though by magic, the whole interior became covered with a host of small black beetles, evidently attracted by the glimmer of the candle. They were so annoyingly determined in their choice of place for peregrinating, that it seemed hopeless my trying to brush them off the clothes or bedding, for as one was knocked aside another came on, and then another, till at last, worn out, I extinguished the candle, and with difficulty—trying to overcome the tickling annoyance occasioned by these intruders crawling up my sleeves and into my hair, or down my back and legs—fell off to sleep. Repose that night was not destined to be my lot. One of these horrid little insects awoke me in his struggles to penetrate my ear, but just too late: for in my endeavour to extract him, I aided his immersion. He went his course, struggling up the narrow channel, until he got arrested by want of passage-room. This impediment evidently enraged him, for he began with exceeding vigour, like a rabbit at a hole, to dig violently away at my tympanum. The queer sensation this amusing *measure* excited in me is past description. I felt inclined to act as our donkeys once did, when beset by a swarm of bees, who buzzed about their ears and stung their heads and eyes until they were so irritated and confused that they galloped about in the most distracted order, trying to knock them off by treading on their heads, or by rushing under bushes, into houses, or through any jungle they could find. Indeed, I do not know which was worst off. The bees killed some of them, and this beetle nearly did for me. What to do I knew not. Neither tobacco, oil, nor salt could be found; I therefore tried melted butter; that failing, I applied the point of a penknife to his back, which did more harm than good; for though a few thrusts kept him quiet, the point also wounded my ear so badly, that inflammation set in, severe suppuration took place, and all the facial glands extending from that point down to the point of the shoulder became contorted and drawn aside, and a string of buboes decorated the whole length of that region. It was the most painful thing I ever remember to have endured; but, more annoying still, I could not open my mouth for several days, and had to feed on broth alone. For many months the tumour made me almost deaf, and ate a hole between that orifice and the nose, so that when I blew it, my ear whistled so audibly that those who heard it laughed. Six or seven months after this accident happened, bits of the beetle, a leg, a wing, or parts of its body, came away in the wax.

It was not altogether an unmixed evil, for the excitement occasioned by the beetle's operations acted towards my blindness as a counter-irritant by drawing the inflammation away from my eyes. Indeed, it operated far better than any other artificial appliance. To cure the blindness I once tried rubbing in some blistering liquor behind my ear, but this unfortunately had been injured by the journey, and had lost its stimulating properties. Finding it of no avail, I then caused my servant to rub the part with his finger until it was excoriated, which, though it proved insufficiently strong to cure me, was, according to Dr. Bowman, whom I have since consulted, as good a substitute for a blister as could have been applied.

9th.—The weather still remaining too rough for sailing, I strolled over the island, and from its summit on the eastern side I found a good view of the lake, and took bearings of Ujiji, Insigazi, and a distant point southwards on the eastern shore of the lake, called Ukangwe. Kivira Island is a massive hill, about five miles long by two or three broad, and is irregularly shaped. In places there are high flats, formed in terraces, but generally the steeps are abrupt and thickly wooded. The mainland immediately west is a promontory, at the southern extremity of the Uguhha Mountains, on the western coast of the Tanganyika; and the island is detached from it by so narrow a strip of water that, unless you obtained a profile view, it might easily be mistaken for a headland. The population is considerable, and they live in mushroom huts, situated on the high flats and easier slopes, where they cultivate the manioc, sweet potato, maize, millet, various kinds of pulse, and all the common vegetables in general use about the country. Poultry abounds in the villages. The dress of the people is simple, consisting of small black monkey skins, cat-skins, and the furs of any vermin they can get. These are tucked under a waist-strap, and, according to the number they possess, go completely or only half-way round the body, the animals' heads hanging in front, and the tails always depending gracefully below. These monkeys are easily captured when the maize is ripe, by a number of people stealthily staking small square nets in contiguous line all round the fields which those animals may be occupied in robbing, and then with screams and yells, flinging sticks and stones, the hunters rush upon the affrighted thieves, till in their hurry and confusion to escape, they become irretrievably entangled in the meshes. But few of these islanders carry spear or bow, though I imagine all possess them. They were most unpleasantly inquisitive, and by their stares, jabber, and pointings, incessantly wanting me to show them everything that I possessed, with explanations about their various uses, quite tired out my patience. If I tried to get away, they plaguingly followed after, so at last I dodged them by getting into the boat. To sit in the tent was the worst place of all; they would pull up the sides, and peer under like so many monkeys; and if I turned my head aside to avoid their gaze, they would jabber in the most noisy and disagreeable manner in order to arouse me.

10*th*.—We quit Kivira early, and paddling S. 25° W., making the famous fish-market in the little island Dabizia, just in time to breakfast on a freshly-caught fish, the celebrated *Singa*,—a large, ugly, black-backed monster, with white belly, small fins, and long barbs but no scales. In appearance a sluggish ground-fish, it is always immoderately and grossly fat, and at this season is full of roe; its flesh is highly esteemed by the natives. This island is very small, with a gradual rising slope from the N.W. extremity: and at the S.E. end assumes the form of a bull's hump. There is but one village of twenty odd mushroom-shaped huts, chiefly occupied by fishermen, who live on their spoils, and by selling all that they cannot consume to the neighbouring islanders and the villagers on the mainland. Added to this, they grow maize and other vegetables, and keep a good stock of fowls. I tried every mode of inducement to entice the crew away to complete the journey, for the place of my destination, Kasengé, was in sight; but in vain. They had tasted this to them delicious fish, and were determined to dress and lay by a good store of it to carry with them. About noon Shaykh Khamis, a merchant from Kasengé, bound for Ujiji, arrived, and kindly gave me a long needle to stir up the beetle in my ear; but the insect had gone in so far, and the swelling and suppuration of the wounds had so imbedded him, that no instrument could have done any good. Khamis, like myself, was very anxious to complete his journey, and tried every conceivable means to entice his crew away, but he failed as signally as I did. On the mainland opposite to this, we see the western horn of these concavely-disposed mountains, which encircle the north of the lake, and from hence the horn stretches away in increasing height as it extends northwards. Its seaward slopes are well wooded from near the summit down to the water's edge; but on the top, as though strong currents of air prevailed, and prevented vegetation from attaining any height, grass only is visible. Westward, behind the Island of Kasengé, and away to the southward, the country is of a rolling hilly formation, and devoid of any objects of interest.

11*th*.—The morning wind was too high for crossing from Kabizia to Kasengé, but at noon we embarked, and after paddling for ninety minutes S. 80° W., we arrived at the latter island, my destination. Shaykh Hamed bin Sulayyim, with many attendants and a host of natives, was standing ready to receive me. He gave us a hearty welcome, took my hand, and led me to his abode, placing everything at my disposal, and arranging a second house for my future residence. These worthy Arab merchants are everywhere the same. Their warm and generous hospitality to a stranger equals anything I have ever seen elsewhere, not forgetting India, where a cordial welcome greets any incidental traveller. Hamed's abode, like all the semi-civilised ones found in this country, and constructed by the Sowahili (or coast people), is made with good substantial walls of mud, and roofed with rafters and brushwood, cemented together with a compound of common earth, straw, and water. The rooms are conveniently partitioned off for domestic conveniences, with an ante-room for general business, and sundry other enclosures for separating his wives and other belongings. On the exterior of the house is a *palaver* platform, covered with an ample verandah, under which he sits, surrounded by a group of swarthy blacks, gossiping for hours together, or transacting his worldly business, in purchasing ivory, slaves, or any commodities worthy of his notice. The dhow I had come for, he said, was lying at Ukaranga, on the eastern shore, but was expected in a day or two, and would then be at my service. Indeed he had sent a letter by Khamis, whom I met at Kabizia, offering it to Captain Burton, as soon as ever he had been made acquainted (by native report, I imagine) with our desire of obtaining her. He thought, however, that there might be some difficulty in forming a crew capable of managing her, as this craft was too large for paddles, and no natives understood the art of rowing, and, moreover, like all Easterns, they are not disposed to learn anything that their fathers did not know before them. His own men were necessary to him, for in a few days he intended marching to Uruwwa, about a hundred miles south-west of this island, a territory belonging to Sultan Kiyombo. During that trip, every one of the dhow sailors (who are Sowahili slaves, and the Arabs' gun-bearers) would be in requisition. But he thought, if I had patience to wait, he might be able to prevail on a few of the dhow's present crew, men in his temporary employ, to take service with me. My host gave me a full description of the lake. He said he had visited both ends of it, and found the southern portion both longer and broader than the northern. "There are no islands in the middle of the sea, but near the shores there are several in various places, situated much in the same way as those we are amongst; they are mere projections, divided from the mainland by shoals or narrow channels. A large river, called Marungu, supplies the lake at its southern extremity; but except that and the Malagarazi river on the eastern shore, none of any considerable size pour their waters into the lake. But on a visit to the northern end, I saw one which was very much larger than either of these, and which I am certain flowed out of the lake; for although I did not venture on it, in consequence of its banks being occupied by desperately savage negroes, inimical to all strangers, I went so near its outlet that I could see and feel the outward drift of the water." He then described an adventure he once had when going to the north, with a boisterous barbarous tribe called Warundi. On approaching their hostile shore, he noticed as he thought a great commotion amongst the fishing-boats, and soon perceived that the men were concocting a plan of attack upon himself, for they concentrated forces, and came at his dhow in a body of about thirty canoes. Conceiving that their intentions were hostile, he avoided any conflict by putting out to sea, fearing lest an affray would be prejudicial to future mercantile transactions, as stains of blood are not soon effaced from their black memories. He further said he felt no alarm for his safety, as he had thirty slaves with guns on board. My opinion of this story—for everybody tells stories in this country—is, that all he stated with regard to the southern half is very near the truth, for it is an exact corroboration of many other evidences. But I feel convinced that he was romancing when talking of the northern river's flow, not only because the northern end of the lake is encircled by high hills—the concave of the Mountains of the Moon—but because the lake's altitude is so much less than that of the adjacent plateaus. Indeed, the waters of the lake are so low as to convey the impression that the trough they lie in has been formed by volcanic agency. With reference to the time which it would take us to traverse the entire lake, he said he thought we should take forty-six days in going up and down the lake, starting from Ujiji. Going to the north would take eight days, and going to the south fifteen. As the Shaykh had said nothing about the hire of the dhow, though he had offered it so willingly, I thought it probable that shame of mentioning it in public had deterred him from alluding to the subject—so begged a private conference. He then came to my house with Bombay and a slave, a confidant of his own, who could also speak Hindustani, and was told, through my medium Bombay, exactly what things I had brought with me, and requested to speak his mind freely, as I had called him especially for business, and we were now alone. His reserved nature had the mastery over him, and he still remained mute about the price; but again saying I could have his dhow whenever I chose, he asked permission to retire, and departed. Puzzled at this procedure, I sent Bombay to observe him, and find out if he had any secret motives for shirking so direct an appeal, and empowered him to offer money in case my cloth and powder did not afford sufficient inducement. Bombay soon returned as much puzzled as myself, unable to extract any but the old answer—that I was welcome to the dhow, and that he would try and procure men for me. As a hint had reached me that the Shaykh cast covetous eyes on my powder-magazine, I tried enticing him to take some in part payment for her, but he replied that he did not require anything in payment, but would gladly accept a little powder if I had any to spare. To this I readily assented, as he had been so constant and liberal in his attentions to me ever since I landed on the island and became his guest, that I felt it was the least I could do in return for his generosity. Indeed, he was constantly observing and inquiring what I wanted, and supplied everything in his power that I found difficult to obtain. Every day he brought presents of flesh, fowl, ducks (the Muscovite, brought from the coast), eggs, plantains, and ghee (clarified butter).

The island of Kasengé is about one mile long, a narrow high ridge of land lying nearly due north and south, and is devoid of trees, and only a small portion of it is under cultivation. The lake washes its north-western end; the remainder is encircled by a girdle of water about eighty yards broad. It appears, from being so imbedded in the land, to be a part of the coast to anybody approaching it from the sea. The population is very considerable, more so than that of the other ports. They are extremely filthy in their habits, and are incessantly inquisitive, as far at least as gratifying their idle curiosity is concerned. From having no industrial occupations, they will stand for hours and hours together, watching any strange object, and are, in consequence, an infinite pest to any stranger coming near them. In appearance they are not much unlike the Kaffir, resembling that tribe both in size, height, and general bearing, having enlarged lips, flattish noses, and frizzly woolly hair. They are very easily amused, and generally wear smiling faces. The women are better dressed than the men, having a cloth round the body, fastened under the arms, and reaching below the knees, and generally beads, brass necklaces, or other ornaments, while the latter only wear a single goat-skin slung game-bag fashion over the shoulder, or, when they possess it, a short cloth tied, kilt fashion, round the waist. They lie about their huts like swine, with little more animation on a warm day than the pig has when basking in a summer's sun. The mothers of these savage people have infinitely less affection than many savage beasts of my acquaintance. I have seen a mother bear, galled by constant fire, obstinately meet her death, by repeatedly returning under a shower of bullets, endeavouring to rescue her young from the grasp of intruding men. But here, for a simple loin-cloth or two, human mothers eagerly exchanged their little offspring, delivering them into perpetual bondage to my Belooch soldiers.

Talking about slaves brings to recollection the absurd statements that have been appearing in the newspapers and in parliamentary discussions, regarding the French and Portuguese slave transactions in the Mozambique Channel: leading people still to suppose, who know nothing about the internal condition of Africa, that such a state of society can exist there as would induce the negroes to leave their easy homes and seek for hard service abroad. Nothing is more foreign to their inclinations. Nor can men be found willing to exile themselves as *free labourers* in any part of these African regions. In the first place, the negro has as great an antipathy to work as a mad dog has to water; he will avoid it by every stratagem within his power. It is true that the slaves whom the Arab merchants, or other men, have in their possession, never forsake their master, as if they disliked their state in bondage; but then, when we consider their position, what pleasure or advantage would they derive by doing so? During the slave-hunts, when they are caught, their country is devastated, their friends and relatives are either killed or are scattered to the winds, and nothing but a wreck is left behind them. Again, they enter upon a life which is new to them, and is very fascinating to their tastes; and as long as they do remain with such kind masters as the Arabs are, there is no necessity for our commiserating them. They become elevated in their new state of existence, and are better off than in their precarious homes, ever in terror of being attacked. But under what is miscalled the *Free-labour* system the whole matter is entirely changed. Instead of living, as they in most part do, willingly with the families of the Arabs, men of a superior order, and doing mild and congenial services, they get transported against their will and inclinations to a foreign land, where, to live at all, they must labour like a beast; and yet this is only half the mischief. When a market for *free labourers* is once opened, when the draining poultice is once applied to Africa's exterior, then the interior will assuredly be drained of all its working men, and become more a waste than ever. To supply the markets with those *free cattle* becomes so lucrative a means of gain that merchants would stick at no expedient in endeavouring to secure them. The country, so full as we have seen it of all the useful necessaries of life, able to supply our markets and relieve our people by cheapening all commodities, would, if slavery was only permitted to increase, soon be devastated for the very minor consideration of improving a few small islands in the Indian Ocean. On the contrary, slavery has only to be suppressed entirely, and the country would soon yield one-hundredfold more than ever it has done before. The merchants themselves are aware of this, for every Hindi on the coast with whom I ever spoke on the subject of slavery, seemed confident that the true prosperity of Africa would only commence with the cessation of slavery. And they all say it would be far better for them if slavery were put down altogether than allowed to remain as it is, subject to limited restriction; for by this limitation many inconveniences arise. Those who were permitted to retain slaves, have a great and distressing advantage over those who could not. They argue, and very properly, that in consequence of these slave-hunts the country is kept in such a state of commotion that no one thinks it worth his while to make accumulations of property, and consequently, the negroes now only live for the day, and keep no granaries, never thinking of exerting themselves to better their condition. Without doubt it is mainly owing to this unfortunate influence of slavery on African society, that we have been kept so long ignorant of the vast resources of Eastern and Central Africa—a vast field full of resources, which would be of so much value to Zanzibar and neighbouring India, were it only properly developed:—but I have been digressing, and must again return to Kasengé.

The village is very large and straggling, and consists of a collection of haycock-looking huts, framed with wood or boughs, and covered over with grass. Kasanga's palace is the grandest one amongst them. This monarch is a very amiable despot, and is liked in consequence. He presented me with a goat and some grain, in return for which I gave a *kahongo* (or tribute-fee) of three Dhotis, two Kitindis, and two Fundas, equal to twenty necklaces of large blue beads. The food of these people consists chiefly of fish and fowls, both of which are very abundant. All other articles of consumption, except a very little grown on the spot, are imported from the mainland, and are, in consequence, dear. The surrounding country, however, is very highly cultivated—so much so, that it exports for the Ujiji and other distant markets. The Africans have no religion, unless Fetishism may be considered such. They use charms to keep off the evil eye, and believe in fortune-tellers. Their church is called Uganga, and the parson Mganga, the plural of which, priests, changes to Wagenga. The prefixes *U*, *M*, and *Wa*, are used uniformly throughout this land from Zanzibar, to denote respectively, U, country or place, M, an individual, and Wa for plurality, as in tribe or people: thus, Uganga, Mganga, Waganga, or Unyamuézi, Mnyamuézi, Wanyamuézi.

18th.—The dhow came in this evening, bringing cows and goats, oil, ghee, and other articles of consumption not found immediately in this neighbourhood. She looked very graceful in contrast to the wretched little canoes, and came moving slowly up the smooth waters of the channel decked in her white sails, like a swan upon "a garden reach." The next day the Shaykh declared himself endeavouring to secure some men, but none appeared. The day following he told me that the dhow was out of repair, and must be mended. And the succeeding day he coupled shifts and excuses with promises and hopes, so likely to be further deferred, that my patience was fairly upset; and on the 17th, as nothing was settled, we had a little tiff. I accused him of detaining me in the hopes of getting powder, for as yet his armourer had not succeeded in opening my chest, from which I knew he wanted some; at any rate, I could see no other cause for his desiring my further stay there, when even Bombay had notified his displeasure at these long-continued procrastinations. The Shaykh, however, very quietly denied the imputation, declaring that he desired nothing but what I might frankly give, and continued his former kindnesses as though nothing had happened. I then begged his counsel as to the best mode of proceeding, upon which he advised my returning to Ujiji, where an Arab merchant called Shaykh Said bin Majid, with many men of the sort I required, was reported to be arriving. In the meanwhile, during his absence at Uruwwa, he would authorise his agent to make the dhow over to me whenever I should come or send for it. It is needless to say how easily, had my hands now been free to act, I might have availed myself of this tempting opportunity of accompanying Shaykh Hamed on his journey to Uruwwa, and have thus nearly connected this line from Zanzibar with the Portuguese and Dr. Livingstone's routes to Loando on the western coast. The Shaykh describes the roads as easy to travel over, for the track lay across an undulating country, intersected by many small insignificant streams, which only contribute to fertilise the land, and present no obstacles whatever. The line is cheap, and affords provisions in abundance. It may appear odd that men should go so far into the interior of Africa to procure ivory, when undoubtedly much is to be found at places not half so distant from Zanzibar; but the reason of it is simple. The nearer countries have become so overstocked with beads and cloth, that ivory there has risen to so great a price, it does not pay its transport. Hence every succeeding year finds the Arabs penetrating farther inland. Now, it will be seen that the Zanzibar Arabs have reached the uttermost limits of their tether; for Uruwwa is half-way across the continent, and in a few years they must unite their labours with the people who come from Loando on the opposite coast. As to obtain the dhow would, in our hampered state, have been of much importance —for our cloth and supplies were all fast ebbing away—I did not yet give in applying for it, and next day tried another device to tempt this wily Arab, by offering 500 dollars, or £100, if he would defer his journey for a short time, and accompany us round the lake. This was a large, and evidently an unexpected offer, and tried his cupidity sorely; it produced a nervous fidgetiness, and he begged leave to retire and con the matter over. Next day he said he was sorry that he must decline, for his business would not stand deferment, but declared himself willing to sail with us on his return from Uruwwa, three months hence, if we could only stay till then.

Feeling now satisfied that nothing would prevail upon the Shaykh to let us have the dhow, I wished to quit the island, and return to Ujiji, but found the crew had taken French leave, and gone foraging on the mainland, where, all grain being so much cheaper than at Ujiji, they wanted to procure a supply. I therefore employed the day in strolling all over the island, and took bearings of some of the principal features of the lake; of Thembwe, a distant promontory on the western shore south of this, which is occupied by a powerful sultan, and contains a large population of very boisterous savages; of Ukungwé, on the east shore, and the island of Kavira and Kabizia. I could also see two other small islands lying amidst these larger ones,—too small for habitation. Though my canoe arrived on the 20th, bad weather prevented our leaving till the 22d morning, completing twelve days at Kasengé. I now took leave of my generous host, and bidding adieu to Kasengé, soon arrived and spent the day at Kabizia.

23*d*.—We crossed over to Kivira, and pitched the tent in our former harbour. Next day we halted from stress of weather; and the following day also remaining boisterous, we could not put to sea; but to obtain a better view of the lake, and watch the weather for choosing a favourable time to cross, we changed Khambi for a place farther up the island.

24*th*.—We moved out two miles in the morning, but returned again from fear of the weather, as the sailors could discern a small but very alarming-looking cloud many miles distant, hanging on the top of one of the hills, and there was a gentle breeze. In the evening, as the portentous elements still frowned upon us, the wise crew surmised that the *uganga* (church) was angry at my endeavouring to carry across the waters the goat which the Sultan had given me, and which, they said, ought never to have left the spot it was presented in alive; and declared their intention of applying to the *mganga* (priest) to ascertain his opinion before venturing out again. As the goat had just given a kid, and produced a good supply of milk, I was anxious to bring her to Ujiji for my sick companion, and told the sailors so; yet still they persisted, and said they would run away rather than venture on the water with the goat again. Then fearing detention, and guessing their motive was only to obtain a share in the eating her, I killed both kid and mother at once, and divided them amongst my party, taking care that none of the crew received any of the flesh. At night we sallied forth again, but soon returned from the same cause that hindered us in the morning. And I did not spare the men's feelings who had caused the death of my goat in the morning, now that their superstitious fears concerning it, if they ever possessed any, were proven to be without foundation.

27*th*.—We took our final departure from Kivira in the morning, and crossed the broad lake again in fourteen hours, two of them, as before, being spent in pipes and rest. I have now measured the Lake's centre pretty satisfactorily by triangulation, by compass in connection with astronomical observation, and twice by dead-reckoning. It is twenty-six miles broad at the place of crossing, which is its narrowest central part. But alas that I should have omitted to bring a sounding line with me, and not have ascertained that highly interesting feature—its depth. There is very little doubt in my mind but that its bed is very deep, owing to the trough-like formation of it, and also because I have seen my crew haul up fishing-baskets, sunk in the sea near to the shore, from very considerable depths, by long ropes with trimmers attached. For the benefit of science, and as a hint to future travellers, I will mention that had I brought a lead, I might, as if by accident, have dropped it in the sea when they were resting—have tapped the bottom and ascertained its depth—whilst the superstitious crew would have only wondered in vain as to what I was about. Let easy-chair geographers now take lesson by this passage across the lake of twenty-six miles, and know for the future, that if they will have lakes of great and imaginative breadth, they should stud them with islands at distances not more than thirty miles asunder; for no Nagoe canoes dare ever venture on a broader sheet of water than I have now crossed. And if they cannot bear of islands on a sheet of water as broad as the Slug alluded to before—which they affirmed was crossed by negroes—let them pause before describing anything so ridiculous.

28th.—We started up coast early, and at 10 A.M. put in amongst some reeds opposite the Luguvu river, as the wind, rain, and waves had very nearly swamped the boat, and drenched us all from head to foot. I pitched the tent in the canoe, to protect me from the storm, but it only served to keep the wind from blowing on my wet clothes and chilling me, for wave after wave washed over the gunwale, and kept me and all my kit constantly drenched through. Three lingering miserable hours were passed in this fashion; for there was no place to land in, and we could not venture forward. The sea abated in the afternoon, and we gained Mgiti Khambi. After a day's halt, the weather being stormy, and everything being wet and comfortless, we hailed with delight the succeeding sunny day, and making good our time, reached the old tree on the right bank of the mouth of the Ruché by 9 P.M.

31st.—We arrived at Ujiji by breakfast-time, when I disclosed to Captain Burton, then happily a little restored, the mortifying intelligence of my failing to procure the dhow. This must have been doubly distressing to him, for he had been led to expect it by Khamis, whom I passed at Kabizia, and who had delivered Hamed's letter, stating that the dhow was at his service. The Shaykh's manœuvring with the dhow bears much the appearance of one anxious to obtain the credit of generosity, without incurring the attendant inconvenience of its reality. Otherwise I cannot divine what good his procrastinations and the means he took for keeping me near him so long could have been to him; for he made no overtures to me whatever. Bombay now thought, when it was too late, that if I had offered to give him 500 dollars' worth of cloth, landed at his house, he could not have resisted the offer. I give this notice for the advantage of any future explorers on the lake. I could not form a true estimate of the lake's positive breadth, in consequence of the numberless bays and promontories that diversify the regularity of its coast line; but I should say that thirty to forty miles is probably near the truth.

This concludes my first independent travel in Central Africa; and next month you shall have my second journey to what I believe to be the fountains of THE NILE.

J. H. SPEKE,

Captain 46th Bengal N. I.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

I DREAMED that I found myself suddenly in a place which impressed me with an instantaneous sense of strangeness; it was like nothing I had ever seen. I then became aware that my own state of feeling was like nothing I had ever felt. It was a sensation of inexpressible physical relief; all ailment to which I had been familiarised, was gone—gone all weariness, heaviness, inertness of muscle, of nerve, of spirit. Time and its effects palpably—abruptly—lifted from me as a load may be lifted from the shoulders of a tired and sinking man. I was conscious of an elasticity and lightness of frame, to which that of a vigerous schoolboy bounding into the playground can be but inadequately compared. My first idea was that I was made young again; my second idea, which flashed on me as conviction, made me aware that I was dead. I said to myself, "I am dead, and amongst the dead." With that consciousness came no awe, no fear, only the sensation of unutterable strangeness, and a sentiment of intense curiosity. The place in which I stood was the far end of an immense hall or chamber,—so immense that it baffles all attempt to convey a notion of the space. Its walls were proportionably lofty, it was without roof; above it, a dull blue sky, without cloud, without sun, moon, or stars. Along this hall human beings, dressed as we dress in life, were hurrying in various groups or detachments. But so vast was the place, that though I was aware there were millions of such beings within the walls, they appeared like tiny rivulets running on through a mighty plain. I hastened towards one of these detachments, accosted a man, and said, "Tell me, is it true that I am dead?"

"You are dead, of course," said the man impatiently, without stopping. "And you, too?" I asked.

"All here are dead! We *are* The Dead."

I caught the man by the arm, which I felt inquisitively. I wondered to find it so material, contrary to all my preconceived notions.

"But you are no spirit?" I said; "this arm is flesh and blood. Can you explain?"

"Nothing is ever explained here," interrupted the man, shaking me off. He hurried on after the rest, and disappeared within what may be called a doorway; but there was no door. There were many openings as for doors in the hall—none of them had doors. This also excited my curiosity. Why no doors? I walked lightly across the floor, pleased at the briskness of my own step, and again I accosted a fellow-inmate of this strange place.

"I beg pardon," said I courteously, "but why is this hall left unfinished; why no doors where these lofty openings are left?"

"Find out for yourself; no explanations are given here."

"Stop one moment, I am a stranger just arrived. Many dear friends have come here before me. Tell me, I pray, how I am to find them?"

"Find them! This is Infinity. Those who move on never return to the same place; those who come after never catch up those who have gone before."

"What! shall I never see even my own mother?"

"Never. This is Eternity; once lost, for ever lost."

"But my own mother! What has become of her? whither has she gone?"

"How do I know!"

"But I *shall* overtake her," I exclaimed angrily.

"And if you do?" said the man drily, "you would not know each other—you do not wear the same bodies as you did in life. Perhaps you and I were intimate friends once. You do not know me now, nor I you. No knowledge of each other amongst The Dead."

The man hurried on through the opening. I was so amazed at what he said that I awoke.

"This is the most extraordinary dream," I said to myself, when awake.

"How I wish that I could continue it!" In a few minutes I was asleep again, and there I was—exactly in the same place in that hall where the man had left me, near the opening. I followed a string of passengers through that opening into a narrow corridor—the same height of wall, the same dull blue sky overhead.

"How light it is," I said to a man in the throng, "and yet there is no sun, and no moon, and no stars. Is it always as light here, and is this day or is it night?"

"Neither day nor night. No day, no night, to the dead. Time here is dead too!"

I tried in vain to keep this man in conversation. I tried in vain to make friends with others; all answered curtly and impatiently, shaking me off and hurrying on. What now began most to perplex me, was the utter absence of all social intercourse. No one seemed to talk to another; no two persons walked arm-in-arm. I said to myself—"In any city on earth one stranger may accost another, and get some information what he is to do—where he is to find a lodging. Society seems dissolved here—every one for himself. It is well at least that I feel so strong and so young."

I passed my hands over my limbs. Yes, I *was* flesh and blood. Suddenly I began to feel hungry. This amazed me. Again I accosted one of the throng. "Can it be true that one feels hunger here? do the Dead know hunger?"

"Hunger! of course; you have a body, have not you?"

"And how can one get food?"

"Find out for yourself."

"Stop, must one pay for it?"

"Pay! of course, of course; you cannot rob The Dead." The man was gone.

I hurried on with the hurrying throng, and began to feel in my pockets. In my right trouser pocket I found a sovereign and twelve shillings in silver, exactly the sum that I had in my pocket when I went to bed the night of that dream. Again I began to wonder, "How did I bring this money with me, why no more? Can I get no more money? Is this all that is to provide for me throughout eternity?" Several of the crowd now stopped before a recess in the corridor; in this recess persons were serving out coffee, which I observed those who took paid for. I longed for the coffee, but I was seized with a prudent thrift. I thought, "I must not fritter away any part of so small a sum, until I know at least how to get more." I resisted the coffee-shops, and continued to rove on—always in a building, always in a labyrinth of halls, and chambers, and passages. I observed that none of them seemed formed for residence, none of them were furnished, except here and there was a thin comfortless bench against the tall undecorated wall. But always, always a building—always, always as within a single immeasurable house. I was seized with an intense longing to get out. "If I could but find my way into the fields," said I to myself—"if I could but wander into the country, I have been always so fond of nature."

Again I accosted a man. "How can I get out of this building?"

"You can't get out of it, you are dead."

"Yes, I know I am dead; but I still long to see Nature."

"There is no Nature here. Nature is finite—this is infinity."

"But is infinity circumscribed to this building?—no escape from these walls? Explain."

"Explain!" interrupted the man with great anger, as if I had uttered something wicked; "nothing is ever explained here. Wretch, leave me." And the man broke away.

I continued to stride on through the building, always trying to escape out of it. Miles and miles, and leagues and leagues, I went on—always between those lofty walls, under that unchangeable sky. And I could never get a peep into what lay beyond; for to those walls there were no windows.

I said to myself, "If I were alive I should have dropped with fatigue; but I feel no fatigue—not the least tired. Still, if I am to remain here, I should like to have a quiet lodging to myself. Where can I rest?"

So again I stopped a man—I say a man; for hitherto I had seen only men, no women—men much as one sees every day in Oxford Street or Cheapside. I *stopped* a man, say I? The expression is incorrect: no man ever stopped at my bidding, but walked on while I spoke, and only walked faster when he escaped. And never again did I come up to the same man. Well, then, I *accosted* a man:—"What are the rules of this place? Can one have a home as on earth?—can I have a lodging to myself somewhere?"

"Of course you can."

"Where shall I go for one?—how am I to contrive—?"

"Find out for yourself; no one helps another here."

"But stay. I have only got about me one pound twelve. Is there difference of fortune in this place?—are there wealth and poverty?—do some people come with more riches than others?"

"To be sure."

"And is it as good a thing to be rich here as it is on earth?"

"Better. Poverty here is dreadful; for here none lend, and none give."

"I left a great deal of money behind me; can't I get at it now?"

"Certainly not; you should have brought more."

"Alas! I did not know I was coming here. But I am quick and hardworking: I could make money easily enough in the earth I came from. Can money be made here?"

"Yes!"

"How—how?"

"Find out for yourself."

The man escaped me.

I woke a second time, revolving all I had seen in my dream, and much struck by the prosaic and practical character of the whole. "So very odd," I said, "that money should be of use amongst the dead. I will write down this dream to-morrow morning;" and I began to impress all its details on my memory. While so employed I fell asleep again, and again found myself exactly in the same spot on which I had last stood in this singular dream. I felt my pockets—only one pound twelve still. "What a fool was I not to take advantage of my waking, and bring more money with me!" I said with a sigh.

I now came into a desolate banquet-hall: in the midst was an immense table, and several thousand persons were sitting down to a feast. I observed ornaments of plate on the table, and great profusion of wine. I approached; the table was full; there was no room for me. And indeed, though still hungry, I had no desire to join the banqueters. I felt as if I were not of them; no social sentiment bound me to them. But now, for the first time, I perceived women—women at the table. That sight gave me pleasure. I began to count them. At first I only distinguished one or two; gradually the number grew—so many that I ceased to count. "Well," I said, "now I shall see something like gallantry and gaiety and affection amongst The Dead." I was soon undeceived; people ate and drank as on earth, but without mirth or talk—each helping himself. The men had no care for the women, the women had no care for the men. A dreary consciousness that love existed not amongst The Dead came over me, and I left the banquet-hall. I now came into another corridor, at the end of which, to my great joy, I descried what seemed a more open space. I caught a glimpse of green trees. A great throng was hurrying towards this space. I pressed forward in advance of the throng, and entered first; but I was disappointed: the space was still within the building, the walls round it; only it resembled what the French call a *Place d'armes*. The trees, planted in a formal row on either side, as they are in a *Place d'armes*, were small, stunted, and the foliage clipped. Looking more narrowly, I perceived that they were not real trees, but of some painted metal; and I thought of the words, "There is no nature here." While I was thus gazing on the trees, the lower end of this court had become filled with the crowd; and suddenly, from an opening opposite to that by which I and the crowd had entered, I heard a regular tramp as of the quick march of soldiers, and presently a defile of armed men came into the *Place*—so quickly that I had only time to draw on one side to escape being trodden down. They hastened to the upper part of the *Place*, and formed themselves at the word of command. Then, for the first time, I felt fear; for these soldiers did not seem to me so human as all I had hitherto seen. There was something preterhuman and ghastly in their aspect and their movements. They were armed with muskets. In another moment, to my inconceivable surprise and horror, they fired upon the crowd at the far end, and then charged with the bayonet. They came so close by me, that I felt one of the soldiers graze me. But I did not recede; on the contrary, I put myself somewhat in the way of the charge. For my predominant sentiment throughout all this dream was curiosity, and I wished to know if I could be capable of bodily wound or bodily pain. But the soldiers spared me, and charged only on the crowd below. In an instant the ground was covered with victims—bruised, wounded, groaning, shrieking. This exploit performed, the soldiers departed down the passage they had entered, as rapidly as they had marched in.

It seemed to me that I felt no pity for the crowd and no resentment against the soldiers. I only felt an exceeding surprise. However, I approached the sufferers and said, "But are you sensible of wounds, being already dead?" A man, mangled and lacerated, answered impatiently, "Yes, yes—of course."

"But still, being dead, you cannot be killed, and that is some comfort."

I got no answer to this remark. The sufferers gathered themselves up, no one helping the other; and, limping and groaning, dispersed. I then addressed a man who was one of the few who were unhurt. He was taller, of better mien, and with a less busy and anxious expression of countenance than those I had hitherto questioned. He gave me the idea of a person of rank.

"Sir," said I, insinuating into my manner all the polite respect I could convey to it, "the appearance of soldiers here has startled me; for where there are soldiers there must be law and Government. Hitherto I have seen no trace of either. Is there, then, a Government to this place? Where can one see it? Where does it reside? What are the Laws? How can one avoid displeasing them?"

"Find out," answered the man, in the same form of words which had so often chilled my questions, but in a milder voice.

"At all events, then, there is a law of brute force that prevails here as on the earth," I said in extreme wonder.

"Yes; but on earth it is understood. Here nothing is explained."

"Can I know even why that crowd was punished; whence the soldiers came; whither they have now gone?"

"Search—this is infinity. You have leisure enough before you; you are in eternity."

The man was gone. I passed very timorously and very wistfully along the passage from which the soldiers had emerged.

The object of my curiosity now was, to get at the seat of that Law of Force which was so contrary to all my preconceived opinions. I felt a most awful consciousness of uncertainty. One might then, like that crowd, at any time be punished; one did not know wherefore. How act so as to avoid offence? While thus musing the atmosphere seemed darker, and I found that I was in a very squalid part of the building; it resembled, indeed, the old lanes and courts of St. Giles's (only still within the mansion), and infinitely more wretched.

"So then," I said, "I do see poverty here at last," and I felt with proud satisfaction my one pound twelve. A miserable-looking lad now was beside me. He was resting on a heap of broken rubbish. Looking at him I observed that he was deformed, but not like any deformity I had seen in the living. I cannot describe how the deformity differed, except that he showed me his hands, and they were not like human hands, but were distorted into shapeless knots and lumps. And I said, "No wonder you are poor, for you cannot work with those hands. Man's physical distinction from the brutes is chiefly in the formation of his hand. Your hand is not the hand of man."

And the lad laughed, and that was the first laugh I had heard amongst the dead.

"But are you not very unhappy?" said I in amaze.

"Unhappy! No! I am dead."

"Did you bring your infirmities with you, or did you contract them here?"

"Here!"

I was appalled.

"How? by what misfortune or what sin?"

The lad laughed again, and jumping off his block of rubbish, sidled away, mocking at me as he went with a vulgar gesture.

"Catch me at explaining," said he, and was lost.

Now a sort of despair, but an intellectual despair, seized me. I say intellectual, for with all my amaze and all my sense of solitude in that crowd, I never felt sad nor unhappy; on the contrary, I kept constantly saying to myself, "After all, it is a great thing to have done with life.—And to feel so well and so young!" But my intellect oppressed me; it was in my way; my curiosity was so intense, my perplexities so unsolved, even by conjecture.

I got out of the squalid part of the building; and in a small lobby I encountered a solitary being like myself. I joined him.

I said, "You and I seem both alone in this vast space. Can we not explore it in company?"

"Certainly not; my way is not your way, nor yours mine. No two have the same paths through infinity."

"But," said I, angrily, "I always understood on the earth, that when we left it we should come into a region of spirits. Where are the angels to guide us? I see them not. I have seen poverty and suffering, and brute force. But of blessed spirits above mankind, I have beheld none. And if this be infinity, such spirits must be here."

"Find them out for yourself then, as I must find them out for myself. This is my way, that is yours."

"One word more; since I cannot discover those who have gone before me, whom I loved, I will wait for some one whom I have left on earth, and he will be my companion, for he will be as strange to this place as I am, and will want a friend, as I want some one. Tell me where I can watch and see the dead come here from life."

"Yes, *that* I can tell you. There are plenty of places in which you will see the dead drop down—there is such a place close by. You see that passage; take it, and go straight on."

I did as the man told me. I came to an open space always between blind walls, but the outer wall seemed far loftier, soaring up, and soaring up, till the dull blue sky that rested on it appeared immeasurably remote.

And down at my feet from this wall dropped a man. "You are one of the dead," said I, approaching anxiously, "just left the world of the living?"

He seemed bewildered for a moment; at last he answered, rubbing his eyes, and in a kind of dreamy voice, "Yes, I am dead."

"Let us look at each other," said I; "perhaps we were friends in life."

We did look at each other without recognition. But, indeed, as I had been told, not amongst the myriads I had met, had I recognised one being I had ever known on earth.

"Well," said I, "this is the strangest place! There is no getting on in it alone; no one will put you into the way of things. Let you and I be friends now, whatever we were before. Take my arm; we cannot fail to be more comfortable if we keep together."

The man, who seemed half asleep, took my arm, and we went on together. I was very much pleased and exceedingly proud to have found at last a companion. I told him of all I had witnessed and experienced, of all my doubts and perplexities. He listened with very little interest or attention, still I was glad that I had got him safe by the arm.

"I don't think it is such a bad place," said I, "if one could once get into the way of it. But the first thing is to find a lodging to ourselves; and are you not hungry? I am. By the by, what money have you brought with you?"

Thereon my man looked at me suspiciously, and extricating himself from my arm, broke off; and though I hastened to follow him, he was lost in the infinity, and I felt that I was once more amidst infinity—dead and alone.

So I awoke, and I wrote down this dream just as it happened; and attempting no explanation, for no explanation was given to me.

HERMIDES.

THE ELECTION PETITIONS.

WHO DOES THE BRIBERY?

THE country is beginning to find out what it owes to the Coalition Cabinet and its motley mass of Liberal supporters. In order to replace the Whig chiefs in office,—in order that Louis Napoleon might again see the author of the Conspiracy Bill at the head of the British Government,—and in order that Lord John Russell might once more exhibit how easily he is overreached by foreign diplomatists,—for these several reasons, of which the first is of course the chief, the Liberal party combined to cut short the career of the Conservative Administration, and thereby flung back into the void the many excellent measures, of legal and other reform, which that Administration had introduced. For this the country has had no equivalent. As regards foreign affairs, every one knows in what a blundering and offensive position the peace of Villafranca has placed the British Government in the eyes of Europe. And if we turn for compensation to home affairs, what do we find? Nothing. Not a single measure has been proposed by the new Cabinet. They do not appear to have given a single successful thought to the work of internal improvement. Possibly the occupants of Downing Street had too much to do in keeping on good terms with one another, to have any spare strength left to devote to the interests of the public. Yet the session, after all, has not been wholly unprofitable. It has cleared the public apprehension upon something more than the administrative incapacity of the Ministry; for it has made plain, also, the disgraceful corruption of the Liberal party and the hypocritical effrontery of the Liberal chiefs. The session has been short, but it has served to exhibit the Liberal party in an aspect which the country will not soon forget. It began amidst a chorus of Liberal invectives against the Conservative Ministry for corrupting the constituencies; it has ended amidst a wail of the Liberals over lost seats, lost money, lost reputation; and some of them, professors of most Pharisaic purity, are now going about in a state of moral uncleanness which no amount of whitewashing will ever cover any more. Even the house of Bright has fallen into a lamentable state of impurity. And that Brutus of politics, so implacable towards the fabulous failings of his opponents, ought now to stand forth as the moral executioner of those of his own household. It is a pretty spectacle for those who have hitherto believed that the purity of the Liberals corresponded with their glowing professions. The Liberal journals are silent on the subject. It is a disgrace too deep to be apologised for—the facts are too indisputable to be explained away. In some quarters, indeed, it is faintly suggested that this is the first time Liberalism has lost her virtue. But the examination made by the Parliamentary Committees demonstrates authoritatively that this is no virgin lapse, and that the illicit connection between Liberalism and bribery has been carried on for a long time. The evidence of this is so strong, that the *Daily News* prefers to make a clean breast of it. With a *naïveté* that certainly borders on the coolest effrontery, it admits that "the old system of management has broken down!"—and that the "seats lost to the Liberals by the decisions of the Committees" show plainly that some other kind of "management" must be had recourse to. Are the Joseph Surfaces of Liberalism at length going to open their eyes to the truth that honesty is the best policy, and that instead of professing so much virtue they would do better to practise a little of it?

"Organised calumny," as Roebuck, who knows them well, has told us, is the forte of the Whig party. It is an engine of party which they have ever worked most assiduously, and upon which they place great reliance in all their contests with their rivals. It is their Armstrong gun, brought out on all occasions when the tide of battle threatens to go against them. And its volleys, it must be admitted, are very effective; for as long as a party which panders to the masses, and whose grand professions of principle have not been found out to be but a whitewash over corruption, fills the journals with calumnies against its opponents, the public seldom fails to believe the greater part of what it is told. Four months ago the Liberal party were in a most excited state of mingled hope and desperation. They had been looking forward to the Ministerial Reform Bill as a question which would surely reinstate them in power; but after playing their trump-card upon it, they found themselves sent back to their constituencies, with the public mind showing symptoms of its inclination to turn against them. In this emergency their Armstrong gun of calumny was brought out as usual, and Sir James Graham took upon himself to fire the first round. How, consistently with any feeling of personal integrity, Sir James Graham could conduct himself in the manner he did, we do not pretend to explain. On the hustings of Carlisle, elated at his nephew's being returned to Parliament along with him, one would have thought that the milk of human kindness would have displaced for a moment that soured and bitter spirit produced in him by his recent political isolation. Not so. His old friends, Lord Derby and the Conservatives, bade fair to win the day; and with an intensity of hate which none but an apostate can feel, Sir James roused himself to spoil their triumph. Calling to his aid the most daring calumny, and appealing to the ignorant prejudices of the masses, he accused the Government of the most flagitious practices for corrupting the constituencies. Hundreds of thousands of pounds, he told his audience, had been subscribed by the Tories to buy votes and "foully pack the new Parliament." Lord Derby himself, he said, boasted that he had subscribed £20,000 for that iniquitous purpose. Sir John Pakington, as First Lord of the Admiralty, was making an extraordinary expenditure of the public money for the purpose of securing additional votes in the seaports. General Peel, the Secretary at War, was building useless barracks at Berwick, in order to buy up that constituency; and, *in order to secure the votes of the publicans and innkeepers all over the country, the rate of billet-money*, said Sir James, *had been trebled, by an arbitrary act of the Government.* Fifthly, a compact had been made with the Pope, by the promise of another Catholic University in Ireland. And sixthly, there was the Galway contract, of which Sir James said—"It would have been cheaper for the people of England to give the Government £100,000 capital to be expended as secret service money in buying up the Galway votes and debauching the voters, rather than this £70,000 under contract for seven years!!" We do not know where to find a parallel to the exhibition which this bitter and unscrupulous old man made on the hustings of Carlisle. He, a Privy Councillor of her Majesty, dared openly and ostentatiously to charge the Government, collectively and severally, with acts of gross political corruption, practised with a view "foully to pack the new Parliament:" and yet every charge which he made was, to use Disraeli's well-merited epithet, "an impudent fabrication." Lord Derby had never subscribed £20,000, nor £10,000, nor £5,000; and the fabulous sums alleged to have been subscribed by the Carlton Club existed nowhere save in the heated and rancorous imagination of the veteran Member for Carlisle. The building of barracks at Berwick, and the extraordinary expenditure of the Admiralty, were pure inventions. An "Independent Liberal" himself came forward to approve most highly of the Galway contract; not a trace of bribery was alleged to have taken place at the Galway election, and the town returned an oppositionist as before. No promise had been made of a new university to Ireland; and as to the compact with the Pope, the election riots at Limerick (of which we shall speak by-and-by) at once sent that calumny into oblivion. Lastly, as regards the increase of the billet-money—which Sir James declared had been made by an arbitrary and unjustifiable act of the Government, and with a view to influence the elections,—that increase had been recommended by a Parliamentary committee, and had actually been introduced into the Mutiny Act, and voted by the House of Commons, before there was any expectation of a dissolution at all! Such were the fabrications set afloat by the Knight of Netherby, and which were assiduously kept up as long as possible by the Liberal journals. No one envied Sir James Graham's position when Parliament reassembled. He had been called to account by Sir John Pakington and General Peel, and had to withdraw his calumnies in the newspapers; and on the very first night of the session Lord Derby gave him an equally flat contradiction, which he had likewise to swallow with whatever grace was left him. No wonder, then, that when at length he rose in his place, smarting under the cutting sarcasms of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and complained of his "painful position," and of Mr. Disraeli's remarks as a breach of "the established rule among *gentlemen*," he was met by the scornful laugh of the House, and was only tolerated to a close on account of his age and long service in the councils of the nation.

Lord Palmerston likewise took up the cry of corruption against the Ministry,—confining himself, however, with due caution, to a vague allegation, and avoiding that "condescending upon particulars" which brought the reckless Knight of Netherby to so much grief. In concert with his party, the noble Viscount took his part in the plan of "organised calumny" directed against the Conservative Ministry. And when Parliament met, those who were present on the night of the 7th June will remember the grand bow-wow manner in which the present Premier gave the House to understand that if he did not utterly overwhelm the Ministry with proofs of their electoral corruption, it was only because he was merciful, and would not do so just yet. "The dissolution," he said, "was a culpable proceeding,—it was sacrificing what might eventually have been great national interests, in order to scramble for a few votes at different hustings. The right hon. gentleman spoke with great levity of the charges made against the Government for irregular practices at the elections in certain parts of the country. I am not going to enter into that question now. But I will venture to tell him [here the noble Viscount gave a most meaning and mysterious shake of the head and right arm] that, before any great length of time has passed, there will be plenty of occasions—many more, perhaps, than will be agreeable to hon. gentlemen opposite—when that subject will be brought under our notice." It stands recorded in the *Times* that the only ostensible effect which this produced in the House was "a laugh"—which we are free to admit came from the Conservatives, who knew that it was all blank-cartridge work, designed to make a noise and smoke for the moment. That stanch Whig official, Mr. Wilson, followed suit, and in backing up the inuendoes of his chief, made special allusion to the hardship which the "sinful" Ministry had inflicted upon himself. "He maintained that the dissolution was a sinful and unworthy act. In his own case (he said) the whole weight and strength of the Government were brought to bear to induce his constituents to return a verdict in their favour; and it might be his duty to bring before the House the manner in which the whole strength of the Government had been brought to bear against him." Mr. Wilson's opinions of duty apparently altered, for he never favoured the House with any further allusion to the hardships which he had so patriotically endured and triumphantly overcome. But, as the best comment on his complaint, we may mention that when a new election shortly afterwards took place, the Conservatives stood higher on the poll than before; so that whereas in April, the Liberals were ahead by 123, at the election after the new Ministry was in power the majority of the Liberal candidate was only 49!

Little as the Derby Administration and its supporters cared for these charges, knowing them to be a mere sham on the part of their opponents, yet the sham served Lord Palmerston and his Whig friends very well. It was known that there were a good many waverers in the Liberal camp; and how could they be better secured than by daring them to vote for a Ministry which had exercised such extraordinarily gross corruption, and whose majority, if they were even to get one, would soon be turned into a minority by the damaging exposures before the Election Committees? Mr. Laing honestly confessed that he voted against the Ministry with the greatest reluctance, and only because he thought himself bound by personal honour to vote with his party; and many others voted in a similar frame of mind—the only issue presented to them by their leaders being, whether they would have a Liberal Government, or, in the face of the country, show themselves supporters of a Tory Ministry which had been bribing right and left, and debauching the constituencies? As the result of these tactics the Conservative Ministry was outvoted by 13,—a narrow majority at best, but worth nothing as a stable source of strength, seeing that while the Conservatives form a compact phalanx, the Liberal party is split into most discordant sections. But ere the session ended, that majority, small as it was, had all but sunk to zero. It soon became evident that members had voted against the Ministry on the 10th of June who had no right to vote, or even to be in the House at all. No sooner did the Election Committees begin their work than the "deil's dozen," who had placed Lord Palmerston in power, were found to be "men of straw"—most of them having got their seats by the most shameless bribery. And on the 11th of August—exactly two months after the Liberal journals announced the defeat of the Conservatives, the same journals had to confess that eight of the Liberal majority had been unseated for bribery, and that two of the seats thus rendered vacant had been gained by Conservatives; while the elevation of Mr. Labouchere to the peerage had given another gain to the Conservatives at Taunton! In other words, exactly two months after the Liberals had replaced themselves in office by a majority of 13, that majority had been reduced by the decisions of committees and new elections to only *one;* and the Liberals who had been so boastful of their own virtue, and so profuse in charges of corruption against their opponents, were themselves found to have been the very chief of sinners! Well might the *Daily News*, on the twelfth of August, thus lament over the havoc that was then taking place, not on the moors, but in the committee-rooms! "It is pretty clear that the present system of what is called managing elections, as far as the Liberal party is concerned, will never do. Seat after seat has been lost to the Liberals by the decisions of committees, while the Conservatives have hitherto managed to escape. And what is far worse, of the new elections that have taken place, two out of three have resulted in the substitution of adversaries for friends. In a word, the old system of management has broken down." "For the first time in half a century Taunton is now represented by two opponents. As for Dartmouth, after a vain show of fight, it was unaccountably abandoned to the enemy. We cannot refrain from asking plainly, why was this? The last election for Dartmouth was declared void on account of bribery: was it thought inexpedient to risk *another show-up* next session?"

There was little doing in the House of Commons during the last fortnight of the session, but any one was well repaid for his trouble who, during that period, visited the committee-rooms. We say trouble, for the thing had its discomforts as well as its amusement. If one of the public, and not of the privileged few who had access within the barrier, after squeezing yourself in at the door, you found yourself in the midst of a perspiring crowd filling one side of a spacious chamber overlooking the pestiferous Thames. At a table within the barrier sit the members of the committee, and facing them the legal gentlemen, and the unhappy witness whom for the time they happen to have upon the rack. The greater part of the petitions against the return of the Conservatives had been withdrawn. They were got up merely with a view to direct prejudice against the Conservative Ministry at the opening of the session, and, having served this purpose, were immediately abandoned. Therefore it was Conservative petitions against Liberal members that formed the bulk of the first cases tried. And foremost on the list is the Wakefield petition, charging Mr. Bright's brother-in-law, W. H. Leatham, with having unlawfully obtained the seat by means of bribery. Here the Committee beg the hon. gentleman to inform them whether it is the case that £1100 have been spent in securing his return, and make inquiries as to who were the fortunate recipients of this "liberal" disbursement. To which the brother-in-law of the immaculate Mr. Bright replied that "he had paid Mr. Wainwright (his agent) two cheques—one for £200, and the other for £500; in addition, the expenses accounted for to the auditor were upwards of £400; and he believed there were some small accounts still unsettled." As to how the money had gone, was a very painful branch of the inquiry; and the stanchest old Tory could hardly have helped commiserating this "advanced Liberal" in his humiliating dilemma. On the famous 10th of June Mr. W. H. Leatham could not constrain himself to give a silent vote against the Ministry. A Reformer so illustriously connected as he, and specially deputed to second his brother-in-law in his crusade against aristocratic influence and corruption, he must tell the House why he condemned the Ministry. "As a new member," he said, "he felt the grave responsibility of the vote he was called upon to give. But he was sent to Parliament on one question—that of political reform; and on the ground of that question he must vote against the Government. They failed in their measure of Reform, and he believed the forty-shilling freeholders would never forget the insult which that measure put upon them." Here, then, was a special champion of Reform—one whose deputed mission it was to free the constituencies from the bribes, and the country from the rule, of the corrupt Conservatives. But very uncomfortable does he look now, though seated in the softest of easy-chairs; and those who look on begin to understand why he should be so eager a champion of the borough freemen—those being notoriously the class of all others most accessible to bribes. Wakefield is one of the boroughs created by the Reform Bill of 1832, and Mr. Leatham is a political puritan of the most "advanced" school—a relative and chosen lieutenant of Mr. Bright's; yet what do we find proved of this Reform borough and Reform champion? The evidence adduced before the Committee clearly established the prevalence of the most disgraceful corruption on the part of the Liberal member—the tariff of bribery ranging from £10 to £80 for a vote, according to the hour of the day and the aspect of the poll. And the Committee found and declared, "That it was proved to them that Thomas Beaumont has been bribed by the payment of £10; that John Jackson has been bribed by the payment of £80; that John Cousins has been bribed by the payment of £25; and that George Senior has been bribed by the payment of £80." And their unanimous decision is, "That William Henry Leatham was by his agents guilty of bribery at the last election for the borough of Wakefield;" that therefore "he is not duly elected to serve in the present Parliament;" and "that the last election for the said borough is a void election." While this exposure was overwhelming the house of Bright, in another room another committee was pronouncing a similar sentence upon another Liberal,—declaring that Mr. Schenley was not duly elected for Dartmouth, because he also, by his agents, had been guilty of bribery. About the same time two of the petitions presented by the Liberals against Conservative members *failed*,—at the same time involving another Liberal in the sentence of corruption: Mr. Astell was declared duly elected for Ashburton; and for Aylesbury, Mr. Bernard and Mr. Smith (Conservatives) were also found duly elected; while the election of Wentworth (Liberal) was pronounced void, as bribery had been practised by his agent.

The Gloucester case cost the Liberals two more seats, and more disgrace. The disclosures were droll as well as startling. It appears that the state of parties in Gloucester is nearly balanced, and the better class of Liberals had resolved not to attempt to monopolise both seats. But there is a Reform Club in Gloucester, and this resolve did not tally with their wishes—whatever their wishes may have been. A deputation from the club accordingly proceed to London, and under their patronage Mr. Monk came down to canvass the borough. The tactics adopted on his side appear to have been very simple. It was openly proclaimed that "if money could do it, Mr. Monk would win;" and the local journal on the Liberal side significantly announced that, in addition to his other pre-eminent excellences, Mr. Monk had a father-in-law who was a millionnaire, and from whom great things might be expected if Mr. Monk were returned. A great change now took place on the part of the leading Liberals, who had hitherto kept aloof from the intruder; and Mr. Price, their candidate—and who might still have been one of the members for Gloucester but for this suicidal step—now came forward to "sail in the same boat" with the long-pursed Mr. Monk. From this time up to the election, threats, bribes, and persuasive supplies of drink were employed on the side of the Liberals, who talked openly of the necessity of "fighting the Tories with their own weapons!" Their method of doing this was to hand over large sums to several trusted individuals, each of whom was expected to secure a given number of votes—the residue of these large sums (if any) apparently going into the pockets of the trusted individuals. The chief persons who figured in this process of "farming" bribery were a grocer, a bookseller, a Mr. Wilton, "doctor to the Reform Club," and a Mr. Jacobs "of the 'Little Dustpan.'" These individuals seem to have found that it was no easy matter satiating the love of lucre on the part of the free and independent Liberals of Gloucester; for we find in the evidence that the grocer soon professed himself run dry, that the surgeon was bled to exhaustion, and the "Little Dustpan" quite cleaned out. In this extremity an agent, Clark, from London, arrived on the scene, and with him a Mr. Thompson, who was a very substantial existence for the time, but who has now vanished into a mere golden myth,—nobody knowing what has become of him, and Mr. Monk deponing that he never once heard of him before? This mythical being, however, brought with him fresh supplies of "the needful," and revived the exhausted hopes of the local agents by assuring them that he can get £1000 more than he brought with him: and among other disbursements, Mr. Clark depones that after the first hour's polling, "Thompson paid Wilton £50 more." We need not go farther into the curious details of this shameless corruption; but we have shown enough of it to satisfy any one that the Committee did not judge harshly when they decided that the election was null and void, and that both of the Liberal sitting members had been guilty of bribery through their agents.

The case of Norwich was equally damaging (costing them two votes) and disgraceful to the Liberal party. Here we shall content ourselves with quoting the decision of the Committee, which ran as follows:—

"That Mr. H. W. Schneider is not duly elected a citizen to serve in the present Parliament for the city and the county of the city of Norwich. That the Hon. W. Coutts Keppel, commonly called Lord Bury, was not duly elected at the election held on the 30th of April 1859, a citizen to serve in the present Parliament for the said city and the county of the said city of Norwich. *That the said H. W. Schneider and Viscount Bury* *were, by their agents, guilty of bribery at the last-mentioned election. That it was proved to the committee that Stoner had been bribed by the payment of £5, and that several other persons had been bribed with various amounts;* but it was not proved to the committee that the above-mentioned bribery was committed with the knowledge and consent of the said H. W. Schneider and Viscount Bury. That it appears to the committee that Robert French voted for H. W. Schneider in expectation of receiving a contribution, by witnesses alleged to have been promised to him by the said H. W. Schneider, towards losses incurred by his brother at a fire. That H. W. Schneider did, by a letter dated the 28th of May, subsequent to the election, undertake to forward through his agents a contribution to the said Robert French; but that no contribution was actually paid. The committee are not satisfied, however, in the above-mentioned evidence, that the above was intended as a corrupt agreement on the part of the said H. W. Schneider."

The Beverley case also was one in which the Conservative petitioners were successful. In this election the Liberals conducted their bribery more cautiously, and chiefly by paying freemen of the borough exorbitant wages for doing nominally the work of messengers. Also the polling-clerks, *who were voters*, were paid three guineas, while those who were not voters received only one guinea. In this case Mr. Walters, the Liberal, was ejected, and Major Edwards, the Conservative, maintained his seat.

Let us now glance at some of the cases in which bribery was proved against the Liberals, yet the Members were allowed to retain their seats. And first on this list, as on the former one, comes a brother-in-law of Mr. Bright—Mr. E. A. Leatham, brother of the ejected Member for Wakefield, and sitting himself for Huddersfield. Bribery here took rather a comical form—much of it being done by giving overprices for pigs, and by making anti-temperance presents of barrels of beer! The decision of the committee was as follows: "That it was proved to your committee that George Moxon and John Chapman were bribed to vote for Edward Aldham Leatham by Jabez Wells, by the payment of £10 more than the market value of some pigs. That Joseph Crossley had been bribed by one Edward Frith to vote at the last election, under a promise that part of his house would be used as a committee-room. That Godfrey Hudson, a publican, had been bribed by Jabez Wells for a like purpose. That Henry Partridge had been bribed by John Wilson for a like purpose. That Joseph Hobbison had been bribed for the like purpose. That Aquila Priestly had been bribed with half a barrel of beer. That there was no evidence that such acts of bribery had taken place with the knowledge of E. A. Leatham," and therefore that he "was duly elected." After the elections, Mr. Bright, in the fulness of his heart, boasted that he would now walk into the House of Commons with a brother-in-law on each arm. He little thought how soon one of these relations was to be walked *out* of the House in a very summary and humiliating way; and how the other, though escaping ejection, must ever be ridiculous to the risible, and offensive to the moral, faculties of the House, on account of the barrels of beer and the corrupt traffic in the "unclean animal" to which he owed his election. The Maidstone case was another in which the Liberal Members escaped in a manner not very creditable to the Committee, and very discreditable to them. For the Committee testified that it was proved to them "that Henry Smith, an elector, was bribed on his own confession by a sum of £10; and that Richard Rose and J. Honey, two other electors who voted for the sitting Members, were paid 25s. each after voting, for travelling-expenses; but that none of the transactions referred to were done with the knowledge or consent of the sitting Members or their *agents!*" How disinterested in their corrupt expenditure some Liberals must be, when they buy up votes without having the least connection with the candidate or his agents! The scandal of these cases was great; but—marvel of marvels!—who should come forward to vindicate them but the immaculate John Bright himself. And this is the way in which he seeks to whitewash the soiled reputation of his two relatives and their fellow-sinners:—"A man comes into this House—a great many men can hardly tell how they get here—and he finds that some friends of his, in their zeal and in the heat of the contest, have done things which are imprudent. I admit that many Members who are presumed to know very little do know a great deal of these matters. At the same time, a member may be returned by means which a Parliamentary Committee would not sanction, and yet be ignorant of those means having been exerted." Of course, as an hypothesis, this is not altogether impossible. But certainly it is not often that a man's friends will draw cheques and spend money on his behalf without giving him even a hint of their benevolence. Only fancy a pure and incorruptible Liberal of the "advanced" type, who is resolved to fight the battle on the highest principles, and yet—in his despite and without his knowledge—his friends go about spending their money on his behalf, thrusting pound-notes into teapots and other odd places, exhilarating the voters by presents of barrels of beer, and making purchases of pigs at treble their value! To complete the burlesque of all probability, it only needed that John Bright should thus come forward to champion the cause of those Members, whom he believes to have suffered so much from the obstinate over-benevolence of their friends. The case of his two brothers-in-law appears to have touched his heart.

Petitions against Conservative Members, we have said, were abandoned wholesale; and in the cases which were proceeded with—namely, those of North Leicestershire, Ashburton, Aylesbury, and Beverley, the Conservatives came off in triumph. The only case in which a Committee decided against a Conservative Member, was that of Hull. Mr. Hoare, who was returned for that borough at the General Election, is described by the matter-of-fact Dod as "a *very moderate* Conservative;" but apparently the committees were glad to get hold of any sort of a Conservative, in order that it might not be said that while so many Liberals fell, not a single Conservative shared their fate. Mr. Hoare, it seems to us, had a very scrimp measure of justice dealt out to him. And in saying this, we do so deliberately, and with express reference to parallel cases in which Liberal members were allowed to retain their seats. In Mr. Hoare's case no direct acts of bribery were even alleged; but it was charged against him that too many "messengers, canvassers, booth-clerks, and check-clerks, were employed by his party." The canvass and election contest was a pretty long one, lasting nearly three weeks, and during that time these messengers, &c., were employed, some for two, three, or four days, others for the whole time, at the not very exorbitant wage of from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a-day. Their number also was less than that employed during the same period by the Liberal side—that is to say, by Mr. Clay, Mr. Hoare's Liberal colleague, who was allowed to retain his seat, and by Mr. Lewis, the defeated Liberal candidate, whose friends thus petitioned against Mr. Hoare's return. Nevertheless Mr. Hoare lost his seat,—and this although the committee declared that the employment of this undue number of messengers, &c., was not done "by or with the consent of the said Joseph Hoare, Esq., *who showed great anxiety to check any illegal proceedings in respect to the said election.*" Now compare this decision with those of the committees on the Maidstone and Huddersfield election cases. The Maidstone committee decided that "Henry Smith, who voted for the sitting members, was proved, on his own admission, to have been bribed by the sum of £10." And the Huddersfield committee decided that "it was proved that George Moxon and John Chapman were bribed to vote for E. A. Leatham, by Jabez Wells, by the payment of £10 more than the market value of some pigs; that Joseph Crossley had been bribed by one Edward Frith to vote at the last election under the promise that part of his room should be used as a committee-room; that Godfrey Hudson, a publican, had been bribed by Jabez Wells for a like purpose; that Henry Partridge had been bribed by John Wilson for a like purpose; that Joseph Hobbison had been bribed for the like purpose; that Aquila Priestly had been bribed with half a barrel of beer." But they held that Mr. Leatham was "duly elected," on the ground "that there was no evidence that such acts of bribery had taken place with his knowledge." Thus then, at Maidstone and Huddersfield, three Liberal Members were held to be duly elected, although most flagrant cases of bribery were committed on their behalf; whereas at Hull Mr. Hoare was unseated simply for having had too many hired messengers, &c., although this was not done "by or with his consent," and although the Committee were forced to add (what was not said for the Liberal Members for Maidstone and Huddersfield), that Mr. Hoare "showed great anxiety to check any illegal proceedings in respect to the said election." This Hull case was one of the very last decided; and it seems impossible to doubt that the Committee entered upon its labours with a predetermination, if possible, to offer up one Conservative—even though only "a very moderate" one—to the manes of the eight advanced Liberals who had been unseated. The result of the new election at Hull, however, has proved how entirely independent either of bribery or of Government influence was Mr. Hoare's success; for not only has a Conservative been again elected, but the Conservative majority, which was 310 in April, has now swelled to 489!

Let us give one glance more at these election-cases. Take the Limerick case, in which the Conservatives petition to have the election declared void on account of the violent riots which took place, by which many Conservative voters were prevented from polling. Mr. Spaight was the Conservative candidate,—Major Gavin was the Liberal one; and the proceedings show that, whatever Lord Granville chose to say to the contrary, if any party in Parliament had bought the support of the Roman Catholics, it certainly was not Lord Derby's Government. At the very outset of the contest the spirit of religious bigotry was invoked to defeat the Conservative, and the following placard was posted all over the town:—"Catholics! unite, now and for ever. Down with Protestant ascendancy. Down with Spaight and the Orange jury-packing Government of Lord Derby. Hurrah for Gavin!" And the chairman of Major Gavin gave vent to his religious sentiments by proposing to deal thus ferociously with the Conservative candidate:—"I will have your Orange liver out of your body," he said, "and have it thrown into the Shannon!" On the election day there were in Limerick nearly 2000 horse and foot, besides 500 of the well-trained military police of Ireland; yet the rioting was so serious that this force, or the authorities who directed it, were quite unable to preserve order. The bridges over the Shannon—especially the one called after Father Mathew—were strategetically seized by the mob; the cars conveying the Conservative voters were assailed by showers of stones, and direct violence was employed to prevent electors voting for Mr. Spaight. Major Gavin, riding on horseback at the head of the mob, drove the police from Mathew's Bridge, where Mr. Spaight's voters had to cross. Captain Burgess, who was in command of a detachment of the 9th Regiment, bears witness thus:—"The greatest crowd was about one o'clock. Saw the mob pelting stones at cars. Major Gavin's name was on his cars, and Mr. Russell's on his. Gerrard and witness's men were struck with the stones from twelve to one o'clock. Major Conner was in command of all the company of infantry. He ordered witness to take a division of his company and clear the bridge. Marched to the bridge. Were pelted all the way there. Several of witness's men were struck and their firelocks injured. Was injured himself, and compelled to get exemption from duty for five or six days. Was lame for a month afterwards. It was a very violent pelting, and stones very large. Never saw such violence at an election before. Had attended several in Ireland." Mr. Warburton, who commanded the constabulary, testified that his men had to fix bayonets before they could force a passage at Mathew's bridge; and several electors deponed that they found themselves in such danger that they had to retire without voting for Mr. Spaight. Mr. Gamble, a Catholic, and supporter of the Conservative candidate, said:—"Went with Mr. Spaight in his canvass, and a violent mob immediately collected round them. Witness's house was attacked and broken into by the people, and all the shop windows smashed. Witness saw a voter named Ryan in the hands of the mob on the day of polling. The people were dragging him along the street. He once escaped and was re-captured. The mob eventually put him in a car and drove him to the polling-both. Ryan had promised his vote for Spaight. After the polling was over witness shut up his shop. The mob then came and broke between sixty and seventy panes of glass in his house. They, in fact, continued breaking them till the firing began. The police came to witness's house after the windows were broken, and remained there for about ten days." And all through the election-day, as was proved by several witnesses, Major Gavin headed the rioters at every point, conspicuous on a white horse. Yet the decision of the Committee was that there was no evidence that the cavalier of the white horse instigated the rioting; and also that it was not proved that the riots "were of such a duration or of such a character as to prevent the votes of the electors being recorded." Duration! Why, the riots lasted not only till the poll closed and all the afternoon—till the soldiers had to fire on the mob; but the houses of some of Mr. Spaight's supporters had to be guarded by the police for ten days afterwards! And yet the election was passed as a valid election; and the Liberal Major is still Member for Limerick!

Such in brief were the disclosures of bribery and intimidation made before the election-committees, for which eight Liberals were unseated, and for which certainly other four should have been similarly punished. The facts speak for themselves. They need no fine peroration to bring home to the country a sense of the unparalleled shamelessness and corruption of the Liberal party. What men to be the champions of electoral reform! After all their calumnies against the Conservatives, to be so convicted themselves, while their opponents appear purity itself beside them! Well might Roebuck, himself a Liberal, thus indignantly denounce the conduct of his party:—

> "Some time ago the public were warned that great corruption had been practised by gentlemen sitting on these (the Opposition) benches; but I am sorry to say that, by discoveries recently made, it has been found that corruption has taken place on that (the Ministerial) side of the house. And the remarkable feature of the case is, that noble lords and right hon. gentlemen are sitting on the benches opposite in consequence; for I believe that pretty nearly the whole number of their majority have been disfranchised since inquiries have been instituted, and that they have been disfranchised because of bribery. Why, sir, the whole country was startled, 'the isle was frighted from its propriety,' by the statement which was made by the virtuous gentlemen opposite. It was said that a noble lord and right hon. gentleman had subscribed, combined, and conspired for the purpose of bringing a majority into Parliament. Upon which side does the imputation rest now? Why, the statements which have been made within the last ten days before Committees of this House are enough to shock the feelings of the country at the conduct of a party which calls itself Liberal, and a great number of whom I recollect in the year 1830 raising a great outcry against the corruption of the ancient Parliaments. Why, sir, there was nothing ever done in the ancient Parliaments worse than has been done in this. I do say, then, that it behoves this House to take into its most serious consideration how it can by any possibility stop this evil, and I entreat hon. gentlemen who are sitting on our committees to have the courage to be honest, and not to add base hypocrisy to the horrible corruption that now prevails."

What is to come next? Will the Liberals now abandon their assumed monopoly of Purity, and confess that their professions have been no better than a ruse to cover their own malpractices, and that their clamour against the Conservatives is simply a parallel to the dodge by which a pickpocket seeks to throw suspicion off himself by calling "stop thief!" Nay, will they not attempt to turn their very sins to account, and quote the electoral corruption of their own making as a proof in favour of the Ballot? Are the recent exposures of the bribery practised by the Liberal party at Gloucester, Norwich, Wakefield, Aylesbury, Dartmouth, Beverley,—not to speak of Huddersfield and Maidstone—to be converted into powerful arguments for the adoption of a demoralising and un-English system of secret voting? Mr. Cobden, to whom the opinion of an American, or a paragraph in a New York newspaper, has become the highest of all authority, gives as his newest and best argument in favour of the ballot, the opinion of a Philadelphian, who says, that he has been "for fifty years connected with political movements in Philadelphia, and never knew a vote bought or sold." Mr Cobden was so struck with this accidental statement, that he requested the speaker to put it in black and white, in order that he might quote it as a clencher in England. It did duty for the first time at the banquet at Rochdale; and doubtless we shall have the whole letter read *in extenso* next spring, in Parliament. "Now," added Mr Cobden, "the gentleman would not have told me, I am sure, that elections in America are pure in every respect, nor that all their elections are carried on peaceably and tranquilly; but he mentioned the fact that the ballot presents such an obstacle to bribery, that nobody cares to buy a vote,"—that is to say, in Philadelphia, and so far as he knew. As to the existence of bribery and corruption in the United States, it is not nine months since the President himself, in a published letter, openly confessed the existence of these evils on so great a scale, that in his opinion they imperil the very existence of the Union. What is the worth of the statement of Mr Cobden's gentleman compared to this? Besides, even if the ballot did render bribery impracticable in the United States, has there not arisen there in its place a still worse form of the evil? If voters are not bribed, are they not attacked and intimidated by hired ruffians at the booths? Do not the rival parties set themselves to find out the politics of all and sundry, and then hire shoulder-hitters, rowdies, and bludgeon-men to maltreat and obstruct their opponents as they go to the poll? Is this any improvement on bribery? Rather than see agents slipping a £5 note into a voter's hand, or doing other acts of electoral benevolence, would Mr Cobden prefer to have bludgeon-men hired to break people's heads? Does he think that it shows more purity on the part of the candidates, and more freedom and independence in the community, that an election should be gained by breaking heads instead of buying votes?

One word in conclusion. Lord Ashley, in the debate at the opening of the session, said that he would give his vote against the Ministry, in order that they might be replaced by "a strong and sagacious Administration, that would carry weight in the councils of Europe, and command the respect of the people in England." And so said many others. Well, what have they got? Instead of carrying weight in the councils of Europe, the British Government is as nearly isolated as it has ever been for the last fifty years; and instead of commanding respect at home, the disclosures before the election-committees have revealed the shameless tactics by which the Liberal chiefs obtained that slender majority which placed them in office, as well as the baselessness of those calumnies with which they so basely sought to discredit their opponents. And finally, as to the "strong Government" which Lord Ashley and others recklessly sought to obtain, where is it? Thirteen was the pitiful majority of the Coalition party at first—what is it now? Not above half that number. "Six or seven," says Mr Cobden; and Conservatives say three or four!

JERSEY TO THE QUEEN.

COME, through seas of summer calm,
Come, through airs of summer balm,
Greeted with the nation's psalm,
Victoria!

Tears of love from eyelids pressing,
Followed by the people's blessing,
Wealth untold in hearts possessing,
Victoria!

Small, though ancient of renown,
Eldest heirloom of thy crown,
Cæsarea's isle and town—
Victoria!

Bids thee come and come again,
Cheers thee blithely ten times ten,
Queen of islands! Queen of men!
Victoria!

How unlike on yonder coasts,
Pæans rise for slaughtered hosts,
Bought by fifty thousand ghosts,
"Victoria!"

Matron, Mother, Monarch good!
Stand thy throne as it hath stood,
Strong by love, not baths of blood!
Victoria!

'Tis because the Crown we count
Honour's jewel, Freedom's fount,
That our voices skyward mount,
Victoria!

Now we tell that soldier-slave,
Be he bravest of the brave,
Freedom's shield and God will save,
Victoria!

Banners wave, and cannon boom,
Lights like glow-worms in each room,
Rockets flash round Pierson's tomb,*
Victoria!

Beams adieu the fair full moon,
Thunders in the midnight noon
Echo, "Come again right soon,
Victoria!"

G. C. SWAYNE.

JERSEY, *August* 15, 1859.

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* Monument to a gallant young soldier, Major Pierson, who fell heading the successful defence of St. Heliers, in January 1781, when the last attempt was made by the French to obtain possession of the Channel Islands.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—THE DISARMAMENT.

Parliament has closed its work for the year, and the time is come when the national Mind, wearied of much thinking, usually goes to sleep for a while upon all matters of public importance. The grouse and the red-deer have been hunted for a fortnight on the Scottish moors; and now the joyous morn has arisen when all the stubble-fields of England will be resonant with the whirr of the partridge and the crack of the fowling-piece. The mental conflict of words and of ideas is being lulled to rest by the strong physical exercise of the moors and the chase. Owing to the recentness of their accession to office, and to the adroitness with which they have spent two months in doing nothing, her Majesty's Ministers do not this year attract public sympathy as the men most deserving of this autumnal rest. And the events of the ten weeks which have succeeded their advent to power have been of such a character that the members of the Government will now do well to spend a portion of their leisure in reviewing them, and in pondering the results. The public has more questions to ask than Parliament had; and sooner or later, in one form or in another, the public will exact from the Ministry an account of its stewardship. When getting ready our rifles and rifle corps, we want to know more about the management of our Foreign policy. We want to know why Lord John Russell should have been so elaborately clever in his despatches to disgust Prussia. We want to know how he and the Premier should have played into the hands of the French Emperor by a superfluous irritation of Austria. And what about this talked-of Disarmament? When Parliament meets again, are we to find that the works of national defence have been countermanded, out of courtesy to the professions of the French Emperor, or out of deference to the pacific tastes and financial difficulties of Mr. Gladstone? What is this French disarmament? What is its extent, and what its motive? Is it, on the part of the Emperor, a definite shutting of the temple of Janus; or is it merely a new and adroit device for the accomplishment of the next step in the Napoleonic policy?

The Whig Ministers, in a very unjustifiable manner, departed from the strict neutrality of their predecessors. Both the Premier and the Foreign Secretary openly expressed their desire to see the Austrians wholly expelled from Italy. Such language, had they been in office six months ago, would have been equivalent to a declaration of war against Austria. And what is it now but an actual and official repudiation of the Treaties of 1815, which form the sole basis of the territorial settlement of Europe, and which Napoleon has commenced to remodel for the moral and material aggrandisement of France? We already have had a humiliating specimen of the evil resulting from the abandonment by her Majesty's Ministers of the principle of strict neutrality. It has disgusted Prussia and alienated Austria; and has made the British Government appear a diplomatic tool in the hands of the French Emperor. Taking advantage of their professions, Napoleon III. has made Lords Palmerston and Russell dupes and agents for the accomplishment of his subtle ends. He has used them, as he used Kossuth, simply as a means of frightening Austria into peace, and then has tossed them disregardingly aside. In his address to his subjects, the Emperor of Austria justified the peace concluded at Villafranca by stating that he found he could get better terms from his enemy than from his natural allies! This appeared a startling statement to the uninitiated public; but soon afterwards more light was thrown on the subject by a correspondent of the *Trieste Zeitung*, who gave a detailed account of what took place prior to the meeting of the Emperors at Villafranca. Napoleon III. was urgent for a personal interview,—Francis-Joseph was resolutely averse to it. What, then, brought it about?

On the 10th, "a long letter was received from the Emperor of the French, in which the military and political reasons why the Emperor of Austria ought to make peace were given with equal force and lucidity;" and in which "his Majesty *communicated some curious information relating to the policy of the neutral Powers.* The impression produced by the letter in question was such that the Emperor Francis-Joseph at once agreed to the proposed interview." From this and other sources of information it is well known that, in inducing Austria to make peace, Napoleon relied, and relied successfully, upon making known to his antagonist some information which he possessed relative to the policy of the neutral Powers. What had he to tell? Part, and obviously the worst part of the matter, still lies hid in those despatches which the Government, through Lord Granville, refused to lay before Parliament. But independently of what is still kept a veiled secret in Downing Street, let us see how Lords Palmerston and Russell allowed themselves to be led by the nose by the French Emperor, throughout the secret negotiations. That Lord Palmerston was duped by Napoleon at the very outset of this "Italian question," during the Viscount's visit to Compiègne, is too certain—as, *e. g.*, appears from his declaration on the 8th ult., "that he had always set his face against *violently* altering the relations of Europe." He never expected there would be any war,—never dreamt that the grey redingote was to be put on, and that another Napoleon and Grand Army would be sweeping across Italy. He looked forward at most to a Congress, where England, of course, would magnify herself by sporting "liberal sympathies" for the Italians; and where the reforms for the Papal States, which Napoleon made his sole ground of quarrel with Austria, would be easily adjusted. He little foresaw that Napoleon had resolved to draw the sword, for the special glorification of France; and that he would snub the Italians, and instruct his penman Cassagnac, to sneer at the "liberal sympathies" of England as soon as he had attained his ends. One of Palmerston's own colleagues—now made Finance-Minister for India—thus writes in his (Mr. Wilson's) newspaper, the *Economist*:—"It is now as clear as the day that the great aim of the Napoleonic movement has been *to secure for France a paramount influence in the politics of Italy.* Anything that will augment that influence he is likely to support—anything that curtails it he will oppose, even though it seem to increase the power of Austria, since he well knows that, in the present state of Italy, the *fear* of Austria is the advantage of France."

So has ended this French intervention in Italy, which Lord Palmerston did so much to champion. Duped at the outset, he and his Foreign Secretary are now grumbling at the results of the intervention which they previously patronized; and they were eager to take part in the Congress at Zurich, in the puerile hope that their verbal vapouring and protests would have the slightest influence when weighed against the Gallic sword. Napoleon III. has made good use of Lords Palmerston and Russell, and can now afford to do without them. The first illusion which he palmed off upon them, as to the object of the war, was not very creditable to their discernment; but the manner in which he made tools of them at the end (though they be naturally averse to confess it), they will never forget. The recollection must be all the more galling inasmuch as the affair implies no dishonesty on the part of the French Emperor—only folly and blundering upon theirs. Napoleon outgeneralled them. He handed them a copy of terms of peace, which (like those proposed by Lord Palmerston in 1848) required that Austria should wholly abandon her possessions in Italy, and her interest in Tuscany and Modena, and begged that they would communicate these terms to Austria. They looked at the terms, and accepted the commission. Indeed, the entire expulsion of the Austrians from Italy is just what Lord Palmerston openly expressed his wish to see. By so doing, they homologated the terms proposed by France. This is not merely the understanding of the matter in the diplomatic world, but, in truth, there was no meaning in the act at all, unless the British Government wished to show that it approved of the conditions of peace thus offered by France to Austria. France needed no foreign medium through which to open negotiations with Austria. A staff-officer with a flag of truce was quite sufficient. In point of fact, Napoleon not only found it perfectly easy to open communications in this way with the Austrian headquarters, but did he not even in this way obtain an interview with the Austrian Emperor himself? When he sent his first terms of peace through the British Cabinet, it was with a view to obtain the moral weight of our Government on his side; and whatever Lords Palmerston and Russell may now say, by accepting the task of transmitting these overtures, they testified a general approval of their terms. This of itself would have justified Francis-Joseph in his declaration that he had obtained better terms from his foe than from his natural allies. A pretty spectacle it was, truly, to see the Ministers of a country which professed "strict neutrality" requiring from Austria far more than Austria's foe proved himself content to obtain! Lord John Russell was led into this false position by the superior finesse of the French Emperor: he has nothing to complain of so much as his own folly. Napoleon has only to say—though whether he can say so truly is another question—"These *were* the lowest terms which I would accept, but now events have induced me to accept much less." It might have so happened that events would have taken such a turn as to justify Napoleon in this change of mind. And hence this great blunder on the part of the British Cabinet might have been committed without any attempt on the part of Napoleon to overreach them. But that they were overreached, purposely led into a snare, by the French Emperor, no one can doubt. Culpably abandoning the principle of neutrality, the British Premier had avowed his desire to have Austria expelled from Italy; and Napoleon made use of this to serve his own purpose. The battle of Solferino had given him another victory; and neither himself, nor his official penman in the *Constitutionnel*, can allege any adequate reason for his sudden change of programme. But that he never meant to push Austria to extremities is what we have all along believed and stated. And the forwarding of these extreme demands through the British Government was just designed to render Austria more ready to accept the milder terms about to be offered by himself; and moreover, it was an excellent means of throwing the animosity of Austria upon England, while reaping all the glory of the war for himself.

The French Emperor has been too successful in his schemes to openly boast of his success. Like every wise man, it is a maxim with him never to make a needless enemy. And he could not at present boast of the full extent of his success without making a mortal enemy of England, whom he has played with and overreached. Hence, since the peace, he affects the air of one who was unable to carry out his plans. He pretends that if he did not adhere to the programme which he published to the Italians, and which he got the British Government to homologate, it was only because he could not carry it out. And shortsighted people in this country chuckle at the thought that for once the Emperor has to confess himself baffled! Vain conceit. Depend upon it, if the Emperor had really been baffled, he would have been the last to acknowledge it. The unjust suspicions of the other Powers, and the strength of the Venetian fortresses, are the two great obstacles which the Emperor says caused him to stop. And Cassagnac, in the *Constitutionnel*, with more detail, justifies the peace on the ground that to have stormed the *quadrilature* and driven Austria out of Venetia "would have cost long sieges, new battles, new loans, an immediate war on the Rhine, disturbances in Central Italy, insurrections in Hungary and elsewhere, which it would have been necessary to tolerate, perhaps to encourage: in a word, it would have cost the abandonment of the principles of order, and the adoption of the principles of revolution and agitation, for the present, and an abyss for the future." As if all that was not as plain before the sword was drawn as it was two months afterwards! What had changed in the five weeks between the publication of the Milan manifesto and the signing of peace at Villafranca? Nothing but the battle of Solferino, and the change of Ministry in England,—nothing but another great victory to the French arms, and the advent to power in England of a Ministry specially favourable to the Italian war. Napoleon made peace at Villafranca simply because he had no desire to carry the war further, or convert it into a contest *à l'outrance*. His communicating to the Emperor of Austria the views of the neutral Powers may have been—as M. de Schleinitz, the Prussian Minister, in his sore indignation, says it was—an unjustifiable violation of the etiquette of diplomacy; but that was nothing to Napoleon: he merely made use of an advantage which his superior adroitness had obtained from the shortsighted blundering of the British Ministers. And it must be allowed he turned that advantage to remarkable account. It not only enabled him to close the war while the strength of his adversary was still unbroken, but it also enabled him to ingratiate himself with Austria at the expense of England and Prussia. That he has done this is beyond question. The Austrian Emperor himself, in his manifesto to his subjects, has declared that the Emperor of the French has acted a more friendly part towards him than his natural allies; and every day is revealing more plainly the schism thus introduced amongst the German States, and between these States and England. Of the success with which Napoleon has driven the wedge into Germany by the peace of Villafranca, every day's newspapers show fresh proof. Unfortunately it is not a merely ephemeral irritation; on the contrary, it has been growing stronger every week. The political letters from Berlin of 25th July, published in the *Journal des Débats*, speak of the "confusion created everywhere" by the recent events. "The Cabinet of Vienna," they say, "reproaches Prussia for its treasonable policy; and the German States say openly that Prussia saw with secret satisfaction the misfortunes of Austria, and watched the propitious moment for taking advantage of them, so as to obtain right and left the aggrandisement she covets." As a consequence of this discord, it is added, that "throughout all Germany people are beginning to raise questions which will be sure to endanger its federal constitution." And ten days afterwards (Aug. 4), the *Times*' Berlin correspondent shows how serious the danger is growing, by stating that there is "almost a rupture" between Austria and Prussia; and that the princes of the smaller German States, seeing the hopelessness of looking for protection from the most powerful members of the Bund, are turning their thoughts *towards Paris*.* At Frankfort, too, fighting and bloodshed have occurred between the Prussian and Austrian troops. We trust the danger to the equilibrium of the Continent will not go so far as this; but those who remember—and who does not?—the success with which the first Napoleon won over several of the German States, erecting them, under the title of the Rhenish Confederacy, as a salient bastion of France against the rest of the Fatherland, cannot regard this new crisis in Germany without grave apprehensions.

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* "This rupture—for it is almost a rupture—between Austria and Prussia, presents great dangers to Germany. The princes of the smaller States, seeing the hopelessness of looking for protection from the most powerful members of the Bund, are turning their thoughts towards Paris. The representatives of some of them are already rubbing their noses on the Imperial threshold, and applying in very loud whispers for pardon. In Darmstadt the police have ordered all works offensive to France to be removed from the booksellers' windows. In Würtemberg the prohibition to export horses has been repealed without consulting the other States of the Zollverein. The King of Würtemberg was, a few weeks ago, the most eager for war of all the German princes; he is now, therefore, the more anxious to make his peace with the conqueror."—*Berlin Correspondence of the "Times,"* of date August 4.

And how stands the case as regards our own country? What is the result of Lord Palmerston's open animosity to Austria, and of Lord John Russell's insulting despatches to Prussia? What is to be thought of a British Minister who, when Prussia, as spokesman for all Germany, communicated its apprehensions lest this Italian war should prove the beginning of a policy on the part of France which would endanger the equilibrium of Europe, thought it sufficient reply to ask with flippant sneer, "If Germany would be any safer because Parma and Modena were ill-governed!" In a subsequent despatch (that of 7th July) our Foreign Secretary continues to display that mingled pertness, obtuseness, and self-sufficiency, of which he gave so melancholy an exhibition in his blundering mission to Vienna in 1855. In a despatch dated 24th June, Baron Schleinitz had informed the British Government that "the Prince-Regent of Prussia looks with anxiety to the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe; and Prussia has considered it necessary to place herself in a position to control a course of events which may tend to modify the balance of power, by enfeebling an empire with which Prussia is confederated, and by affecting the bases of European rights laid down in acts to which Prussia was a party." What reply did Lord John make to this? With characteristic pertness and platitude he rejoins:—"Let us examine this matter. The balance of power in Europe means, in effect, the independence of its several States. The preponderance of any one Power threatens and destroys this independence." And having thus enlightened the Prussian Minister on a point which certainly did not require any elucidation, Lord John tersely settles the question to his own satisfaction, by adding—"*But* the Emperor Napoleon, by his Milan proclamation, has declared that in this war he seeks neither conquest nor territorial aggrandisement." This is all his redargument of Prussia's apprehensions! Lord John Russell evidently regards the Emperor Napoleon as a man who "wears his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at;" and in answer to the apprehensions of Germany, he thought it quite sufficient to make a quotation from the Milan manifesto! What does his Lordship think of that manifesto now? Has it not been utterly departed from by its imperial framer himself? The Prince-Regent of Prussia and his Minister must certainly, on receipt of that despatch, have wondered what sort of innocent mountebank had got into our Foreign Office. It is to be remarked that the object of Lord John Russell in these despatches was to prevent Prussia taking part in the war, even after the Mincio had been crossed by the French. He notified to Prussia that the British Government (repeating Lord Palmerston's policy in 1848), "in the present state of affairs, are averse to any interposition;" and he eagerly pressed upon Prussia that she ought to do nothing too. In this, as in other things, he and Lord Palmerston were simply playing the game of the French Emperor, and with the greatest impolicy were interfering with the free action of the Germanic Confederacy. Suppose the apprehensions of the Prussian government prove ultimately correct, and that Napoleon by-and-by attack Germany after having alienated from her the support of Austria, what answer then will our Government be able to make to the reproaches of Prussia? "We foresaw the drift of this Napoleonic policy," Germany may then say, "but when we wished to make common cause with Austria against it, you, England, prevented us. It is you who are responsible for our dilemma, and when your own turn comes, you will richly deserve it."

There is another paragraph of this despatch of Lord John Russell's which we cannot pass without comment. "Her Majesty," he says, "used her utmost efforts, consistent with peace, to maintain the faith of treaties." This was perfectly true of the late Ministry, but it is strange to find the present Government taking credit for such a policy, seeing that the Premier and Foreign

Secretary have been foremost in supporting the very opposite course, and were "averse to any interposition," even at the time that Napoleon was signing peace at Villafranca! Prussia, as well as all Europe, knows that they have eagerly supported the French intervention in Italy, and are only angry that it has not gone further; and the Cabinet of Berlin must laugh in contempt to see *them* taking credit for the support to treaty rights which was given by their predecessors. Moreover, as if to show how much ignorance, as well as pertness and insequency, could be exhibited in one despatch, Lord John makes the following gross blunder as to facts. "Austria," he says, "began the war and invaded Piedmont. Austria overstepped the frontier laid down in the treaties of 1815; and it could no longer be expected that those treaties would be regarded as binding by France and Sardinia." Here is a pretty Foreign Secretary! So far from Austria having *begun* the war by invading Sardinia, and overstepping the frontier laid down in the treaties of 1815, the overstepping of the frontier and violation of treaties was all on the other side. The French troops crossed the frontier and entered Savoy *five days* before the Austrians crossed the boundary-stream of the Ticino; and the vanguard entered Susa (within an hour's travel of Turin), and the French fleet landed Bazaine's division at Genoa, more than three days before the Austrians made a single step across their frontier. In fact, as we pointed out at the time,* there were 70,000 French troops in Sardinia; and Parma, Modena, and Tuscany were all in revolt by Sardinian agency, before ever the Austrian army crossed the Ticino. Surely, on so grave and important a point as this, it is intolerable that the Foreign Minister of England should commit so gross an outrage upon the truth. What will some future historian think of our statesmen when he sees in our state-papers so egregious a mistake? And how will Austria and the Germanic States relish that a British Minister should publish so entire a misrepresentation of the actual commencement of the war? Lord John says that Austria and Germany cannot expect the treaties of 1815 to be maintained, seeing that Austria was the first to break them by crossing the Ticino; whereas the actual fact is, that it was France which first broke the treaties, by overstepping her frontier five days before an Austrian soldier set foot in Piedmont.

So much for Lord John and his despatches. He made it his special task to disgust Prussia; let us now see what he and Lord Palmerston together have done to incense Austria. The Conservative Government held that the war was "unnecessary and unjustifiable," and they assumed the attitude of an armed neutrality with the avowed intention of putting a stop to it as soon as possible. The Whig Ministry acted very differently. Instead of protesting against the violation of treaties and of the peace of Europe, they gave the fullest encouragement to the Napoleonic policy, and proclaimed their desire to see Austria deprived of her whole Italian territories. And now they are only angry at Napoleon for not having carried on the war so long as they wished! What a curious position is this! Here is our Government encouraging another Government in a war against a State with which we profess to be at peace, and angry because the war against that State was not carried far enough! Is this neutrality? Is it not actual hostility to Austria; and although Lords Palmerston and Russell dared not ask the country to draw the sword, have not the declarations of those statesmen against Austria amounted to an unmistakable *casus belli?* Well, what is now found to be the consequence of such a policy? Just this—that England has drawn upon herself all the odium of Austria and her friends, while France has got all the glory of the war. The Emperor of the French has circled his brows with laurels, has become the Liberator of Italy, and has converted Sardinia into a stanch ally or vassal State; and at the same time he has, by the folly of our Whig Ministers, been able to throw all the odium of the contest off himself upon the British Government. He has shown that he, the victor, is a better friend to Austria than the British Government, represented by Lords Palmerston and Russell, who, though sneakingly keeping out of the war, pursued Austria with a hostility of spirit far exceeding that of her actual foe. The late Government, as Lord John Russell admits, "used their utmost efforts, consistent with peace, to maintain the faith of treaties," and they strongly protested against the Italian question being appealed to the sword. The present Government, however, only protest against the war being stopped, and complain that treaties have not been sufficiently violated! Since they demanded that Austria be driven out of Italy, why did they not openly declare war, and try to do it themselves? Surely that was the only consistent course; but they knew well it was one which they dared not encounter. It was one, too, which has already made our policy despicable, and our position doubly precarious. The French Emperor has made the Palmerstonian policy a mere engine for the accomplishment of his own triumph, and for the diverting upon England of that hatred from Austria, which in other circumstances must have fallen upon himself.

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* See the Magazine for June, p. 740.

The French Emperor hardly needed the interviews at Compiègne to assure him that Lord Palmerston would fall into his snare. It was Lord Palmerston's blundering in 1848 which paved the way for this French intervention in Italy; and it was upon his Lordship's preposterous demands upon Austria at that time that Napoleon counted for securing him as an ally, and then leaving him a dupe, in the recent war. What Palmerston, then at peace with Austria, refused to accept in 1848, Napoleon, victorious over Austria, has accepted now. The terms of peace which Palmerston rejected as inadmissible when the Sardinians and Italians were attacking Austria on the Mincio in 1848, have been accepted as sufficient at the same point of the struggle now, although in addition to her former foes Austria was attacked by the whole military and naval forces of France. This conduct of Lord Palmerston in 1848 was severely denounced in Parliament at the time, and it is admitted on all hands now that it was a fatal blunder. Even the present Ministry repudiate it, and Mr. Gladstone has been put up to explain it away. Facts which Lord Palmerston himself dare not deny, vanish, it would seem, into thin air before the potent fancy of his Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the debate on the 28th of July, Mr. Disraeli thus stated the charge against the Ministry:—

"Her Majesty's Government has, in fact, committed the same mistake which they committed in 1848. At that time a proposition was made by the Austrian Government similar in terms to those which have now been, through the influence of the French Emperor, accepted. A proposition was made to close the disturbances which then existed by the relinquishment of Lombardy, precisely identical with the terms which are now made the basis of the treaty of peace. Her Majesty's Government—I may say the identical Government, for these affairs come under the same two members of the Cabinet, the First Minister of the Crown and the Foreign Secretary of State—the only difference of responsibility in these Minsters being that the noble lord the Foreign Secretary was then the First Minister, and the First Minister was then the Secretary of State. Let the House observe, then, if the statements I have made be true, they have fallen into exactly the blunder which they made in 1848. Then they repudiated the proposition of Austria, and said that Venetia must be a part of the territory relinquished by Austria; in fact, they made that a *sine quâ non* of the settlement. In the present instance the proposition, which was so slightly touched on and noticed by the noble lord, was conceived in precisely the same spirit. He would not—this neutral power, this natural ally of the Emperor of Austria—would not mediate, except on the severe terms I have noticed. But, in the mean time, the enemy of the Emperor of Austria made terms to him, which he accepted, and the affair was settled without our interference, and without having obtained the terms which we recommended."

Whether in his Homeric or in his

who commanded the constabulary, testified that his men had to fix bayonets before they could force a passage at Mathew's bridge; and several electors deponed that they found themselves in such danger that they had to retire without voting for Mr. Spaight. Mr. Gamble, a Catholic, and supporter of the Conservative candidate, said:—"Went with Mr. Spaight in his canvass, and a violent mob immediately collected round them. Witness's house was attacked and broken into by the people, and all the shop windows smashed. Witness saw a voter named Ryan in the hands of the mob on the day of polling. The people were dragging him along the street. He once escaped and was re-captured. The mob eventually put him in a car and drove him to the polling-both. Ryan had promised his vote for Spaight. After the polling was over witness shut up his shop. The mob then came and broke between sixty and seventy panes of glass in his house. They, in fact, continued breaking them till the firing began. The police came to witness's house after the windows were broken, and remained there for about ten days." And all through the election-day, as was proved by several witnesses, Major Gavin headed the rioters at every point, conspicuous on a white horse. Yet the decision of the Committee was that there was no evidence that the cavalier of the white horse instigated the rioting; and also that it was not proved that the riots "were of such a duration or of such a character as to prevent the votes of the electors being recorded." Duration! Why, the riots lasted not only till the poll closed and all the afternoon—till the soldiers had to fire on the mob; but the houses of some of Mr. Spaight's supporters had to be guarded by the police for ten days afterwards! And yet the election was passed as a valid election; and the Liberal Major is still Member for Limerick!

Such in brief were the disclosures of bribery and intimidation made before the election-committees, for which eight Liberals were unseated, and for which certainly other four should have been similarly punished. The facts speak for themselves. They need no fine peroration to bring home to the country a sense of the unparalleled shamelessness and corruption of the Liberal party. What men to be the champions of electoral reform! After all their calumnies against the Conservatives, to be so convicted themselves, while their opponents appear purity itself beside them! Well might Roebuck, himself a Liberal, thus indignantly denounce the conduct of his party:—

> "Some time ago the public were warned that great corruption had been practised by gentlemen sitting on these (the Opposition) benches; but I am sorry to say that, by discoveries recently made, it has been found that corruption has taken place on that (the Ministerial) side of the house. And the remarkable feature of the case is, that noble lords and right hon. gentlemen are sitting on the benches opposite in consequence; for I believe that pretty nearly the whole number of their majority have been disfranchised since inquiries have been instituted, and that they have been disfranchised because of bribery. Why, sir, the whole country was startled, 'the isle was frighted from its propriety,' by the statement which was made by the virtuous gentlemen opposite. It was said that a noble lord and right hon. gentleman had subscribed, combined, and conspired for the purpose of bringing a majority into Parliament. Upon which side does the imputation rest now? Why, the statements which have been made within the last ten days before Committees of this House are enough to shock the feelings of the country at the conduct of a party which calls itself Liberal, and a great number of whom I recollect in the year 1830 raising a great outcry against the corruption of the ancient Parliaments. Why, sir, there was nothing ever done in the ancient Parliaments worse than has been done in this. I do say, then, that it behoves this House to take into its most serious consideration how it can by any possibility stop this evil, and I entreat hon. gentlemen who are sitting on our committees to have the courage to be honest, and not to add base hypocrisy to the horrible corruption that now prevails."

What is to come next? Will the Liberals now abandon their assumed monopoly of Purity, and confess that their professions have been no better than a ruse to cover their own malpractices, and that their clamour against the Conservatives is simply a parallel to the dodge by which a pickpocket seeks to throw suspicion off himself by calling "stop thief!" Nay, will they not attempt to turn their very sins to account, and quote the electoral corruption of their own making as a proof in favour of the Ballot? Are the recent exposures of the bribery practised by the Liberal party at Gloucester, Norwich, Wakefield, Aylesbury, Dartmouth, Beverley,—not to speak of Huddersfield and Maidstone—to be converted into powerful arguments for the adoption of a demoralising and un-English system of secret voting? Mr. Cobden, to whom the opinion of an American, or a paragraph in a New York newspaper, has become the highest of all authority, gives as his newest and best argument in favour of the ballot, the opinion of a Philadelphian, who says, that he has been "for fifty years connected with political movements in Philadelphia, and never knew a vote bought or sold." Mr Cobden was so struck with this accidental statement, that he requested the speaker to put it in black and white, in order that he might quote it as a clencher in England. It did duty for the first time at the banquet at Rochdale; and doubtless we shall have the whole letter read *in extenso* next spring, in Parliament. "Now," added Mr Cobden, "the gentleman would not have told me, I am sure, that elections in America are pure in every respect, nor that all their elections are carried on peaceably and tranquilly; but he mentioned the fact that the ballot presents such an obstacle to bribery, that nobody cares to buy a vote,"—that is to say, in Philadelphia, and so far as he knew. As to the existence of bribery and corruption in the United States, it is not nine months since the President himself, in a published letter, openly confessed the existence of these evils on so great a scale, that in his opinion they imperil the very existence of the Union. What is the worth of the statement of Mr Cobden's gentleman compared to this? Besides, even if the ballot did render bribery impracticable in the United States, has there not arisen there in its place a still worse form of the evil? If voters are not bribed, are they not attacked and intimidated by hired ruffians at the booths? Do not the rival parties set themselves to find out the politics of all and sundry, and then hire shoulder-hitters, rowdies, and bludgeon-men to maltreat and obstruct their opponents as they go to the poll? Is this any improvement on bribery? Rather than see agents slipping a £5 note into a voter's hand, or doing other acts of electoral benevolence, would Mr Cobden prefer to have bludgeon-men hired to break people's heads? Does he think that it shows more purity on the part of the candidates, and more freedom and independence in the community, that an election should be gained by breaking heads instead of buying votes?

One word in conclusion. Lord Ashley, in the debate at the opening of the session, said that he would give his vote against the Ministry, in order that they might be replaced by "a strong and sagacious Administration, that would carry weight in the councils of Europe, and command the respect of the people in England." And so said many others. Well, what have they got? Instead of carrying weight in the councils of Europe, the British Government is as nearly isolated as it has ever been for the last fifty years; and instead of commanding respect at home, the disclosures before the election-committees have revealed the shameless tactics by which the Liberal chiefs obtained that slender majority which placed them in office, as well as the baselessness of those calumnies with which they so basely sought to discredit their opponents. And finally, as to the "strong Government" which Lord Ashley and others recklessly sought to obtain, where is it? Thirteen was the pitiful majority of the Coalition party at first—what is it now? Not above half that number. "Six or seven," says Mr Cobden; and Conservatives say three or four!

JERSEY TO THE QUEEN.

COME, through seas of summer calm,
Come, through airs of summer balm,
Greeted with the nation's psalm,
Victoria!

Tears of love from eyelids pressing,
Followed by the people's blessing,
Wealth untold in hearts possessing,
Victoria!

Small, though ancient of renown,
Eldest heirloom of thy crown,
Cæsarea's isle and town—
Victoria!

Bids thee come and come again,
Cheers thee blithely ten times ten,
Queen of islands! Queen of men!
Victoria!

How unlike on yonder coasts,
Pæans rise for slaughtered hosts,
Bought by fifty thousand ghosts,
"Victoria!"

Matron, Mother, Monarch good!
Stand thy throne as it hath stood,
Strong by love, not baths of blood!
Victoria!

'Tis because the Crown we count
Honour's jewel, Freedom's fount,
That our voices skyward mount,
Victoria!

Now we tell that soldier-slave,
Be he bravest of the brave,
Freedom's shield and God will save,
Victoria!

Banners wave, and cannon boom,
Lights like glow-worms in each room,
Rockets flash round Pierson's tomb,*
Victoria!

Beams adieu the fair full moon,
Thunders in the midnight noon
Echo, "Come again right soon,
Victoria!"

G. C. SWAYNE.

JERSEY, *August* 15, 1859.

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* Monument to a gallant young soldier, Major Pierson, who fell heading the successful defence of St. Heliers, in January 1781, when the last attempt was made by the French to obtain possession of the Channel Islands.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—THE DISARMAMENT.

Parliament has closed its work for the year, and the time is come when the national Mind, wearied of much thinking, usually goes to sleep for a while upon all matters of public importance. The grouse and the red-deer have been hunted for a fortnight on the Scottish moors; and now the joyous morn has arisen when all the stubble-fields of England will be resonant with the whirr of the partridge and the crack of the fowling-piece. The mental conflict of words and of ideas is being lulled to rest by the strong physical exercise of the moors and the chase. Owing to the recentness of their accession to office, and to the adroitness with which they have spent two months in doing nothing, her Majesty's Ministers do not this year attract public sympathy as the men most deserving of this autumnal rest. And the events of the ten weeks which have succeeded their advent to power have been of such a character that the members of the Government will now do well to spend a portion of their leisure in reviewing them, and in pondering the results. The public has more questions to ask than Parliament had; and sooner or later, in one form or in another, the public will exact from the Ministry an account of its stewardship. When getting ready our rifles and rifle corps, we want to know more about the management of our Foreign policy. We want to know why Lord John Russell should have been so elaborately clever in his despatches to disgust Prussia. We want to know how he and the Premier should have played into the hands of the French Emperor by a superfluous irritation of Austria. And what about this talked-of Disarmament? When Parliament meets again, are we to find that the works of national defence have been countermanded, out of courtesy to the professions of the French Emperor, or out of deference to the pacific tastes and financial difficulties of Mr. Gladstone? What is this French disarmament? What is its extent, and what its motive? Is it, on the part of the Emperor, a definite shutting of the temple of Janus; or is it merely a new and adroit device for the accomplishment of the next step in the Napoleonic policy?

The Whig Ministers, in a very unjustifiable manner, departed from the strict neutrality of their predecessors. Both the Premier and the Foreign Secretary openly expressed their desire to see the Austrians wholly expelled from Italy. Such language, had they been in office six months ago, would have been equivalent to a declaration of war against Austria. And what is it now but an actual and official repudiation of the Treaties of 1815, which form the sole basis of the territorial settlement of Europe, and which Napoleon has commenced to remodel for the moral and material aggrandisement of France? We already have had a humiliating specimen of the evil resulting from the abandonment by her Majesty's Ministers of the principle of strict neutrality. It has disgusted Prussia and alienated Austria; and has made the British Government appear a diplomatic tool in the hands of the French Emperor. Taking advantage of their professions, Napoleon III. has made Lords Palmerston and Russell dupes and agents for the accomplishment of his subtle ends. He has used them, as he used Kossuth, simply as a means of frightening Austria into peace, and then has tossed them disregardingly aside. In his address to his subjects, the Emperor of Austria justified the peace concluded at Villafranca by stating that he found he could get better terms from his enemy than from his natural allies! This appeared a startling statement to the uninitiated public; but soon afterwards more light was thrown on the subject by a correspondent of the *Trieste Zeitung*, who gave a detailed account of what took place prior to the meeting of the Emperors at Villafranca. Napoleon III. was urgent for a personal interview,—Francis-Joseph was resolutely averse to it. What, then, brought it about?

Parliamentary dissertations, Mr. Gladstone has a peculiar way of viewing things, and frequently rears his most elaborate rhetoric upon the most absurd premises. On the present occasion he replied to Mr. Disraeli's charge, by asserting that the offer which Lord Palmerston refused in 1848 was "not the offer of Austria at all, but a document drawn up by Baron Hummelauer, expressing only his individual opinion." Eleven years have elapsed without so bright an idea as this occurring to any one, and it has been reserved for Gladstonian acumen to make the discovery. And what is his proof? Baron Hummelauer made two alternative and successive proposals to the British Government. The first of these, on the 23d of May, proposed that Austria should retain Venetia and Lombardy, but under a popular and entirely separate administration from the rest of the empire. Even Mr. Gladstone allows that this was an official communication made by the Baron in the name of his Government. On this proposal being rejected by Lord Palmerston as insufficient, the Baron, after a day's delay, produced the other proposal, which was as follows:—

> "That *Lombardy would cease to belong to Austria,* and would be free either to remain independent, or to unite herself to any other Italian state she herself might choose. She would take upon herself, on the other hand, a proportionate share of the Austrian national debt, which would be transferred definitively and irrevocably to Lombardy. The Venetian state would remain under the sovereignty of the Emperor; it would have a separate administration, entirely national, settled by the representatives of the country themselves, without the intervention of the Imperial Government, and represented at the Central Government of the monarchy by a minister whom it would maintain there, and who would conduct the relations between it and the Central Government of the empire. The Venetian administration would be presided over by an Archduke Viceroy, who would reside at Venice as the Emperor's lieutenant."

This is the very arrangement that has been accepted and settled at Villafranca,—with this great difference in favour of the arrangement proposed in 1848, that no stipulation was made for the restoration of the Austrian grand-dukes to Modena and Tuscany. It is universally admitted—it stands upon record in the blue-book—that Lord Palmerston rejected that proposal; but, says Mr. Gladstone, it was not an official proposal. This plea, it is to be observed, does not lessen Lord Palmerston's want of judgment in rejecting the proposal, it only seeks to lessen his responsibility for the consequences which flowed from the non-adoption of the proposal. The proposal, says Mr. Gladstone, "was not the offer of Austria, but only of Baron Hummelauer;" and therefore, he argues, we have no certainty that it would have been acted upon, even though Lord Palmerston had not rejected it. This argument, so poor of itself, rests upon a premise entirely illusory, and opposed to the facts. "Now I will give the proof," said Mr. Gladstone; but that "proof" consisted in little else than in asking—"Does the right honourable gentleman suppose, or will the House suppose, when Baron Hummelauer had made one proposal on the part of the Austrian Government on the 22d of May, he was authorised to make a totally different one on the 24th?" What is incredible in such a supposition? Does Mr. Gladstone hold the meeting of the Emperors at Villafranca to be a myth, because Napoleon proposed two widely different projects of peace (not in two days, but) in the course of a few minutes? The French Emperor came to that interview prepared to propose a second set of terms if his first ones were rejected; and this is precisely what Baron Hummelauer was sent to London by his Government to do in 1848. So far from the Baron's second proposal being unofficial, it is the very one which the Austrian Cabinet through our ambassador at Vienna most pressed upon the attion of the British Government. On the 12th of May, *before* Baron Hummelauer had set out on his mission, Lord Ponsonby, our ambassador at Vienna, wrote as follows to Lord Palmerston: "Count Ficquelmont has been with me, and has stated that the Austrian Government is ready to grant to the Lombards the complete enjoyment of their independence, upon conditions which will be fully communicated to your lordship by Baron Hummelauer, who will leave Vienna to-morrow for London." And he adds, "There were *two* projects mentioned by Count Ficquelmont *officieusement* to me by order of the Imperial Government." And that there may be no dubiety as to the identity of these two projects with those made by the Austrian envoy on his arrival in London, we shall quote Lord Ponsonby's description of them:—"The first is (he says) the abandonment of all the Austrian rights in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, upon an agreement between the two parties. The second, *the total unconditional abandonment by the Austrians of the Lombard territories*, and the concentration of their forces in the strong position of Verona, &c., and the continued occupation of the Venetian territories, making a declaration that they would not take any part in the affairs of the rest of Italy, and would limit themselves strictly to defensive measures." What has Mr. Gladstone to say to this? Here we have distinct proof that, prior to the arrival of the Austrian Envoy, Lord Palmerston was apprised that the envoy had *two* different projects to propose, both of which were official; and he was apprised also of the precise nature of both of these projects. If, thus apprised beforehand, Lord Palmerston had rejected the first project for the sake of obtaining the second and more liberal one, he would have done wisely, for his own credit and for the interests of this country and Italy. But he rejected the second also,—doing so in the following terms, which show that he was quite aware of the official character of both proposals:—"It appears from the communications which you [Baron Hummelauer] have made to me, that the Austrian Government would be willing to treat for an arrangement by which Lombardy should be set free to dispose of itself as it might choose; but the Austrian Government wishes to propose an arrangement by which the Venetian provinces will still continue to hold a modified connection with the Imperial crown. Such an arrangement might in many respects be advantageous, not only to Austria, but even to the Venetian province itself. But Her Majesty's Government fear that, however reasonable such a proposal may be in itself, things have now gone too far to allow of there being any probability that such an arrangement would be accepted by the Venetians. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, would be unwilling to enter upon a negotiation which, in their opinion, offered no prospect of success." This was on the 3d of June. On the 9th the Austrian Government still pressed the subject; for a despatch of Lord Ponsonby's, dated on the night of the 9th, contains the following remarkable proof of the desire of Austria to make peace on any terms that were not absolutely preposterous:

"At a late hour this afternoon I had the honour of a conversation with his Imperial Highness Archduke John, and I have only time to repeat to your lordship very briefly the main points. After having passed in review the existing state of the circumstances of the Empire, the question of Lombardy was determined by the declaration of his Imperial Highness that peace is to be made; and his reply to my inquiries as to its terms, 'that they were not to be considered.' His Imperial Highness said that the Lombards might have the absolute disposal of their own fate; they might take Charles Albert for their king, or any other person, or do what they liked as to their Government. I referred to a well-known phrase, and said, 'Your Imperial Highness, then, will accept peace *quand même?*' to which he replied, 'Yes, so far as Lombardy is concerned; but we must keep Verona and the line of the Adige; it is necessary in order to protect Trieste, which is a key to our Illyrian provinces.'

"I presume (adds Lord Ponsonby to Lord Palmerston) that what I have stated may afford grounds for preliminary steps, *if it should be your lordship's wish to forward a pacification.* I am unwilling to obtrude my opinion at any time upon any subject, but *I will say that I think the Archduke is right,* both in leaving the Lombards free to take their own measures, and *in the desire to retain the territories within the line of the Adige;* for I believe that a cession of those would lead to a renewal of the contest in that part of Italy where it is so desirable to establish peace on some solid basis.

The Lombards, by the retreat of the Austrians from all interference, will be at liberty to complete the union of the duchies of Parma and Modena with the Milanese. All pretence for jealousy of Austrian aggression will cease, because Austria will have no interest to cause it; and there will not be, I am inclined to think, any strong feeling in the Venetian kingdom against the proposed arrangement."

Lord Ponsonby, with better judgment than his chief, thought that the terms offered by Austria ought to be approved of by the British Government, and he considered that there would be no difficulty in getting the Italians to accept of them. Again and again he returns to the subject; and the Austrian Government goes all lengths to testify its readiness to treat upon these terms. On the 12th June Lord Ponsonby writes to Lord Palmerston: "I have the honour to report to your lordship the substance of my conversation with Baron Wessenberg this day. The Baron told me that the Austrian Government . . . is ready to agree to the absolute independence of the Milanese, and to treat with them for amicable arrangements between the two countries; and in confirmation of this pacific disposition and intention, that this evening full powers should be sent to Marshal Radetsky to make an armistice with the Lombards. . . . Baron Wessenberg assured me in the most positive terms that if the Venetian province should remain connected with Austria, the Imperial Government would admit of the establishment there of a constitution upon the most liberal basis: 'extremely liberal' were the words he used, and he repeated them." But all would not do. Lord Palmerston did *not* wish to forward a pacification. And on the 20th June he wrote to Lord Ponsonby reaffirming his former rejection of Austria's proposals for peace:—

"I have now to say to your excellency that . . . things seem now to have gone too far to admit of the practicability of such a plan. Hitherto [he admits] the military forces of the contending parties have been nearly balanced, and though the general result of the war has been in favour of the Italians, there has been no great advantage gained by them in any battle. But the Austrians are acting at a distance from their resources, and in a country the population of which is universally hostile to them. The Italians are at home, and are backed and aided by all the inhabitants of the country; large levies are forming in Lombardy, which will soon be ready to take the field in conjunction with the troops already under the command of the King of Sardinia; and time is in favour of the Italians and against the Austrians. . . . If the war continues, the probable result will be that the Austrians will be driven entirely out of Italy, and that they will obtain no compensation of any kind for their loss of territory."

To conclude the story. Four weeks afterwards (17th July), as the Austrian Government still clung to the hope that their most reasonable and liberal offers would induce the British Government to come forward as a mediator, Lord Palmerston cut short their importunities by again refusing to mediate; and by declaring "that *the fortune of war must*, to a certain degree at least, *determine the manner in which this question between Austria and the Italians is to be settled.*"

What are we to think of such conduct on the part of one who is now Prime Minister of our country? What are we to think of his judgment who refused these offers of Austria, at a time when, as he himself admits, the opposite forces were "nearly balanced," and the Italians had gained "no great advantage in any battle?" And what are we to think of his discernment, when he confidently expected the Austrians to be driven over the Alps; whereas in a few weeks afterwards Radetsky, compelled by Palmerston to draw the sword, was driving the Italians before him like chaff, dictated peace at Turin, and could have marched with ease all over the peninsula? Had Palmerston acted with ordinary sense, and as Lord Ponsonby advised him to do in 1848, the Italians for eleven years would have been enjoying all and more than all that they have now obtained by means of this new war and French intervention,—Napoleon would not have got this fair opportunity for the development of his subtle policy,—and England would not have found herself in the predicament of having alienated her natural allies, the Germanic Powers, and of having been made first the dupe and latterly the discarded tool of the French Emperor. In 1848 England might have obtained for the Italians all that France has done now, and would have been thanked by Austria for her intervention; whereas by their conduct then and now, Lords Palmerston and Russell have at once transferred the friendship of Austria from us to Napoleon, and have also allowed France to become the champion of nationality, and master of the position in Italy.

The short and sharp crisis which has passed over Europe has not left England as it found her. Its first effect was to reveal a portentous scheme of co-operation—in fact, an offensive and defensive alliance—between France and Russia; its second effect has been to break up the Anglo-Germanic alliance by which alone these two colossal Powers can be held in check; and the third has been to make Austria, in disgust at the desertion of her natural allies, join herself to France and Russia with the view to a project for remodelling Europe in the manner most advantageous to these three great Powers. In consequence, England is now isolated. Prussia is the only Power which still has a leaning towards us, and her Lord John Russell has done everything possible to disgust. We believe that it is the intention, as it is the interest of the French Emperor to give to Europe a short peace. Possibly circumstances may impel him to war again sooner than he meditates; but in any case it behoves this country to look well after its naval and military defences. Lord Lyndhurst—the venerable statesman upon whom more than any other has descended the senatorial influence of the "old Duke"—has warned the country of its danger, and called upon Parliament and public to do their duty, if they would not see a calamity overtake this country such as will never be forgotten in the world's history. In the Lower House Mr. Horsman's motion was a well-timed practical application of the views so eloquently enforced by Lord Lyndhurst. Seeing that the safety of our great arsenals and dockyards is indispensable to the maintenance of our independence, and that by universal acknowledgment these ports and arsenals are not properly defended, and, according to the present system of procedure, would not be so for twenty years (!), Mr. Horsman moved that the sum required should be raised by the Government at once, so that the necessary works of defence be completed with the least possible loss of time. The Government, probably out of deference to the financial ideas of Mr. Gladstone, excused themselves from following the course suggested in the motion. Indeed, it is a great though unavoidable disadvantage of the frequent changes of Ministry in this country, that each Chancellor of the Exchequer looks only to his single year's Budget, and seeks his own fame to the detriment of imperial interests by endeavouring to postpone any extraordinary expenditure, however much needed, in order that it may fall upon his successor in office. We think it most important that some such course as that suggested by Mr. Horsman should be adopted by the British Government. Sir J. Pakington observed:—

> "A most striking illustration of the necessity for such precautions is afforded by the harbour of Portland, which, although it is constantly resorted to by our fleets, is absolutely without defences, and, according to the Secretary for War, it will take twenty years to complete the defences. I regret that the right hon. gentleman has not expressed his concurrence in the spirit and scope of the motion. In my opinion, it is not wise to spend money in driblets, which would extend over twenty years. If the money must be spent, the sooner the better. As regards the strengthening of the navy, I cannot help expressing my anxious hope that the Government will not be contented with resting where they are. Notwithstanding his figures, the hon. member for Rochdale is much mistaken if he supposes that the navy of England is now what it ought to be."

Lord C. Paget—who promises to be an active head of the Admiralty, if his colleagues will let him—thus described the relative position of the British, French, and Russian navies:—

"The last information which we have from Brest shows that, although the French have such a large force at sea, they have no less than 3000 sailors in their barracks at Brest, perfectly ready for war if they should be wanted. The real state of the French navy, if war should unfortunately arise, is twenty line-of-battle ships in commission and twelve in reserve, which latter might put to sea in a very few days. Therefore the French have thirty-two line-of-battle ships. Turning to England, it appears that so far from her having what his hon. friend (Mr. Cobden) called her fair proportion—that is to say, one-third more ships than any other country—her proportion is certainly not more than that of France. We have twenty-six sail of the line in commission and nine blockships, which, though not strictly speaking line-of-battle ships, are, I admit, capable of doing good service. Uniting those two together, the two countries are pretty nearly equal. With respect to frigates, however, I will not deceive the House. The French are stronger than the English in that respect. I do not wish to create any alarm, but I wish the House to know the truth of the matter. But in addition to the French there is another nation or two making great progress in preparations for naval war. Russia has eight screw line-of-battle ships, six screw frigates, four paddle frigates, nine corvettes, one transport, seventy-five gun-boats, and eighteen small steamers. That is a large force, and one which we must not forget is in existence."

It is to be borne in mind that this steam-fleet of Russia, at least so far as regards screw vessels, has been wholly created within the last three years. It is impossible for this country to behold with indifference the great, continuous, and systematic efforts which both France and Russia are making to augment their power at sea. It was the rapid increase of the French navy which forced us to do likewise. These Powers must have an object in their present extraordinary efforts: And what can that object be, but to attain a maritime supremacy, and thereby compel England to neutrality while they proceed with their contemplated revision of the map of Europe? It is very well for Mr. Cobden to say that we ought not to build more ships because improvements are going on, and changes are likely to take place in the art of naval warfare; and it is very well for the Ministry to excuse themselves from proceeding rapidly with the fortification of our ports and arsenals on the plea that the science of fortification has not yet reached perfection. These are pleas which do not surprise us from the mouth of Mr. Cobden, and which perhaps are not inappropriate to a Cabinet whose finance is presided over by the Minister who starved the Russian War. But we need hardly say, such an argument is entirely out of place, as long as our defences are so far below what they ought to be. As soon as we have made ourselves *safe*, let not a single ship more be built, nor a single sovereign more be expended on fortifications, until we are sure that we are working upon the best possible plans. But at present we cannot afford to wait for more light than we have. We know as much as our French and Russian rivals do,—and that will suffice. It is true that powerful corvettes, carrying but one tier of heavy guns, may by-and-by supplant the present three-decked line-of-battle ships,—and the sooner we see about this the better; and it is true also that new engines of war may necessitate new methods of fortification. But whilst we inquire, we must work. We cannot afford to wait idly upon theories and speculations when the safety of the commonwealth is at stake. Very likely we shall ere long see electricity taking the place of gunpowder on the battle-field, and new projectiles supplanting the rifled cannon: but srely gunpowder and Armstrong's guns will do in the mean time. We must make the best of what we have —and that promptly. For the aspect of the times is threatening; and it will never do to see our docks and arsenals fall, for want of defences, into the hands of an enemy, and undergo the destruction which only three years ago we dealt out to Sebastopol.

Mr. Cobden, in his speech on Mr. Horsman's motion, said that he was ready to vote a hundred millions if he saw any Power preparing to attack this country. We doubt not Mr. Cobden was in earnest when he made that profession. Even Mr. Bright, we believe, with all his millennial ideas about peace, would be ready to shoulder a musket if the French were besieging his flannel-mills. The patriotism of these gentlemen is, we daresay, sound enough, if one could only get at it. But unfortunately it lies stowed away behind blinding prejudices and bales of crotchets, far beyond the reach of ordinary use. We all see things in the light of our dominant ideas. And a mental telescope that is very good for showing some things, may be very bad for showing others. If one is wrapt up in dreams of millennial peace, and in theories which maintain that the nations have grown too wise to go to war any more, it is very hard to get such a one to see facts, however patent, which run counter to his ideas. The Philistines will be upon him before he will believe that they have laid aside their ploughs and their pruning hooks. He has no ear for the distant rumble of muffled cannon, nor for the sound of the enemy working underground; and the chance is that the masked batteries will open, or the mine will explode, before it occurs to him to take steps to meet the danger. The talked-of disarmament on the part of France is a thing especially calculated to attract the thoughts of such men. It is a disarmament—it is a step which professes to be a carrying out of their principles; and they will not be unduly anxious to inquire into its real object or extent. Passing by for the moment the object of this disarmament, let us see its extent. And first of all let it be borne in mind that France and England are in very different positions at present as regards warlike establishments. France has just emerged from an aggressive war, and her naval and military establishments are on a war-footing. It is otherwise with England. So far from being able to engage in an aggressive war, England is not at present strong enough even for a war of defence. Hence there is quite margin enough for a disarmament on the part of France. Indeed, as his forces are at present on a war-footing, it would be equivalent to a declaration by the Emperor of his intention to continue a military policy, if he did not issue orders for a disarmament of some kind. In the next place, let it be noted that a French disarmament is a very different thing from a disarmament with us. When England disbands her soldiers and sailors, they are lost to her. She has no machinery for recalling them to her flag. If she obtains their services again, it is in the same way as she would obtain the services of ordinary recruits. And when we lay by our ships, we partially dismantle them. It is very different in France. There, the disbanded soldiers and sailors are liable to be recalled to their standards at a week's notice; and the ships, when taken out of commission, are carefully repaired, and are "laid in ordinary all standing." The crew is disbanded—that is all; and the crew can be had again on a few days' notice. French soldiers are discharged upon a renewable furlough—they cannot marry, nor leave the military district to which they belong, without permission, and they are inspected by a General of Division once a-month. In the naval service it is the same: the sailors who are dismissed to their smacks and fishing-boats are always within hail of some commissary of the maritime conscription. As regards the present case, the *Gazette de France* states that the "peace footing" of France must be understood to comprise the ability to have 560,000 under arms at a month's notice; and that, with a view to the extension of France's colonial possessions, there must be a constant progress in the development of her fleet, which, says the *Gazette*, is already "the finest naval force in the world." And as respects the practical application of this "disarmament," the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says:—"A portion of the soldiers and sailors—of the men who fight the battles and man the ships—are sent home *on furlough*, nothing more. And those who build and rig the ships, cast the guns and ammunition, and raise earthworks along the coast, it is not contemplated to diminish; in fact, I have reason to know that *their* number has received an increase.

Extra numbers of mechanics and riggers have been engaged at Rochefort and Brest. At Cherbourg and Brest coals and ammunition are being stored to an extent that denotes a wish to be prepared against any emergency; and at the former place (Cherbourg) the forts are being armed with rifled guns. The greatest activity prevails in the arsenals, where a large supply of these rifled cannon has been and is being prepared; and the ships which are being put out of commission, in consequence of the (so-called) reduction of the navy to a peace-footing, are forthwith to unship their old guns and to take on board the formidable *canons rayés*, and the old spherical shot and shell are to be recast, as the new ordnance only fires conical shot."* Admiral Fourichon's squadron at Brest, and four frigates and some smaller vessels at Toulon, constitute the portion of the fleet which is to be withdrawn from commission in order that the ships may be fitted with the formidable new artillery. In plain English, to this, and to nothing more, does the so-called naval disarmament of France amount. Both by land and sea, this "disarmament" is a wise step on the part of the French Emperor, whatever may be his plans for the future. By it he saves the wages of a certain number of soldiers, sailors, and marines, whom notwithstanding he can recall in a week's time to their flag; and as it is only old hands, trained men who need no further drill, that are being thus dismissed on furlough (no one being disbanded who has not served five years), the army and the crews of the fleet are in noways impaired in their efficiency. Moreover, the ships which are thus temporarily deprived of their crews are when "in ordinary," to be fitted up with the new artillery,—so that nothing is lost by their present withdrawal from commission. As regards the arsenals, foundries, fortifications, and *ship-building*, the work goes on brisker than ever. In short, the only reduction which Napoleon is making on the war-footing of France is one which, without impairing the efficiency of his crews and regiments, will save some money; which money is being expended in increasing the fortifications and productions of war, in building more ships, and in fitting up as many as possible with the new rifled artillery.

Such, and no more, is Napoleon's disarmament. It is a wise and prudent step, we repeat, even though he meant to resume warfare before another year has passed. This must strike every one who inquires and considers the matter. But what is not so obvious is the *political* bearing of the "disarmament," especially as regards the future. The masses are ever impervious to ideas unless such as are expressed by substantial facts. The disbanding of soldiers and seamen, and the laying-by of some ships of war, constitutes an obvious fact which all classes will note, and which will be appealed to as a patent proof of the Emperor's desire and intention to return to a regime of peace. By this Napoleon seeks to attain a double purpose. In the first place, sagacious and provident of the resources of France, he desires to reassure the commercial and industrial classes, and to engage them in turning the present period of peace to full account, so that when war recurs the resources of France may be in the best possible condition. His second object is to lull England back into her old sense of security, and induce us to pause in those military and naval preparations which are essential to the safety of this country. It would be a great point if he could make us come to believe that our present apprehensions are a mere baseless panic, and so produce a reaction of public sentiment, of which he knows the leaders of the Peace party are ready to take full advantage. But if he can but keep us as we are, it will serve his purpose. Even Mr. Cobden allows that Great Britain ought to have a third more ships than any other power; whereas at present our fleet is not more than equal to that of France. If, then, "reassuring" notes and manifestoes in the *Moniteur* should persuade us to remain as we are, a union of the French and Russian fleets could at any time compel us to neutrality, wholly excluding our intervention from Europe; or, in the event of war, could molest our shores and cut off our commerce. Instead of this being only a problematical danger, it is one which this country has felt already. For all our dignified talk about neutrality and non-intervention during the late war, the simple fact is, that we dared not interfere. Our Government knew that if we had interfered on behalf of peace, and for the maintenance of treaties, we should have brought down upon ourselves the French and Russian fleets: and our navy was quite unprepared for such a contest. Had the naval power of England been as it was wont to be, there would have been no war. Our Government would not only have said, as they did say, "the war is unnecessary and unjustifiable," but they would have said also—We are quite against the settlement of such a question by force of arms, and we shall lend the whole weight of our material power against whichever government throws obstacles in the way of maintaining peace. Prussia and Germany would at once have joined us, and there would have been no war. But Napoleon, who knows the state of our fleet as well as we do, knew that we were not sufficiently strong at sea to be able so to act. And so, while Central Europe was concussed by Prince Gortschakoff's open threat that Russia would attack Germany if Germany attacked France, England was equally reduced to inaction by the known existence of a secret treaty between France and Russia—a "written agreement," of which our statesmen probably know more than they care to tell. In assuming an armed neutrality the British Government did all that it was in its power to do. We repeat it—however Ministers might (and very wisely) put a good face upon the matter, and however the public at large might pride itself upon our neutrality, we really had no choice. Neutrality *may* have been a virtue,—assuredly it was a necessity.

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* *Morning Herald*, August 2.

Now, the time is evidently approaching when Russia and France will be very happy if they can play that game over again with equal success. The next chapter of the Napoleonic policy will open in Turkey. Long before the Italian war began, we not only pointed out that it was coming, but, while showing beforehand the objects which Napoleon sought to accomplish by the war, we stated that one of these was, to secure the future co-operation of Austria, by holding out to her the prospect of compensating her losses in Italy by gains in Turkey. When this new chapter of Napoleonism opens—and it will not be long delayed—France will then do for Russia what Russia, during the late war, has done for her. France, if things go smoothly, will take no direct part in the war. Her task will simply be to prevent England from interfering. And Russia, by pushing forward a corps towards Herat, will be ready (in the event of our contumacity) to occasion fresh uneasiness in our Indian empire, with a view to prevent our drawing any material reinforcements from that quarter. In these circumstances, what is the choice presented to us? We may, if we choose, continue the system of passive neutrality, we may see a Russian army at Constantinople, as we have seen, and yet see, a French army in Italy; and we may still hug ourselves in the belief that we are astonishing the world by an exhibition of all the utilitarian virtues. But that will soon have had its day. France and Russia are both bent upon becoming great naval powers in the Mediterranean; and although Napoleon III. well knows the usefulness of moderation, and ever offers a salve where he demands a sacrifice, he certainly has it in view to strip us of vantage-ground in the Mediterranean, which we will never consent to abandon of our free will.

We are not painting a distant future, but one at hand. The present peace will not last long. And in the mean time the French Emperor will do his best to "reassure" Europe, and to reinstate himself in his old character as a friend of peace. He wishes peace for the present; and he still more wishes to be thought to wish it. He occasioned the last war, but it is Russia that will occasion the next one. Therefore Napoleon may continue most fervent in his pacific professions to the last, seeing that all the blame will fall on the broad shoulders of the northern Colossus, whom he will nevertheless side with in due time. We shall not fully appreciate the character of Napoleon's present disarmament, if we do not view it in relation to these schemes for the future. Napoleon not only wishes peace for the hour, but he has no intention to take any direct part in the next (*i. e.* Turkish) war. All that he will have to do then, is to keep England from interfering. Possibly the Grand-Duke Constantine of Russia—who has visited in succession the French Emperor, the King of Greece, and the Sultan, and who is now on a visit to our own country—may at this moment be unfolding, in confidence to our Government, some scheme by which England may be propitiated into approval of, or at least passive acquiescence in, the approaching inroad upon Turkey. But if we refuse to be so propitiated, to the navies of France and Russia it is already relegated to tame our pride, and chain us up in our island home. No Englishman can desire to see such a scheme crowned with success. Whatever form the European question take, let us be prepared to bear our part in it in a manner befitting the dignity of a great country. If we choose neutrality, let the choice be voluntary, and not of compulsion. If we have to choose war, let us be ready to face its dangers, and strong enough to triumph over them. The present is ours,—if we neglect it, the future will be Napoleon's.

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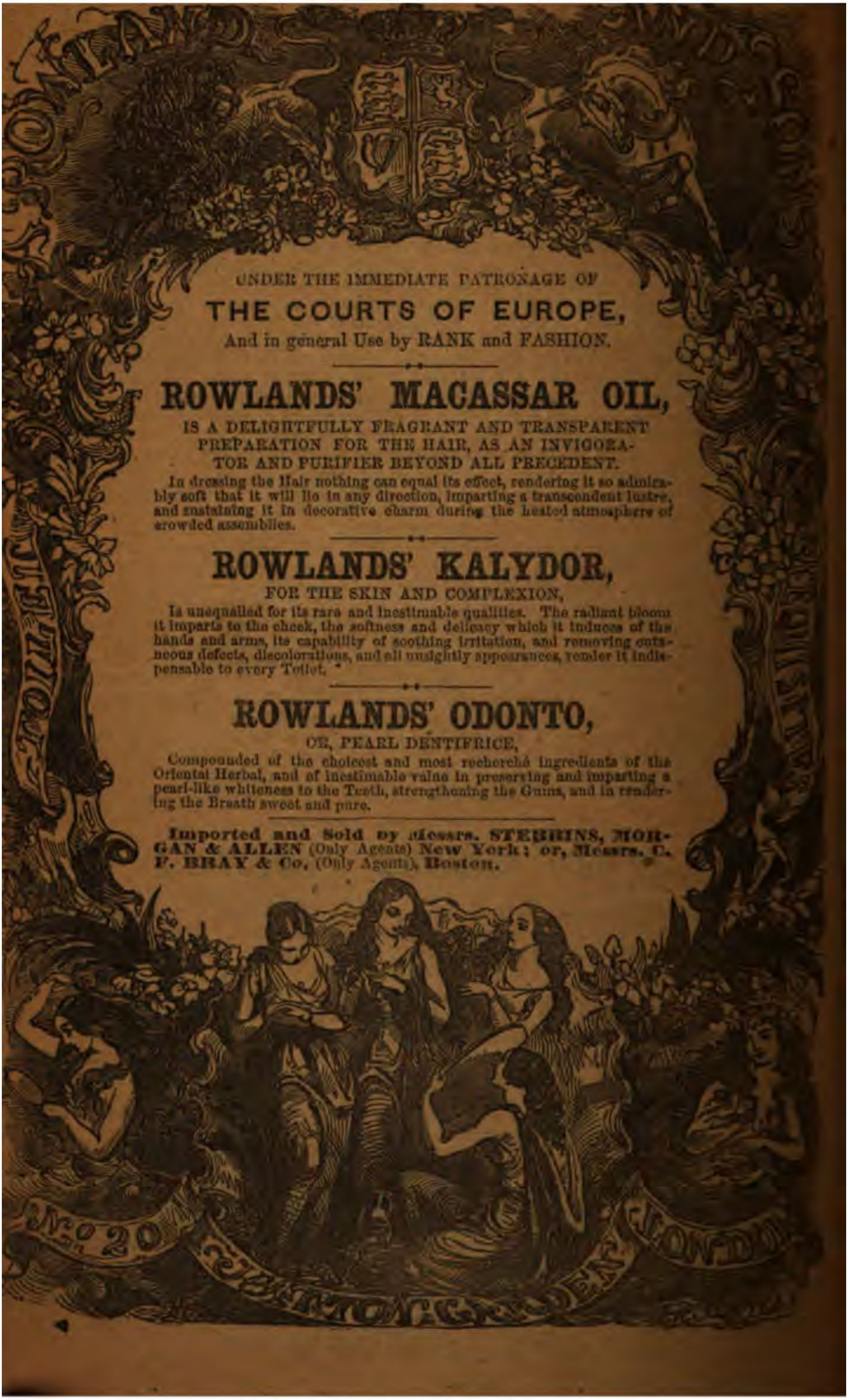

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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

No. DXXVIII.

AMERICAN EDITION.
VOL. XLIX. No. 4.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
79 FULTON STREET, ENTRANCE 54 GOLD STREET.

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DXXVIII. OCTOBER, 1859. Vol. LXXXVI.

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CAPTAIN J. H. SPEKE'S DISCOVERY OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA LAKE, THE SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE NILE. FROM HIS JOURNAL.

PART II.

After my return from Kasengé, we had no other resource left us but to proceed with the investigation of the Lake in common canoes; for we could not wait any longer, as our supplies were fast on the wane. I was sorry for it, as my companion was still suffering so severely, that anybody seeing him attempt to go would have despaired of his ever returning. Yet he could not endure being left behind. Travelling in canoes, as I could now testify from my late experiences, is, without joke, a very trying business to a sick man, even in the best weather; and here we were still in the height of the monsoon, a season of rain just as severe as the great Indian Barsar. Negotiations for the means of carrying out our object (of proceeding to the north of the lake, surveying it, and ascertaining whether Shaykh Hamed's story about a large river running out of it was based upon a true foundation) were then commenced upon, and Kannina was applied to. He likewise, it appeared, had a plan in view of carrying on some ivory transactions with the Sultan of Uvira, governing a district at the northern end and western shore of the lake, and agreed to take us there, and also show us the river in question. It was settled that we should go in two canoes; Captain Burton, with Kannina, in a very large one, paddled by forty men, at once, and I in another considerably smaller—our party to pay all expenses; and, in fact, to do Kannina's business in consideration of his protection. This we did do, and no more; for, after arriving at Uvira, nothing could induce him to take us to the river at the end of the lake, although the remaining distance could have been accomplished in about six hours' paddling. His reason, which he must have known before, was, that the savages resident there, the Warundi tribe, were inimical to his people, the Wajijis. This was a sore disappointment, though not so great as it would have been, had we not ascertained by other means that Shaykh Hamed's story was a mere fabrication; and that a large river, called Rusizi, did run not out of but into the lake. The Sultan's son, who visited us immediately on our arrival at Uvira, told us that the river drained the high mountains encircling our immediate north, and discharged its waters into the lake. I should not have been satisfied with this counter-statement alone (knowing, as everybody must who travels amongst unenlightened men, that they have a proverbial habit of describing a river's flow to be the opposite of what it is), had I not ascended some neighbouring heights, and observed the mountains increasing in size as they extended away to the northward, and effectually closing in this *low* lake, which is not quite half the altitude of the surface-level of the general interior plateau, and cannot therefore, under any circumstances, have an overflow of water. Although wrong in this respect, the Shaykh was right about the distance the lake's northern end lay from Ujiji; for, properly divided, it takes eight days, the time he specified, exactly. Had he not answered my question about perceiving the draw of the water near the river's escape, I should have imagined that he told his story in reverse order, from sheer ignorance and inability to explain his knowledge about it. On coming up the lake, we travelled the first half up the east coast, then crossed over to the end of a long island called Ubwari, made for the western shore, and coasted up it to Uvira. I have now mapped the northern half of the lake, and have so many evidences about the southern portion, all corroborating one another so satisfactorily, that the dimensions and position of the lake, which I gave you in my former letter, I feel satisfied are very near the truth. It would have amused any one very much to have seen our two canoes racing together up the lake. These naked savages were never tired of testing their respective strengths. They would paddle away like so many black devils;—dashing up the water whenever they succeeded in coming near each other, and delighting in drenching us with the spray. The greatest pleasure to them, it appeared, was torturing others with impunity to themselves. Because the Mzungus had clothes, and they had none, they cared not how the water flew about; and the more they were asked to desist, the more obstinately they persevered. For fear of misapprehension, I must state that though these negroes go stark naked when cruising or working during a shower of rain, they all possess a mantle or goat-skin, which they sling over their shoulders, and strut about in when on shore, and the weather is fine.

It is a curious sight, when encamped on a showery day, to see every man take off his skin, wrap it carefully up, and place it in his mozigo or load, and stand, whilst his garment is thus comfortably disposed of, cowering and trembling like a dog who has just emerged from a cold pond.

This part of the lake is almost a reflection of the other, but the district is highly cultivated, and has very large cattle, bearing horns of stupendous size. They are of a uniform red colour, like our Devonshire breed, but attain a very much greater height and size. As the mountains run higher on either side the lake on their extending to the northward (and as they gradually close together until they form a barrier to the lake at its northern end, where they attain their greatest altitude), the view is not nearly so extensive as in the southern portions, but still is very beautiful. On returning to Ujiji after a rather protracted sojourn at Uvira, occasioned by Kannina's not completing his work so quickly as had been anticipated, we found our stock of beads and cloth, which had been left in charge of the Ras-cafila, Shaykh Said, and under the protection of the Belooches and our Wanyamuézi porters, reduced to so low an ebb that everybody felt anxious about our future movements. The Shaykh, however, I must add, on a prior occasion, very generously proposed, in case we felt disposed to carry on the survey of the lake, to return to the Arab depôt at Kazeh, and fetch some more *African money*, to meet the necessary expenses. Though admiring so magnanimous a sacrifice on the part of this energetic Shaykh, it was voted, in consequence of my companion's failing health, as well as from the delay it would occasion, that we should all return at once to Kazeh, where we expected to meet our reserve supplies. This once agreed upon, I then proposed that, after reaching Kazeh, we should travel northwards, in search of a lake, said by the Arabs to be both broader and longer than the Tanganyika, and which they call Ukerewé, after the island where their caravans go for ivory. This lake has no significant name. The negroes, in speaking of it, merely say Nyanza (or, the Lake). My companion was, most unfortunately, quite done up, but very graciously consented to wait with the Arabs and recruit his health, whilst I should proceed alone, and satisfy the Royal Geographical Society's desires as far as possible about all the inland seas, the object for which they sent us, and which it was, therefore, our utmost desire to accomplish. Just as we were preparing to leave Ujiji, by great good fortune some supplies were brought to us by an Arab called Mohinna, an old friend whom we formerly left at Kazeh, and who had now followed us here to trade in ivory. Had this timely supply not reached us, it is difficult to conceive what would have been our fate, left as we should have been with a large amount of non-trafficking property, and having numbers of people to feed, whilst my companion was unable to move without the assistance of eight men to carry him in a hammock, we being totally without the means of purchase in the territory of one of the most inhospitable of all the tribes with which we have had connection. This timely supply was one of the many strokes of good fortune which befell us upon this journey, and for which we have so much reason to be grateful. Help had always reached us at the time when least we expected it, but when we most required it. My health had been improving ever since I first reached the lake, and enjoyed those invigorating swims upon its surface, and revelled in the good living afforded by the market at Ujiji. The facilities of the place giving us such a choice of food, our powers in the culinary art were tried to their fullest extent. It would be difficult to tell what dishes we did not make there. Fish of many sorts done up in all the fashions of the day—meat and fowl in every form—vegetable soups, and dishes of numberless varieties—fruit-preserves, custards, custard-puddings, and jellies—and last, but not least, buttered crumpets and cheese, formed as fine a spread as was ever set before a king. But sometimes we came to fault, when our supply of milk was, on the most foolish pretexts, stopped by Kannina, who was the only cow-proprietor in the neighbourhood. At one time he took offence because we turned his importunate wives out of the house, in mistake for common beggars. On another occasion, when I showed him a cheese of our manufacture, and begged he would allow me to instruct his people in the art of making them, he took fright, declared that the cheese was something supernatural, and that it could never have been made by any ordinary artifice; moreover, if his people were shown the way to do it one hundred times, they would never be able to comprehend it. He further showed his alarm by forbidding us any more milk, lest, by our tampering with it, we should bewitch his cows, and make them all run dry. A year's acclimatisation had by this time produced a wonderful effect on all the party: so that now, with our fresh supplies, most of us marched away from Ujiji in better condition than we had enjoyed since leaving the coast. The weather was very fine, the rainy season having ceased on the 15th May; we marched rapidly across the eastern horn of the mountains back to the ferry on the Malagarazi, but by a more northerly route than the one by which we came. We reached this river in early June, and found its appearance very different from what it was on our former visit, at the beginning of the monsoon. Then its waters were contained within its banks, of no considerable width; but now, although the rains had ceased here long ago, the river had not only overflowed its banks, but had submerged nearly all the valley in which it lies, to the extent at least of a mile or more. As the prevailing winds throughout the year are from the eastward, and as rains usually come up against it, we may infer, as we see by the state of the river, that its source being situated to the northward in the greater heights, the axis of these mountains is later affected by the discharge of the monsoon than these more southern regions, where the hills are less high, and consequently have less attractive power on the clouds and rains. This reasoning is also applicable to the swelling of the rivers which are beyond this mountain group, and which shed their waters to the northward, into the Nile. After crossing the river, we hurried along by a more southerly and straighter road than we formerly came by, and reached Kazeh towards the latter end of June. Here Shaykh Snay, the principal Arab merchant of the depôt, received us with his usual genuine hospitality, arranged a house especially for our use, and with him we again established our headquarters. This man, when we were formerly detained here to form our second caravan on our journey westwards, housed us, and carefully attended to our wants. He took charge of our kit, provided us with porters, and finally became our agent. Living with him, surrounded by an Arab community, felt like living in a civilised land. For the Arab's manners and society are as pleasant and respectable as can be found in any Oriental family. Snay had travelled as much as, or more than, any person in this land; and from being a shrewd and intelligent inquirer, knew everybody and everything. It was from his mouth, on our former visit to Kazeh, that I first heard of the Nyanza, or, as he called it, the Ukerewé Sea; and then, too, I first proposed that we should go to it instead of journeying westward to the smaller waters of Ujiji. He had travelled up its western flank to Kibuga, the capital of the kingdom of Uganda, which I consider, deducing my conclusions from a large mass of information, to be in 2° north latitude and 31° east longitude. However, I will give you his own words, and you may judge for yourself.

Shaykh Snay informant: "I was once three years absent on a visit to King Sunna, at his capital, Kibuga, in the Uganda kingdom, occupied by a tribe called Waganda. Starting from Unyanyembé (latitude 5° south and longitude 33° east), it took me thirty-five marches to reach Kitangura (bearing N.N.W.), and twenty more marches going northwards, with the morning sun a little on my right face (probably north by east), to arrive at Kibuga. The only people that gave me any trouble on the way are the Wasoe, situate at the beginning of the Karagwah district; but that was only trifling, and lasted but three or four marches. The Karagwah district (a mountainous tract of land, containing several high spurs of hill, the eastern buttresses of these Lunæ Montes, and washed on the flanks by the Ukerewé Sea) is bounded on the north by the Kitangura river, beyond which the Wanyoros' territory (crescent shape) lies, with the horns directed eastwards. Amidst them, situate in the concave, or lake side, are the Wagandas, to whose capital I went. Anybody wishing to discover the northern boundary of the lake should go to Kibuga, take good presents, and make friends with the reigning monarch; and, with his assistance, buy or construct boats on the shore of the lake, which is about five marches east of his capital. North, beyond the Wagandas, the Wanyoros are again met with; and there quarrels and wars were so rife, from a jealousy existing among them, that had these people known of a northern boundary, I still might not have heard of it. On crossing the Kitangura river, I found it emanating from Urundi (a district in the Mountains of the Moon), and flowing north-easterly. My impression is that it falls into the lake. The breadth of the river is very great, I should imagine some five to six hundred yards, and it contains much water, overflowing as the Malagarazi does after rains. There are also numerous other little streams on the way to Kibuga, but none so great as the Katonga river. This, like the rest, comes from the west, and flows towards the lake. It has a span of two thousand yards—is very deep when full; but sinks and is very sluggish in the dry season, when water-lilies and rushes overspread its surface, and the musquitoes are very annoying. The cowrie shell, brought from the Zanzibar coast, is the common currency amongst those northern tribes; but they are not worth the merchant's while to carry, as beads and brass (not cloth, for they are essentially a bead-wearing and naked people) are eagerly sought for and taken in exchange. Large sailing craft, capable of containing forty or fifty men, and manned and navigated after the fashion of ocean mariners, are reported by the natives to frequent the lake* in a north-easterly direction. We Arabs believe in this report, as everybody tells the same story; but don't know how it happens to be so, unless it is open to the sea. The Kitangura river is crossed in good-sized wooden canoes; but the Katonga river can only be passed in the dry season, when men walk over it on the lily leaves; cattle, too, are then passed across in certain open spaces, guided by a long string, which is attached to the animals' heads."

Other Arab and Sowahili merchants have corroborated Snay's statement, as also a Hindi merchant, called Musa, whom I especially mention as I consider him a very valuable informant —not only from the straightforward way he had of telling his story, but also because we could converse with one another direct, and so obviate any chance of errors. After describing his route to the north in minute detail, stage by stage, with great precision, and to the same effect as all the other accounts, he told me of a third large river to the northward of the Line, lying northward beyond Uganda; it is much larger than the Katonga, and generally called the Usoga River, because it waters that district. Although he had recently visited Kibuga, and had lived with Sultan Mtésa, the present reigning monarch in place of Sunna, who died since Snay was there, he had no positive or definite idea of the physical features of any of the country beyond the point which he had reached; but he produced a negro slave of the Wanyoro tribe who had been to Usoga, and had seen the river in question. This man called the river Kivira, and described it as being much broader, deeper, and stronger in its current than either the Katonga or Kitangura river; that it came from the generally acknowledged direction of the lake, and that it intersected stony, hilly ground on its passage to the north-west. This river Kivira, I now believe (although I must confess at first I did not), is the Nile itself. For on a subsequent occasion, when talking to a very respectable Sowahili merchant by name Shaykh Abdullah bin Nasib, about the Nyanza, he corroborated the story about the miners, who are said to keep logs and use sextants, and mentioned that he had heard of a tribe called Bari, living on the Kivira river. Now, the Bari people mentioned by him are evidently those which have long since been known to us as a tribe living on the Nile in latitude 4° north, and longitude 32° east, and described by the different Egyptian expeditions sent up the Nile to discover its source. M. Ferdinand Werne (says Dr. Beke) has published an account of the second expedition's proceedings, in which he took part; and which, it appears, succeeded in getting further up the river than either of the others. "The author states that, according to Lacono, King of Bari, the course of the river continues thence southwards a distance of thirty days' journey." This, by Dr. Beke's computation, places the source of the Nile just where I have since discovered the Nyanza's southern extremity to be, in the second degree south longitude, lying in the Unyamuézi country.† Here we see how singularly all the different informers' statements blend together, in substantiating my opinion that the Nyanza is the great reservoir or fountain-head of that mighty stream that floated Father Moses on his first adventurous sail — the Nile. Even Ptolemy, we see, is right in stating that the Nile is fed by the waters coming from the Mountains of the Moon: and though he has not placed those mountains exactly where they should be on his map—from not understanding the true disposition of the various physical geographical features which occupy that part of Africa—still it is wonderfully near the truth for an hypothetical production.

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* Query—The Nile, as Bahari, the word they use for lake, is also used to express a large river.

† See Dr. Beke's paper on "The Sources of the Nile," printed 1849.

I began the formation of the new caravan for exploring Northern Unyamuézi immediately after our arrival, but found it difficult to do things hurriedly. There was only one man then at Unyanyembé, who knew the Sowahili language, and would consent to act as my Kirangozi;* and as he had come all the way from Ujiji with us, he required a few days to arrange things at his home, in a village some distance off. Whilst he was absent nothing could go on; but the Arabs paid us daily visits, and gave many useful hints about the journey in prospect. One hint must especially be regarded, which was, to take care, on arrival at the lake, that I did not enter the village of a certain sultan called Mahaya, to whose district Muanza, at the southern extremity of the lake, they directed me to go. This precautionary warning was advanced in consequence of a trick the Sultan had played an Arab, who, after visiting him in a friendly way, was forcibly detained until he paid a ransom for himself; an unjust measure, which the Arabs pointedly advert to as destructive to commercial interests. To lose no time whilst the Kirangozi was away—for I had a long business to do in a very short space of time—I intimated to the Shaykh, our Ras-cafila, and the Belooch guards, my intention of taking them with me to the lake, and ordered them to prepare for the journey by a certain date. The Shaykh demurred, saying he would give a definite answer about accompanying me before the time of starting, but subsequently refused (I hear, as one reason), because he did not consider me his chief. I urged that it was as much his duty as mine to go there; and said, unless he changed his present resolution, I should certainly recommend the Government not to pay the gratuity which the consul had promised him on condition that he worked entirely to our satisfaction, in assisting the expedition to carry out the Government's plans. The Jemadar of the Belooch guard, on seeing the Shaykh hold back, at first raised objections, and then began to bargain. He fixed a pay of one gora, or fifteen cloths per man, as the only condition on which I should get their services; for they all declared that they had not only been to Ujiji, the place appointed by Sultan Majid and their chief before leaving Zanzibar, but that they had overstayed the time agreed upon for them to be absent on these travels. Considering the value of time, I acceded to this exorbitant demand; moreover, the dry season had now set in, and the Arabs at this period cease travelling, from fear of being caught by droughts in those deserts which lie between this place and the east-coast range, where, if the ponds and puddles dry up, there is so little water in the wells that travelling becomes precarious. Further, I had not only to go through a much wilder country than we had travelled in before, two and a half degrees off, to discover and bring back full particulars of the Nyanza, but had to purchase cattle sufficient for presents, and food for the whole journey down to the coast, within the limited period of six weeks. The Arab depôt now came into play to satisfy this sudden and unexpected call upon our store of cloths. There were ten Belooches fit for service, and for each of them a gora was bought at the depôt, at a valuation of 10 dollars each, or 100 the lot. In addition to this, they received an advance of 15 maunds of white beads in lieu of rations—a rate of 1 lb. per man per diem for six weeks. The Kirangozi now returned with many excuses to escape the undertaking. He declared that all the roads were rendered impassable by wars; and that it was impossible for him to undertake the responsibility of escorting me in so dangerous a country. After a good deal of bothering and persuading he at length acceded, and brought fifteen pagazis or porters from his own and some neighbouring villages. To each of these I gave five cloths as hire, and all appeared ready: but not so. Bombay's Seedi nature came over him, and he would not move a yard unless I gave him a month's wages in cloth upon the spot. I thought his demand an imposition, for he had just been given a cloth. His wages were originally fixed at five dollars a month, to accumulate at Zanzibar until our return there; but he was to receive daily rations the same as all the other men, with an occasional loin cloth covering whenever his shukka might wear out. All these strikes with the Belooches and slaves, were in consequence of their having bought some slaves, whose whims and tastes they could not satisfy without our aid; and they knew these men would very soon desert them unless they received occasional alluring presents to make them contented. But finessing is a kind of itch with all Orientals, as gambling is with those who are addicted to it, and they would tell any lie rather than gain their object easily by the simple truth, on the old principle that "stolen things are sweetest." Had Bombay only opened his heart, the matter would have been settled at once, for his motives were of a superior order. He had bought, to be his adopted brother, a slave of the Wahha tribe, a tall, athletic, fine-looking man, whose figure was of such excellent proportions that he would have been remarkable in any society; and it was for this youth, and not himself, he had made so much fuss and used so many devices to obtain the cloths. Indeed, he is a very singular character, not caring one bit about himself, how he dressed, or what he ate; ever contented, and doing everybody's work in preference to his own, and of such exemplary honesty, he stands a solitary marvel in the land; he would do no wrong to benefit himself—to please anybody else there is nothing he would stick at. I now gave him five cloths at his request, to be eventually deducted from his pay. Half of them he gave to a slave called Mabruk, who had been procured by him for leading Captain Burton's donkey, but who had not, in consequence of bad behaviour, reverted to my service. This man he also designated "brother," and was very warmly attached to, though Mabruk had no qualifications worthy of attracting any one's affections to him. He was a sulky, dogged, pudding-headed brute, very ugly, but very vain; he always maintained a respectable appearance, to cloak his disrespectful manners. The remainder was expended in loin-cloths, some spears and a fez (red Turkish cap), the wearing of which he shared by turns with his purchased brother, and a little slave child whom he had also purchased and employed in looking after the general wardrobe, and in cooking his porridge dinner, or fetching water and gathering sticks. On the line of march he carried Bombay's sleeping-hide and water-gourd.

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* *Kirangozi*—leader of a caravan.

And now I am ready to lead you over my second voyage of discovery—the one which, to my mind, is by far the most satisfactory, and I trust it will be so to you; for it takes you into the richest part of Africa, and discloses to you the probable, and I believe true, source of that mighty stream the Nile; and has almost, if not entirely, solved a problem which it has been the first geographical desideratum of many thousand years to ascertain, and the ambition of the first monarchs of the world to unravel.

DISCOVERY OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

KAZEH, UNYANYEMBE, UNYAMUEZI, *9th July*, 1858.

The caravan, consisting of one Kirangozi, twenty Pagazis, ten Belooches as guard, Bombay, Mabruk, and Gaetano, escorting a kit sufficient for six weeks, left Kazeh to form camp at noon. The Belooches were all armed with their own guns, save one, who carried one of Captain Burton's double rifles, an eight-bore by W. Richards. I took with me for sporting purposes, as well as for the defence of the expedition, one large five-bore elephant gun, also kindly lent by Captain Burton; and of my own, one two-grooved four-gauge single rifle, one polygrooved twenty-gauge double, and one double smooth twelve-bore, all by John Blisset of High Holborn. The village they selected to form up in was three miles distant on the northern extremity of this, the Unyanyembé district. I commenced the journey myself at 6 P.M., as soon as the two donkeys I took with me to ride were caught and saddled. It was a dreary beginning. The escort of Belooches who accompanied me had throughout the former journeys been held in great disgrace, and were in consequence all sullen in their manner, and walked with heavy gait and downcast countenances, looking very much as if they considered they had sold themselves when striking such a heavy bargain with us, for they evidently saw nothing before them but drudgery and a continuance of past hardships. The nature of the track increased the general gloom; it lay through fields of jowari (holcus) across the plain of Unyanyembé. In the shadow of night, the stalks, awkwardly lying across the path, tripped up the traveller at every step; and whilst his hands, extended to the front, were grasping at darkness to preserve his equilibrium, the heavy bowing ears, ripe and ready to drop, would bang against his eyes. Further, the heavy soil added not a little in ruffling the temper; but it was soon over, though all our mortification did not here cease. The Pagazis sent forward had deposited their loads and retired home to indulge, it is suspected, in those potations deep of the universal pombe (African small-beer), that always precede a journey, hunt, or other adventure—without leaving a word to explain the reason of their going, or even the time which they purposed being absent.

10*th July*.—The absence of the Pagazis caused a halt, for none of them appeared again until after dark. The bad example set by Shaykh Said in shirking from this journey, is distressingly evident in every countenance. The Belooches, gloomy, dejected, discontented, and ever grumbling, form as disagreeable a party as was ever the unfortunate lot of any man to command.

11*th*.—We started on the journey northwards at 7 A.M., and, soon clearing the cultivated plain, bade adieu to Unyanyembé. The track passed down a broad valley, with a gentle declination, which was full of tall but slender forest trees, and was lined on either side by low hills. We passed some pools of water, and also two Wasukumas caravans, one of ivory, destined for the coast, and the other conveying cattle to the Unyanyembé markets. Though the country through which we passed was wild and uninhabited, we saw no game but a troop of zebras, which were so wild that I could not get near them. After walking fifteen miles, we arrived at the district of Ulékampuri, entered a village, and I took up my quarters in a negro's hut. My servants and porters did the best they could by pigging with the cattle, or lying in the shade under the eaves of the huts. Up to this point the villages, as is the case in all central Unyamuézi, are built on the most luxurious principles. They form a large hollow square, the walls of which are their huts, ranged on all sides of it in a sort of street consisting of two walls, the breadth of an ordinary room, which is partitioned off to a convenient size by interior walls of the same earth-construction as the exterior ones, or as our Sepoys' lines are made in India. The roof is flat, and serves as a store-place for keeping sticks to burn, drying grain, pumpkins, mushrooms, or any vegetables they may have. Most of these compartments contain the families of the villagers, together with their poultry, brewing utensils, cooking apparatus, stores of grain, and anything they possess. The remainder contain their flocks and herds, principally goats and cows, for sheep do not breed well in the country, and their flesh is not much approved of by the people. What few sheep there are appear to be an offshoot from the Persian stock. They have a very scraggy appearance, and show but the slightest signs of the fat-rumped proportions of their ancestors. The cows, unlike the noble Tanganyika ones, are small and short-horned, and are of a variety of colours. They carry a hump like the Brahminy bull, but give very little milk. In front of nearly every house you see large slabs of granite, the stones on which the jowari is ground by women, who, kneeling before them, rub the grain down to flour with a smaller stone, which they hold with both hands at once. Thus rubbing and grinding away, their bodies sway monotonously to and fro, while they cheer the time by singing and droning in cadence to the motion of their bodies. The country to the east and north-east of this village is said to be thinly peopled, but, as usual, the clans are much intermixed, the two principal being Wakimbus and Wasagaris. I here engaged a second guide or leader for five shukkas (small loincloths) Amerikan, as a second war, different from the one he had heard of and spoken about at Kazeh, had broken out exactly on the road I was pursuing, and rendered my first leader's experience of no avail. The evening was spent by the porters in dancing, and singing a song which had been evidently composed for the occasion, as it embraced everybody's name connected with the caravan, but more especially Mzungu (the wise or white man), and ended with the prevailing word amongst these curly-headed bipeds, "Grub, Grub, Grub." It is wonderful to see how long they will, after a long fatiguing march, keep up these festivities, singing the same song over and over again, and dancing and stamping, with their legs and arms flying about like the wings of a semaphore, as they move slowly round and round in the same circle and on the same ground; their heads and bodies lolling to and fro in harmony with the rest of the dance, which is always kept at more even measure when, as on this occasion, there were some village drums beating the measure they were wont to move by.

12*th*.—The caravan got under way by 6 A.M., and we marched thirteen miles to a village in the southern extremity of the Unyambéwa district. Fortunately tempers, like butterflies, soon change state. The great distractor Time, together with the advantage of distance, has produced such a salutary effect on the Belooches' minds, that this morning's start was accomplished to the merry peals of some native homely ditty, and all moved briskly forward. This was the more cheering to me because it was the first occasion of their having shown such signs of good feeling by singing in chorus on the line of march. The first five miles lay over flattish ground winding amongst low straggling hills of the same formation as the whole surface of the Unyamuézi province, which is diversified with small hills composed of granite outcrops. As we proceeded, the country opened into an extensive plain, covered, as we found it at first, with rich cultivation, and then succeeded by a slender tree forest, amongst which we espied some antelopes, all very wary and difficult of approach. At the ninth mile was a pond of sweet water, the greatest luxury in the desert. Here I ordered a halt for half an hour, and made a hearty breakfast on cold meat, potted Tanganyika shrimps, ronelle jelly, with other delicacies, and coffee. The latter article was bought from the Kazeh merchants. Towards the close of the journey a laughable scene took place between an ivory caravan of Wasukumas* and my own. On nearing each other, the two kirangozis or leaders slowly advanced, marching in front of the single-file order in which caravans worm along these twisting narrow tracks, with heads awry, and eyes steadfastly fixed on one another, and with their bodies held motionless and strictly poised, like rams preparing for a fight, rushed in with their heads down, and butted continuously till one gave way. The rest of the caravan then broke up their order of march, and commenced a general mêlée. In my ignorance—for it was the first time I had seen such a scrimmage—I hastened to the front with my knobbed stick, and began reflecting where I could make best use of it in dividing the combatants, and should no doubt have laid to, if I only could have distinguished friend from foe; but both parties, being black, were so alike, that I hesitated until they stopped to laugh at my excited state, and assured me that it was only the enactment of a common custom in the country when two strange caravan-leaders meet, and each doubts who should take the supremacy in choice of side. In two minutes more the antagonists broke into broad laughter, and each went his way. The villages about here are numerous, and the country, after passing the forest, is highly cultivated, and affords plenty of provisions; but unfortunately as yet the white beads which I have brought have no value with the natives, and I cannot buy those little luxuries, eggs, butter, and milk, which have such a powerful influence in making one's victuals good and palatable; whereas there is such a rage for coloured beads, that if I had brought some, I might purchase anything.

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* Sukuma means north, and the Wasukumas are consequently northmen, or northern Wanyamuézi.

13th.—The caravan started at 6.30 A.M., and after travelling eight miles over an open, waving, well-cultivated country, stopped at the last village in Unyambéwa. The early morning before starting was wasted by the Pagazis "striking" for more cloth, and refusing to move unless I complied with their demand. I peremptorily refused, and they then tried to wheedle me out of beads. In demanding cloth, they pretended that they were suffering from the chilling cold of night—a pretence too absurd to merit even a civil reply. I then explained to my head men that I would rather anything happened than listen to such imposture as this; for did the men once succeed by tricks of this sort, there would never be an end to their trying it on, and it would ultimately prove highly injurious to future travellers, especially to merchants. On the route we had nothing to divert the attention, save a single Wasukumas caravan proceeding southwards to Unyanyembé. A sultana called Ungugu governs this district. She is the first and only female that we have seen in this position, though she succeeded to it after the custom of the country. I imagine she must have had a worthless husband, since every sultan can have as many wives as he pleases, and the whole could never have been barren. I rallied the porters for pulling up after so short a march, but could not induce them to go on. They declared that forests of such vast extent lay on ahead, that it would be quite impossible to cross them before the night set in. In the evening I had a second cause for being vexed at this loss of time, when every mile and hour was of so much importance; for by our halt the sultana got news of my arrival, and sent a messenger to request the pleasure of my company at her house on the morrow. In vain I pleaded for permission to go and see her that moment, or to do so on my return from the Nyanza; her envoy replied that the day was so far spent, I could not arrive at her abode till after dark, and she would not have the pleasure of seeing me sufficiently well. He therefore begged I would attend to the letter of her request, and not fail to visit her in the morning.

The lazy Pagazis, smelling flesh, also aided the deputy in his endeavours to detain me, by saying that they could not oppose her majesty's will, lest at any future time, when they might want again to pass that way, she should take her revenge upon them. Though this may be considered a very reasonable excuse, I doubt much, if their interests had lain the opposite way, whether they would have been so cautious. However, it was not difficult to detect their motives for bringing forward such an urgent reason against me, as it is a custom in this country that every wealthy traveller or merchant shall pay a passport-fee, according to his means, to the sultan of the country he travels through, who, in return, gives a cow or goat as a mark of amity; and this is always shared amongst the whole caravan.

14th.—The sultana's house was reported to be near, so I thought to expedite the matter by visiting her in person, and thus perhaps probably gaining an afternoon's march. Otherwise to have sent the Jemadar with a present would have been sufficient, for these creatures are pure Mammonists. Vain hope, trying to do anything in a hurry in Negroland! I started early in the morning, unfortified within, and escorted by two Belooches, the Kirangozi, three porters, Bombay, and Mabruk. The necessary presents were also taken: these consisted of one barsati,[*] one dhoti Amerikan,[†] and one shukka kiniki.[‡] This latter article was to be kept in reserve, to throw in at last and close with, as further demands beyond what is given are invariably made. After walking six miles over a well-cultivated plain, I felt anxious to know what they meant by "near," and was told, as usual, that the house was close at hand. Distrustful, but anxious to complete the business as speedily as possible (for to succeed in Africa one must do everything one's-self), I followed the envoy across one of the waves that diversify the face of the country, descended into a well-cultivated trough-like depression, and mounted a second wave six miles further on. Here at last, by dint of perseverance, we had the satisfaction of seeing the palisadoed royal abode. We entered it by an aperture in the tall slender stakes which surround the dwellings and constitute the palisading, and after following up a passage constructed of the same material as the outer fence, we turned suddenly into a yard full of cows—a substitute for an anteroom. Arrived there, the negroes at once commenced beating a couple of large drums, half as tall as themselves, made something like a beer-barrel, covered on the top with a cow-skin stretched tightly over, by way of a drum-head. This drumming was an announcement of our arrival, intended as a mark of regal respect. For ten minutes we were kept in suspense, my eyes the while resting upon the milk-pots which were being filled at mid-day, but I could not get a drop. At the expiration of that time, a body of slaves came rushing in, and hastily desired us to follow them. They led us down the passage by which we entered, and then turned up another one similarly constructed, which brought us into the centre of the sultana's establishment—a small court, in which the common negrò mushroom huts, with ample eaves, afforded us grateful shelter from the blazing sun. A cow-skin was now spread, and a wooden stool set for me, that I might assume a better state than my suite, who were squatted in a circle around me. With the usual precaution of African nobles, the lady's maid was first sent to introduce herself—an ugly halting creature, very dirtily garbed, but possessing a smiling, contented face. Her kindly mien induced me, starving and thirsty as I was, after my twelve miles' walk, to ask for eggs and milk—great luxuries, considering how long I had been deprived of them. They were soon procured, and devoured with a voracity that must have astonished the bystanders. The maid, now satisfied there was nothing to fear, whether from ghost, goblin, or white face, retired and brought her mistress, a short stumpy old dame, who had seen at least some sixty summers. Her nose was short, squat, and flabby at the end, and her eyes were bald of brows or lashes; but still she retained great energy of manner, and was blessed with an ever-smiling face. The dress she wore consisted of an old barsati, presented by some Arab merchant, and was if anything dirtier than her maid's attire. The large joints of all her fingers were bound up with small copper wire, her legs staggered under an immense accumulation of anklets made of brass wire wound round elephant's tail or zebra's hair; her arms were decorated with huge solid brass rings, and from other thin brass wire bracelets depended a great assortment of wooden, brazen, horn, and ivory ornaments, cut in every-shape of talismanic peculiarity. Squatting by my side, the sultana at once shook hands. Her nimble fingers then first manipulated my shoes (the first point of notice in these bare-footed climes), then my overalls, then my waistcoat, more particularly the buttons, and then my coat—this latter article being so much admired, that she wished I would present it to her, to wear upon her own fair person. Then my hands and fingers were mumbled, and declared to be as soft as a child's, and my hair was likened to a lion's mane. "Where is he going?" was the all-important query. This, without my understanding, was readily answered by a dozen voices, thus: "He is going to the Lake, to barter his cloth for large hippopotami teeth." Satisfied with this plausible story, she retired into privacy, and my slave, taking the hint, soon followed with the kuhongo,* duly presented it, and begged permission in my name to depart. But as she had always given a bullock to the Arabs who visited her, I also must accept one from her, though she could not realise the fact that so scurvy a present as mine could be intended for her, whose pretensions were in no way inferior to those of the Unyanyembé Sultan. An Arab could not have offered less, and this was a rich Mzengu! Misfortunes here commenced anew: the bullock she was desirous of giving was out grazing, and could not be caught until the evening, when all the cattle are driven in together. Further, she could not afford to lose so interesting a personage as her guest, and volunteered to give me a shakedown for the night. I begged she would consider my position—the absolute necessity for my hurrying—and not insist on my acceptance of the bullock, or be offended by my refusing her kind offer to remain there, but permit our immediate departure. She replied that the word had gone forth, so the animal must be given; and if I still persisted in going, at any rate three porters could remain behind, and drive it on afterwards. To this I reluctantly consented, and only on the Kirangozi's promise to march the following morning. Then, with the usual farewell salutation, "Kuaheré, Mzungu," from my pertinacious hostess, I was not sorry to retrace my steps, a good five hours' walk. We re-entered camp at 7.20 P.M., which is long after dark in these regions so near to the equator. All palaces here are like all the common villages beyond Unyamuézi proper, and are usually constructed on the same principle as this one. They consist of a number of mushroom-shaped grass huts, surrounded by a tall slender palisading, and having streets or passages of the same wooden construction, some winding, some straight, and others crosswise, with outlets at certain distances leading into the different courts, each court usually containing five or six huts partitioned off with poles as the streets are. These courts serve for dividing the different families, uncles and cousins occupying some, whilst slaves and their relatives live in others. Besides this, they have their cattle-yards. If the site of the village be on moist or soft ground, it is usual, in addition to the palisading, to have it further fortified by a moat or evergreen fence.

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[*] *Barsati*—a coloured cloth.

[†] One dhoti = 2 shukkas; 1 shukka = 4 cubits, or 2 yards Amerikan (American sheeting).

[‡] *Kiniki*—a thin indigo-dyed cloth.

15th.—We left Unyambéwa at 7 A.M., and reached a village in the Ibanda district, having marched seven miles over flat ground, growing fine crops in some places, with the remainder covered by the usual slender forest trees. The road was very good and regular. In the afternoon the three porters arrived with the sultana's bullock, and were attended by her nephew and managing man, and by some of her slaves as drivers. The nephew asked first for some more presents in her name; as this was refused, he requested something for the drivers. I gave them a cloth, and he then pleaded for himself, as he had sacrificed so much time and trouble for me. I satisfied him with one fundo of beads (a bunch of beads sufficient to form ten khetes or necklaces), and we parted; a full khete is a string of beads double the length of the fore-arm, or sufficiently long to encircle the neck twice. The Beloochees, finding that nothing but the coarsest grains were obtainable with the white beads they had received, petitioned for and obtained a shukka, but under the proviso of their always assisting me to urge on the lazy porters. This they not only agreed to do, but also declared themselves willing to execute any orders I might give them; they looked upon me as their Ma, Bap (mother and father, a Hindostani expression, significant of everything, or entire dependence on one as a son on his parents), and considered my interests their interests.

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* *Kuhongo*—present.

16*th*.—We started at 6 A.M., and travelled eleven miles to Ukamba, a village in the district of Msalala, which is held by a tribe called Wamanda. The first four miles lay over the cultivated plain of Ibanda, till we arrived at the foot of a ridge of hills which, gradually closing from the right, intersects the road, and runs into a hilly country extending round the western side of the aforesaid plain. We now crossed the range, and descended into a country more closely studded with the same description of small hills, but highly cultivated in the valleys and plains that separate them. About twelve miles to the eastward of Ukamba live a tribe called Wasongo, and to the west, at twenty miles' distance, are the Waqnandas. To-day was fully verified the absolute futility of endeavouring to march against time in these wild countries. The lazy Pagazis finding themselves now, as it were, in clover, a country full of all the things they love, would not stir one step after 11 A.M. Were time of no consequence, and coloured beads in store, such travelling as this would indeed be pleasant. For the country here, so different from the Ujiji line, affords not only delightful food for the eyes, but abounds in flesh, milk, eggs, and vegetables of every variety. The son of the Mséné Sultan, who lives between Unyanyembé and Ujiji, and became great friends with us when travelling there, paid me a visit today. He caught me at work with my diary and instruments, and being struck with veneration at the sight of my twirling compass and literary pursuits, thought me a magician, and begged that I would cast his horoscope, divine the probable extent of his father's life, ascertain if there would be any wars, and describe the weather, the prospects of harvest, and what future state the country would lapse into. The shrewd Bombay replied, to save me trouble, that so great a matter required more days of contemplation than I could afford to give. Provisions were very dear when purchased with white beads, for they were not the fashion, and the people were indifferent to them. I paid him one loin-cloth for four fowls and nine eggs, though had I had coloured beads I might have purchased one hen per khete (or necklace). Had this been a cloth-wearing instead of bead-decorating nation, I should have obtained forty fowls for one shukka (or loin-cloth), that being the equivalent value with beads, and, according to Zanzibar money, would be one dollar. It is always foolish to travel without an assortment of beads, in consequence of the tastes of the different tribes varying so much, and it is more economical in the long-run to purchase high-priced than low-priced beads when making up the caravan at Zanzibar, for every little trader buys the cheaper sorts, stocks the country with them, and thus makes them common.

17*th*.—This day, like all the preceding ones, is delightful, and worthy of drawing forth an exclamation, like the Indian Griff's, of "what a fine day this is again!" We started at 7 A.M., and travelled thirteen miles, with fine bracing air, so cold in the morning that my fingers tingled with it. We were obliged here to diverge from the proper road *vià* Sarengé to avoid a civil war—the one before alluded to, and to escape which I had engaged the second guide—between two young chiefs, brothers of the Wamanda tribe, who were contending for the reins of government on the principle that might ought to give the stronger right. Our new course led us out of the Msalala into the Uyombo district, which is governed by a sultan called Mihambo. He paid me a visit and presented a sheep—a small present, for he was a small chief, and could not demand a kuhongo. I gave in return one shukka Amerikan and one shukka kiniki. Here all the people were very busily engaged in their harvest, cutting their jowari, and thrashing it out with long sticks. The whole country lies in long waves crested with cropping little hills, thickly clad with small trees and brushwood. In the hollows of these waves the cultivation is very luxuriant. Here I unfortunately had occasion to give my miserable Goanese cook-boy a sound dressing, as the only means left of checking his lying, obstinate, destructive, wasteful, and injurious habit of intermeddling. This raised the creature's choler, and he vowed vengeance to the death, seconding his words with such a fiendish, murderous look, his eyes glistening like an infuriated tiger's, that I felt obliged to damp his temerity and freedom of tongue by further chastisement, which luckily brought him to a proper sense of his duty.

18*th.*—We left at 7 A.M., and travelled ten miles to Ukuni. The country still continues of the same rich and picturesque character, and retains daily the same unvarying temperature. On the road we met a party of Wayombos, who, taking advantage of the Wamandas disturbances, had lifted some forty or fifty head of their cattle in perfect security. I saw two albinos in this village, one an old woman with greyish eyes, and the other young, who ran away from fright, and concealed herself in a hut, and would not show again although beads were offered as an inducement for one moment's peep. The old lady's skin was of an unwholesome fleshy-pink hue, and her hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were a light yellowish white. This march was shortened by two Pagazis falling sick. I surmised this illness to be in consequence of their having gorged too much beef, to which they replied that everybody is sure to suffer pains in the stomach after eating meat, if the slayer of the animal happens to protrude his tongue and clench it with his teeth during the process of slaughtering. At last the white beads have been taken, but at the extravagant rate of two khetes for four eggs, the dearest I ever paid.

19*th.*—The caravan proceeded at 6 A.M., and after going eight miles re-entered the Msalala district's frontier, where we put up in a village three miles beyond the border. The country throughout this march may be classed in two divisions, one of large and extensively cultivated plains, with some fine trees about; and the other of small irregularly disposed hills, the prevailing granitic outcrops of this region. There is no direct line northwards here, so we had to track about, and hit upon the lines between the different villages, which enhanced our trouble and caused much delay. At this place I witnessed the odd operation of brother-making. It consists in the two men desirous of a blood-tie being seated face to face on a cow's hide with their legs stretched out as wide to the front as their length will permit, one pair overlapping the other. They then place their bows and arrows across their thighs, and each holds a leaf; at the same time a third person, holding a pot of oil or butter, makes an incision above their knees, and requires each to put his blood on the other's leaf, and mix a little oil with it, when each anoints himself with the brother-salve. This operation over, the two brothers bawl forth the names and extent of their relatives, and swear by the blood to protect the other till death. Ugogo, on the highway between the coast and Ujiji, is a place so full of inhabitants compared with the other places on that line, that the coast people quote it as a wonderful instance of high population; but this district astonished all my retinue. The road to-day was literally thronged with a legion of black humanity so exasperatingly bold, that nothing short of the stick could keep them from jostling me. Poor creatures! they said they had come a long way to see, and now must have a good long stare; for when was there ever a Mzungu here before?

20*th.*—We broke ground at 6 A.M., and after travelling through high cultivation six miles, were suddenly stopped by a guard of Wamandas, sent by Kurua, a sultan of that tribe, and chief of the division we were marching in. Their business was to inform us that if we wished to travel to the Lake, the sultan would give directions to have us escorted by another route, as his eldest brother was disputing the rights of government with him along the line we were now pursuing; and added, that our intentions would be only known to him by the part we might choose to take. These constant interruptions were becoming very troublesome; so as we were close to the confines of these two malcontents, I was anxious to force our way on, and agreed to do so with the Beloochees. But the tiresome, lazy, flesh-seeking Pagazis saw a feast in prospect by the sultan's arrangement, and would not move an inch. Further, the Kirangozi requested his discharge if I was otherwise than peacefully inclined. The guard then led us to Mgogwa, the sultan's village a little off the road. Kurua is a young man, not very handsome himself, but has two beautiful young wives. They secured me a comfortable house, showed many attentions, and sent me a bowl of fresh sweetmilk, the very extreme of savage hospitality. In the evening he presented me with a bullock. This I tried to refuse, observing that flesh was the prime cause of all my hindrances; but nothing would satisfy him; I must accept it, or he would be the laughing-stock of everybody for inhospitality. If I gave nothing in return, he should be happy as long as his part of host was properly fulfilled. Salt, according to the sultan, is only to be found here in the same efflorescent state in which I saw it yesterday—a thin coating overspreading the ground, as though flour had been sprinkled there.

27th.—Halt. I gave the sultan, as a return present, one dhoti Amerikan and six cubits kiniki, what I thought to be just the value of his bullock. His kindness was undoubtedly worthy of a higher reward, but I feared to excite these men's cupidity, as there is no end to their tricks and finesse, whenever they find a new chance of gain, and I now despaired of accomplishing my task in time. However, Kurua seemed quite happy under the circumstances, and considered the exchange of kuhongos a bond of alliance, and proclaimed that we were henceforth to be brothers. He then said he would accompany me back to Unyanyembé, on my return from the Lake, and would exchange any of his cows that I might take a fancy to for powder, which I said I had there. The quantity of cattle in Msalala surpasses anything I have seen in Africa. Large droves, tended by a few men each, are to be seen in every direction over the extensive plains, and every village is filled with them at night. The cultivation also is as abundant as the cattle are numerous, and the climate is delightful. To walk till breakfast, 9 A.M., every morning, I find a luxury, and thence till noon I ride with pleasure; but the next three hours, though pleasant in a hut, are too warm to be agreeable under hard exertion. The evenings and the mornings, again, are particularly serene, and the night after 10 P.M., so cold as to render a blanket necessary. But then you must remember that all the country about these latitudes, on this meridian, 33° east, is at an altitude of 3500 to 4000 feet. My dinner to-day was improved by the addition of tomatoes and the bird's-eye chili—luxuries to us, but which the negroes, so different from Indians, never care about, and seldom grow. The cotton-plant is as fine here as at Unyanyembé or Ujiji, and anything would grow with only the trouble of throwing down the seed. It is a great pity that the country is not in better hands. From all I can gather, there is no fixed revenue paid to these sultans; all their perquisites are occasional kuhongos received from travellers; a per-centage on all foreign seizures whether by battle or plunder; and a certain part of all windfalls, such as a share of the sportsman's gamebag, in the shape of elephant's tusks or flesh or the skins of any wild animals; otherwise they live by the sweat of the brow of their slaves, in tilling their ground, tending their cattle, or trafficking for them in slaves and ivory. It seems destined that I should never reach the goal of my ambition. To-day the Jemadar finds himself too unwell to march, and two other Belooches say the same. This is an effectual obstacle; for the guard declares itself too weak to divide, and the sultan blows on the fire of my mortification by saying that these are troubled times, and advises our keeping all together. He says that his differences have been going on these five years with his eldest brother, and now he wishes to bring them to a crisis, which he proposes doing after my return, when he will obtain powder from me, and will have the preponderating influence of Arab opinion brought to bear in his favour by the aid of their guns—an impressive dodge which Africa has of proving right in its own way.

22d.—After much groaning and

grumbling, I got the sick men on their legs by 7 A.M., and we marched eight miles to Senagongo, the boma* (palisade) of Sultan Kanoni, Kurua's second brother. These two younger brothers side together against the eldest. They are all by different mothers, and think the father's property should fairly come to all alike. It is a glaring instance of the bad effects of a plurality of wives; and being contrary to our constitutional laws of marriage, I declined giving them an opinion as to who was right or wrong.

To avoid the seat of war my track was rather tortuous. On the east or right side the country was open, and afforded a spacious view; but on the west this was limited by an irregularly-disposed series of low hills. Cultivation and scrub-jungle alternated the whole way. The miserable Goanese, like a dog slinking off to die, slipped away behind the caravan, and hid himself in the jungle to suffer the pangs of fever in solitude. I sent men to look for him in vain; party succeeded party in the search, till at last night set in without his appearing. It is singular in this country to find how few men escape some fever or other sickness, who make a sudden march after living a quiet stationary life. It appears as if the bile got stirred, suffused the body, and, exciting the blood, produced this effect. I had to admonish a silly Belooch, who, foolishly thinking that powder alone could not hurt a man, fired his gun off into a mass of naked human legs, in order, as he said, to clear the court. The consequence was, that at least fifty pairs got covered with numerous small bleeding wounds, all dreadfully painful from the saltpetre contained in the powder. It was fortunate that the sultan was a good man, and was present at the time it occurred, else a serious row might have been the consequence of this mischievous trick.

23*d*.—Halt. We fired alarm-guns all night to no purpose; so at daybreak three different parties, after receiving particular orders how to scour the country, were sent off at the same time to search for Gaetano. Fortunately the Beloochees obeyed my injunctions, and at 10 A.M. returned with the man, who looked for all the world exactly like a dog who, guilty of an indiscretion, is being brought in disgrace before his master to receive a flogging; for he knew I had a spare donkey for the sick, and had constantly warned the men from stopping behind alone in these lawless countries. The other two parties adopting, like true Easterns, a better plan of their own, spent the whole day ranging wildly over the country, fruitlessly exerting themselves, and frustrating any chance of my getting even an afternoon's march. Kanoni very kindly sent messengers all over his territory to assist in the search: he, like Kurua, has taken every opportunity to show me those little pleasing attentions which always render travelling agreeable. These Wamandas are certainly the most noisy set of beings that I ever met with: commencing their fêtes in the middle of the village every day at 8 P.M., with screaming, yelling, rushing, jumping, sham-fighting, drumming, and singing in one collective inharmonious noise, they seldom cease till midnight. Their villages, too, are everywhere much better protected by bomas (palisading) than is usual in Africa, arguing that they are a rougher and more warlike people than the generality. If shoved aside, or pushed with a stick, they show their savage nature by turning fiercely like a fatted pig upon whoever tries to poke it up.

24*th*.—The march commenced at 7 A.M., and here we again left the direct road to avoid a third party of belligerent Wamandas, situated in the northern extremity of the Msalala district, on the highway between Unyanyembé and the Lake. On bidding the sultan adieu, he was very urgent in his wishes that I should take a bullock from him. This I told him I should willingly have accepted, only that it would delay my progress; and he, more kindly than the other chief, excused me. Finding that none of our party knew the road, he advanced a short way with us, and generously

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**Boma*—a palisade. A village or collection of huts so fortified is called so also.

offered to furnish us with a guide to the Lake and back, saying that he would send one of his own men after us to a place he appointed with my Kirangozi. I expressed my gratitude for his thoughtful consideration, and we parted with warm regard for one another. Unfortunately, Bombay, who is not the clearest man in the world in expressing himself, stupidly bungled the sultan's arrangement, and we missed the man. To keep the Pagazis going was a matter of no little difficulty: after the fifth mile they persisted in entering every village that they came across, and throwing down their loads, were bent upon making an easy day's work of it. I, on the contrary, was equally persistent in going on, and neither would allow the Belooches to follow them nor entered the villages myself, until they, finding their game of no avail, quietly shouldered their loads, and submitted to my orders. This day's journey was twelve miles over a highly-cultivated, waving country, at the end of which we took up our abode in a deserted village called Kahama.

25th.—We got under way at 7 A.M., and marched seven and a half hours, when we entered a village in the district of Nindo, nineteen miles distant. After passing through a belt of jungle three miles broad, we came upon some villages amidst a large range of cultivation. This passed, we penetrated a large wilderness of thorn and bush jungle, having sundry broad grassy flats lying at right angles to the road. Here I saw a herd of hartebeests, giraffes, and other animals, giving to the scene a truly African character. The tracks of elephants and different large beasts prove that this place is well tenanted in the season. The closeness of the jungle and evenness of the land prevented my taking any direct observations with the compass; but the mean oscillations of its card showed a course with northing again. This being a long stage, I lent my ass to a sick Belooch, and we accomplished the journey, notwithstanding the great distance, in a pleasant and spirited manner. This despatch may in part be attributable to there being so much desert, and the beloved "grub" and the village lying ahead of us luring the men on.

26th.—We broke ground at 7 A.M., and after passing the village cultivation, entered a waterless wilderness of thorn and tree forest, with some long and broad plains of tall grass intersecting the line of march. These flats very much resemble some we crossed when travelling close to and parallel with the Malagarazi river; for by the cracked and flawy nature of the ground, now parched up by a contant drought, it shows that this part gets inundated in the wet season. Indeed, this peculiar grassy flat formation suggests the proximity of a river everywhere in Africa; and I felt sure, as afterwards proved true, that a river was not far from us. The existence of animal life is another warranty of water being near; elephants and buffaloes cannot live a day without it. Fortunately for my mapping, a small conical hill overtopped the trees in advance of our track, at twelve miles from the starting-point. We eventually passed alongside of it, and travelled on six miles farther to a village in the cultivated plain of Salawé, a total distance of eighteen miles. The whole country about here was covered with harvest-workers, who, on seeing my approach, left off work and followed me into the village. As nothing proves better the real feelings and natural propensities of a nation than the impulsive actions of the children, I will give a striking instance, as it occurred to me to-day. On seeing a child approach me, I offered him a handful of beads, upon which the greedy little urchin snatched them from my hand with all the excited eagerness of a monkey. He clenched tight hold of them in his little fists, and, without the slightest show of any emotions of gratitude, retired, carrying his well-earned prize away with a self-satisfied and perfectly contented air, not even showing the beads to his parents or playmates. I called Bombay's attention to this transaction, and contrasted it with the joyful, grateful manner in which an English child would involuntarily act if suddenly become possessed of so much wealth, by hurrying off to his mamma, and showing what fine things the kind gentleman had given him. Bombay passed on my remark with a twelvemonth's grin upon his face, to his inquiring brother, Mabruk, and then explained the matter to his sooty friends around, declaring that such tumma (avaricious) propensities were purely typical of the Seedi's nature. At the usual hour of departure this morning, the Kirangozi discovered that the Pagazis' feet were sore from the late long marches, and declared that they could not walk. To this the Jemadar replied that the best asylum for such complaints was on ahead, where the sahib proposed to kill some goats, and rest a day. The Kirangozi replied, "But the direct road is blocked up by wars; if a march must be made, I will show another route three marches longer round." "That," answered the Jemadar, "is not your business; if any troubles arise from marauders, we, the Belooches, are the fighting men—leave that to us." At last the Kirangozi, getting quite disconcerted, declared that there was no water on the way. "Then," quoth the energetic Jemadar, "were your gourds made for nothing? if you don't pack up at once, you and my stick shall make acquaintance." The party was then off in a moment. On the way we met some herdsmen driving their cattle to Unyanyembé, and inquired from them the state of the road. They said that the country beyond a certain distance was safe and quiet, but corroborated the Kirangozi's statement as to warriors being in the immediate neighbourhood, who came and visited this place from the west, where is the northern extremity of the Msalala district. Several varieties of antelopes were seen, and the Belooches fired at an ostrich. As in the last place, no milk could be obtained, for the people, fearing the Wamandas, had driven off their cattle to the northward. It is evident, from the general nakedness of the people, that cloth or beads do not find their way much here, which is accounted for by so few merchants ever coming this way. Hardly a neck here is decorated, and they seldom wear anything but the common goat-skin covering, hung over the shoulder by a strap or string like a game-bag, which covers only one hip at a time, and might as well be dispensed with as far as decency is concerned; but at night they take it off, and spread it on the ground to protect themselves from the cold and moisture of the earth. This district is occupied by a tribe called Waumba; to the east of it, thirty miles distant, are the Wanatiya, and thirty miles westward, the Wazinza tribes.

27th.—At 6 A.M. we crawled through the opening in the palisading which forms the entrances of these villages, and at once perceived a tall, narrow pillar of granite, higher than Pompey's at Alexandria, or Nelson's Monument in Charing Cross, towering above us, and having sundry huge boulders of the same composition standing around its base, much in the same peculiar way as we see at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. This scene strikes one with wonderment at the oddities of nature, and taxes one's faculties to imagine how on earth the stones ever became tilted up in this extraordinary position; but farther on, about five miles distant, we encountered another and even higher pillar, that quite overtopped the trees and everything about it. This and the former one served as good station-marks for the whole journey, the latter being visible at eight miles' distance. After the first eight miles, which terminates the cultivated district of Salawé, the track penetrated a waterless desert of thorn and small tree forest, lying in a broad valley between low hills. As the sick Belooch still occupied my steadier donkey Ted, I was compelled to mount the half-broken Jenny—so playful with her head and heels, that neither the Shaykh nor any other man dared sit upon her. The man's sickness appears to be one of those eccentric complaints, the after-effects of African fevers: it was attended with severe pain, and swelling extending over the stomach, the right side, the right arm, and the right half of the neck, depriving him of sleep and repose. In every position, whether sitting, lying, standing, rising up, or sitting down, he complained of aching muscles. I purchased a goat and sheep for the men for one dhoti Amerikan.

28th.—Halt. This stoppage was for the restoration of wounded feet, the Pagazis' being all blistered by the last four long marches. I now slaughtered and gave the two purchased animals to the men, as no one grumbled at my refusing the last bullock, a recognised present for the whole party, though nominally given to the Sahib. These people, like the Arabs, and all those who have many wives, seem to find little enjoyment in that domestic bliss so interesting and beautiful in our English homes. Except on rare occasions, the husband never dines with his wife and family, always preferring the exclusive society of his own sex; even the boys, disdaining to dine with their mothers, mess with the men; whilst the girls and women, having no other option, eat a separate meal by themselves.

29th.—We started at 6 A.M., and marched thirteen miles to a village at the northern extremity of the district. The face of the country is still very irregular, sometimes rising into hills, at other times dropping into dells, but very well cultivated in the lower portion; whilst the brown granite rocks, with trees and brushwood covering the upper regions, diversify the colouring, and form a pleasing contrast to the scene; added to this, large and frequent herds graze about the fields and amongst the villages, and give animation to the whole. Amongst the trees, palms here take a prominent part. Indeed, for tropical scenery, there are few places that could equal this; and if the traveller, as he moves along, surrounded by the screeching, howling, inquisitive savages, running rudely about, and boisterously jostling him, could only divest himself of the idea that he is a bear baited by a yelping pack of hounds, the journey would be replete with enjoyment. Crossing some hills, the caravan sprang a covey of guinea-fowls, and at some springs in a valley I shot several couple of sand-grouse, darker in plumage than any I ever saw in Africa or India, and not quite so big as the Thibet bird. The chief of the village offered me a bullock, but as the beast did not appear until the time of starting, I declined it. Neither did I give him any cloth, being convinced in my mind that these and other animals have always been brought to me by the smaller chiefs at the instigation of the Kirangozi, and probably aided by the rest of the flesh-loving party in general. The Jemadar must have been particularly mortified at my way of disposing of the business, for he talked of nothing else but flesh and the animal from the moment it was sent for, his love for butcher-meat amounting almost to a frenzy. The sandstone in this region is highly impregnated with iron, and smelters do a good business; indeed, the iron for nearly all the tools and cutlery that are used in this division of Eastern Africa is found and manufactured here. It is the Brummagem of the land, and has not only rich but very extensive iron-fields stretching many miles north, east, and west. I brought some specimens away. Cloth is little prized in this especially bead country, and I had to pay the ridiculous sum of one dhoti kiniki for one pot of honey and one pot of ghee (clarified butter).

30th.—The caravan started at 6 A.M., and travelled four miles northwards, amidst villages and cultivation. From this point, on facing to the left, I could discern a sheet of water about four miles from me, which ultimately proved to be a creek, and the most southern point of the Great Nyanza, which, as I have said before, the Arabs described to us as the Ukerewé Sea. We soon afterwards descended into a grassy and jungly depression, and arrived at a deep, dirty, viscid nullah (a water course that only runs in wet weather), draining the eastern country into the southern end of the creek. To cross this (which I will name Jordan for future reference), was a matter of no small difficulty, especially for the donkeys, whose fording seemed quite hopeless, until the Jemadar, assisted by two other Belooches, with blows and threats made the lazy Pagazis work, and dragged them through the mud by sheer force. This operation lasted so long that, after crossing, we made for the nearest village in the Uvira district, and completed a journey of eight miles. The country to the eastward appeared open and waving, but to the north and far west very hilly. The ground is fertile, and the flocks and herds very abundant. Hippopotami frequent the nullah at night, and reside there during the rainy season; but at this, the dry half of the year, they retreat to the larger waters of the creek. Rhinoceroses are said to pay nightly visits to fields around the villages, and commit sad havoc on the crops. The nullah, running from the south-east, drains the land in that direction; but a river, I hear, rising in the Msalala district, draws off the water from the lays we have recently been crossing, to the westward of our track, where its course lies, and empties it into the creek on the opposite side to where the nullah debouches.

31*st.*—On hearing that a shorter track than the Sukuma one usually frequented by the Arabs led to Muanza, the place Shaykh Snay advised my going to, I started by it at 8 A.M.; and after following it westward down the nullah's right bank a few miles, turned up northwards, and continued along the creek to a village, eight miles distant, at the further end of the Urima district, where we took up our quarters. The country has a mixed and large population of smiths, agriculturists, and herdsmen, residing in the flats and depressions which lie between the scattered little hills. During the rainy season, when the lake swells, and the country becomes super-saturated, the inundations are so great that all travelling becomes suspended. The early morning was wasted by the unreasonable Pagazis in the following absurd manner. It will be remembered that, on starting from Unyanyembé, these cunning rascals begged for cloth as a necessary protection against the cold. This seemed reasonable enough, if they had not just before that received their hire in cloth; for the nights were so cold that I should have been sorry to be as naked as they were; but their real motive for asking was only to increase their stock for this present occasion, as we now shall see. Two days ago, they broke ground with great difficulty, and only on my assuring them that I would wait at the place a day or two on my return from the lake, as they expressed their desire to make a few halts there, and barter their hire of cloth for jembés (iron hoes), to exchange again at Unyanyembé, where those things fetch double the price they do in these especially iron regions. Now to-day, these dissembling creatures, distrusting my word as they would their own brethren's, stoutly refused to proceed until their business was completed,—suspecting I should break my word on returning, and would not then wait for them. They had come all this way especially for their own benefit, and now meant to profit by their trouble. Fortunately, the Jemadar and some other Belooches, who of late had shown great energy and zeal in promoting my views, pointed out to them that they were really more bound to do my business than their own, as they had engaged to do so, and since they could never have come there at all excepting through my influence and by my cloths; further, if they bought their hoes then, they would have to carry them all the way to the Lake and back. The Kirangozi acknowledged the fairness of this harangue, and soon gave way; but it was not until much more arguing, and the adoption of other persuasive means, that the rest were induced to relinquish their determination.

1*st August.*—This day's march, commenced at 6 A.M., differs but little from the last. Following down the creek which, gradually increasing in breadth as it extended northwards, was here of very considerable dimensions, we saw many little islands, well-wooded elevations, standing boldly out of its waters, which, together with the hill-dotted country around, afforded a most agreeable prospect. Would that my eyes had been strong enough to dwell, unshaded, upon such scenery! but my French gray spectacles so excited the crowds of sable gentry who followed the caravan, and they were so boisterously rude, stopping and peering underneath my wide-awake to gain a better sight of my double eyes, as they chose to term them, that it became impossible for me to wear them. I therefore pocketed the instrument, closed my eyes, and allowed the donkey I was riding to be quietly pulled along. The evil effects of granting an indulgence to those who cannot appreciate it, was more obvious every day. To secure speed and contentment, I had indulged the Pagazis by hiring double numbers, and giving each only half a recognised burden; but what has been the return? Yesterday the Pagazis stopped at the eighth mile, because they said that so large a jungle was in our front that we could not cross it during daylight. I disbelieved their story, and gave them to understand, on submitting to their request, that I was sure their trick for stopping me would turn to their own disadvantage; for if my surmise proved true, as the morrow would show, I should give them no more indulgence, and especially no more meat. On our arrival to-day there was a great hubbub amongst them, because I ordered the Jemadar and Kirangozi, with many of their principal men, to sit in state before me; when I gave a cloth to the soldiers to buy a goat with, and, turning to the Kirangozi, told him I was sorry I was obliged to keep my word of yesterday, and, their story having proved false, I must depart from the principle I had commenced upon, of feeding both parties alike, and now they might feel assured that I would do nothing further for their comfort until I could see in them some desire to please me. The screw was on the tenderest part; a black man's belly is his god; and they no sooner found themselves deprived of their wonted feast, than they clamorously declared they would be my devoted servants; that they had come expressly to serve me, and were willing to do anything I wished. The village chief offered me a goat; but as it came at the last moment before starting, I declined it. To-day's track lay for the first half of the way over a jungly depression, where we saw ostriches, flonikans, and the small Saltiana antelopes; but as their shyness did not allow of an open approach, I amused myself by shooting partridges. During the remainder of the way, the caravan threaded between villages and cultivation lying in small valleys, or crossed over low hills, accomplishing a total distance of twelve miles. Here we put up at a village called Ukumbi, occupied by the Walaswanda tribe.

2d.—We set out at 6 A.M., and travelled thirteen miles by a tortuous route, sometimes close by the creek, at other times winding between small hills, the valleys of which were thickly inhabited by both agricultural and pastoral people. Here some small perennial streams, exuding from springs by the base of these hills, meander through the valleys, and keep all vegetable life in a constant state of verdant freshness. The creek still increases in width as it extends northward, and is studded with numerous small rocky island hills, covered with brushwood, which, standing out from the bosom of the deep-blue waters, reminded me of a voyage I once had in the Grecian Archipelago. The route also being so diversified with hills, afforded fresh objects of attraction at every turn, and to-day, by good fortune, the usually troublesome people have attended more to their harvest-making, and left me to the enjoyment of the scenery. My trusty Blissett made a flonikan pay the penalty of death for his temerity in attempting a flight across the track. The day's journey lasted thirteen miles, and brought us into a village called Isamiro.

3d.—The caravan, after quitting Isamiro, began winding up a long but gradually inclined hill—which, as it bears no native name, I will call Somerset—until it reached its summit, when the vast expanse of the pale-blue waters of the Nyanza burst suddenly upon my gaze. It was early morning. The distant sea-line of the north horizon was defined in the calm atmosphere between the north and west points of the compass; but even this did not afford me any idea of the breadth of the lake, as an archipelago of islands (*vide* map, Bengal Archipelago), each consisting of a single hill, rising to a height of 200 or 300 feet above the water, intersected the line of vision to the left; while on the right the western horn of the Ukerewé Island cut off any further view of its distant waters to the eastward of north. A sheet of water—an elbow of the sea, however, at the base of the low range on which I stood—extended far away to the eastward, to where, in the dim distance, a hummock-like elevation of the mainland marked what I understood to be the south and east angle of the lake. The large and important islands of Ukerewé and Mzita, distant about twenty or thirty miles, formed the visible north shore of this firth. The name of the former of these islands was familiar to us as that by which this long-desired lake was usually known. It is reported by the natives to be of no great extent; and though of no considerable elevation, I could discover several spurs stretching down to the water's edge from its central ridge of hills. The other island, Mzita, is of greater elevation, of a hog-backed shape, but being more distant, its physical features were not so distinctly visible. In consequence of the Northern islands of the Bengal Archipelago before mentioned obstructing the view, the western shore of the lake could not be defined; a series of low hill-tops extended in this direction as far as the eye could reach; while below me, at no great distance, was the debouchure of the creek, which enters the lake from the south, and along the banks of which my last three days' journey had led me. This view was one which, even in a well-known and explored country, would have arrested the traveller by its peaceful beauty. The islands, each swelling in a gentle slope to a rounded summit, clothed with wood between the rugged angular closely-cropping rocks of granite, seemed mirrored in the calm surface of the lake; on which I here and there detected a small black speck, the tiny canoe of some Muanza fisherman. On the gently shelving plain below me, blue smoke curled above the trees, which here and there partially concealed villages and hamlets, their brown thatched roofs contrasting with the emerald green of the beautiful milk-bush, the coral branches of which cluster in such profusion round the cottages, and form alleys and hedgerows about the villages as ornamental as any garden shrub in England. But the pleasure of the mere view vanished in the presence of those more intense and exciting emotions which are called up by the consideration of the commercial and geographical importance of the prospect before me. I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers. The Arab's tale was proved to the letter. This is a far more extensive lake than the Tanganyika; "so broad you could not see across it, and so long that nobody knew its length." * I had now the pleasure of perceiving that a map I had constructed on Arab testimony, and sent home to the Royal Geographical Society before leaving Unyanyembé, was so substantially correct that in its general outlines I had nothing whatever to alter. Further, as I drew that map after proving their first statements about the Tanganyika, which were made before my going there, I have every reason to feel confident of their veracity relative to their travels north through Karagwah, and to Kibuga in Uganda. When Shaykh Snay told us of the Ukerewé, as he called the Nyanza, on our first arrival at Kazeh, proceeding westward from Zanzibar, he said, "If you have come only to see a large bit of water, you had better go northwards and see the Ukerewé; for it is much greater in every respect than the Tanganyika;" and so, as far as I can ascertain, it is. Muanza, our journey's end, now lay at our feet. It is an open, well-cultivated plain on the southern end, and lies almost flush with the lake; a happy, secluded-looking corner, containing every natural facility to make life pleasant. After descending the hill, we followed along the borders of the lake, and at first entered the settlement, when the absence of boats arousing my suspicions, made me inquire where the Arabs, on coming to Muanza, and wishing to visit Ukerewé, usually resided. This, I heard, was some way further on; so

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* This magnificent sheet of water I have ventured to name VICTORIA, after our gracious Sovereign.—J. H. S.

with great difficulty I persuaded the porters to come away and proceed at once to where they said an Arab was actually living. It was a singular coincidence that, after Shaykh Snay's caution as to my avoiding Sultan Mahaya's village, by inquiring diligently about him yesterday, and finding no one who knew his name, the first person I should have encountered was himself, and that, too, in his own village. The reason of this was, that big men in this country, to keep up their dignity, have several names, and thus mystify the traveller. I then proceeded along the shore of the lake in an easterly direction, and on the way shot a number of red Egyptian geese, which were very numerous; they are the same sort here as I once saw in the Somali country. Another goose, which unfortunately I could not kill, is very different from any I ever saw or heard of; it stands as high as the Canadian bird, or higher, and is black all over, saving one little white patch beneath the lower mandible. It was fortunate that I came on here, for the Arab in question, called Mansur bin Salim, treated me very kindly, and he had retainers belonging to the country, who knew as much about the lake as anybody, and were of very great assistance. I also found a good station for making observations on the lake. It was Mansur who first informed me of my mistake of the morning, but said that the evil reports spread at Unyanyembé about Mahaya had no foundation; on the contrary, he had found him a very excellent and obliging person.

To-day we marched eight miles, and have concluded our journey northwards, a total distance of 226 miles from Kazeh, which, occupying twenty-five days, is at the rate of nine miles per diem, halts inclusive.

4th.—Early in the morning I took a walk of three miles easterly along the shore of the lake, and ascending a small hill (which, to distinguish it, I have called Observatory Hill), took compass-bearings of all the principal features of the lake. Mansur and a native, the greatest traveller of the place, kindly accompanied and gave me every obtainable information. This man had traversed the island, as he called it, of Ukerewé from north to south. But by his rough mode of describing it, I am rather inclined to think that instead of its being an actual island, it is a connected tongue of land, stretching southwards from a promontory lying at right angles to the eastern shore of the lake, which, being a wash, affords a passage to the mainland during the fine season, but during the wet becomes submerged, and thus makes Ukerewé temporarily an island. If this conjecture be true, Mzita must be similarly circumstanced. Cattle, he says, can cross over from the mainland at all seasons of the year, by swimming from one elevation of the promontory to another; but the Warudi, who live upon the eastern shore of the lake, and bring their ivory for sale to Ukerewé, usually employ boats for the transit. A sultan called Machunda lives at the southern extremity of the Ukerewé, and has dealings in ivory with all the Arabs who go there. One Arab at this time was stopping there, and had sent his men coasting along this said promontory to deal with the natives on the mainland, as he could not obtain enough ivory on the island itself. Considering how near the eastern shore of the lake is to Zanzibar, it appears surprising that it can pay men to carry ivory all the way round by Unyanyembé. But the Masai, and especially those tribes who live near to the lake, are so hostile to travellers, that the risk of going there is considered too great to be profitable, though all Arabs concur in stating that a surprising quantity of ivory is to be obtained there at a very cheap rate. The little hill alluded to as marking the south-east angle of the lake, I again saw; but so indistinctly, though the atmosphere was very clear, that I imagined it to be at least forty miles distant. It is due east of my station on Observatory Hill. I further draw my conclusions from the fact, that all the hills in the country are much about the same height—two or three hundred feet above the basial surface of the land; and I could only see the top of the hill like a hazy brown spot, contrasted in relief against the clear blue sky. Indeed, had my attention not been drawn to it, I probably should have overlooked it, and have thought there was only a sea horizon before me. On facing to the W.N.W., I could only see a sea horizon; and on inquiring how far back the land lay, was assured that, beyond the island of Ukerewé, there was an equal expanse of it east and west, and that it would be more than double the distance of the little hill before alluded to, or from eighty to one hundred miles in breadth. On my inquiring about the lake's length, the man faced to the north, and began nodding his head to it; at the same time he kept throwing forward his right hand, and, making repeated snaps of his fingers, endeavoured to indicate something immeasurable; and added, that nobody knew, but he thought it probably extended to the end of the world. To the east of the Observatory, a six hours' journey, probably fourteen or fifteen miles, the village of Sukuma is situated, and there canoes are obtainable for crossing to Ukerewé, which island being six hours paddling, and lying due north of it, must give the firth a breadth of about fifteen miles. Whilst walking back to camp, I shot two red geese and a florikan, like those I once shot in the Somali country. This must have been a dainty dish for my half-starved Arab companion, who had lost all his property on first arriving here, and was now living on Mahaya's generosity. It appears that nine months ago he was enabled, by the assistance of Mahaya, to hire some boats and men at Sukuma, and had sent his property, consisting of fifteen loads of cloth and 250 jembis or hoes by them to Ukerewé, to exchange for ivory. But by the advice of Mahaya, and fearing to trust himself as a stranger amongst the islanders, he did not accompany his merchandise. Sultan Machunda, a man of the highest character by Unyanyembé report, on seeing such a prize enter his port, gave orders for its seizure, and will now give no redress to the unfortunate Mansur. All Mahaya's exertions to recover it have proved abortive: and Mansur has therefore been desirous of taking his revenge by making an attack in person on Ukerewé, but the "generous" Mahaya said, "No, your life is yet safe, do not risk it; but let my men do what they can, and in the meanwhile, as I have been a party to your losses, I will feed you and your people; and if I do not succeed in the end, you shall be my guest until I can amass sufficient property to reimburse your losses." Mansur has all this time been living, like the slaves of the country, on jowari porridge, which is made by grinding the seed into flour and boiling it in water until it forms a good thick paste, when master and man sit round the earthen pot it is boiled in, pick out lumps, and suck it off their fingers. It was a delicious sight yesterday, on coming through Muanza, to see the great deference paid to Sich Belooch, Shadad, mistaken for the great Arab merchant (or Mundewa), my humble self, in consequence of his riding the donkey, and to perceive the stoical manner in which he treated their attentions; but, more fortunate than I usually have been, he escaped the rude peeping and peering of the crowd, for he did not, like his employer, wear "double eyes." During the last five or six marches, the word Marabu, for Arab, instead of Mzungu, European, has usually been applied to me; and no one, I am sure, would have discovered the difference, were it not that the tiresome Pagazis, to increase their own dignity and importance generally, gave the clue by singing the song of "the White Man." The Arabs at Unyanyembé had advised my donning their habit for the trip, in order to attract less attention: a vain precaution, which I believe they suggested more to gratify their own vanity in seeing an Englishman lower himself to their position, than for any benefit that I might receive by doing so. At any rate, I was more comfortable and better off in my flannel shirt, long togs, and wide-awake, than I should have been, both mentally and physically, had I degraded myself, and adopted their hot, long, and particularly uncomfortable gown.

Sultan Mahaya sent a messenger to say that he was hurt at the cavalier manner in which I treated him yesterday, and, to show his wounded feelings, gave an order to his subjects that no man should supply me with provisions, or render me any assistance during my sojourn at Muanza. Luckily my larder was well supplied with game, or I should have had to go supperless to bed, for no inducement would prevail on the people to sell anything to me after the mandate had been proclaimed. This morning, however, we settled the difference in the most amicable manner, thus: previously to my departure for Observatory Hill, I sent the Jemadar, the Kirangozi, and a large deputation of the Beloochees and Pagazis, to explain away the reason of my having left his house so rudely, and to tender apologies, which were accompanied, as an earnest of good-will, with a large kahongo, consisting of one barsati, one dhoti Amerikan, and one gora kiniki, as also an intimation that I would pay him a visit the next day. This pleased him excessively; it was considered a visit of itself; and he returned the usual bullock, with a notification that I must remain where I was, to enable him to return the compliment I had paid him, for he intended walking out to see me on the morrow.

5th.—As my time was getting short, I forestalled Mahaya in his intentions, and changed ground to the Sultanat, a rural-looking little place, perched on a small rocky promontory, shrouded by green trees, facing the N.W. side of the lake. Mahaya received me with great courtesy, arranged a hut comfortably, and presented a number of eggs and fresh milk, as he had heard that I was partial to such fare. He is a man of more than ordinary stature, a giant in miniature, with massive and muscular but well-proportioned limbs: he must number fifty years or more. His dress was the ordinary barsati; his arms were set off by heavy brass and copper ornaments encircling the wrists, and by numberless sambo, or thin circles made from the twisted fibres of an aloetic plant, on each of which a single infi, or white porcelain bead resembling a little piece of tobacco-pipe, was strung; these ranged in massive rows down the whole of his upper arm. Just above his elbow-joints sat a pair of large ivory rings. On his forehead two small goat or deer horns were fastened by thin talismanic ornaments of thong for keeping off the evil eye; and, finally, his neck was adorned with two strings of very coarse blue beads. Mahaya has the fame of being the best and most just sultan in these quarters, and his benign square countenance, lit up with a pleasing expression when in conversation, confirms this opinion, though a casual observer passing by that dark, broad, massive face, still more darkened by a matting of short, close, and tightly-curled-up ringlets, would be apt to carry away a contrary impression. Before leaving Kazeh, I notified my intention of visiting Ukerewé, supposing I could do so in three or four days, and explained to my men my wishes on this point. Hearing this, they told both Mahaya and Mansur, in direct terms, that I was going, and so needlessly set them to work finessing to show how much they were in earnest in their consideration of me. However, they have both been very warm in dissuading me from visiting Ukerewé, apparently quite in a parental way, for each seems to think himself in a measure my guardian. Mahaya thinks it his duty to caution those who visit him from running into danger, which a journey to Ukerewé, he considers, would be. Mansur, on the other hand, says, as I have come from his Sultan Majid, he also is bound to render me any assistance in his power; but strongly advises my giving up the notion of going across the water. I could get boats from Usukuma, he said, but there would be great delay in the business, as I should have first to send over and ask permission from Machunda to land, and then the collecting men and boats would occupy a long time. As regards the collection of boats taking a long time, these arguments are very fair, as I know from experience; but the only danger would consist in the circumstance of the two sultans being at enmity with each other, as in this land any one coming direct from an enemy's country is suspected and treated as an enemy. This difficulty I should have avoided by going straight to Sukuma (where the boats, I am inclined to think, usually do start from, though all concur in stating that this is their point of departure), and there obtaining boats direct. However, I told them that I should have gone if I had found boats ready at once to take me across; but now I saw the probability of so much delay, that I could not afford to waste time in trying to obtain boats, which, had I succeeded in getting, I should have employed my time not in going to Ukerewé, but to the more elevated and friendly island of Mzita, this being a more suitable observatory than the former. These negroes' manœuvres are quite incomprehensible. If Mahaya had desired to fleece me—and one can hardly give a despotic negro credit for anything short of that—he surely would have tried to detain me under false hopes, and have thus necessitated my spending cloths in his village, while, on the contrary, he lost all chance of gaining anything by giving advice, which induced me to leave him at once, never to return again to see him.

At my request, Mahaya assembled all his principal men, and we went into a discussion about the lake, but not a soul knew anything about its northern extremity, although people had sometimes travelled in canoes, coasting along its shores by the Karagwah district to as far, I believe, as the Line. His wife, a pretty, crummy little creature of the Wanyoro tribe, came farther from the north than anybody present, and gave me the names of many districts in the Uganda country, which, she says, lies along the sea-shore. She had never heard of there being any end to the Lake, and supposed, if any way of going round it did exist, she would certainly have known it. It is remarkable that the Arabs should not be better acquainted with the ground that lies to the eastward of Kibuga, which evidently shows us that there must be some insurmountable difficulties between that place and Kikuyu, whither the Arabs go trading *via* Mombas from Zanzibar; for if a passage were open by which they could get to Kikuyu, exactly one-third of the distance which they now travel *via* Unyamuézi to Zanzibar would be saved. This suggests a probability that the Lake expands considerably as it continues north to the northward of the Line, and is so broad that canoes cannot cross it there, as they can to the southward of the equator. It is well known that there is no communication between the east and west shores of the lake, excepting by a few occasional canoe-parties coasting along the southern end, because the waters are so very broad they dare not venture. That there can be no high mountain-range intersecting the Nyanza from the water-courses which we hear of north of the equator, as some people have supposed, is evident from the numerous accounts given of the kingdom of Uganda being so flat and marshy from the equator to 2° or 3° north latitude; whilst I must have seen any, did they exist, on the south side of the equator, being only 150 miles from it when standing on its southern shore. Now, judging from all the information given us by the several Egyptian expeditions and missionaries sent up the Nile, who came across hills of no great elevation in 4½° north latitude and 31° or 32° east longitude, which are intersected by the Nile in the same way that the east coast-range is intersected by the interior plateau rivers, as we saw on our passage inwards from Zanzibar; and further, by the Arabs telling us that all the country on the same meridian, from the Line up to the second parallel north latitude, is flat and full of water-courses; and then again, by knowing the respective heights of the Nyanza on the one side being nearly 4000 feet, and the Nile's bed in latitude 4° N., or beyond the small hills alluded to, being under 2000 feet,—it would indeed be a marvel if this lake is not the fountain of the Nile. The reason why those expeditions sent up the Nile have failed in discovering the Nyanza, is clearly attributable to the important rapids which must exist in consequence of this great variation of altitude between the north end of the Nyanza (which, let us suppose, is on the equator), and the position, in 4° 44′ north latitude, at which the expeditions and missions arrived, their further progress being stopped by these rapids.

Indeed, by all accounts of the country lying between the Nyanza, as seen by the Arabs in Uganda and let us say Gondokoro, a mission station on the Nile, in north latitude

4° 44′, which was occupied by two Austrian missionaries, Knoblecher and Dooyak, we find it is analogous in every respect to what we observed between the low Mrima or maritime plain in front of Zanzibar, and the high interior plateau, divided from one another by the east coast range, which is of granitic formation, the same in its nature exactly as those which they describe, and intersected by rivers so rapid and boisterous that no canoes can live upon them; as, for instance, we found the Kinyani and Lufiji rivers were when passing over the east coast range. There the land dropped from 2000 or more feet to less than 300 in the short distance of ninety miles.

I will now proceed to give, first, the missionary account in 4° 44′ N., and then the Arab one in 2° N.—a debatable bit of ground, extending over 2° 44′, or 160 English miles. Talking of the missionaries, "these two men," says Dr. Petermann, "kept an annual hygrometrical and meteorological register with great precision and scientific regularity. They had various instruments with them; they fixed their station, Gondokoro, at 4° 44′ north latitude by astronomical observations, and determined the altitude of the Nile's bed to be only 1605 feet above the sea, by numerous good barometrical observations. . . . Gondokoro is surrounded on three sides by small granitic hills, ranging from 2000 to 4000 feet, which are intersected by the Nile coming from the south, as the king of the Bari country says, from 200 to 800 miles;" which is equivalent to saying from the Nyanza, as it lies exactly on the place he directs us to. "The mean annual temperature there is 83°.1 Fahr. The wettest months in the year are February, March, April, May, and August. Thunder accompanies nearly all the storms, and earthquakes are prevalent. The Nile begins to rise at Gondokoro in May, and keeps increasing till September. The country from Gondokoro southwards entirely changes from the swampy nature which exists northwards of it, and the people there begin to talk a different language to those in the north, and are very fond of eating mice. The winds prevail from the east, rarely coming from the west."

As the Arabs do not keep thermometers, scientific instruments, or properly distributed months and seasons, I must say for them that from 2° to 6° south latitude we found the mean temperature in the hottest month, August, to be only 80°; that Uganda must be quite 4000 feet, to be higher than the lake which it borders; that the height of the rainy season is during the months of February, March, April, and May; and that the rivers, as we see by the Malagarazi, increase more after than before that date. Though it appears that the precession of the rain tends from the southward to the northward, the same influence that swells the Malagarazi would also affect the Uganda rivers, as they rise merely on opposite sides of the axis of the same mountains. The Arabs say, as we also have found it, "that thunder accompanies nearly all the storms, and the lightning there is excessive, and so destructive that the King of Uganda expresses the greatest dread of it—indeed his palace alone has been often destroyed by lightning. The Kitangura and Katonga rivers are affected by the rainy season in the same proportion as the Malagarazi, and flow north-easterly towards the lake. There the Kivira river (see maps), in north latitude 3°, of which they bring information, flows somewhere to the northward, and is not a slow sluggish stream like the other two, but is rapid and boisterous, showing that the country drops to the northward." Now here, in 3° north latitude, where this river is said to flow, I think will be found the southern base-line of those small hills, from 2000 to 4000 feet high, lying to the south of Gondokoro, as the missionaries describe them; though these hills, to any one looking at them from the northern side, where the land is low, might appear a barrier to the waters of the lake lying beyond them. This idea would not occur to any one standing on the southern side, where the land is nearly, if not quite as high as these hills themselves. Indeed, from the levels given, the two countries about Kibuga and Gondokoro may be described as two landings, with the fall between them representing a staircase formed by the hills in question. The country in latitudes 2° and 5° is therefore terraced like a hanging garden.

The Nyanza, as we now see, is a large expansive sheet of water, flush with the basial surface of the country, and lies between the Mountains of the Moon (on its western side), having, according to Dr. Krapff, snowy Kænia on its eastern flank. Krapff tells us of a large river flowing down from the western side of this snowy peak, and trending away to the northwest, in a direction, as will be seen by the map, leading right into my lake. Now, returning again to the western side, we find that the Nyanza is plentifully supplied by those streams coming from the Lunæ Montes, of which the Arabs, one and all, give such consistent and concise accounts; and the flowings of which, being northeasterly, must, in course of time and distance, commingle with those northwesterly off-flowings, before mentioned, of Mons Kænia. My impression is, after hearing everybody's story on the matter, that these streams enter at opposite sides of the lake, on the northern side of the equator, and are consequently very considerable feeders to it. To help at once in the argument that the Nyanza exists as a large sheet of water to the north of the equator, I will anticipate a story in my diary, by adverting to it before its order or succession. On the return to Unyanyembé, a native of Msalala told me that he had once travelled up the western shore of the Nyanza to the district of Kitara, where, he says, it is a corroboration of the Arabs' stories that coffee grows, and which place, by fair computation of the distances given as their travelling rates, I believe to be in about 1° north lat. (see map). To the east of this land, at no great distance from the shore, he described the island of Kitiri as occupied by a tribe called Watiri, who also grow coffee; and there the sea was of such great extent, and when winds blew was so boisterous, that the canoes, although as large as the Tanganyika ones (which he had also seen), did not trust themselves upon it.

Now supposing, for instance, that there is no overflow of water at the north end of the Nyanza, still, from its altitude being so great in comparison with the Nile at Gondokoro, it must be a considerable contributor to that river's volume, if only by the ordinary process of percolation. If further proof is required about the extent of the Nyanza, *all* the Arabs say that, on passing through the Karagwah district, in latitude 1° south, they can see from the summit of a high mountain its expansive and boundless waters extending away to the eastward as far as the eye can reach. The lake has the credit of being very deep, which I cannot believe. It certainly bears the appearance of the temporary deposit of a vast flood overspreading a large flat surface, rather than the usual characteristics of a lake or inland sea, lying in deep hollows, or shut in, like the Tanganyika, by mountains. The islands about it are low hill tops, standing out like paps on the soft placid bosom of the waters, and are precisely similar to those amongst which I have been travelling; indeed, any part of the country inundated to the same extent would wear the same aspect. Its water appears, perhaps owing to the disturbing influence of the wind, of a dirty-white colour, but it is very good and sweet, though not so pleasant to my taste as the very clear Tanganyika water. The natives, however, who have wonderfully keen palates for detecting the relative distinctions in such matters, differ from me, and affirm that all the inhabitants prefer it to any other, and consequently never dig wells on the margin of the lake; whereas the Tanganyika water is invariably shunned, nobody ever drinking it unless from necessity; not so much because they consider it to be unwholesome, as because it does not quench or satisfy the thirst so well as spring-water. Whether this peculiarity in the qualities of the waters is to be attributed to the Nyanza lying on a foundation chiefly composed of iron, or whether the one lake is drained by a river, whilst the other is stagnant, I must leave for other and superior talents to decide. Fish and crocodiles are said to be very abundant in the lake; but with all my endeavours to obtain some specimens, I have succeeded in seeing only two sorts—one similar to those taken at Ujiji, of a perch-like form, and another, very small, resembling our common minnow, but not found in the Ujiji market. The quantity of musquitos on the borders of the lake is perfectly marvellous; the grass, bushes, and everything growing there, are literally covered with them. As I walked along its shores, disturbing the vegetation, they rose in clouds, and kept tapping in dozens at a time, against my hands and face, in the most disagreeable manner. Unlike the Indian musquito, they are of a light dun-brown colour. The Muanza dogs are the largest that I have yet seen in Africa, and still are not more than twenty inches high; but Mahaya says the Ukerewé dog is a fine animal, and quite different from any on the mainland. There are but very few canoes about here, and those are of miserable construction, and only fitted for the purpose they turn them to—catching fish close to the shore. The paddle the fishermen use is a sort of mongrel breed between a spade and a shovel. The fact of there being no boats of any size here, must be attributed to the want of material for constructing them. On the route from Kazeh there are no trees of any girth, save the calabash, whose wood is too soft for the purpose of boat-building. I hear that the island of Ukerewé has two sultans besides Machunda, and that it is very fertile and populous. Mahaya says, "All the tribes from the Wasukumas (or Northern Wanyamuézis, Sukuma meaning the north), along the south and east of the lake, are so savage and inhospitable to travellers, that it would be impossible to go amongst them unless accompanied by a large and expensive escort."

(*To be continued.*)

HORSE-DEALING IN SYRIA, 1854.—PART II.

Besides the Arabs, there was another race whose tents might be found in our neighbourhood; the Wandering Turcomans, a nomadic people very similar, both in manner of life and in dress, to the sedentary Arabs. Their history, as it was related to me, is this. They belong to the great Turcoman race from which the Osmanlis sprang, and which still exists towards the north of Persia. Their forefathers came into Syria to help to resist the Crusaders, and have remained there ever since; and the language which they to this day speak is not, as with the other people of Syria, Arabic, but Turkish.

They possess camels, goats, cattle, and horses. The latter are very poor. They are not, I think, superior in height to the Arab, and in every other point are so inferior that, seen by his side, they seem fit for little else than pack-horses. They are heavy and clumsy, with coarse heads, staring coats, very drooping hind-quarters, legs long in the shank, and coarse, draggling, ill-carried tails. In temper they are very shy, and although almost all geldings, are commonly obstinate and vicious when mounted. The mares, by reason of finer coats and greater age (for both Arabs and Turcomans sell their horses very young), are better looking, but are still coarse and Flemish.

Before we had been long at Merj Kotrani, the news of our arrival spread in all quarters, and brought such numbers of both Anazeh and Turcomans, that our encampment assumed the aspect of a horse fair. The groups that presented themselves at every turn, and indeed the whole scene, were most picturesque. In the background were the snow-streaked mountains of the Druses; to our front a wide grassy plain, dotted with flocks and herds. Coming over some distant ridge might be seen a party of monkey-like Anazeh, their long spears over their shoulders, and their high-bred horses coming on at a quiet easy walk. Near at hand, by the black tents of the encampment, a party of their kinsmen sat squatting in a circle, with their horses tethered and their lances stuck in the ground beside them by the sharp point which terminates the butt; or a group of

Turcomans, distinguished by greater size and more complete and cleaner (or it might be better to say, less dirty) clothing, held ugly mares and uglier geldings accoutred with large rugs or saddle-cloths covering the croup, gaudily-coloured worsted headstalls with Mameluke bits, and saddles with high pommel and cantle and heavy shovel stirrup-irons. Arabs at speed showed off the slashing stride of their horses; Turcomans, ambitious of doing the like, urged theirs into a comparatively stiff and lumbering gallop, or, less successful, contended against the piggish obstinacy of their cross-grained brutes, who, sidling and backing in every direction but the right, or standing stock-still with most obstinate-looking shakes and tosses of the head, showed a determination to kick if driven to extremity, which the riders generally seemed to hold in some respect. All around, tethered to pegs, stones, or tent-ropes, stood horses, mares, and colts of every imaginable kind, from the handsome Arab to the wretched undersized sore-backed brute that had evidently served as a pack-horse and was clearly never destined to do anything better; some already bought by us, some still for sale; some standing motionless; some stretching their necks to get a snort and a scream with their neighbours; some, perhaps, broken loose and throwing the whole camp into confusion.

All the horses offered to us for sale by the Bedouins were stallions. I do not at this moment remember having ever seen a gelding in their possession; and although they frequently rode mares into our camp, they never offered them to us. The last circumstance, I believe, is owing to the estimation in which they hold their mares as a source of national wealth, and to the fact of "public opinion" having set itself so strongly against letting the breed fall into other hands by selling them, that no individual ventures to do so. Sentimental or affectionate feeling, I should imagine, is very little concerned in the matter. I never saw the slightest trace of any feeling of dislike on the part of the Arab to parting with his horse, provided the price was good. Once let him see a satisfactory heap of gold, and he turns his beast over to you, and his whole faculties to seeing that you do not cheat him of the tenth part of a piastre on the bargain; and never, in all probability, casts a look on his horse again, unless with the object of instituting a squabble as to whether or not he is to carry off the halter.

None of the people of these parts are easy to deal with; but the Anazeh are the most difficult of all. Suppose that you ask the price of a horse. If the owner condescends to put a price upon him, it is about three times what he means to take; frequently he refuses to do it at all, but tells you to make an offer. You do so: he receives it with contempt, and the word "Béïd"—"Far off"—pronounced with a lengthened emphasis, "Bé-i . . . d," that sets strongly before you the enormous inadequacy of your proposal. You raise your price, and a contention of bargaining ensues, which is terminated by the owner riding off with his horse as if he never meant to come back any more. After a time greater or less—in an hour or two, to-morrow, or the day after—you find that he has come back. A fresh battle ensues, which (if it is not interrupted by a second riding off) ends in the price being fixed. All is settled; the owner seems quite content; you proceed to mark the horse, when, lo! his late master, suddenly stung by the intolerable thought that he has perhaps got less than he possibly might, seizes and drags off his beast in a fury, mounts and goes off again. Again he returns, and again, finding you inexorable, agrees for the same sum. Again you want to mark the horse; and now he raises a dreadful outcry to be paid first. You consent and call him into the tent. In he comes, attended by one or two friends and counsellors, sages supposed to be learned in Frank coins, and wide awake to the ring of a bad piece. All solemnly squat on the ground, and you proceed to count out the gold. An awful difficulty now arises. The price has been agreed on in Ghazis (pieces of 21¼ piastres each), and has to be paid in English money. The Anazeh is not strong in arithmetic, and cannot be satisfied that the gold amounts exactly to the stipulated sum; and it is not till he has had the pieces counted a dozen times into his hand, and till he and his friends have looked like owls over it for three-quarters of an hour, that his doubts on this head can be at all assuaged. At length he departs; evidently with misgivings. In a few minutes he is back again. One of the gold pieces given him is an old-fashioned sovereign, bearing the device of the George and the Dragon, and thereby differing from the more modern ones which he commonly sees; and this he declares of inferior value, and wishes to return. This brings on a fresh dispute of extreme bitterness; and when you have finally quieted him and sent him off half-satisfied on this score, he very likely goes off privately to your companion, who is perhaps standing somewhere outside, and begs to be informed whether you have not embezzled a little of his due.

The "huffiness" exhibited by the Bedouins in their horse-dealing transactions, though perhaps not altogether affected, but in great measure the honest ebullition of an insolent and overbearing nature, is yet unable, in the majority of instances, to stand its ground permanently against the greater strength of their passion for money. Of a hundred men that ride off in a fury, as if they were resolved never again to set eyes on such a snob as yourself, ninety-nine will come back again. The hundredth perhaps will not. I remember a Bedouin bringing a grey horse of extraordinary size (for an Arab) into our camp. I did not myself see very much to admire in the animal, and thought him far inferior to many I had seen of less height; however that may be, a sum equivalent to £100 was offered for him. The owner—a breechless savage, in a garment like a dirty night-shirt—turned away in wrath, and we never saw him again.

As a general rule, it may be said that those who have the best horses are the touchiest to deal with.

During our stay at Merj Kotrani, and still more when we afterwards got into the camp of the Anazeh, our great perplexity was to get the money required for our purchases. The authorities who sent us out, ordered us, in the fulness of their wisdom, on no account to pay for horses otherwise than by bills on divers consuls and bankers; opining, no doubt, that Mutlak or Marzouk the Anazeh would, in the first instance, with a fine feeling of commercial confidence, accept our bills, and that, in the second, they would trust themselves within the clutches of the Turkish Government in the process of going to claim the money. Now Mutlak and Marzouk, feeling pretty strongly what would be the result if *they* could get hold of anybody's horse by the giving of a promissory note, valued bills as so much waste paper; and even if they could have been convinced of their value, would have seen the whole British Government in everlasting infelicity before they would have trusted themselves within hail of anything like a Turkish official. We soon saw that dealing on the terms prescribed to us was pretty much like going fishing with your hook baited with a bill on your banker for a worm, and found ourselves compelled to resort to cash payments; and the keeping of the large sums of money required, and when they were spent, sending for more, was a source of endless trouble and anxiety to us in that land of thieves. We should never have got on at all but for a strong guard of armed Druses which, soon after our arrival in the desert, we substituted for our original escort of horsemen, and whose chief was of great service in bringing the money from Damascus.

On one occasion we were on the verge of a row which might have terminated seriously. We were standing looking on at the group of Arabs and others surrounding the tents, when we became aware of a scuffle in process of performance, and presently, in the thick of the little crowd which it instantly collected, perceived the second chief of the Druses vigorously cuffing an Anazeh, who, borne back by the greater force of his antagonist, was yet kicking and hollaing in return with great energy. In a moment all the camp was in confusion. The Anazeh rushed together;

those who had horses sprang on their backs, while the Druses cocked their guns and ran to the support of their chief; and the prospect of a general scrimmage seemed to be of the fairest. It appeared, however, that some of the cooler on each side felt an interest in keeping the peace, for the belligerents were separated, and the Anazeh, crowding round their irate friend, seemed to be forcing him back and restraining him; and the two hostile parties drew back from each other. The Arabs, however, were desperately angry, and moved about like a cluster of angry wasps, brandishing their big-knobbed sticks and clubs, and striking them against their lances, and jabbering furiously; while the Druses, on the other hand, stood their ground resolutely. How the quarrel arose was a thing which I never precisely understood. Three "ghazis," claimed from us by the Anazeh, lay somehow at the bottom of it, and by the payment of the same we fortunately succeeded in quieting the dispute; but the Anazeh immediately after left the camp, and for some time kept so clear of us that I began to fear that they had taken huff and cut us for good.

About this time the supply of horses began to fail at Merj Kotrani, so we returned to Damascus. Here we arranged plans for an expedition to the camp of a tribe of the Wulad Ali; and having communicated with their chief, Mohammed Doukhy, and received his permission to visit him, we set out after five days' stay in Damascus, for his camp in the desert.

We again passed through Merj Kotrani; and then bore straight away for the centre of the wide plain which I have before described as lying to the front of that camp. After this our journey lay pretty much in a straight line. The plain, at first grassy but stone-sprinkled, as we advanced gradually lost in the former and gained in the latter quality, till at last the slight ridges which intersected it were seen densely covered with stones, while the intervening flats, stony too, bore little herbage but a half-dried yellowish-green grass. Sometimes for a space this vegetation would give place to a tufted herbage spotting the dried ground; and this again would be varied by what at the first glance looked like a small pool of hazy blue, really a luxuriant plot of a blue-flowered fragrant plant of the wild-thyme nature. Far off, a small winding streak of a brighter green, dotted with the forms of distant animals, showed us where some comparatively moist bottom gave pasturage to sheep and camels. Very soon after leaving Merj Kotrani, we had fallen in with scattered tents of the Anazeh; and here their habitations, in clumps of four, five, up to as many as seven together, were scattered over the whole face of the country, whilst their flocks of ugly flat-tailed sheep grazed all around, tended by little brown dirty savages of Anazeh boys, or perhaps by a bigger but equally dirty herdsman with a pistol in his belt. Small ponds, or chains of little pools imbedded in black rocks, were not uncommon; and once we came upon a small rocky dell with a narrow stream, foaming and rapid, but yet black, dirty, cumbered by tangled trails of weed, and more like stagnant than running water, rushing over the stones which obstructed it, and fertilising its immediate banks into a crop of long green grass. This was the desert.

That the whole of this country has once been comparatively well populated, and that by a people not utterly savage, is proved by the ruins of stone-built villages found in all directions. In one instance we met with a still stronger evidence of former civilisation, in the shape of a well-built though dilapidated old stone bridge of three arches, spanning a rocky stream still deeper in the desert. Now, not a populated village exists, and not a human being is to be seen but the Bedouins.

Our march hitherto had been monotonous enough. The snow-speckled mountains of the Druses had always risen on our rear, while our onward progress had done little to vary the view ahead, beyond exchanging the contracted horizon presented by one swell of stony ground for that presented by another. But now the scene changed slightly. At a level somewhat lower than our own, a wide plain lay before us; stony indeed, but less so than what we had been traversing; in color yellow-green, streaked with lines of a richer tint where the grass grew better; dotted in the middle distance with a few isolated hills of mole-hill shape, and then sweeping away to a far horizon. Far and near the whole face of the land was covered with camels, of all colours, from smoky black to pure white, and of all sizes, down to the little woolly foal of a few months old. They appeared to be casting their winter coats, for the long woolly hair still adhered to them; sometimes disclosing through its rags the finer coat beneath, and sometimes completely covering the upper part of the animal, but stopping abruptly on the flanks in a well-defined line, below which the only covering was a short smooth hair. Flocks of sheep and black goats were plentiful; and cattle too were there, though in smaller numbers.

Here stood the camp of the Anazeh; a widespread village of black low tents, clustered by seven or the dozen together, with large intervals between the groups. A tent bigger but no handsomer than the rest was the dwelling of the chief, and there we dismounted and saluted the great sheikh, Mohammed Doukhy. He was a not ill-looking, but at the same time not over-bright-looking man, with his right arm, which had been disabled by a lance-wound some years before, hidden in his cloak. He seated us on the best carpets of his tent, and gave us coffee; civilly enough, quietly, and without *empressement* or much show of interest in us or in our object. He had never heard of the English, he said—an assertion which was probably a mere piece of brag, intended to impress upon us that the great Mohammed Doukhy was far too much occupied with the weighty affairs of his own vast realm to have time to know of small and far-off nations. Besides this, he made only one remarkable communication. First asking us whether we knew the secretary of Sheikh Feysel (chief of a rival tribe, belonging to the Rowallas, another section of the Anazeh), and being told that we did not, he volunteered the statement that he was a *kelb, i. e.* a dog.

The sheikh was rich, and among other sources of wealth had that of being contractor to the Turkish Government for the large supply of camels (five or six thousand, they say) required each year for the Hadj or Pilgrimage between Damascus and Mecca. This circumstance gave him a certain security amongst the Turks, and he occasionally went on business into Damascus; a proceeding that other Bedouin chiefs, I am told, are very shy of.

We were several times honored by his visits in our own tent. When he came in the daytime, we could offer him nothing in the way of refreshment, as it was Ramazan; but after sunset he would take pipes and coffee. If we happened to be aware of his coming, we used to make for him a kind of divan on the floor with a mattress and cushions; otherwise he sat on one of the beds. He was always attended by one or two dirty magnates of his tribe: our Druse chief and one or two of the head men of the escort used, by virtue of their rank, to assist at the ceremony; and a circle of Arab spectators, not of dignity sufficient to entitle them to a place in the tent, used to squat outside and peer in through the door. It was romantic to sit at night in a tent on a wide Syrian plain with a real Bedouin sheikh; but it was not to be denied that it was also a bore.

Suppose us to be sitting after dinner; hot and lazy, wishing only to be let alone. It is announced that the sheikh is coming; and presently he and his train come noiselessly and solemnly. We rise, and, in accordance with Eastern etiquette, remain standing till the sheikh is seated on his mattress. Then all seat themselves; we on our chairs, the others on the ground. We give coffee and as many pipes as the establishment affords; the sheikh talks slowly and without animation, with frequent and long pauses. He behaves quietly, and without the awkwardness which an uneducated European thrown into unaccustomed society would show;

but the conversation is evidently made by effort, and not flowing spontaneously. All—at any rate, all of *our* party—got awfully tired. The only one of us who knows Arabic is tired by the constant manufacture of small talk required of him; the rest of us by our inability to talk at all. Our visitors are perhaps assisted by Oriental laziness and love of doing nothing, and the visit is usually pretty long; at last, however, the sheikh suddenly rises, salaams, shuffles into his red boots, which are standing outside the door, and vanishes as silently as he came. Sundry fleas, not to say bugs, and even a few lice, remain behind.

We gathered in the course of conversation with the sheikh that the following was the annual round of migration of his tribe. About the middle of September they leave Syria; and by a circuit which leads them successively into the neighbourhood of Bussora, Bagdad, Aleppo, Homs, and Hama, return to Syria early in July. In the year of our visit, as the reader has seen, they were found there in May; but this, the sheikh said, was an unusual occurrence. He described their rate of travelling as very irregular, and varying from two up to twenty-four hours in the day—the latter only under circumstances of emergency; and told us that on the march they fed their horses with barley, which they carried with them.

Every morning, at sunrise, the herds of camels belonging to the camp marched out to graze in dense bodies, which at a little distance looked like regulated squadrons. Shortly before sunset they might be seen, far and near, returning from all quarters; on far-off ridges, showing like small pyramids against the evening sky; or close at hand, with head up, neck curved, and hump shown in fine profile, solemn and very like the camel in the picture-book. This, at least, is the demeanour of the more aged and respectable ones; the younger, and especially the half-grown camels, execute curious gambols as they come home at night. Some one of them, taking a sudden fancy, tarts off as hard as he can go, flinging his legs out violently at each stride as if to make a caricature of an animal at speed, and stretching along at a pace you could hardly expect of him. This inflames another, who, wishing to indulge in a still more frolicsome caper, adopts a yet absurder gait; executing a series of jumps in which he exhibits all the motions of the most extreme speed, throwing his legs out with desperate exertion, but in reality spending all his efforts in jumping off the ground rather than in getting over it; his tail curled upwards like a terrier dog's, and his long recurved neck working up and down in unison with the spasms of his legs and the rocking motion of his body, till he looks like nothing but a jointed toy-beast cut out in card-board and twitched by strings. Another and then another takes up the gambol, till the whole train, catching the fire, burst out into capers, all but the very big and reverend camels, who stalk in groaning lamentably.

I will try to place before the reader the evening scene I used to watch from one of the camping-grounds of the tribe. It is just sunset. I am sitting perched on the ruined gray wall of a deserted village close in rear of our tents. A few small light clouds hang low down in the sky, but the whole zenith is of the clearest light-blue, touched, near the setting sun, with a gleam against which stand out, clearly cut, a few isolated round hills, their shoulders fringed with an edging of small trees. Behind these I catch a glimpse of the snow-streaked range of the Druse Mountains, pearly grey and distant. Turning in the opposite direction—to the east, to the heart of the desert —I see the yellow-brown plain streaked with strata of black stone. its nearer edges catching a gleam of bright yellow and its further a tinge of purple in the setting sunshine, stretching away, broken only by a small hill or two till it fades in the far distance. Close at hand, the centre of the panorama, lie the low black tents of the Anazeh, overtopped by a line of high white one-poled tents belonging to a party of Damascus traders who have come and set up a sort of temporary bazaar; and nearer still are our own tents, with a line of thirty and more horses picketed in front of them. From all quarters camels are flocking in, with a slow solemn stalk; those already arrived standing patient and motionless. All around rises their strange cry—a sound resembling, in quality, a grunt, but with a prolongation that gives it the character of a bellow; mingled with the cries of the dark herdsmen, who, sometimes on foot and sometimes perched on the top of a big camel, admonish their flocks with frequent hollas. "Whoa-hup! whoa-hup! whoa-hup! — Yah!" — cries the herdsman; and, with a curious variety of woe-begone and despairing tones, the camels answer in strange chorus. First camel, very gutturally, "O-o-o-o-o-o;" second camel, wrathfully, "Wa-ow-ow-ough;" third camel, most pitifully, as if it was really too bad, "O-o-o! Eu....... gh," winding up with an accent of disgust.

Mohammed Doukhy had, or professed to have, a right to a monopoly of trade with the Damascus merchants; and an infringement of this privilege by another tribe, who had inveigled off some of the Damascenes and thereby deprived him of the tax which he levied on all goods sold in his camp, stirred him up to seek summary redress. One evening we were shown four camels in our camp, with their bales of merchandise packed on the ground by them. It appeared that the Wulad Ali had been reading a lesson to the sinful traders. That morning they had sallied forth, and nabbed a party of the delinquents on their way to the camp of the enemy, Sheikh Feysel of the Rowallas, and had thought fit to chasten them by walking off with their goods and camels. This, as it was represented to us, was not precisely a robbery, but was only a vigorous line of action in support of a principle; for it was declared that the owners might have their goods again by paying a small ransom, and consenting to sell their stock in the camp of the Wulad Ali. In fact, it was a laudable and patriotic movement for the protection of Wulad-Alian commerce; but we did not feel quite easy in our minds about it all the same. Sheikh Feysel, no matter what his right may have been, was supposed to have might; and we were not without fears that he and his long-lanced free-traders might involve the patriotic protectionists in a "difficulty" which, to tell the truth, would have been nowise disagreeable to us, except from the certainty that we should be involved in it too.

Barring the chance of a lance-point in my own viscera, there is nothing I should better like to see than a Bedouin skirmish.

Every reader who has followed me thus far knows pretty accurately how long I was in the desert, and what opportunities I had of observing its inhabitants. I shall therefore leave it to him to form his own judgment as to how far my experiences may be considered competent data from which to draw inferences as to the character of a nation. All that I mean to do, is to give the impression produced on me by my experiences, such as they were; and that impression distinctly is, that the Anazeh are a disgusting race of beings, and that apart from their fine horses, they have no more claim to our interest or admiration than Hottentots. In person they are filthy. I never saw the slightest sign of a change of raiment being possessed by any of them, and I certainly do not believe that the practice of washing is known, even by tradition. Their moral peculiarities are not more agreeable than their personal. They are as destitute of any feeling of discretion or decency in regard of intruding upon the traveller, as the traveller might be in point of disturbing the privacy of the orang-outang at the Zoological Gardens; and, once inside his tent, unless told in very plain terms to get out, will squat there from morning to night, amusing themselves with the contemplation of his habits. As for keeping them from staring in, we found that utterly impossible. It was the commonest thing in the world to have a couple of them lying on their chests on the grass, just in front of the door, with their chins resting on their elbows, calmly surveying us and all our proceedings;

and if any one of them was admitted on business, a whole troop flocked in with him, squatting themselves down all round till the tent would hold no more, and the rest were obliged to sit outside, peeping over each other's shoulders through the door. They used to steal horses' nose-bags out of the servants' tent, and head-stalls from our horses as they stood at their pickets; and if a saddle or other piece of furniture was given in with a horse, used to scuffle for it with such vigour as to put all chance of *our* getting it quite out of the question. One Humdan, the second great man of the tribe, and the sheik's *locum-tenens*, was an especial reprobate. He used to be very officious in bidding for horses, professedly to assist us, but, as we felt certain, really to run up the price and go shares with the seller in the profits. One day we found him claiming in our name, from the late owner of a horse we had just bought, a grand red saddle and saddle-cloth that had been nowise included in the bargain, with the intention of appropriating them. He was always begging for a little tobacco or a little sugar to refresh himself after the laborious fast he was then keeping for Ramazan; and always hanging about us accompanied by a little child of his, whom he was constantly privily instigating to come up and kiss our hands; the child afterwards bashfully hiding its face in its father's gown, and the father looking affectionately amused at the child's simplicity, as if the whole manœuvre had not been got up with a view to further tobacco. To sum up, the Anazeh are bores, thieves, beggars, swindlers, and extortioners of the most shameless nature, and if they possess, in any but their relations to their horses, any good quality whatever, certainly never showed it to me. So much for the results of my own observation. Backed as we were by thirty stout Druses, and further protected by the interest which the sheikh had in keeping well with the Turkish Government, it was not likely that the tribe would give us the chance of having anything much worse to urge against them. But I never yet met with a man who knew anything of the Bedouins who had a single good word to say for them, except on this one head. They are not, it is said, bloodthirsty, unless provoked. A limited virtue; for when you come to investigate, you find that "provocation," as they interpret it, means pretty nearly every difference of opinion which an honest man may entertain with a ruffian, and that their merit amounts to about this, that provided you eat with satisfactory resignation all the dirt they may please to offer you, they had rather strip you and turn you loose to live or die as Heaven pleases, than settle you with a lance-point at once. A limited virtue indeed, but one for which—remembering the pleasure that much of mankind has in cruelty for its own sake—let us give them every credit, and see that at our hands, at least, the devil does not come short of his due.

Before we left the Wulad Ali, we had an opportunity of seeing the tribe on the march. It was announced one evening that, for the sake of better grass and water, they were going to shift their ground on the following day. Early next morning the camp was filled with camels receiving their loads; and in a short time all the tents were struck and packed, and the whole mass in motion. They filed off without any perceptible attempt at order or regularity, each family starting apparently at its own convenience; and were soon seen trailing over the plain in several irregular streams or columns separated by considerable intervals. I stood by our tents as the servants struck them and prepared for the march, and watched each column as it passed in procession. The most remarkable objects were camels bearing saddles of the following curious construction. A kind of cup-like nest or seat, scarcely capable, I should think, of holding more than one person, was perched on the very topmost peak of the camel's back, where it was retained by a species of framework encircling the hump, and by divers girths. From the front of this nest, and at right angles to the line of the camel's back, there projected on each side a horizontal outrigger of great length; the united two forming, as it were, one cross-bar. From each extreme end of this cross-bar a shorter piece was brought into the lower part of the seat; and the frame thus formed, covered with leather, presented an appearance much like what might have resulted if you had cut out an enormous triangle, excessively wide-based and low, and fixed it, base uppermost, to the seat, with the two wings or acute angles, balancing each other on the two sides. Another precisely similar apparatus was attached to the corresponding point of the seat behind, and ran parallel to the former; and from one to the other of the opposite extremities of this strange scaffolding a loose long girth, apparently intended for show rather than use, was passed under the camel's belly. What the use of the machine can be it is difficult to imagine. The Arabs themselves failed to give any better explanation than that it was *fantasia;* but added that it was an object of great ambition with the women; that she whose husband could afford her such an equipage was looked upon as a great lady, while she who rode in a less elaborate nest was a mere nobody. In fact, it would appear that, to an Anazeh lady, the possession of one of these things is pretty much what keeping a carriage is to an English woman.

Besides these there were ruder saddles, apparently formed of carpets twisted up as you might twist a turban, with a woman or a couple of children squatting in the hollow; the camel that bore them being additionally burdened with all kinds of boxes, sacks, and bundles, roped to its sides. Some of the camels were laden with a mass of baggage presenting a platform-like summit that served as a resting-place for a woman or a child. In this case the approved position for the rider seemed to be something between kneeling and lying, with the knees drawn under the body, and the weight thrown forward on the chest and elbows, much after the fashion of a Mussulman prostrating himself at prayers or a frog going to jump; and in this curious position some, with their faces down between their arms, were to all appearance asleep. Others were staring about them, or, in the arrangement of their baggage, climbing about their camels as upon the rigging of a ship. Here and there a woman, in long, straight, coarse garments of dark blue, with a dark-coloured handkerchief hanging over her head, and confined by a turn or two of rope, and with blue tattooed spots covering her brown hands, trudged along by the side of the train, or, getting tired, proceeded to swarm up a camel's side, planting one foot on his knee as he walked, and by like steps reaching the summit, much as a coachman mounts to a coach-top. Sometimes two men rode on one camel; sometimes a single man, carrying a lance of vast length, might be seen in a saddle planted on the very peak of the hump and with a pommel and cantle denoted each by a long carved peg, towing behind him a colt by a long rope, the whole concern looking like a brig towing a cock-boat. Horsemen with long lances rode alongside the column, and their Syrian greyhounds—light fawn-coloured animals, much resembling small poor English greyhounds with fringed ears and tails—strayed around the line of march.

The country traversed was the wide-stretching stony plain that I have before described; and across this, at the rate of, I suppose, scarcely two and a-half miles an hour, trailed the long straggling columns of the Anazeh, far apart one from the other, but all tending in the same direction, and reminding one strongly, as they showed in the distance, of the pictures of Noah's beasts issuing from the ark. Far away on the forward horizon appeared a distant train, the huge swaying cross-beam saddles giving to the beasts that bore them, when they happened to show against the sky end-on, the aspect of a T in a vignette; equally far on the rearward horizon another troop came on, while similar processions moved on the right and left. We passed in our march numerous herds, chiefly of camels, belonging to the camp, which were suffered to graze in peace, as, the march being but a short one, they could be brought in at night to the new ground at the usual time. After perhaps a couple of hours' travelling, the leading camels were seen halting at a spot more clear of stones, and covered with a grass rather taller than common, watered by a small slow ditch-like stream whose course was made evident by the greener vegetation that fringed its sides. In a few moments the men, planting the butt-ends of their tall spears in the ground, raised what looked like a crop of gigantic reeds, and in a very short time the tents rose all around, and the Wulad Ali were as if they had never moved at all.

Indeed, their movements are little hampered by the amount of goods they have to carry. A quantity of pack-saddles heaped together; a few pots and pans that the women are cooking with; a few carpets, if the owner is rich, otherwise a number of foul-looking sheepskins amongst which cur dogs and little nasty black children pig together in a style which suggests fleas and every other creeping plague most painfully: this is all that meets the eye as you ride past a tent and glance in; and these I fancy are, exclusive of live stock, about the sole *impedimenta* of the Anazeh.

The Arab and Turcoman women go unveiled. Though made slaves of by the men in point of work, they at all events are free from the restrictions which prevent other Mussulman women from exhibiting themselves to public gaze. It would be pleasanter if it were otherwise. As you approach a camp it is common for a party of girls and women to rush out to catch your horse's rein and extract bakhshish. And they are not pretty either. I wish they would mind their Korans and stop at home conformably.

On the 16th June we took leave of the Wulad Ali.

That interesting people was betrayed on the morning of our departure into a little burst of feeling that showed strongly the natural bent of its inclinations. I did not myself see what I am going to relate, as I was engaged in counting our horses, and in vainly searching for one which the Anazeh had abstracted, that they might bring him in next day with a tremendous claim for "salvage;" but the particulars were given me by one of my companions. Our tents were struck, and our baggage in process of being packed on the mules, when a pile of half-a-dozen dresses which we had intended on leaving to present to the big-wigs of the camp, was thereby exposed to view. The Anazeh could hold themselves no longer. They charged headlong; "culbutèrent" the cook and Paolo the servant, who offered a vain defence, and carried off the dresses in triumph, seizing at the same time upon our long pipes, which happened to lie by. Then they took a quantity of horse-ropes and hobbles, and finished by picking my companion's pocket. During the latter process—as indeed during the whole of the preceding ones as well—he was perfectly aware of what was going on; but at the same time he knew that almost every Druse in our escort was occupied in holding a horse (for we had a large batch to take away with us), and that if a fight broke out, the natural impulse of the men would be to let go the horses in order to close together. So he plunged into a profound meditation, and remained therein absorbed till his pocket had been happily picked, and the picker had retired content. I am happy to say that the thief made no great haul of it. A pair of gloves and a pocket-handkerchief, articles quite unknown to the Anazeh, were all he got; and finding them perfectly useless, he came running up with an ostentatious air of honesty, just as we were riding off, to return them and claim a reward, pretending that he had found them somewhere.

On the following morning our caravan, not yet clear of the ground exposed to the incursions of the Bedouins, was trailing after a somewhat disorderly fashion over a wide stony plain surrounded by distant hills. The Druses, in a long and broken Indian file, led each man his horse; the baggage was crawling along anywhere or nowhere; little dirty tipsy Paolo sat perched on a gorgeous yellow rug on the top of a scraggy tattoo,* with a broad-brimmed hat surmounting a long handkerchief which fell adown his head, and gave him the air of a dilapidated cardinal; and ourselves jogged on as patiently as might be by the side of the train. At this juncture an animal, pronounced to be a hyena, was seen traversing the plain and making for the hills. Several of us gave chase; but the ground was fearfully stony, our horses were in no condition, and the game had got a long start; and the result was that the Druse sheikh, myself, and one other Englishman, pulled up with blown horses at a considerable distance from our convoy, and then, turning back, proceeded slowly to retrace our way. We had not ridden far when the Druse began to press his horse forward and to beckon to us to come on, with an earnestness that led me to suspect that something strange was in the wind; and before long, the recurrence of the word *Arab* in his otherwise unintelligible discourse, combined with his gestures, gave us to understand that he apprehended an attack from the Bedouins. At this pleasing intelligence we hastened on, the Druse brandishing his huge spear the while in a most sanguinary way, and were presently met by a horseman sent from the convoy to give us warning that we were surrounded by Arabs. In a few moments we reached our string of horses, and exchanged with the men who led them a few hurried words which, passed through flurried interpreters, gave us to understand that the Bedouins had actually attacked and seized a part of our baggage, and that a knot of Bedouin horsemen, at no great distance in the rear, were the spoilers in the act of securing their plunder. So with pistols and swords we rushed up frantic, and — Heaven be praised, did *not* shoot our friend Mohammed Doukhy; for it was he, dismounted and surrounded by a cluster of his escort, who was now holding in polite and affectionate converse the only one of our party who had remained by the baggage.

I think writing one's travels is a very demoralising occupation. Nobody who has not tried it knows the temptation one labours under to put in a good fib at a fitting crisis. Things so close upon being something striking; so naturally leading up to an effective point; and so very *piquant* when so pointed, are so perpetually happening, that—that, in short, mankind sometimes give way to the temptation, and write books like M. Alexandre Dumas' *Impressions de Voyage.* But this veracious history shall permit itself no such licenses. I did *not* rush upon the spoilers, receive and parry a lance-thrust, and return the same by blowing my antagonist out of his saddle. I declare that I meant it all as I rode up, and that it was not my fault that it did not come off. But, as I said before, it was Mohammed, and there was an end of everything. Mohammed, who some time before had gone to Damascus, and now returning with a large escort, had encountered us; and, in his first ignorance as to our identity, had, according to the custom of that land of insecurity, thrown out skirmishers, and made a reconnaissance, which our people took, not unjustly perhaps, for manœuvres of attack. If, as the celebrated old woman said, "I hadn't been I," I wouldn't answer for Mohammed's behaviour to the party who might have occupied the place of Me.

We had an Italian horse-dealer with us, whom I have mentioned before; a great black-bearded man, one Angelo Peterlini. He was a good and useful man in his way; well acquainted with the dodges and mysteries of Bedouin horse-dealing; cunning in guessing the price that an Arab would take for his horse, and careful to offer him only the half, that he might work up the other half in process of bargaining; sharp-sighted in detecting the two or three "unlucky" hairs which in Bedouin estimation might lower the value of a horse, and as pertinacious in making them tell upon the price as if he believed in them; in fact, altogether well acquainted with the Bedouins, and monstrously polite to them before their faces, but with, at heart, a horror of them unspeakable (by anybody of less gifts of eloquence than himself), and with the intensest aversion to anything of the nature of what he called a "Baruffa" with them. Dogs, thieves, hogs, *canaille*, people of the devil—I wish I could convey the magnificent and sonorous emphasis with which he rolled out these and other epithets upon them behind their backs, or the ingenuity with which he framed speeches setting forth their precise relationship with the Fiend, and the exact nature of a most curious connection with hogs which he attributed to them. A quarrel, which I have before related, between the Anazeh and our Druses (at the possible termination of which he seemed to shudder), had found him food for many a harangue; but it was eclipsed by the recent pass of peril, which was evidently destined to figure in his recollection as a great feat of arms and a baruffa of the deadliest. By the time he had done giving us his impressions of the late gallant action, we had overtaken our convoy, and found that the Druses, animated by the recent events, had mounted each man upon the horse he had been leading, and, gun in hand were marching along in order of battle. The whole troop (thirty or forty men) ranged themselves in a column of about three great irregular ranks, and thus, in a dense mass of broad front, rode forward chanting their war-song in grand chorus; two or three of them forming a kind of capering vanguard, rushing to and fro, whirling their guns and pirouetting their horses, while the others steadily advanced, tramp, tramp, raising their wild song. In fact, between Peterlini and the Druses, never was a battle which had failed of being fought celebrated with such solemnity before.

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* The Indian name for a pony; so intimately associated in the minds of all old Indians with the idea of a certain scraggy stamp of baggager, that to express the same all other words are weak.

I must say for the Druses that, though their valour was great after the battle, we had no reason to suspect that it would not have been as conspicuous in the fight if there had been one. In the little misunderstandings which are not unfrequent amongst Turks, Druses, Maronites, and Bedouins, the Druses are said to hold their own as well as anybody.

The sum total of horses bought by us in the desert was one hundred. Of these, seventy-two were Anazeh, from the Wulad Ali and the Rowallus; the remainder from the tribes of Serhan and Beni Sakhr, and from men of doubtful tribe. The following statements refer to the Anazeh alone. The highest price paid was £71, 17s. This was given for each of two horses bought by private hand, of which one was the finest that I saw in the desert. Putting these aside, the highest price was a little more than £50, and the average price about £34. The average height was 14 hands 1½ inch, and the commonest age four and five years; but this would be an overestimate both of the height and age of the mass of Anazeh horses offered for sale, as we selected the biggest and the oldest. Many of the horses brought were two and three years old, and might have been bought at much lower prices. Of the different breeds the Kahailan seemed to be the most numerous; the Soklawye the most esteemed.

The Anazeh inflict a temporary disfigurement upon their young horses by cropping the hair of the tail quite short, after the cadgerly fashion creeping in amongst English hunters; but leave the tails of the full-grown animals to attain their natural length. They denied being in the habit of making (as they are commonly believed to do) fire marks on their horses for purposes of distinction; and denied also all knowledge of grounds for a report which I have seen brought forward very lately, viz. that English horses had been used to improve the breed. The foals, they said, though dropped most frequently in spring, were yet produced all the year round, in consequence of which the age of their horses dated from the actual day of birth, and not from any particular season of the year.

With the exception of one Anazeh, vicious at his pickets, I remember no instance of an Arab horse showing vice towards mankind.

As I have before stated, our stay in

the desert was broken by a visit to Damascus. The road we chose on that occasion crossed the Druse mountains. From Merj Kotrani one day's march carries you into their very heart, and offers in its course a curious change of scene. Quitting the open plain for rocky tracks intersected by outlying mountain-spurs and studded with a beautiful yellow broom, you scramble up and down by stony paths, till, standing in a rocky dell, you see a long descent bear down before you. Close by is a village whose flat-roofed houses look each one like a great square brown peat-turf with a little door and window cut in the side. A stream of water splashes by, and then drops foaming over broken steps of rock into a deep ravine, which winds away through interlacing projections of the rocky bush-clothed hill, and gives to view, at its distant *débouchure*, a glimpse of far-off plain with a line of blue mountains beyond. As you descend into this plain, the path, bordered by honeysuckle in full flower, winds steeply down amongst grey crags topped with bushes and mingled with patches of cultivation. Glancing up the steep of the rugged mountains that rise on your right hand, you may see a line of shattered old fort-like ruins on a projecting crag; to the left, perhaps, lies a little vineyard with the broad-leaved plants trained along the ground, or, in a small patch of arable ground, you may see an ox-plough turning up the soil. Now, crossing a level belt, you come on a small winding stream, hidden by a magnificent screen of enormous oleanders spotted with large clusters of pink flowers, reminding you of the impossibly gorgeous patterns of a flowered chintz. Then you traverse a little patch of cornfield, shaded by small trees, old and gnarled, beneath which women and grey-bearded men rest in a patriarchal group. Then you pass Banias, where, amidst leafy thickets, your horse drinks of a small sunny stream whose waters, gushing hard by from beneath a scarp of high grey rock, join foaming in a shallow pool, and, through a thicket of trees, flow down to you—the Jordan. On through the Jordan; conveying reverently, amidst slight chuckles from your comrogues, a beer-bottle filled with Jordan water, and corked with a rag—the bottle having been previously hunted up in the village and cleansed, by your pious zeal, of its profane label of "Bass's Pale Ale;"—then, turning sharp to the right, along the broad valley you have hitherto been looking down upon, you travel through luxuriant cornfields and grassy stretches, all studded, park-like, with small trees—a scene than which I could have pictured to myself no better ideal of those fields of Galilee where "Jesus went on the Sabbath-day through the corn." Then, up a steep hillside, amongst grey olive-trees; into a narrow and ravine-like valley, where cultivation struggles with the stony soil; along the slope of whose hot side you wind, rising and rising till you see, covering the summit of a height that juts forward from the right-hand ridge, the little Druse town of Hasbeya, crowned by an old towered castle of Moorish aspect.

We dismounted in a small gravelled square at the very apex of the town. On one side rose the old stone-walls of the little castle—five hundred years old, they say—with projecting stone-carved windows, and with a solitary gate approached sidewise by a small flight of steps, now crowded by retainers assembled at once to gratify their curiosity and to do us honour. On the other side of the square rose a khan or coffeehouse—a glimpse I got of multifarious turbans of serene and cheerful aspect in its interior led me to think it such—and a minaret conspicuous like a lighthouse; from whose very walls the steep slope dropped down, covered with mulberry trees; down to a little rocky stream that marked the valley's deepest course, and beyond which the opposing ridge rose steeply. Behind the castle, again, the stone houses of Hasbeya—the dwellings, they told us, of six thousand souls—swept down the little prominence that uplifts the town, and then again rose with the rising heights behind. It was a delightful old place. If one had had a bugle-horn and known how to blow, one could not but have wound it straightway at the castle-door. The emir's fair daughter might have looked forth from one of those stone-carved windows on to a Christian knight below. I am sorry she didn't. And to see it next morning when they brought us horses for sale; when its door was crowded by a group of Druses and Mussulmans watching the horsemen that dashed their gaudily-accoutred horses across the square; one might have thought one saw a scene of old Granada, where Moorish knights careered before some ancient Andalusian stronghold.

We were received with the greatest courtesy by the emir, lord of the castle and governor of Hasbeya; a man of an old and noble Mussulman family that had dwelt there for ages, but which, at the time of our visit, in common with all the other families of similar standing in those parts, was much reduced in circumstances. We were led, through a cloister skirting a large paved court, into a long narrow vaulted-room. At its further end, a small divan, raised above the level of the floor and lined with carpets and cushions, occupied the whole interior of a large bay-window divided by stone pillars, but perfectly open and without either glass or shutters, looking down upon the square. The old emir gave us pipes and iced sherbets. He himself could take nothing, for it was Ramazan, and the sun was not yet down; so he sat patiently watching the closing evening till the Muezzin, with a wonderful cracked voice that broke every now and then into the shrillest screech, proclaimed sunset. Instantly a servant rushed in with a great cup of sherbet, which the emir took down; and immediately after, dinner was served.

We sat smoking in the window after dinner. It was pretty to see the daylight fade, and the mountain-side across the valley darken into a black ridge, and the stars brighten and brighten upon the growing night. It was a pretty old room too, dimly lighted by a lantern suspended from the roof, and another larger one on legs set on the floor. The painting round the bay-window was terribly faded, and the plaster was cracking off here and here; but still the room was picturesque and pleasant, and with its dilapidation combined an air of nobility in a way that suited it excellently well to the fallen fortunes of an old emir.

I suppose that the time of these old Syrian nobles is come, and the moment in the world's history arrived when all they have to do is to vanish, the quicker the better. But the process of extinction is a sad one to see. Formerly they were the feudal lords of the country. The revenues were collected through them, and provided they delivered to government a certain sum, they were entitled to appropriate to themselves the quite uncertain sum which they might please squeeze out along with it. When Syria, by the intervention of powers amongst which England was one, was made over to Turkey, these feudal rights were suppressed, and a pension or stated income granted to each emir as compensation. So far, so good; but in due time the Turkish Government, as might have been expected of it, stopped payment, and these unhappy old nobles, deprived alike of revenue and pension, were many of them brought close upon the verge of literal starvation. Such at least was the account of their fall given me by men who ought to be well acquainted with its history. Our host of Hasbeya had escaped this extreme ruin, and seemed in tolerable circumstances; but we shortly after met another emir of much the same stamp, who told us plainly that he was starving—a statement which the general aspect of himself and his belongings seemed to confirm.

I was wonderfully taken with that old mountain-castle. I was seized with quite a desire to be Emir of Hasbeya myself. How one might hoist one's flag on the old tower, and fill the old court with hawks and greyhounds; how one might smoke and be lazy in the open windows, or go down to hunt in the plain below; what dealings one might have with one's Anazeh neighbours for their fine horses, and how one might finally get sick of it all!

Shortly after our final leave-taking of the Wulad Ali, I found myself again at Beyrout. Alone this time, for my companion had remained in

Damascus to pick up the last straggling horses that might offer. The steamer Trent lay in the offing, and 292 horses and seven mules had to be put on board her from a flat shore without the vestige of a pier or landing-place.

Fortunately the ship's paddle-box boats, made expressly for horses, offered a wide deck for them to stand on, and were provided with a broad plank for them to walk up. Still the problem was a perplexing one. Near three hundred horses to be invited to walk up a steep plank which the shipbuilder might consider amply broad and every way sufficient, but which they voted at once to be narrow and insufficient; that plank heaving all the time, with the tossing of the little surf that tumbled on the shore; and then—all stallions, and all prepared to fight like fiends—to be packed tightly on board and towed out to sea. Some, indeed, consented to the arrangement; but others declined utterly, and throwing themselves back on their haunches, with their legs planted well out in front of them, said, as plainly as horses could say it, that they'd see us——in short, that they wouldn't; and they didn't; and neither coaxing nor hauling made them budge an inch.

So, finding that neither persuasion nor ordinary means of force availed, I had recourse to extraordinary means. I got a long rope to the recusant horse's head, hauled on by men in the boat. That did nothing. Then I got two more, one to each fore-foot, similarly hauled on; but the beast only sat down lower on his haunches, and that did nothing either.

At last we found out how to do it. The device is this. Let all three ropes be hauled on vigorously. The horse's fore-legs are pulled from under him, and he sinks down on his haunches to resist. In this attitude, if he does not move, at least he cannot kick. Taking advantage of this, two men rush at him; one on each side, they lock hands round his buttocks, low down, as he strives to sit like a dog; and with a mighty hoist, ropes and all assisting, heave him forward on to the plank. This is the effective stroke; this is what he seems quite unable to resist. Once on the plank, he rushes desperately up it and stands on deck. Some, however, obstinate or terrified, will fling themselves off into the water; and there is nothing to do but to put them up again pertinaciously till good-luck prompts them to bolt on board.

You must be nimble in your motions, for when he finds himself on deck jostled by other horses, his first impulse is to squeal, bite, kick, and demean himself like a demon. The very moment he arrives, hobble him all round, fore-leg to hind-leg, with the Syrian hobbles, so that he cannot stir; punch and shove him into his place, the closer the better to his neighbour; tie his head down tight to the railing that surrounds the deck; wedge horses in all round quite tight; give way with the tow-boats, and away you go, as pretty a little pandemonium of impotent wrath and ferocity as need be.

It could not be supposed that our horses reached the ship in a benevolent frame of mind. Yet the artillerymen who had been sent to assist in the embarkation, and to whom it fell to hoist the horses out of the boat and stow them on board, declared that they were easier to deal with than common English troop-horses. They were not, they said, "so spiteful."

I did not measure the plank; it might be six or seven feet wide. Whatever it was, it struck me that it ought to have been just twice as broad, and railed on each side with a closely-boarded palisade through which the horse could project neither himself nor his limbs, nor break, nor even see. When a large ship is fitted up expressly for the conveyance of troop-horses, such a machine could not be impracticably cumbersome to carry, and would be found worth its carriage. And as *Blackwood* gets into strange places, and may possibly some day fall into the hands of some perplexed individual with three hundred refractory horses to embark, I will warn him that if he see fit to adopt my hauling dodge, he should contrive loops of some softer material than rope to encircle the horse's pasterns. *We* found them ready to hand in the soft tough loops with which every Syrian hobble is provided.

Peterlini and several of his Italian assistant remained on board till the last moment; and although it was a dead calm, were seized, all but the stout horse-dealer himself, with such qualms of approaching sea-sickness, that they made me quite proud and thankful for the privilege which every Englishman inherits along with the blood of the old sea-kings, of not being sick without, at all events, *some* sea on. At last time was up, and I looked my last on Angelo Peterlini. I hope he still flourishes. I should be pleased to hear that, not immoderately legging his friends and the public, he had realised wherewith to retire to his native Italy; there at ease to sing in heroic strains the Baruffas of the desert, and to invent, if possible, fresh titles of dishonour for the Bedouins.

And as the Trent, agreeably combining the stinks of her engine with those of a crowded stable, rumbled and thudded away from the Syrian coast, so ended an expedition which a lover of horses might think himself fortunate to have joined, and which the annoyances inseparable from Eastern travel had not availed to render other than a most pleasant one.

I must add a postscript. Do not let any man, because I have rated the average price of an Anazeh horse at £34, suppose that £34 is to buy him a striking specimen of the race; or, because I have described the Anazeh horses as fine, imagine that the very fine ones are anything but the exception to the rule. With the Arab horse, as with everything else in the world, the average is grievously removed from the ideal, and all that you want above it you must pay for. Finally, let any one who may be tempted to seek for an Arab horse in his native deserts remember that though we, buying horses by the hundred, could attract numbers of sellers to our camp, it does not follow that he, in search of a solitary animal, could do anything of the kind, or, indeed, that he could draw together a sufficient number to offer him a reasonable choice; and above all, if he wish to avoid tribulation, let him receive as great truths all Angelo Peterlini's remarks upon the Bedouins, and shape his course so as—if he will take *my* advice—to keep perfectly clear of them.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.

CHAPTER XX.—THE PALACE AT ELY.

The Lord Bishop of Ely and his brother of Durham had already, no doubt, in the course of the evening, discussed high matters of Church and State with all the gravity which became a legate of the sovereign pontiff and the chief-justice of the king. But William Longchamp was not a man to suffer the weight of public business to become at any time too oppressive; and the sounds which now found their way through the open doors of the long and lofty chamber, where the prelates were sitting with two or three chosen guests, into the outer apartment, thronged with his princely retinue, bore witness that the energies of government were at this moment in a state of wholesome relaxation. Helion de Blois, admitted on terms of equality, by the rare prerogative of genius, to a board where dukes were sometimes treated as inferiors, had just concluded one of his most delicious *chansons;* and as the last cadence of voice and instrument died away amidst the gently murmured applause of the legate and his noble guests, a loud buzz of irrepressible admiration broke from the listening crowd without, whose delight was scarcely kept within sober bounds by the respect due to the august presence in whose sight and hearing they were.

The company there assembled consisted of the officers of the legate's household, and the numerous dependents and followers of humble rank whom his pride or his hospitality gathered round him; for the knights and others of noble blood who rode in his train, except the privileged few who were admitted from time to time to his own table, were entertained apart in the guest-hall, which lay in another quarter of the building. Those who now thronged the spacious antechamber formed a very miscellaneous assemblage; impoverished Englishmen of gentle birth, foreign adventurers, Gascon and Hainault captains, esquires, and pages, minstrels, rhymsters, and professors of magic, all found food and shelter in that princely household, and maintained their position there as best they might, giving the chamberlains occasionally some trouble to settle disputed claims of precedence. Raoul sat amongst them, recovered from his late exhaustion, having found rest and solid refreshment more efficacious remedies than any which the leeches were likely to have prescribed, and now awaiting with boyish impatience the audience which he had come so far to seek. For, amongst the motley company in which he found himself, he had recognised, and joyfully hailed as a friend amidst such a maze of strange faces, the esquire with whom he had already made acquaintance on the road; and, by an importunity so urgent as almost to affect that officer's well-worn feelings, as well as to excite his curiosity, had secured his promise to introduce him to the presence-chamber, if possible, before the prelate should have withdrawn for the night. He now learned also, from the same quarter, that the reported visit of the prelate to the house of Ladysmede, upon which Sir Godfrey had founded his invitation to his kinswomen, was in all likelihood as pure an invention as the pretended departure of Sir Nicholas; Longchamp's esquire, at least, knew nothing of any such intention on his master's part, and thought it highly improbable.

"My lord hath sent word to the abbot of Rivelsby that he will ride thither from Michamstede, and lie there one night, and so on with the morrow's dawn for Huntingdon," said he; "and I much doubt, besides, whether he hath so much love for your knight of Ladysmede as to accept his hospitality. Who is that strange knight that is now lodged with him — who bears, it is said, secret letters from the king?"

"He is one Sir Nicholas le Hardi, a knight out of Hallamshire," replied Raoul, "and has borne a good lance against the infidels, if one may trust his esquire's word of him; he is gathering money for King Richard, but he makes no secret of his errand."

"He is stirring up other matters as well," said his companion; "we have heard of him at Lincoln; he hath been dealing with some ill-contented spirits there, and listening to their complaints how that the lord legate carries himself higher than he should, and bestows shorter and sharper justice on the king's enemies than is pleasing to some of those who call themselves the king's friends. I hardly know among which Sir Godfrey is to be reckoned; but let this wandering knight look to it—he will find the royal letters stand him in poor stead, if he be found practising here against the king's vicegerent. But I am speaking of matters with which you and I, young friend, have nought to do."

An imprudent confidence was not one of the speaker's failings, and he gladly broke off the conversation in the general silence which ensued when the word passed round that Helion de Blois had risen with his viol in hand, and all crowded forward to catch what they might of his incomparable strains.

"Now, young sir," said Raoul's new friend, taking advantage of the murmur of applause which followed the Norman's song, and pushing him forward through the throng towards the folding-doors which stood open—"now should be our time or never; my lord will be in happy humour now, and will listen to your tale, provided it be reasonable, and shortly worded—which it hardly shall be, an it be a woman's, unless you shape it afresh. If you would win favour, see that you speak him bold and fair, and with as few needless words as may be."

With the full intention of profiting by this sensible advice, Raoul followed the esquire until he stopped within a few paces of the table where the prelates were sitting, and repeated the lowly obeisance which his conductor made both before and after he caught his master's eye.

"Whom have ye there?" asked Longchamp somewhat sharply; then, as his quick glance recognised the stranger who had stopped their progress a few hours back, he smiled slightly, and his bold handsome features lighted up with the expression of kindly humour which became them best. "Ho! our young friend of the roadside? that we all played the good Samaritan by! Come—did the leeches do their part by thee? Did they pour in the oil and wine? Or, 'faith, perhaps the wine had been poured in a thought too freely already? How was it, now?"

Poor Raoul's presence of mind was nearly failing him again. The question was an awkward one; for he felt conscious that the wine, however innocently on his own part, and on the good abbess's, had had its full share in his discomfiture. He blushed and hesitated, and was not much assisted by the admonitions which his introducer was giving him in the shape of nudges to speak out. He stammered out something that was inaudible.

The bishop's esquire, who knew his master's impatience, and was already repenting him of his introduction, came to the rescue on his own behalf rather than on Raoul's.

"He comes from Ladysmede, my lord, and hath a message to your holiness — of urgency, as I understand."

"It had need be urgent, if I am to be troubled with it at this hour," said Longchamp, his brow darkening a little.

At that moment a wild-looking figure, which had followed the two esquires from among the crowd in the outer chamber, and had stood at some little distance during Raoul's introduction to the legate, stepped in front of them with a rapid shuffling gait, threatening every moment to trip himself up with the loose gown which trailed to his heels, and, with his long flowing hair, gave him very much the appearance of a woman.

"Will it not please your excellent worship to listen rather to me?" said the new claimant, with a low reverence more grotesque than servile. "I have another fytte, which I promise shall content you well, of the gestes of Sir Hippomedon of Troy."

"Why, where left we the noble Trojan last, Perrinet?" said Longchamp, addressing the poet; "I remember now, there was a strange drowsiness came over me towards the end of that last recital; yet, unless I were dreaming, I thought surely he had been slain and done with."

"He shall be brought to life again by a most subtle enchantment," said the poet, bowing with an air of great self-satisfaction; "and shall make good disport yet, I dare warrant for him."

"Saints forfend us?" said the prelate hastily, "if he be not dead when he is dead, he is like to grow tedious upon us — we shall never get done with him at that rate; let him rest in peace awhile, good Perrinet.—Stay," he added, as the *conteur* was turning away in mortification—"here is for thy guerdon as usual, nevertheless. The joyous art shall not suffer for my dullness — or for thine either. And hark ye—since it costs greater pains, I take it, for one of such gifts to be silent than to rhyme for a couple of hours—hie to the wardrobe, and bid them give thee a new gown to thy liking."

"Thanks, noble prince," said Perrinet, as he received the legate's liberal bounty — "we might have Virgils amongst us yet, but that an Augustus comes so seldom."

"Had Virgil been like thee," said Longchamp, as he watched the shuffling figure in its retreat, "Augustus would have cut his head off. It is a marvel to me brother," he continued, turning to Hugh of Durham, "that Heaven, in its wisdom, should endow such men with a fecundity of nonsense! yet will he keep a table-full of roysterers listening to him open-mouthed for hours, till they forget the drink that stands before them. Come"—for Raoul was yet waiting, though he had withdrawn a step or two backward—"we will even have the young esquire's tale now; it may be something new, in any case, and can hardly be so wearisome. What says the worshipful knight of Ladysmede? Despatch, and go your ways."

"I bear no message from Sir Godfrey de Burgh," said Raoul, his courage returning as his blood still warmed at the remembrance of the knight's insult. "I am charged with a word to your holiness from a right noble lady."

"Ha! is it so?" said Longchamp, smiling; "then, my good lord, it were but of courtesy he should be heard at once, were it not? Sooth, I see now he has more the look of a lady's messenger. Speak, young sir; we are all attention."

"Pardon, my gracious lord," said Raoul, hesitating and looking round at the others — "I am not sure — it were more fitting, perhaps, that I had your private ear in this matter."

"I commend your discretion, youth," said Longchamp, smiling again, "though I am well assured it is needless. My lord of Amersham—good Sir Piers De-la-val, you may be over young for a lady's counsellor—will it please you to take seats yonder apart for a while? My brother of Durham is as mine own soul. Nay, never look demure upon the business, Hugh Foliot, nor put any such irreverent interpretation upon this fair one's message, be she who she may, as I see lighting your eye even now. Now, most discreet and prudent messenger, say on. Not a rat besides can listen."

Shortly and distinctly, Raoul delivered the Lady Gladice's request in her own words.

"Pardieu!" said the prelate, "as though it were a small thing for one man to have on his hands the affairs of a realm that is blest with a mad king and a lively breed of traitors, here I have thrust upon me the guidance of a wilful woman! — for wilful she is, like all her blood. And wherefore, under your favour, gentle sir, have your tender years been specially selected for the burden of a lady's secrets? — under which I do not marvel now that you broke down on the road."

He eyed Raoul curiously as he spoke, and used a tone of banter which banished the modesty, which the youth had felt in so honorable a presence, much more effectually than the most gracious encouragement could have done.

"The Lady Gladice hath none about her own person whom she may safely trust in any matter that she would not choose to come to Sir Godfrey's ear; the men at Willan's

Hope have none but him to look to for place and pay. I would she had a more fitting messenger to do her services," said Raoul firmly; "I have no qualities that beseem such an office, save honour and good faith."

"O, and marvellous discretion, and a very pretty turn of words besides," said the prelate, laughing to himself at Raoul's flushed face and kindling eyes; but there was a kindly gleam in his own as he spoke, which might have soothed the youth's ruffled pride if he had found patience to have marked it. "Still, how comes it that one who rides with Sir Godfrey himself, as I learn you do, are such a chosen vessel in the damsel's eyes?—and how does your discrimination reconcile your *devoir* to the lady with your lawful obedience to the knight?"

"I had forsworn his service before I came hither, as the Lady Gladice knew," said Raoul, looking so hot and angry that the Bishop of Durham, who sat listening with some amusement to the dialogue, good-naturedly raised a warning finger; "he has a false tongue, and is neither true man nor gentle knight."

"Bold and rash words," said Longchamp, "in any mouth but in his who can maintain them. Few men of double thy summers, younker, would care to use them of Godfrey de Burgh."

"I take shame to have used them in such a presence," replied Raoul, bending low, and somewhat abashed as he caught the other prelate's eye; "but I would maintain them upon him, by your grace and Heaven's, if ever I live to wear spurs."

"Thou wilt hardly do that, friend, if thou carry that hot bearing towards all men; such tempers are not long-lived."

"I only meant," said poor Raoul, somewhat discomfited under the stern gaze of Longchamp, "that I would not have your holiness think so meanly of me, as that I said of Sir Godfrey here that which I would not say to his face, if need were—if I died for it; I am old enough for that."

"And to live and grow wiser," said the prelate. "But having discharged yourself from the service of the knight of Ladysmede, where is it your good pleasure to think of bestowing yourself?—for you and Sir Godfrey will be but dangerous neighbours, if you take service at Willan's Hope under the lady."

"I would go to the Holy Wars, if any good knight would have me of his company, and serve him with all love and honesty."

"He could hardly take with him a more dangerous companion, I think—unless it were his lady-wife," said the prelate. "Not so, boy; as you seem to have a mission to set other men right, the service of Holy Church, I take it, will give most scope for your peculiar qualities; and a quiet household like mine"—he glanced with the corner of his eye at his neighbour of Durham—"were just the place for your young blood to cool itself down into a little more Christian fear and reverence of your elders. What say you, sir? I did not catch your name—will ye take service with me?"

"Oh! my good lord—your holiness?" cried Raoul, falling on his knees in a transport of delight, for there was now no mistaking the legate's kindly meaning; and to ride in the princely train of William of Ely might have been indeed a dazzling offer even to a youth of calmer spirit than his—"you are too good! too gracious!—what can I say?"

"The less the better," replied Longchamp; "but let it be said upon your feet. I am not over-persuaded that I shall come up to your notion of perfection in a master, but you will have the grace to bear with me for the present, and to do my bidding. Rest here to-night; and as early as you will to-morrow, take back my answer to Willan's Hope. In three days—or it may be in less—I am bound to Michamstede, and thence to Rivelsby; at one or other place, say from me, I will request a meeting with my fair kinswoman, and give her such counsel as I may. Ride straight there and straight back—I will send a trusty comrade with thee; and if you chance to fall in with any of Sir Godfrey's riders in those parts, say that ye serve the Bishop of Ely; and that I will have his ears cropped like a dog, be he churl, knight or noble, that meddles with any man on an errand of mine."

Proud and grateful, the young esquire made a humble obeisance, and withdrew.

This unexpected transference to the service of such a powerful patron, which filled Raoul with as much surprise as delight, and made him at once an object of jealousy to the friend who had introduced him, was not the result of quite so sudden a whim on the prelate's part as he and others present might have naturally concluded. Longchamp's generosity, it is true, was sometimes as capricious as his exercise of power; but not unfrequently his acts assumed to others the appearance of being arbitrary and despotic, because in his haughty contempt for the opinions and judgment of those whom he despised—and they were rather the exceptions whom he did not—he rarely condescended to give a reason for what he did, and often, both by his language and bearing, gave all the effect of a wanton caprice to what was really, whether right or wrong, a well-considered decision. Even in the trifling matter of young Raoul's adoption into his service, his intention had been formed beforehand, and from circumstances which few were ever likely to know. Waryn Foliot, with a kindly feeling towards the boy who was thrown in such plight upon the rude sympathies of such a household, had sent a groom to see that Raoul was cared for in the palace, and to bid him wait on him when he should feel sufficiently recovered. In the brief conversation which followed between them, Foliot drew from him at once, by some of that unconscious attraction by which hearts are opened, a more unreserved account of his quarrel with Sir Godfrey than his pride had allowed him to give either to the Italian or to the lady Gladice. If he smiled at the boy's violence, he had the charity not to do so until he repeated the story in his uncle's chamber; the Bishop of Durham told it again to Longchamp, with some grave and regretful strictures upon the petulance and irreverence of youth in that degenerate age. But the legate—partly, it might be, that he had little good-will towards de Burgh, but more from a strong natural sympathy with any indications of a bold and impetuous spirit—had burst into one of his heartiest laughs at the recital, and vowed that the boy had done well. He determined on the instant to send for the youth on the morrow, before he left the palace, and if his bearing pleased him, to offer him service in his own household. Raoul's introduction to his presence that evening had only somewhat hastened this result.

It was scarcely dawn when the young esquire led his steed from the palace stables at Ely, and looked carefully, in the uncertain light, to shoe and strap and buckle before he sprang upon his back. But, early as it was, in the palace-yard he found another party already mounted. It was Waryn Foliot, with a single follower, now taking horse on his return homewards to the Leys. He greeted Raoul with ready courtesy.

"I give you good morning, sir squire—you ride abroad early?"

"I thank you, worshipful Master Foliot," replied Raoul; "I have business that may not well wait."

"Lies your way towards Ladysmede?" said Foliot; "if so, we may as well travel in company. There have been tales of loose doings on the roads between this and Lincoln, and honest men can never be one too many; though, for myself, I would be bound to ride alone through the breadth of England—ay, and France too—with a light purse and a discreet tongue, safer than with a score of brawling knaves at my heels who can never keep tongue nor hand out of other men's quarrels."

"An it please you to do me so much grace as bid me ride in your company," replied the esquire, "I shall hardly be so ill-mannered as to say nay; but I have need to be in haste," he added, with a little flush of conscious importance.

"I know, I know," said Foliot, smiling; "you serve a new master, I have heard, and one that will have no laggards in his service. I give you joy of my Lord of Ely's favour; he is the foremost man in this realm, and, I will be bold to say, wears his honours nobly. I will be no hindrance on the road, Raoul, I promise thee."

So they set forth together, Raoul's happy laugh ringing again in the clear cold air, light and careless as ever, as if his trouble had been but a dream; and before the day had worn far on, they drew bridle for the first time at an hostelry in the town of Michamstede.

CHAP XXI.—THE NET AND ITS PREY.

If the abbess of Michamstede had renounced the world, it was not to shut herself up in a selfish isolation, but only to open her heart more largely to those whom the world had renounced, or who had been sore wounded in their struggles with its evil. It only needed for her to learn the outlines of Isola's unhappy story—and of these Father Giacomo had informed her—to insure for the stranger such rest and protection as might be found within the walls of the convent. That she had been a grievous sinner—and, in the pure eyes of the lady Brunhild, few sins were more grievous than a breach of the cloister vow of chastity—was only an additional claim to the compassion of one who held her rule under the auspices of the Mother of Mercy. That she went in hourly danger from a powerful enemy, against whom even the walls of the sanctuary might prove no protection if her retreat were discovered, and whose wrath might in such cases light upon the protectors as well as the protected, was a thought which never caused the abbess an instant's selfish hesitation. It is only in ages of higher civilisation that all doors are shut against the victim whom society has branded, and whom it is dangerous to protect. For this, if for no other reason, let the traveller pause before he denounces as an impious boast the legend which he may yet trace out over the ruined archway of Michamstede. "*This is the gate of Heaven.*" At least it stood always open for the world-weary and the contrite.

There was now no longer any excuse for Isola to linger as a guest in the old tower. The day was at last determined for her parting from those kind friends. Her buoyant and impulsive spirit, in which love and grief surged and swelled like a tempest, struggled out again into sunshine, under the influence of kindness, even after trials which would have laid some hearts low for ever. But for the one overwhelming sorrow, which lay on her like a heavy shadow always—nay, almost in spite of it—the weeks she spent at Willan's Hope had been the calmest and the happiest of her life since early girlhood. Her new-found friends were scarcely less sorry to part than the Italian herself. Skilled in all the limited accomplishments of her age, and having been a traveller in foreign land, she had been a very welcome companion in their secluded life. Brighter flowers than ever had sprung from Efhild's mechanical fingers marked those portions of the eternal tapestry which had been committed to Isola's hands, on her own petition, while the good dame was absent on her other duties of rebuke and exhortation amongst her domestics; and richer melodies than ever flowed from Gladice's careless voice rang through the old chambers, and stilled the noisy men-at-arms below, as they caught the sounds through the open doors, when the stranger could be persuaded to sing there some strain of her native Italy.

But it was full time that Isola should seek some securer and more distant refuge. Father Giacomo, in the messages which he had sent by Picot from time to time, had never ceased to urge it. Sir Nicholas, indeed, far from having any suspicion of her presence in his neighbourhood, had but spoken the truth when he had told the chaplain that he believed her dead; and Isola herself had good reason to think that he looked upon her sudden appearance in Outhwin's but as merely the shaping of his own distempered fancy. The reception of a wanderer at the old tower was not in itself so remarkable an occurrence as necessarily to reach the ears of Sir Godfrey; or even if it had, since that wanderer was a helpless woman, and not likely to entertain any design upon his ward or her manors, it would probably have been forgotten as soon as heard. Still there was evident risk of discovery from such a close proximity; and Gladice herself unwillingly, for her guest's sake, admitted that she would be safer in the convent at Michamstede.

"Since it must needs be so," said she to Isola, when at length the day was fixed for her quitting the Tower, "I will at least give you company so far, and commend you myself to my dear friend the abbess; good and kind she is to all, and you will soon love her as I do."

"I have told you—have I not?—there is an Italian in their house—Sister Beatrix, with whom I have some poor acquaintance. I shall not be wholly among strangers there; albeit, as our holy Mother knows, strangers have surely been better friends to me than they who should have been."

"'Tis a good life the sisters lead there," said Gladice thoughtfully; "though I remember, to my shame, I flouted at their habit and their talk, when I was there, as being overstaid and grave; but I was scarce more than a giddy child then, and the good abbess chid me, rightly. I think now sometimes it were well if I had staid amongst them."

"No, no!" said Isola, "the cloister is neither for you nor me; the peace you talk of there is but a living death."

"It were better even so," replied Gladice, quickly, "than"—but she stopped and hesitated.

"Than a life like mine, you would say? I know not. To some, such vows are but tempting perjury. Had I never taken them, I might have known sorrow enough, but I should have scaped the sin which is my heaviest burden."

"But at least," said Gladice, "you will find such rest welcome now."

"Rest—for how long? Nay, whilst he lives, and I live, there is no rest for me but one, and that I must seek, though I well know it is lost to me for ever. Even now—laugh at such weakness, for I deserve it—I gladly seek this mynchery, as I have gladly tarried here, because I shall still be near enough at least to hear of him!"

"I would say nothing to pain you," said Gladice after a pause; "but surely, if he has scorned and slighted your love as you say, I do not say that, being his, you can or should cease to love him; but such love would seem to me more like a sorrow for one dead and lost, than a clinging to the living."

"Ah!" said the other, looking at her with a sad smile, "you speak of that you do not know!"

Gladice made no reply. Both perhaps found the subject embarrassing, and the conversation was not continued.

Very sadly, upon unwilling eyes, dawned at last the dark November day which was to see their parting. Almost in silence the last meal was eaten; Dame Elfhild herself assisted in mounting Isola upon her own jennet at the gate, and her farewell was as tender and as tearful as though she were addressing it to a daughter. Even Warenger was moved to a nearer approach to softness than he had ever been known to show towards any woman save her whom he regarded with a sort of epicene affection, as the suzeraine lady who had a right to his military obedience as well as to his gallantry as a man; and when the fair stranger bid him a courteous farewell as he held Gladice's rein, the veteran bestowed upon her a hearty wish for her safe journey, and accompanied it with a brief word of regret that he himself could not conveniently be of their escort that day. Attended by her maiden Bertha, and closely followed by Cropt Harry and some half-score of the retainers of the tower, the lady Gladice rode forth with her guest, in fulfilment of her promise, towards the friendly gates of Michamstede. It was the day before that on which she was herself pledged to accept the unwelcome hospitalities of Ladysmede; and though her silent thoughtfulness, as they rode, did not much surprise her companion, the subject of the maiden's anxious thought was even graver than Isola could imagine. She was calculating to what lengths Sir Nicholas might carry his suit even in the face of her most determined resistance, and how far, in a case of extremity, she had any hope of moving her guardian by an appeal to the rough kindness which she believed him to entertain towards her; what plea she should find for evading, as she was resolved to do, her visit to the Manor; how far she could make use of the knowledge she had obtained from Isola without betraying her to her husband's anger; and above all, how Raoul might have sped in his message to the Bishop of Ely, and what might be the probability of his interposition in her favour before it should be too late. She had other and nearer cause for anxiety and alarm, if she could have suspected treachery amongst the followers of her father's household.

Dubois' silver pieces, employed with judicious liberality in his master's service, had found their way even through the strong old walls of Willan's Hope. Lambert, the groom, who was now jesting with one of his fellows with that open smiling face in which Nature seems sometimes to take pleasure in disguising a rascal, had communicated to the Gascon, in pursuance of an arrangement which that clever negotiator had found opportunity to make during his visit to the Tower, the fact of the lady Gladice's hurried interview with Raoul, and subsequently her intended journey to Michamstede. Nay, with the honest wish, it must be supposed, of giving good money's worth for the price paid, he had been somewhat over-positive in his information. He had stated as a fact, what was merely a report in the household, that their young mistress had at length determined to take the veil at the instance of her ancient friend, the good lady Brunhild. Carried to Sir Nicholas's ears, the tale bore every mark of probability. Raoul, then, had communicated his suspicions to Gladice; a woman's instinct had led her to guess at Sir Godfrey's designs; and she had at once chosen the cloister as an escape from an unwelcome marriage. It doubly confirmed Le Hardi in his determination to play his own game boldly—at once, and alone. He would no longer be hampered either by Sir Godfrey's half-pretended scruples, or his unmanagable temper, or his clumsy diplomacy. A brief consultation with Dubois was all that he now required to arrange his plan; and before the day had well broke on that gloomy morning which was to be the last of Isola's sojourn at the old tower, Sir Nicholas himself, in plain armour, with his visor down, accompanied by the few trusty followers of his own who lay at Ladysmede, rode quietly out at the gate of the Manor, and was joined in the valley below by about the same number of military tenants of Sir Godfrey, who were quite ignorant of the business on which they were engaged, and quite indifferent on that point, so long as they received from Dubois such weighty and intelligible personal reasons for undertaking it. He had previously given Sir Godfrey to understand that the object of this early expedition was to visit a religious house at some distance, which had been backward in its contributions to the royal service; and he had caused the report to be spread through the household, in pursuance of the plan of action originally agreed upon, that he was now taking his final departure from Ladysmede. In the event of his finding himself misinformed as to Gladice's movements, and of her yet becoming Sir Godfrey's guest, it was not his intention to show himself again at the Manor until after her arrival there. It was possible that by this means, if the intelligence of his actual departure should reach Willan's Hope, any vague suspicion which might have been roused in the mind of the heiress would be set at rest; while at the same time it offered a plausible reason for taking with him his own immediate followers, whom he would find the readiest instruments in the design which he now contemplated, if Dubois' last information proved true. And if that design succeeded, Sir Godfrey would rejoice to find it carried out without his own actual knowledge or co-operation.

When the knight's party reached the cover of the woods which lay between the Manor and Willan's Hope, they halted, by Sir Nicholas's order, in one of the little intersecting valleys, and dismounted and watered their horses at the stream which ran through it, while Dubois rode forward alone. Striking off from the main path into one of the many tracks made by the hunters and swine-herds, he soon reached a secluded knoll, which commanded the approaches to Willan's Hope, and from which he could easily discover, although still at some distance, the figures of any persons entering or quitting it. Throwing himself down upon the turf, with his bridle over his arm, while he allowed his horse to crop the herbage within his reach, he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the old grey walls. More than an hour passed, and still he saw there no sign of movement. But one of the Gascon's best qualities was patience; at last it was rewarded. He saw plainly a numerous party cross the drawbridge, and as the figures were thrown out strongly against the sky, he could even make out more than one female dress amongst them. Continuing his observations until the forms grew indistinct as they descended the slope, he remounted, and took his way back rapidly by the same path to the valley where he had left his master. He did not know that the movements of his own party had been already watched by as keen an eye as his own, and a subtler and more determined spirit.

Slowly, and almost in silence, the company whose departure Dubois had been watching, rode on their way. The heavy skies wore looks that harmonised with their feelings; and as the collected mist dropped on them as they passed under the overhanging branches, Gladice drew her mantle closer round her with a shudder, not so much from physical discomfort as from the chill of her inward forebodings of evil. Lambert, who had charge of the party, led the way at a leisurely pace, which at most other times he would soon have received orders to quicken; but to-day Gladice was content to let the dull hours drag on as they would. They had not proceeded far, when, from the thick covert by the wayside stepped out a man in a yeoman's russet dress, carrying an axe upon his shoulder. He was a stranger in the younger lady's eyes; but Isola had no difficulty in recognising Giacomo. Cropt Harry, too, who scanned him as he stood waiting for the cavalcade to approach, soon knew him for the same man who had assisted Picot to bear the sick lady into the tower on the night of the storm. He made a slight but courteous obeisance to Gladice, and then stepping to the side of Isola's horse, spoke a few words to her in their own language. The retainers of Willan's Hope looked somewhat scandalised at the interruption, and watched their lady's face to see what notice she would take of the stranger's boldness.

He had turned from Isola, and laid his hand on Hengist's mane, while he addressed the fair rider earnestly in a tone which scarcely reached the ears of the others.

"Lady," he said, "the fate which you would avoid follows fast behind you. Ask me not who I am, or by what right I speak; but turn with me, and ride; it is for more than life!"

"Trust him, oh trust him!" said Isola in a low voice of painful eagerness, as Gladice drew back from Giacomo, naturally startled and alarmed.

"Yes, trust me," said the Italian, "and turn at once. You may be safe yet, if we lose no time. To the right here; follow me!" and he pointed down a narrow bypath.

"By the mass, my lady!" said Lambert, who had listened attentively to what he could gather of the conversation, "you will surely not be so ill advised as to turn aside at this man's bidding?"

Gladice looked at Isola, who repeated her entreaty with an impressiveness which overcame at once her own scruples of mistrust.

"He is known to this lady, and he advises us of danger, though I know not what," said Gladice; "let us turn while we may."

But there was a murmur of dissatisfaction on the part of more than one of her other followers. They prudently considered that their new travelling acquaintance might as easily lead them into peril as out of it.

"There be little danger afoot between this and Michamstede," said one, "to a stout band such as we are; and who is this ill-boding churl, that we should hearken to him?"

Encouraged by this show of unwillingness on the part of his fellows to listen to the stranger's warning, Lambert now turned round and addressed his mistress.

"It were folly to listen to him, lady," said he; "let us ride on, and we will be warrant for your safety."

"Rather turn at one, as I bid you," said Gladice with a shade of haughtiness in her voice, as she half-turned her own horse to follow Giacomo, who was still beckoning them impatiently to the path which he had pointed out.

"Look ye here, Harry — Turstan, and all of ye," shouted Lambert, "we shall have to answer to Master Warenger for the safe rendering of these ladies at Michamstede. I would be full loth," he continued, bowing respectfully to Gladice, "to do ought against your worshipful pleasure, but we must not be turned unduly from our path at a fool's fancy—even if it be no worse, as it well may be. Stand off, sirrah!"

And forcing himself between Gladice and the Italian, he seized the rein of her horse, and urged him forward. He was seconded in this by one or two of his companions, who had crowded up, and Giacomo would have been ridden down if he had not stepped back hastily amongst the underwood.

"Ride on, if you will," cried the Italian; "there is danger before you and behind!"

Lambert raised his curtal-axe with a menacing gesture towards the stranger, as he spurred his own horse forwards. "Away, fool!" he shouted.

They were the last words he spoke. The next moment the axe fell from his hands as he threw them wildly upwards, his head bent forwards towards his horse's mane, and with a single sharp cry he dropped dead from the saddle, an arrow through his heart.

The consternation of the party gave the priest another opportunity. He alone was calm and unmoved.

"Back!" he cried to the men who had reined up and were handling their weapons in anticipation of an encounter with some unseen enemy. —"Back! if you would save your lady!"

Gladice had uttered one faint cry as she saw Lambert's fall, and now sat pale as death, trying to soothe Hengist, who had been chafed by the groom's rough handling. Isola kept her alarmed gaze fixed upon Giacomo.

"Said I not your path was beset?" he continued, almost with a sneer, to the bewildered escort; "will ye turn now?"

"Beshrew me, if thou hast not more hand in this thyself than shall be good for thee," said one of the men-at-arms, making towards the speaker. "If we be fallen into thieves' company, I trow I can mark one."

"Hold!" cried Gladice—"I know him for a friend who gives true counsel."

"Nay, Turstan," said Cropt Harry, "be not over hasty—list to what the Lady Gladice saith. There be others in the company who know somewhat of this stranger, too. If my lady says 'follow him,' why I follow him for one; and it were best for us all, rather than bide here to be shot down like driven deer."

The priest had sprung into the groom's vacant saddle, and before the party had come to any resolution, led the way at a rapid pace through the oak coppice, followed closely by Gladice and Isola. Harry kept his place almost at his lady's stirrup, and one by one, with some muttered reluctance, and many an unquiet glance round them, the rest of the escort turned their horses in the same direction. Just as they reached the edge of the wood, and were about to emerge into the open country, Giacomo rode forward cautiously, after giving the others a signal to halt. They obeyed him now as if he had been their recognised leader.

"There is nothing left but to ride for it," he said, after watching anxiously for a few moments the line of wood which skirted the distance in the direction of Ladysmede. "See there!" He beckoned Harry to him, and pointed to the quarter in which he had been gazing.

"I see a plump of spears, sure enough," said the other.

"They are on our track, and there are those amongst them who know these woods as well as I, or we might perhaps baffle them here. It were as well for thy lady to die," said the Italian in the other's ear, "as fall into their hands."

The man looked round him in dismay. He did not half understand his companion, but he understood enough to feel helpless and uncomfortable.

"We are but eight or nine at most," he said, looking doubtfully at his new comrade.

"And I can count above a score of spears yonder," interrupted Giacomo.

"But we may hold them at bay awhile, if thou ride on with my lady to Michamstede. I know nought of ye, friend," continued Cropt Harry bluntly, "but I have seen thee show tenderness to one woman, and I wot that be the best safeguard against wronging another—specially such as her." He nodded over his shoulder towards Gladice, and there was a rough emotion in his tone.

"They will have beset the road to Michamstede already," replied Giacomo, "unless the fiend has bestowed upon them less of his cunning than usual. Our best chance is to put the river between us."

He turned, and hastily communicated his purpose to Gladice and Isola. "You cannot reach the mynchery," he said; "you were scarce safe there now, even if you could."

"What must we do?" asked Gladice, shivering and trembling. She feared to ask what the danger was, or whence it came. If her suspicions were true, and if the enemies of whom their companion warned them came from Ladysmede, she knew—and the priest knew also—that even those who were now escorting her were hardly to be depended on.

"We must make for the river," said he, calling to the others. And followed by the whole party, he left the cover of the wood, and led the way at full speed in that direction.

They had not galloped for many minutes before he drew rein again for a moment on the edge of the valley, and threw a long keen glance behind him.

"They gain on us fast," he said; "and there go some to cut us off from Swinford bridge."

"Now, our Lady help us!" said Gladice; "we can go no faster." She glanced behind her as she spoke, at the panting animal which carried Isola, and which, though forced to its utmost speed, could not keep pace with the noble horse on which she herself was mounted, and which might yet have borne her out of the reach of her pursuers. Even now, fiery with the excitement of the race, she could scarce rein him to the pace of the others.

Giacomo saw the difficulty. "Bertha," said he, turning to the handmaiden as they still rode on, "dost love thy mistress well enough to do a brave deed for her?"

"What a woman may do, I would," replied poor Bertha, crying and trembling.

"I ask nothing that endangers thy safety or thine honour, maiden—at least more than they are in danger now. If we hold all together, we cannot fail to be overtaken; if we separate, some will lightly chance to escape. It is the Lady Gladice whom these men seek. Don thou her hood and mantle, mount on this good steed's back, and some of us will ride with thee straight for the mynchery. If we reach it, well; if they take us—why, they have missed their quarry after all. The lady herself shall make for the ferry afoot meanwhile."

"Holy St. Bride?" said the poor tirewoman with a fresh burst of tears, "what will become of me?"

"Nay, nay!" said Gladice, who had overheard something of the proposal, "she shall go in no such peril for me."

But here Isola spoke. She had been very silent, and looked flushed with a wild excitement which contrasted strongly with Gladice's pale face of despair.

"Stay," she said, "this service is mine." She spoke in a determined voice, as one who had made up her mind. "I will do that which the girl hath been asked to do—I have no fear."

"What!" said Giacomo, starting, "there were little risk for the damsel—but for you!"

"Let it be even so," said Isola, pressing to his side and laying her hand hurriedly upon his arm—"quick, or we lose time."

Gladice looked from Isola's excited face into the priest's, and then again around her in an agony of doubt and hesitation.

"Nay, then," said the Italian, after another imploring whisper from Isola, "have it as you will—there is peril alike every way—let that come which will come."

They had dipped into the valley while this hurried conversation passed, and were for the moment out of sight of their pursuers. Before Gladice could well rally her thoughts, and in spite of her faint remonstrance, Giacomo had stopped and dismounted, lifted her from her horse, and with Isola's eager help had made a rapid exchange of hood and mantle, and seated the Italian upon Hengist's back. She, at least, showed now no trace of fear; and as she sat there, soothing the impatient and yet gentle animal, with her colour higher and her eye brighter than its wont, she looked as though peril and excitement had given her a new life. Was it that she dreaded the capture even less than the convent?

"Now," said Giacomo, when their hasty preparations were complete, "ride straight across the open yonder for Michamstede; you at least might reach it, if the way were clear—but of that there is little hope. Bertha, and all of ye—if ye love your lady's safety, ye must be content to part with her for a while, and ride on with us. I am loth to rob the lady Gladice of her following, but if she were mistaken for a serving-wench, she were all the safer now. If she will be ruled by me, she will seek the ferry yonder—'tis scarce two miles—on foot and alone."

"That shall she not," said Harry, "come what may of it. Afoot or a-horse-back, dead or alive, I go with my lady there till she get safe home again."

"Such a fool's speech had need to come out of an honest man's mouth," the priest muttered, half to himself. "Go thou with her, then, if it must be—two may be as safe as one. Make fast the horses to these trees, and see ye keep the shelter of the wood-side as much as may be. If ye once win the ferry, pay the ferryman to cut his boat adrift, and ye may take your way at leisure on to the Abbey of St. Mary—ye will be safe there."

He thrust some money hastily into the retainer's hand, sprang on his horse again, and followed the rest of the party, who were already spurring on towards Michamstede.

The ruse was so far successful. When the spearmen whom Giacomo had been watching had reached the crest of the hill and looked before them into the valley, they saw what seemed still the same objects of their pursuit, though they had turned somewhat out of the usual track, taking their expected route towards Michamstede, the towers of which were now visible in the distance. That they had been startled at the appearance of a body of armed men riding apparently upon their track, and had quickened their own pace in consequence, was nothing more than one of the ordinary incidents of travel in such unquiet times.

Sir Nicholas rode on, not caring to overpress the horses of his band, though the fugitives seemed now to be gaining upon him in their turn; for, as Giacomo had suspected, he had already taken measures to intercept them before they should reach the bridge which led into the town. The object of his bold attempt seemed fairly within his grasp; for he could make out in the distance two female figures in front, one mounted, as his practised eye almost assured him, upon the Lady Gladice's noble black horse; and this corresponded sufficiently with the account which the Gascon esquire had brought to him of the party who had set forth from the gates of Willan's Hope. If the figures of Gladice and her single protector were visible occasionally as they wound their way from coppice to coppice towards the ferry, the attention of the knight and his followers was too eagerly fixed elsewhere to be easily attracted in their direction.

With a mixture of tumultuous feelings, of which even she herself could have given little account, rushing through her heart and quickening its pulses almost to madness, Isola let the reins fall loose upon the neck of the gallant horse she rode, and was borne along almost unconsciously. She could scarcely have explained the motive—or rather the sudden impulse—which prompted her thus to assume Gladice's place; but she never repented of it for a moment. Something there was, no doubt, of a noble self-devotion, which would readily offer itself to meet the danger, be it what it might, which threatened her benefactress. She would have done and dared much for one who had such claims upon her love and gratitude. But, warm and true as her feelings were towards Gladice, the Italian herself was concious of little self-sacrifice in the service which she had volunteered, and was too honest to claim, even in her own heart, the self-satisfaction of thus repaying a kindness. Had she been questioned when she first left the tower, she would have shrunk with dread from the thought of falling once more into the power of her husband; but now, as she gradually neared the gates of Michamstede, the refuge, as she might still hope, from all such danger, she felt an almost irresistible longing to stop, and meet the man who had so deeply wronged her—whom she still so madly loved—face to face, if her last appeal were only to die at his feet. He could but slay her; and what was life without love but death to her? There was something also—she confessed it in her heart, and sought to cast it from her—of a darker and more unworthy feeling; a bitter desperation which, at the price of life itself, would have stood between him and another.

Left thus to himself, and still ahead of the rest, her horse had slackened his stride, and enabled Giacomo with some difficulty to rejoin her.

"We were safe now," he said, as he looked back, "if we had foes behind us only. But this was wild counsel, Isola—I cannot read what will come of it."

"I said I was weary of this life," she replied. "It may be I have wronged him somewhat, after all; he will surely have forgiven the dead!"

"Ay," said the priest, "but will he forgive the living? But let it be—I too have had long patience, and am weary too; it may be we are near the end."

"My Giacomo!" said Isola, in a voice of terror, as she tried in vain to look into the dark face that was turned away from her—"my brother! —you would not kill him!"

"No!" said the priest; "not if I may avoid it. I seek no man's life—not his, of all men, if but for thy sake, Isola—but ride on."

There was still a chance, which the Italian's prudence did not care to lose, that they might find the approach to the town unguarded, or that, by one of those accidents which often mar the most subtle combinations, they might escape any party who had been charged to intercept them. For near a mile they rode on again, their pursuers gaining but little ground, when their last hope of reaching the convent gates unmolested was destroyed at once. Five horsemen, fully armed, made their appearance suddenly on the right of the fugitives, and drew across the road in such a position as to leave no doubt of their intention to dispute the passage.

Giacomo cast a glance behind him, and saw that although he and Isola had maintained their ground in advance of their pursuers, most of their escort, not so well mounted, were slowly dropping to the rear, and that the hindmost were likely to be speedily overtaken by the hostile troop, whose shouts could be now plainly heard, as they caught a nearer view of the chase from a rising ground, and came down upon them in good order with levelled spears.

He drew his horse up, and calling to Isola, pointed in silence before and behind them.

"Who be these in front, in the devil's name?" said the man called Turstan, as he rode up to Giacomo's side.

"They are near of kin to those behind us," said the other quietly. "It is as I said."

"We will ride through the knaves, be they who they may," said the man boldly. He turned and shouted to his comrades, and laid his spear in rest.

"With our jaded beasts, and these women in our company?" said Giacomo. "No, friend; it were a waste of good blows, and thou mightst chance to get small thanks for it. See—those behind would be upon us before thy fellows could well come up. We are beset front and rear; and if I may give counsel to a soldier of such experience, I would say, halt, and inquire their purpose peacefully."

Bred in Warenger's rough school, and having been foremost in many a desperate fray under Sir Amyas, the man-at-arms saw in the prospect of a fight, provided the odds against him were not unreasonable, nothing less than an adventure sent providentially to break the quiet life which he had led perforce, during the last twelve months, under the rule of the heiress. Yet, when he saw his fellows straggling up one by one, and marked how short the space was which divided them from their pursuers, his soldier's sense forced him to admit that the stranger's counsel was the wiser. Even with their own slight advantage in numbers, there would be little chance of their clearing their path to Michamstede, if the party in front of them made any kind of stand, before those in their rear would arrive to take their part in the combat, and so turn the scale fearfully against himself and his companions.

The horsemen who seemed thus to bar their approach to the town, had ridden slowly forward, and were shouting to Giacomo and his company to stand. But now one of them, who was somewhat in advance of the others, observing tokens of hostile intention on Turstan's part, put his lance in rest also, and galloping forwards, summoned him fiercely to surrender.

Such provocation was more than the disciple of the gentle Sir Amyas could bear. Turstan, in spite of Giacomo's renewed protest, dashed out to meet him with a wild yell, which seemed to express the concentration of all his long-restrained ferocity; and though his overpressed steed visibly staggered as he closed with his adversary, the latter went back over his horse's crupper, shield and breastplate pierced through, while the rider of Willan's Hope passed on, waving in exultation the shaft of his broken spear.

Then began a wild and irregular skirmish, which at its outset the Italian tried in vain to check. Turstan's companions who were near enough rode wildly forward, shouting madly in exultation at his exploit, and trying to force their own passage, heedless of the women who were dependent on their protection through the small party who now closed to intercept them. Hengist tossed his noble crest in great excitement, and would have carried his rider at once into the thickest of the danger, had not Giacomo seized his rein, and turned him aside at the moment.

But almost before the last stragglers of the band from Willan's Hope could come up to the aid of their comrades, who, in spite of Turstan's gallant example, found themselves more than matched by the fresher horses and more complete armour of their antagonists, the main body of Sir Nicholas's party (amongst whom was the knight himself, though Dubois was their ostensible leader), who had pursued them from Willan's Hope, and who alone outnumbered them two to one, were closing in upon their rear, and would soon have made any effectual resistance hopeless. Isola's horse had again become almost unmanageable, and Giacomo had some difficulty in retaining his hold. Bertha, half dead with terror, had drawn up on the other side of the priest, as her only hope of protection, and now broke out into an audible wailing.

Suddenly the combatants in front seemed to pause by mutual impulse, and to fix their whole attention upon a fresh party of horsemen who at this moment issued from the gates of the town, and crossed the narrow bridge. The new-comers were evidently regarded by both sides with doubt and suspicion. They themselves, indeed, had stopped, and seemed at first to be watching the state of affairs in front of them with a laudable disposition not to interfere in a strange quarrel. It was Raoul and Foliot, who had arrived thus far on their journey in company, and were about to separate on their respective paths. Lightly armed and accoutred, it would have been madness for them to rush into such a conflict without urgent cause. But no sooner did Raoul catch sight of the black horse and its rider, who had at first been hidden from their observation by the movements of those who were engaged in front, than, without giving his companions any further notion of his meaning or intention than an eager cry of "It is she!" he dashed forward through the combatants, who made way for him in puzzled astonishment, not knowing whether he came as friend or foe, towards the group in which he had made out, as he thought, the figure of the lady Gladice. Waryn Foliot did not in the least comprehend the young esquire's exclamation; for even during their journey together, Raoul had maintained a scrupulous reserve on the subject of his own confidential mission, the importance of which he himself was by no means inclined to underrate; but it soon became evident—for Bertha's lamentations were sufficiently audible—that in the confused mêlée in the distance there were women in distress, and, bidding their attendants follow him, Waryn too rode forward, though in less headlong fashion than his companion, and, like him passed unopposed either by Turstan's party or their antagonists.

But almost before even Raoul's impetuous speed could bring him to the spot, a change had taken place in the position and intentions of both parties. Dubois and those who followed him, taking no notice of the two or three of the lady Gladice's late escort, whom he passed in his career, and who very pardonably shrank aside from an encounter with this superior force, rode straight at the group which was composed by the Italian and his two terrified companions. Hengist broke from Giacomo's hold, and, finding Isola's trembling hand wholly powerless to guide or control him, galloped off in the direction of home. Giacomo, after an instant's hesitation, gave his own horse the spur, and followed her. Bertha, wisely thinking, perhaps, that such a course promised best to take her out of the immediate danger, made after them as well as she could. Hengist's speed promised even now to carry off his rider safe from all her pursuers, when Sir Nicholas himself, who had hung somewhat in the rear of his own party, but had never for an instant taken his eye from the black steed and its rider, dashed off an angle so as to intercept Isola's course. With this advantage, a very few moments brought him up to her side; but even then Hengist held on, and though the knight pressed his own powerful horse to his utmost, he could do little more than keep pace with the object of his pursuit.

The combat was over. Foliot and the others had come up only to find Raoul lying on the ground, bruised and half stunned, and one of the followers of Willan's Hope standing over him, and rudely endeavouring to get him to his feet. Dubois had met and unhorsed him as he bore down upon them in his headlong charge, though he checked in mid descent the blow that might have taken his life, as he suddenly recognised, with some surprise, the well-known features. Then, as he turned round, he saw the black horse rushing off, and his master's instant movement in pursuit. Sounding a small horn which he carried at his girdle, and shouting loudly to his comrades to follow him, he too dashed off once more upon the track of the fugitives, leaving the retainers of Willan's Hope well content at their deliverance, and little inclined to follow up the adventure in the vain hope of rescuing from such strong hands a lady who had no especial claim upon their service. Turstan, who alone of all the party would perhaps have held on to his enemies, few or many, with bull-dog pertinacity, was now himself dismounted, and leaning on his broken spear with the blood trickling from an ugly wound in his shoulder.

The Gascon rode on, his men following him as they could, and passed, without further notice than a glance of contempt, the poor tirewoman and the yeoman (as he seemed) who rode in her company. He had the higher game in view; and he well knew it was his master's wish to attain his object without more recourse to violence than was absolutely necessary. Besides, it was no time to draw bridle now, even for the purpose of engaging a more formidable enemy; for already the distance was increasing which separated him from his master and the fair fugitive.

Those two still rode on, almost side by side, though Isola was still a little in advance, Hengist growing more and more excited by the sound of his rival's hoofs behind him, though both the gallant horses, thick-breathed and kept longer at their speed than usual, began to labour in their stride. At last the crusader found himself near enough to reach forward and grasp the hand which held the bridle rein.

"Yield thyself, fair lady!" he cried, in a tone that might have been meant either for courtesy or triumphant banter. "Yield—rescue or no rescue, prisoner of mine!"

Isola had kept her head bent upon her breast, and the veil which hung from her head-dress nearly concealed her features. But she raised it a little as he spoke. She was not startled at the voice. Though she had not recognised Sir Nicholas amongst her pursuers while at a distance (for he had worn purposely plain armour like the rest), nor had seen his movement to cross her course, she had felt an instinctive consciousness of who it was behind her. She longed, yet dreaded, now to see his face; she half turned to look at him but his visor was down. She felt his grasp tighten on her wrist, as he tried in vain to check her speed. She had herself no power to stop, even had she wished it. Sir Nicholas shifted his hold, and caught her rein close to the bit. The sudden jerk brought the horse partly round, and at the same moment the veil blew aside, and Isola looked him in the face.

He retained his grasp for a few seconds, and through the bars of his helmet looked at her fixedly, while neither spoke. Then he dropped the rein, and Hengist, now freed from all restraint, tossed his head exultingly, and continued his career. But the knight's horse gradually slackened his pace, and feeling no longer either spur or bridle, after a few strides stopped, and like a well-trained beast stood still. His rider sat motionless, save that he raised his hand to lift his visor, and, disclosing a countenance pale and ghastly as if it were of the dead, gazed with a dull fixed stare at the flying figure before him. Then he leant his hand heavily upon his saddle-bow, and seemed for a moment as if he could with difficulty support himself in his seat.

Thus he sate when Dubois came up, and looking in his master's face with some astonishment, inquired if he had been hurt in the late confusion? Sir Nicholas was long before he spoke; and then he made what seemed to his esquire but an incoherent answer.

"I have seen her, Dubois," said he; "I have seen her again."

"Seen her?—seen whom? What mean you, Sir Nicholas?" said the Gascon.

Le Hardi only answered him by a look; but there was an expression of such horror in it, that a shade of pallor seemed to pass over Dubois's hard-set face.

"You are faint, my good lord," replied the esquire, but in a less steady voice than usual: "this is but the old fancy. But the lady yonder will escape us yet, unless we both spur on."

"Hold, Dubois!" said the knight, laying his hand upon his esquire's shoulder, "yon is not the Lady Gladice. It is—it is some fiend, I believe for a verity, that has taken her shape to juggle me!"

Some of Sir Nicholas's followers had now come up with the speakers, as much surprised as the esquire had been to find that the knight had desisted at such a moment from the chase which he had followed so long and patiently. It did not suit with the Gascon's discretion to continue such a discussion with his master in their hearing.

"Sir Nicholas is mortally faint," said he to the first man who rode up. "Some of ye go seek some water; there will surely be a spring down in the gully yonder." And while he despatched them upon this errand, he himself assisted the knight, who received his services almost unconsciously, to dismount, and proceeded with a show of officiousness to unlace his helmet. It gave the knight time at least to recover something of his lost composure.

"Will it please you, Sir Nicholas," asked the esquire respectfully, as soon as he saw that he might hope for a coherent answer, "that we should continue the pursuit—or shall these good fellows go their ways back to Ladysmede?"

"Let them go, Dubois; there is no further need of their services."

"And for ourselves?" asked the esquire.

"To Michamstede—we will lie at Michamstede to-night."

Giacomo, with the helpless Bertha still following him, had drawn a little aside to avoid Sir Nicholas's riders, and proceeded at a more deliberate pace in the direction in which Isola had been carried, while he watched anxiously the result of the crusader's pursuit. A smothered exclamation of relief broke from him when he saw her final escape; and when he found that both parties had drawn off from the combat, and that there was no further intention either of attack or pursuit, he gradually quickened his speed, and followed Isola's course towards Willan's Hope.

But as he gained the cover of the woodlands again, he heard his own name uttered by a voice in the thicket behind him, and checked his horse for a moment as the speaker stepped out cautiously into view.

"That was a good aim of thine, and well sped, Picot," said he to the hunter; "the lady Gladice owes thee thanks for ridding her of a false servant."

"Thank me no thanks for that arrow," replied Picot; "I promised thee a shot to-day, father, if need were; but I had an old mark of mine own set there of long time. Lambert of Willan's Hope shall scarce fright an honest man's daughter in the Dere woods again."

The Italian only waved his hand hastily in reply, and had ridden on before Picot had ended.

When Raoul had recovered from his heavy fall, and found himself but slightly hurt, he looked round him eagerly for the rider on the black steed. But Waryn had already learnt from the men of the lady's escort—though theirs was but a confused story, for the whole of the day's adventures had been to them a mere bewilderment—that Gladice, thanks to the stranger who had given them warning, had already made her escape, as they believed, to Rivelsby. Raoul, after some difficulty in persuading himself that the lady whose rescue he had so gallantly attempted was not she, determined to ride round to deliver his message if he might, at the abbey; and thither, not choosing to quit his companion on a road which now appeared so dangerous, Waryn Foliot accompanied him.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE ESCAPE.

The river Ouse, whose sluggish stream wound for itself a serpent-like path through the rich meadow-lands between Michamstede and Huntingdon, passing in its course the wide domains of Rivelsby, which extended for some miles on both sides its banks, until on the left they were met by those of Ladysmede, formed for great part of its course an almost impassable line of demarcation. There was a rude horse-bridge at Swinford Mill, some three miles above the Manor; but from this place to Brook's ferry, where the river took a bend after it left Rivelsby, towards the town of Michamstede, the broad stream was only to be crossed by swimming, thus cutting off all ordinary communication between the lands on either bank for a distance of full five miles. "Evil Sir Hugh," indeed, in days past—one who allowed few hindrances, divine or human, moral or physical, to stop him in his course—was said often to have swam his horse across, by night and day; but as the same wondrous steed was credibly reported to have carried him in safety across a bog in which two of his pursuers, following him by the treacherous moonlight, disappeared for ever, horse and man, and where none save Will-o'-wisp was ever known to find footing before or since, he must plainly have been an animal of unusual blood and capabilities; and if the same current report spoke truly of the price which the knight paid for him, and the quarter in which he made his purchase, there were few amongst his neighbours, however they might admire the animal's performances, who either envied Sir Hugh his acquisition, or would have cared to venture into the same market. At present, the depth and breadth of the stream, and the impracticable character of the banks on both sides, would have deterred any but the very boldest rider from attempting such a feat.

When, therefore, the lady of Willan's Hope and her faithful follower had cautiously made their way to the ferry unobserved by Sir Nicholas's riders, and found the old fisherman, who eked out a very uncertain living there by carrying passengers across, busied in washing his eel baskets, with his boat on their own side of the river, they felt themselves in comparative safety. Once fairly across, and the boat secured, all probable danger from their pursuers on the other side was over. A short two miles by the river-banks would take them to the friendly gates of Rivelsby. It was true that even the sanctuary of a religious house might be little regarded, in such a case, by an unscrupulous wooer like Sir Nicholas; but, unlike the Lady Brunhild—who, if spiritual terrors should fail her for the defence of her house, had no secular arm to resort to but such as a lame bailiff and a few ancient serving-men could supply—the abbot of Rivelsby was known to have stout retainers of his own, both within and without the abbey walls, bound to do battle in defence of all its rights and privileges; and in the days of its past abbots, the church of St. Mary had not been slow, in dealing with the lawless barons who were its neighbours, to call in carnal weapons against those upon whom ecclesiastical censures seemed to fall harmless. None knew, perhaps, so well as Abbot Martin, how seriously the misgovernment of his immediately predecessor had injured the abbey in this vital point of strength, as well as in the matter of revenue; for the military tenants in many cases had either so successfully opposed all demands for suit and service, rightful as they might be, under his supine administration, as to have established for themselves a complete immunity, or had purchased exemption by the payment of a composition which had gone into Abbot Aldred's private purse. Still, the actual force which Rivelsby might put forth in self-defence, on any urgent need, was considerable, although the superior was conscious that it would never enable him to hold his ground, with any hope of success, against the open hostility of his powerful neighbour at Ladysmede.

Gladice had borne up nobly during her anxious and toilsome walk, creeping, as they had done as much as possible, through the brushwood in order to avoid observation; and Cropt Harry, who had tried as they went along to administer consolation and encouragement after his own rude fashion, had found that not only were his lady's powers of endurance somewhat greater than he had imagined—for the charge of a lady on foot was quite out of harmony with his views of the fitness of things—but that her presence of mind in danger was considerably greater than his own. But now, when at last the ferry-side was reached, she sank upon the bank exhausted by the reaction of feeling, at the thought of being now freed from at least the imminent and pressing danger of the last hour. The ferryman was surly. Like many other perverse human beings, he chose to affect indifference towards that which was really the main object of his life. Passengers, in these winter months, were few; and though he was bound by his tenure under the abbey to carry across all persons who should claim his services for a certain small fixed fee, he had already noticed, as he looked up with a sidelong glance from his occupation, something in the lady's dress and appearance, in spite of her half-disguise, which might have led him to hope that in this case he should not be stinted to the poor ordinary payment. Time was of little value to him, and he did not care to consider what might be its importance to others. He went on washing his baskets, therefore, without taking any notice of Harry's demand for a passage, further than by an inarticulate growl of intelligence. The honest serving-man felt that even now time might be precious, and was becoming considerably exasperated at the old man's perverse show of indifference.

"Come, leave that, and bestir thyself," said he at last impatiently, "the eels may wait awhile, I warrant; they will be less in a hurry for thee than we are."

The old ferryman looked up again at them, and then seemed to apply himself to his present occupation more perseveringly than ever.

"This passes all," said the other, stepping hastily forward towards the stump where the little boat was fastened; "wilt put us over at once, old dummerhead, or must I do a turn of thine office for thee?" And he proceeded to undo the moorings, while the old fisherman at last rose slowly, grumbling, from his baskets.

The raised tones of Harry's impatient expostulation drew upon him a notice which he would have gladly avoided even at the penalty of waiting the old man's leisure. Two men had been walking slowly along the river bank, leading their horses, hidden from the view of the two fugitives by the thick alder-beds which lined the stream here and there on both sides. They were some of the small party who had been detached by Le Hardi to cut off the escape of Gladice by Swinford bridge, in the possible case of her escort making in that direction for safety, if any premature alarm was taken. They were now leisurely returning, satisfied that no further precautions were necessary in that quarter, since the chase had evidently taken the road to Michamstede, and expecting shortly to hear or see something of its successful result. The ferry, as being used by foot-travellers only, had not occurred even to Dubois's calculations, if indeed it was even known to him. When the attention of the men was now attracted by Cropt Harry's loud and impatient voice, it was rather an idle curiosity which quickened their steps in his direction than any suspicion that the object of their expedition was at that moment on the point of escaping them so easily.

When, however, they came suddenly in sight of a female figure seated on the bank, and a man hurriedly loosing the boat with the evident intention of crossing, one of the two, as if some hasty thought had struck him, threw his rein to his companion, and ran forward, calling loudly to the ferryman and to the two fugitives to stop. The first-named deliberate individual did not need to hear such a caution repeated. Upon the man-at-arms it produced, as was to be expected, the very contrary effect. No sooner did he become aware of this new interruption, than grasping his lady's arm almost with violence, and pointing breathlessly to the man who was running towards them, he half led, half carried her into the little boat. He had seated her in the stern, and seized the oars which lay at hand on the bank, without any attempt at opposition from the old ferryman, who seemed to consider a literal compliance with the injunction to stop as great an exertion as could be expected on his part. He had leapt into the boat himself, and was leaning forward, trying to cast off the moorings, which in his anxious haste seemed as if purposely complicated, while the other man was now within a few paces of the bank.

"Stop him, fool!" the latter vociferated to the ferryman—"Stop him!—or it shall be worse for thee!"

The old man shuffled forward, and laid his hand upon the boat's gunwale, drawing her in again a little towards the side. Those few seconds brought the pursuer within reach. It was no time for half-measures; the fastening was loosed at last, and in another moment the boat would have swung free from the ferryman's precarious hold. The heavy sword which the man carried drawn in his hand flashed down upon poor Harry's head as he leant forward in the act of casting off the rope, and he fell across the gunwale with his face in the water.

But the boat was off. Pale, and with wild eyes, but lips set hard to repress the cry of terror that would almost break, Gladice had risen, and grasped one of the oars. She had vainly tried to intercept with it the blow which she saw aimed at her faithful follower; but at the moment that he fell, she had plunged it with a despairing energy against the bank, and the strong current rapidly swept the little boat, once started, towards the middle of the stream.

The shriek which Gladice had with difficulty suppressed broke out into an hysterical expression of relief when she saw her poor retainer struggle with some difficulty into an upright position, and, though with the blood streaming down his face and neck, and with a somewhat dizzy look, sufficiently master of his faculties to inquire for the other oar. Whether the good steel plates that covered his leathern cap had turned the blow, or her own poor attempt had done something towards breaking its force, or that his adversary, hurried and out of breath, had been short of his aim, certain it was Harry had received no further damage than a slice cut from the brim of his headpiece, and an unimportant flesh-wound along the side of the head and cheek-bone, from which, however, the blood flowed freely. It might have added to his lady's relief to have seen the broad grin, hideous as it was in the present state of his countenance, with which he pointed to the old ferryman scrambling up out of the deep water into which he had been plunged head-foremost, on the sudden motion of the boat, before he could let go his hold.

The fugitives were now once more out of all immediate danger, for the shouts and menaces of their pursuers, on the other bank, were only idle terrors, so long as they were masters of the only means of crossing the river for many miles. Making the boat fast to the bank as soon as they had crossed the stream, they only waited until Gladice had hastily bound her follower's wound (not without much opposition on his part), to make their way as fast as possible to Rivelsby. Arrived there, and admitted as a matter of course within its hospitable shelter, they waited in the little chamber near the gate, where wayfarers of the humbler rank were entertained and relieved, until Gladice had sent a message to her old friend and confessor, Father Ingulph, to notify her arrival.

Great was that excellent man's astonishment, not so much at the visit itself (for strangers of all ranks and degrees, upon any occasion, and often upon no occasion whatever, were wont to resort to Rivelsby), but at the circumstances under which the lady of Willan's Hope had undertaken it—on foot with a single attendant. Gladice was reluctant, for many reasons, to enter into all the details of her story; but she told the good father quite sufficient to excite his sincere sympathy and condolence. With somewhat awkward compliments and profuse tenders of assistance, he led her into the guest-hall, while he despatched a lay brother to inform the lord-abbot of her presence, and to take his orders for her entertainment and bestowal in such wise as became her sex and rank.

"I pray you, good father Ingulph," said Gladice, "look carefully to my poor follower here; he has been sore hurt, I fear, in my service; you have some skill in leechcraft, I well remember?"

"A little, dear lady—but a little," said Ingulph, apologetically;—"some poor knowledge of simples. But in the absence of our infirmarer, who hath gone to comfort our bailiff in a quinsey, I will do what I may."

He laid friendly hands at once upon Harry, whose wound had bled through its hasty bandage, and whose stained and bedabbled head and face made him appear more of a sufferer than he really was. The good Benedictine carried him off into the lavatory, in spite of his earnest protestations that he needed no kind of assistance.

"'Tis nothing, good father, nothing," he persisted; "a little water—or a cup of liquor, if it were not over bold to ask—and I am as good a man as ever."

"Water thou shalt have, and liquor too, as far as may be prudent," said Ingulph; "but thy wound must be looked to—I have promised the lady Gladice."

In spite of all resistance, the monk insisted upon making surgical examination, and removed the bandage with some difficulty from the matted and blood-stained hair. The blow had gashed the cheek-bone slightly, and passed close to where Harry's ear should have been, had not the knife of the Saxon long since anticipated it. This embarrassing fact it was which made him so reluctant a patient. It was difficult, until the good monk had carefully washed off the blood, to trace the extent of the damage.

"This might well have been an awkward stroke, my son," said he; "it hath taken thine ear clean off."

"Well—it hath left the head sound, reverend father?"

"Praised be St. Mary, it hath indeed! I have a sovereign balm here, made from a *recipe* left us by the blessed St. Grimbald, once prior of our house—used with this reliquary, which contains some of that holy man's hair, its efficacy in the cure of wounds is wonderful."

And he proceeded to apply some of it to the still bleeding surface. It had a grateful coolness, and the man-at-arms submitted to the monk's attentions with a better grace than at first.

The Benedictine examined the head again narrowly, as once more he wiped away the oozing blood, and removed some of the clotted hair.

"A miracle!—a notable miracle!" he cried eagerly, as he suddenly paused in his charitable office; "it hath healed under my very hands! The skin is quite sound again! Wonderful is St. Grimbald!"

"The saints know how to reward good service," said the patient, humbly.

"Many a cure have I heard this balm hath wrought," said Ingulph, lifting his hands in admiration, "but none like this!"

"I do, indeed, feel a marvellous relief, father; and I thank thee and the good saint both; but I shall carry the scars, I fear me, to my dying day; for an ear will scarce grow again. Let them not make ribald jests upon me, good father, for the loss of it."

Harry was anxiously covering his head again with the bandage, for he had no wish to have the case investigated more closely.

"Stay," said Ingulph, "thou must straight to the abbot—he will gladly take note of St. Grimbald's deed; it is for the honour of our house—"

"Nay, nay, father; I would not seem to boast of the saint's favour on such an unworthy knave as I am; let it not be blazed abroad overmuch."

"What may be the marvel, brother?" said Andrew the sacrist, who entered at the moment.

"A most notable miracle even now, in my sight!" said Ingulph, relating to him the nature of the wound, and its cure.

The sacrist looked curiously at the recipient of St. Grimbald's favour, who was settling his cap on his head as carefully as he could.

"'Twas indeed a terrible blow," said brother Andrew; "did it take off both ears at once?"

"It was a two-handed sword, father, and cut both ways," replied Harry, winking at the sacrist, who he saw was not to be deceived.

The sacrist shook his head and turned off laughing. Good father Ingulph looked puzzled, but said nothing; and Harry made his escape.

MOUNTAINEERING.—THE ALPINE CLUB.

The sporting passion exists to a greater or less degree, in some shape or other, in the breast of every genuine British man. It is a remnant of barbarism, we are willing to allow, which has clung to us through the whole course of our progressive civilisation, and which we hope, indeed, will be the last to leave us; for when we lose it, we shall share the fate of other countries where over-refinement has been the herald of decadence. Given the average endowments of youth, strength, spirit, and the educated Briton, if a man born to labour, will pine at times for something more than the routine of work and repose; if a man of leisure, for something more than the mere performance of the duties of wealth and the relaxations of effeminate pleasure. The number of those who are in this condition increases with our population and prosperity, and in proportion to their increase are the means of gratifying the sporting propensity within the former area diminished. Sport may be defined as physical exertion combined with hazard. *Rouge-et-noir* is not sport, for although it has the element of hazard, it has not that of physical exertion, and therefore none but a degenerate Briton would be found among the *habitués* of a German spa. Neither is mere pedestrianism or mere riding sport, because it possesses physical exertion without extraordinary hazard. The hazard may consist in a spice of personal danger, or the uncertainty of finding and securing game. Hence fox-hunting in Great Britain, as combining both kinds of hazard, is perhaps the queen of sports, and *a fortiori* lion- and buffalo-hunting. Salmon-fishing is superior to hunting as far as the excitement of pursuit is concerned — inferior as regards the personal danger. These may be looked upon as typical sports, and towards these, or some modifications of them, we presume nearly all British tastes to gravitate. But with the increased number of those who are bitten by the tarantula of sport, the facilities for locomotion have increased, while the home district for sporting has become so full that there is obviously room for but few of the sportsmen; and the longest purse in sporting, as in war, carries all before it. It was not in every one's power to go to Corinth; and it is not in every sportsman's power to lease a stand on the Alten, or to possess a share in a Scottish moor. Hundreds of high-spirited Britons, well educated, well mannered, with high tastes and sympathies, blest with abundant vigour, but moderate means, find it impossible to gratify the national longing for sport within the old-established boundaries, or in the time-honoured ways. Hence it has become necessary to search for new methods and scenes of sporting. Nature and Art are endless, though life is short; and different means of gratifying the longing have been found, so that none may find themselves selfishly excluded, and each in his sphere may be able to carry off his peculiar trophies. Natural science has been taxed to furnish its quota to the series of sporting enjoyments, and in doing so has tended to create a higher and more refined order of them. And Art has pointed to walks in which the artist never trod before, and which to follow he must possess in some degree the physical energy, and contempt of fatigue and danger, of the sportsman. The lovers of botany have long confessed to a kind of excitement, like in kind to that of the sportsman, attending the hunt for rare or strange or previously undescribed specimens; and the seaside lounger is encouraged to enlighten his idleness by groping, at low tides, in the marine store-shop of nature, by the sportsmanlike zest exhibited in that department in the writings of Lewes or Kingsley. According to these authorities, the pursuit is not so deficient in actual danger as some might suppose, if carried out enthusiastically; and broken shins, from slippery tangle over rocks, and a pleasant uncertainty about being cut off by the returning tide, may do much to compensate for the want of the popular perils of a cross-country gallop. But the great discovery of the day is a species of sport to which its devotees have given the not unapt name of Mountaineering. This is connected with science so far that every description of a new ascent of a peak, or remark on some hitherto unvisited glacier, may be considered as a contribution, however humble, to the great and growing study of physical geography. It possesses the two great elements of hazard—viz., danger and uncertainty, in the perils to which climbers of high mountains are liable, and the uncertainty of an undiscovered way, the discovery of which is the prize sought for. As the old kinds of sport had their Jockey Club, Royal Yacht Club, Four-in-hand Club, &c., so is this new kind represented by its Alpine Club, the date of the foundation of which may be supposed to give a local habitation and a name to the new national sport. Peculiar advantages belong to this new kind of amusement which are found in no other. The scenes where it is carried out give the idle or working man of the over-civilised world the greatest attainable change. He is transported from the reek of cities and the dull air of plains, to regions of freshness and vitality, where the air itself seems to produce a kind of innocent intoxication. He is carried away by those railways, which are in general inimical to the hardy physical life, as by magic, in a few hours, and at small cost, into the grandest regions of the earth, for the difference between the Alps and Himalayas can be only one of scale. The effects of either on the spirit of man must be that of sublimity unapproachable by his intelligence. He is wafted from all the vulgar pettiness, the little social annoyances and tyrannies, the inexorable prose of our everyday associations, into a world which is not of this world—where God and Nature is all in all, and Man is next to nothing; and from whose summits of tranquil glory, if they could be seen in the distance, the vast hosts who contended at Solferino would appear indeed, as the *Times'* correspondent described them, like two heaps of miserable ants struggling for the possession of a miserable ant-hill. He flies to a region of eternal liberty, far above politics or polemics, where only those who never will be slaves find themselves at home. Such are the Switzer, the Norseman, and the Briton; and such are the noble Tyrolese, though nominally subjects of a master.

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* *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: A Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club.* London: Longmans, 1859.

> "In den Bergen ist Freiheit, der Hauch der Grüfte
> Steiget nicht in die schönen Lüfte;
> Die Welt ist vollkommen über all,
> Wo der Mensch nicht hineinkommt mit seinen Qual."

> "In the Hills is Freedom, the reek of dells
> Climbeth not to those breezy fells:
> The world is built on perfection's plan,
> Where, fretting and fretful, intrudes not man."

The lines, we believe, were written by the late great naturalist and mountaineer, Alexander Von Humboldt. If not by him, by some one who felt as he did. We might almost have wished that the Alpine Club had named themselves after that great cosmopolitan philosopher, who made mountains rather than men his study, but who conferred no small benefit on his species in impressing on the minds of men the magnificence of mountains, these objects which, more than any others in nature (those heavenly bodies which, from distance, we cannot understand, not excepted), give the impression to the human mind of thrones of the Eternal. By better acquaintance with their dangers, they have lost much of the mysterious horror in which the first ages enshrouded them, but there has been an incalculable gain to the human soul in the contemplation of their superb loveliness. We will venture to say that the first impression of a snowy range on the eye of a traveller, as soon as he has realised that it is not cloud, is not one of fear or shrinking, but the acknowledgment of the presence of an incredible beauty, and the desire to be amongst those wonders, and see more of them as soon as possible. For ourselves, we shall always count it as one of the great days of life, when, on turning an angle of forest near Schaffhausen, the range of the Bernese Oberland, well known in the names of its peaks, first burst into view. No scene seen before or since ever seemed to excite us equally. Yet in grandeur the view of Mont Blanc from the Jura is superior.

The aim and end of the Alpine Club is a noble one. By its publications it enables different individuals among its members, by the simple and faithful account of their mountaineering experiences, to combine a record whose testimony will be of especial value to science, besides provoking in our youth a noble emulation, and giving them a taste for the higher kinds of relaxation. Any member, however humble, who is satisfied, without theorising, to put down what he sees with his eyes, and what he has gone through and done, contributes to the general result; and the general result is a knowledge which is its own reward, in the elevation of character it confers on those who ponder on the marvels of God's creation, and familiarise themselves with those phenomena which appear to the eye alike of the poet and the philosopher, the Shekinah of our modern world, the visible manifestation of the presence of the Almighty.

The circumstances of the foundation of this Club are given in the preface to this its first publication:—

"Of late years an increasing desire has been felt to explore the unknown and little-frequented districts of the Alps. The writings of Professor J. D. Forbes, those of M. Agassiz and his companions, and of M. Gottlieb Studer, led many, in whom the passion for Alpine scenery was blended with a love of adventure and some scientific interest in the results of mountain-travel, to strike out new paths for themselves, and especially in the higher snow-region, which had before been almost completely shunned by ordinary travellers. Practice has developed the powers of those who undertook such expeditions; experience showed that the dangers connected with them had been exaggerated; while, at the same time, it taught the precautions which are really requisite. The result has been to train up among the foreign visitors to the Alps, but especially amongst our own countrymen, many men as familiar with the peculiar difficulties and risks of expeditions in the high Alps, and as competent to overcome them, as most of the native guides.

"The powers thus acquired have been chiefly directed to accomplishing the ascent of the highest summits, or effecting passes across the less accessible portions of the Alpine chain; and within the last five years the highest peak of Monte Rosa, the Dom, the Great Combin, the Alleleinhorn, the Wetterhorn proper, and several other peaks never before scaled, have been successfully attacked by travellers, most of whose names will be found among the contributors to this volume. In the accidental intercourse of those who have been engaged in such expeditions, it has been perceived that the community of taste and feeling amongst those who, in the life of the high Alps, have shared the same enjoyments, the same labours, and the same dangers, constitutes a bond of sympathy stronger than many of those by which men are drawn into association; and early in the year 1858, it was resolved to give scope for the extension of this mutual feeling amongst all who have explored high mountain regions, by the formation of the Alpine Club. It was thought that many of those who have been engaged in similar undertakings would willingly avail themselves of occasional opportunities for meeting together, for communicating information as to past excursions, and for planning new achievements; and a hope was entertained that such an association might indirectly advance the general progress of knowledge, by directing the attention of men, not professedly followers of science, to particular points in which their assistance may contribute to valuable results. The expectations of the founders of the Club have not been disappointed; it numbers at the present time nearly a hundred members, and it is hoped that the possession of a permanent place of meeting will materially further the objects which it has proposed to itself."

In referring to the Atlas to identify the scene of the exploits of those members of this Club who have published an account of their excursions, we find that it is chiefly limited to the highest region of the Swiss Alps. Adventures in this region compose the bulk of the volume. An interesting account of the primeval glaciers in the region of Snowdon in North Wales follows; and one of the most active contributors, Mr. Hardy, gives an account of an ascent of Ætna with the following preamble:—

> "Ætna! What business has an ascent of Ætna in the chronicle of the doings of the Alpine Club? Ætna is not in the Alps; nor is it 13,000 feet high, as the Catanians vainly pretend. Let me tell the objector that the Alpine Club, while it derives its name from one familiar group of mountains, is thoroughly catholic in its principles, and already sees visions of a banner with a strange device floating on the summit of Popocatepetl and Dhawalagiri, and is hoping by the influence of its enlightened members to drive out the last remnants of the worship of Mighty Mumbo Jumbo from the Mountains of the Moon."

Thus we may hope that, if this book meet with the success it deserves, it will be the first of a long series which in time will embrace accounts of expeditions to all the principal mountain-chains in the world, and unite in one great work the various isolated narratives which have been published by scientific travellers and others; such as was, for instance, Dr. Hooker's account of the mountains of Sikkim in the Himalaya range, which is replete with valuable observation; and amongst other facts mentions the deposition of Dhawalagiri and the coronation of "Kinchinjunga," now, we believe, within the dominions of her Britannic Majesty, as "the monarch of mountains," according to present knowledge. If we look at the map of the world, we see that at least two of the great continents are held together, as it were, by a huge ridge or backbone of mountain elevation, which, although in the case of the eastern hemisphere suffering partial interruption, may be roughly described as continuous from one ocean to the other. In Africa the case does not appear to be quite so clearly made out, for the precise centre of that continent seems never to have been explored. Dr. Livingstone's researches only embrace the centre of the southern lobe of that great continent, and he appears to have established there not the existence of a supposed chain of mountains, but a tolerably elevated table-land with a basin in the middle, from the edges of which descend the rivers Congo and Zambesi. It is not impossible that in Africa also, at its widest part, there is a similar backbone beginning not far from Sierra Leone in the west, and losing itself in the east in the mountains of Abyssinia. In America, the mountain-spine, as is well known, trends north and south, while in Europe and Asia its direction is east and west. It begins with the mountains of Biscay in Spain, passes on through the Pyrenees with a slight interruption into the high Alps, which throw off the important spur or rib of the Apennines; thence it divides into the Balkan and the Carpathians, which, not being quite so high, appear to have distributed the forces of elevation. We trace the chain next in the Caucasus and the mountains of Armenia, in Persia, with the interruption of the Caspian Sea, passing into the Hindoo Koosh and Himalaya, where are found the highest known mountains. Hence the chain forks and takes a direction with its spurs north and south, the great bulk of the empire of China appearing on the map of Asia, as a kind of huge delta, formed by the ramifications of mighty rivers, and raised out of a primeval sea.

As the Himalayas are the culminating region of this vast system in Asia, so do the Swiss and Piedmontese Alps form its highest ground in Europe. If we turn to the map of Switzerland, we find that the primary and secondary Alps of that interesting country comprise about half of its whole area, and there it is that we must look for the broadest part of the great European spine, the elevation of the secondary mountains, or subordinate chain, appearing in the peaks of the Bernese Oberland nearly as great as that of the primary, which may be considered to number among its peaks Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Matterhorn, and to carry over its summits the frontier line of Switzerland and Italy.

Switzerland may be roughly divided into two halves, one of which, from north-east and the lake of

Constance to south-west and the lake of Geneva, comprises nearly all the ground that a model farmer would care to have in his hands, much of the country in the north closely resembling England, and the Pays de Vaud resembling the richest part of France. But even this comparatively champaign country is cut up and confused with minor ranges and peaks, and studded with lakes, and its largest plains are rather broad valleys or elevated table-lands, such as that on which the city of Berne is situated. The other half, bounded by the Lake of Lucerne on the north, and Lago Maggiore on the south, by the Tyrol on the east, and Savoy on the west, Triptolemus Yellowley would hardly take as a gift; and yet to the poet, the artist, the man of science, and the lover of daring adventure, it is by far the most valuable part of Europe. In the neutral ground between these two portions, and where they insensibly blend with each other, is the cradle of Swiss liberty, the four so-called forest cantons of Schwytz, Ury, Unterwalden, and Lucerne. Round them as a nucleus, in course of time, the other cantons have clustered, a source of strength in a military and political point of view, and yet in some sense a source of weakness, as presenting to the eye of an invader fertile plains easily accessible, which may be held as a pledge for the submission of the whole confederation.

Britons have natural sympathies with Switzerland and the Swiss. They love beautiful scenery, and they still look upon the Swiss mountains as a "fortress formed to Freedom's hands," — a lighthouse-rock in the ocean, round which a sea of despotism may surge in vain. Sir Walter Scott, in *Anne of Geierstein*, has compared Scotland with Switzerland as to national characteristics. We may further compare the two countries as to natural configuration; the highlands and lowlands of each are divided by an imaginary diagonal line running N.E. to S.W.; but in Scotland the mountains lie to the north of that line, and the plains or comparative lowlands to the south; in Switzerland *vice versâ*. The principal scene of the exploits of our Alpine Club is in the central and southern part of the highlands of Switzerland, with occasional detours in the neighbourhood, in that vast ice-and-rock world which lies on either side of the valley of the Rhone, which divides the Bernese Oberland from the Pennine range.

The first paper which meets the eye is signed Alfred Wills, and relates "the Passage of the Fenêtre de Salena, from the Col dê Balme to the Val Ferret, by the Glacier du Tour, the Glacier de Trient, and the Glacier de Salena." The position of the scene of this expedition shows how futile is the common complaint of travellers, that certain mountain districts are so hackneyed and familiar as to have exhausted all interest. It lies close to Chamouny—that "den of thieves," according to one of the contributors—that little London of the High Alps, as we may call it —and diverges from the route of the Col de Balme, which is traversed every year by hundreds of tourists of different nations—the Oxford Street or Strand of the Alps. Our experience has led us to the observation, that although, in beautiful scenery of world-wide celebrity, the streams of tourists follow each other like sheep through certain paths and passages, by diverging a little to the right or left of these, even where, except to the adventurous, no ice-region presents insurmountable obstacles, the solitudes of nature may be entered, full of new and endless beauties, where human foot "hath ne'er or rarely trod." The Rhine country perhaps furnishes our strongest instance, where, by following the lateral valleys, the genuine lover of nature may have nature to himself quite as perfectly, except in idea, as in the wilds of Sutherland or of Norway. This passage of the Fenêtre de Salena was full of grand impressions, and highly spiced by adventure. A ridge was reached overhanging the Glacier de Trient, in descending from which one of the party nearly met with a fatal accident.

> "We found some rocks jutting out here and there along this ridge, which greatly facilitated our progress. It was, however, a matter of considerable difficulty, for the ice was hard and very slippery, and the snow not deep enough

to be of much service. The descent that lay before us was the nearest approach to the last *arête* of the Wetterhorn that I have ever met with. After breaking through an overhanging cornice of frozen snow, we began our descent with much caution, making free use of the ropes. After a while we came to two rocks, about fifteen or twenty feet apart, each upon the very edge of the ridge, which was here somewhat deeply covered with snow. Balmat and I were the first, and we thought that we might venture to slide from one rock to the next, and so avoid the labour of step-cutting, and the tedious precaution of using the ropes. *We* reached the lower station in safety, but R., who came next, lost his direction, and was going over to the left, down a fearful slope of ice three or four hundred feet high, too steep for us to see in what it ended, but separated, in all probability, by a *bergschrund* from the Glacier de Trient; for we found one at the foot of the gentler slope on the right. It was a terrible moment, as there was only one chance. It was utterly impossible for him to stop himself, or for either of the men to help him. Balmat was already some distance below cutting steps, and Cachat was engaged with W. twenty or thirty paces higher up. R. showed great presence of mind. *He did not utter a word, but threw himself on his right side, so as to pass as near to the edge as possible, and stretched out his arm for me to grasp. Fortunately he passed just within my reach, and I was able to catch his hand and arrest his progress, otherwise it might have been a sad day for all of us.*"

That laborious day was followed by a very uncomfortable bivouac, reminding the reader of a narrative of the Peninsular War, when the detachment was brought to a stand-still in the middle of a ploughed field, and the order was issued that they should make themselves *comfortable* for the night,—an order, as the writer characteristically remarked, most difficult to obey.

"The slope on which we were encamped was so steep, that no one who was not fortunate enough to find a hole in which to nestle could keep himself from slipping, especially as the bilberry bushes on which we lay were soaking wet with the heavy dew. W., who is great at sleeping, with admirable instinct found a most eligible hollow close against the fire, where the only danger he incurred was that of being scorched; but it was the only place of the kind; and, after trying every spot which seemed to give the slightest promise of support, and finding that nowhere could I keep myself from slipping down except by clinging to the wet bushes, I was obliged to desert the fire, and betake myself to the under side of a boulder about thirty yards off, where I had the double advantage of a hollow to sit in and a back to lean against. Here I tied my handkerchief over my head, and tried to think I was very warm and comfortable; but I was not so successful but that I was very glad when Balmot brought me a large stone, which he had heated in the embers of our fire, to sit upon."

Those who are not, like the gentleman in his narrative, "great at sleeping," always find, that how to get the proper amount of rest at night is a great difficulty in long mountain excursions. For ourselves, we confess that we have never succeeded in sleeping much in an elevated bivouac. We have often slept on the hard deck of a steamer, as one memorable instance reminds us, when we were awakened by the *sacré nom* of a French sailor who tumbled over what he supposed a bale of goods wrapt in a plaid, on a fine night in the Bay of Biscay. The excitement and novelty of the scene, and the certain amount of cold that it is impossible to exclude, we have generally found fatal to sleep. We recollect a glorious bivouac on the Alp of the Watzmann, in the Salzburg Mountains, where we lighted a fire of pine wood, which we had the subsequent satisfaction of knowing awakened interest at a great distance. There were German students and a number of mountain maidens who sang their provincial songs, having been attracted by our fire, and consequently plenty of hilarity, but very little sleep. The result was, that most of us fell asleep on the very narrow summit of that mountain at 9 A.M. the next morning. In fact, it is much easier on these excursions to obtain rest, which is as necessary as food, at mid-day, than at midnight. Whence we would always prefer making such excursions as nearly as possible on the longest days of the year. And thus it is obvious that among the Scandinavian mountains, where the day in summer is nearly continuous, open-air sleeping is more easily managed than in the Swiss Alps.

The "Col du Géant" is a well-known pass, and in the regular programme of the Chamouny guides, but to those who swerve a little from the beaten track, plenty of adventures present themselves in threading the *séracs* or castellated masses of glacier ice. Here is one of them:—

> "Looking now to the right, I suddenly became aware that high above us, a multitude of crags and leaning columns of ice, on the stability of which we could not for an instant calculate, covered the precipitous incline. We were not long without an illustration of the peril of our situation. We had reached a position where massive ice-cliffs protected us on one side, while in front of us was a space more open than any we had yet passed; *the reason being that the ice avalanches had chosen it for their principal path.* We had just stepped upon this space when a peal above us brought us to a stand. Crash! crash! crash! nearer and nearer, the sound becoming more continuous and confused, as the descending masses broke into smaller blocks. Onward they came! boulders half a ton and more in weight, leaping down with a kind of maniacal fury, as if their whole mission was to crush the *séracs* to powder. Some of them, on striking the ice, rebounded like elastic balls, described parabolas through the air, again madly smote the ice, and scattered its dust like clouds in the atmosphere. Some blocks were deflected by their collision with the glacier, and were carried past us within a few yards of the spot where we stood. I had never before witnessed an exhibition of force at all comparable to this, and its proximity rendered that fearful which at a little distance would have been sublime. My companion held his breath for a time and then exclaimed, '*C'est terrible! il faut retourner.*' In fact, while the avalanche continued, we could not at all calculate upon our safety. When we heard the first peal, we had instinctively retreated to the shelter of the ice bastions; but what if one of these missiles struck the tower beside us! would it be able to withstand the shock? We knew not. In reply to the proposal of my companion, I simply said, 'By all means if you desire it; but let us wait a little.' I felt that fear was just as bad a counsellor as rashness, and thought it but fair to wait until my companion's terror had subsided. We waited accordingly, and he seemed to gather courage and assurance. I scanned the heights, and saw that a little more effort in an upward direction would place us in a less perilous position, as far as the avalanches were concerned. I pointed this out to my companion, and we went forward. Once, indeed, for a minute or two, I felt anxious. We had to cross in the shadow of a tower of ice, of a loose and threatening character, which quite overhung our track. The freshly-broken masses at its base, and at some distance below it, showed that it must have partially given way some hours before. 'Don't speak, or make any noise,' said my companion, and although rather sceptical as the influence of speech in such a case, I held my tongue, and escaped from the dangerous vicinity as fast as my legs and alpenstock could carry me."

We cannot say that we are inclined to share the scepticism of Professor Tyndall,* the author of this account, as to the effect of the voice in bringing down small or great avalanches, whether of stones or ice-blocks. It is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back, and the least vibration of the air may originate a movement which was only suspended by the perfect stillness of the atmosphere. It is not more extraordinary that the slight shake of the voice should precipitate a ton of just balanced matter, than that a little touch of the hand should set the Logan-stone rocking. We remember once standing immediately under the glacier of the Hinter-rhein, and on a sudden calling out to the guide, who had followed us from the village of Splügen, and who was at a little distance behind us. The first words served to awake stones which were sleeping on the face of the ice, and set them bounding over the slope. We went on speaking, our guide answering nothing, but making frantic gestures instead, until a larger block than usual, coming as from a catapult within a few feet of our heads, interpreted his meaning, which was, that there was only safety in silence. As soon as we ceased to speak, the

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see by the *Times* that this gentleman has ascended Mont Blanc this sum- succeeded in passing twenty hours on the summit.

mitraille from the glacier ceased also.

The paper next in order contains an account of excursions on the western side of Mont Blanc, including the Col de Miage, by Mr. Vaughan Hawkins. This paper is valuable as portraying difficulties experienced in consequence of the Alpine traveller's great enemy, "stormy weather," and at the same time from showing the expedients to which courage and presence of mind may resort to make the best of it, preventing others from extreme discouragement under circumstances which are sufficiently common, in all mountainous districts.

Mr. W. Matthews, jun., is the next writer. He gives an account of most interesting explorations in "the mountains of Bagnes, with the ascents of the Vélan, Combin, and Graffeneire, and the passage of the Col du Mont Rouge." This mountain labyrinth lies to the right of the historic pass of the great St. Bernard, and the great height at which the Hospice is situated makes it a most eligible starting-point for excursions into it.

"There are few parts of Switzerland which more richly reward the lovers of Alpine scenery, and which have been hitherto so utterly neglected, as the magnificent mountain-ranges which enclose the savage defile of the Val de Bagnes. Six great glaciers pour their frozen streams into this valley, one of them famous as the cause of the melancholy inundation of 1818; and from the chain of the Combin, which forms its western barrier, and occupies the triangular space between the two branches of the Dranse, rises a great alp, a hundred feet higher than the Finsteraarhorn. Yet not one in every hundred of the crowds of tourists, who flock every year to the St. Bernard Hospice, turns aside at Sembranchier into the Val de Bagnes, and of these scarcely any one has explored the snow-basin of Corbassière, or wandered over the ice-fields of Chermontane; while those writers who have made the passage of the Col de Fenêtre, have invariably described the 'inaccessible precipices of the Combin' with the sort of hopeless feeling with which they might have spoken of the mountains of Sikkim or Nepaul."

The "inaccessible" Combin was surmounted by Mr. Mathews "in six hours of easy walking (?) from Corbassière!" The remarks which conclude this most interesting account of high rambles will meet with a ready response from all sympathetic readers.

"To those who feel wearied—as who does not at times?—with the ceaseless mill-work of England, in the nineteenth century, there is no medicine so soothing, both to mind and body, as Alpine travel, affording as it does interesting observation and healthy enjoyment for the present, and pleasant memories for the time to come. . . .

"Very many happy days have I spent among the 'peaks, and passes, and glaciers' of the Alps, but I look back upon none of them with feelings of such great satisfaction as upon those in which I wandered among the unknown fastnesses of the 'Montagnes de Bagnes.'"

Within the four last years the popularity of Chamouny has been eclipsed by that of Zermatt, chiefly, we suppose, in consequence of the neighbourhood of the still unscaled Matterhorn. Whether this mountain will remain or not the real Jungfrau of the Alps, is a question which will doubtless soon be resolved.

By comparing the narratives given in this volume, we observe that almost all the more important peaks have been scaled, or are considered scaleable, from some side or other. These very glaciers and snow-fields which festoon the sides of the *aiguilles*, and present so many dangers and difficulties to the traveller, have nevertheless furnished him with paths which, though seldom easy, are generally practicable. We have observed in many places rocks—not mountains—of the same character of the Matterhorn. We speak here at second-hand, never having seen the Matterhorn ourselves but at a great distance. The Matterhorn is rather a rock than a mountain—the highest rock in Europe, as Mont Blanc is the highest mountain. Its precipices appear to be practicable only by the same process by which precipices of equal slope are surmounted or passed when they consist of ice or *névé*—that is, by cutting steps in them. But, as in the case of the Matterhorn, the problem seems to be how to climb sheer steps of nearly smooth rock; the process would be a most difficult and tedious one. Some one must of necessity go first, and, after cutting as many steps as possible at a time, come back the way he came. It might be possible to plant the pin of a rope securely in some chink, or to drive it into the solid rock; and the next ascent might be made with help of the rope. We shall doubtless hear of something of the kind being done or attempted soon, for there is a certain class of British travellers who would risk life for the sake of a successful ascent of the Matterhorn. Whether the result would justify the peril, is a question for their determination, not for ours. If to risk life for mere national or personal glory be justifiable, we should prefer such a path to glory to that one which lay over the hecatombs of Solferino. The fifth chapter of our book contains an account of a journey from Zermatt to the Val d'Anniviers, by the Trift Pass, by Mr. Hinchliff. The great difficulties of the ascent of the Col were successfully surmounted, and the party found an anchorage on an open plateau of *névé* on the descent.

"The provision knapsacks were emptied and used as seats; bottles of red wine were stuck upright in the snow; a goodly leg of mutton on its sheet of paper formed the centre, garnished with hard eggs and bread and cheese, round which we ranged ourselves in a circle. High festival was held under the deep-blue heavens; and now and then, as we looked up at the wondrous wall of rocks which we had descended, we congratulated ourselves on the victory with a quiet nod indicative of satisfaction. M. Seiler's beautiful oranges supplied the rare luxury of a dessert, and we were just in the full enjoyment of the delicacy when a booming sound, like the discharge of a gun far over our heads, made us all at once glance upwards to the top of the Trifthorn. Close to its craggy summit hung a cloud of dust like dirty smoke, and in a few seconds another and a larger one burst forth several hundred feet lower. A glance through the telescope showed that the fall of rocks had commenced, and the fragments were leaping down from ledge to ledge in a series of cascades. Each block dashed off others at every point of contact, and the uproar became tremendous; thousands of fragments, making every variety of noise according to their size, and producing the effect of a fire of musketry and artillery combined, thundered downwards from so great a height, that we waited anxiously for some considerable time to see them reach the snow-field below. As nearly as we could estimate the distance, we were five hundred yards from the base of the rocks, so that we thought that come what might we were in a tolerably secure position. At last we saw many of the blocks plunge into the snow after taking their last fearful leap; presently much larger fragments followed, taking proportionably larger bounds. The noise grew fiercer and fiercer, and huge blocks began to fall so near to us that we jumped to our feet, determined to dodge them to the best of our ability. 'Look out!' cried some one, and we opened our right and left at the approach of a monster, evidently weighing many hundredweight, which was coming right at us like a huge shell fired from a mortar. It fell with a heavy thud not more than twenty feet from us, scattering lumps of snow into the circle where we had just been dining; but scarcely had we begun to recover from our astonishment, when a still larger rock flew exactly over our heads to a distance of two hundred yards beyond us. The malice of the Trifthorn now seemed to have done its worst. The fact was that the fall had taken place too near to the line of our descent for the remembrance of it to be altogether pleasant."

The situation in which Mr. Hinchliff and his companions stood under fire on this occasion, brings to our memory an occasion when two tourists, standing on the plateau which connects the two Glyders in North Wales, by unthinkingly rolling a small stone over the brink of a precipice above Llyn Idwal, were the agents of a similar catastrophe. As it grew to a climax, they felt as if the guilt of blood would be on their heads should any adventurous wight be exploring the very sequestered valley below, and made a solemn resolution never again to repeat a similar experiment. The effects were much those so graphically described by Mr. Hinchliff.

The next excursion—"Pass of the Schwarze Thor from Zermatt to Ayas," by the editor—is one of the most interesting in the whole book, and there is great freshness and originality in the descriptions.

"The view from the western slope of the Riffel, now well known to most Swiss tourists, includes the range of peaks from the Matterhorn to the Weisshorn, with the glaciers by which they are begirt. The moon had risen; the valley below, and all the lesser hollows, were filled with a bluish haze that stretched across to the base of the opposite peaks, not forming, as clouds do, an opaque floor on which they could seem to rest, but rather a dim mysterious depth, into which they plunged to an immeasurable distance. The great peaks and glaciers shone with a glory that seemed all their own; not sparkling in the broad moonlight, but beaming forth a calm ineffable brilliance, high aloft in the ether, far above the dwellings of mankind. Chief of them all, the astounding peak of the Matterhorn, that stupendous obelisk whose form defies the boldest speculations of the geologist—gleaming more brightly for some fresh snow that rested on every furrow of its surface—towered upward into the sky. All men, even the least poetical, are variously impressed by such scenes as these, and the mind is involuntarily carried back to some scene of wonder and mystery that in early life has fixed its image on the imagination. My own fancy on that night recalled a half-remembered tale of the Scandinavian Sagas, wherein the mythical hero breaks into the assembly of the gods, where they sit in solemn conclave, fixed in deep slumber, with long white beards descending to the ground. Some such night-scene, amid the wild mountains of Norway, may have suggested the picture to the old northern bard."

Observations follow in a spirit as well poetic as scientific on colour and twilight and certain mountain effects, the like of which we remember to have seen in the short summer nights of Scandinavia. The fact is, that the elevation of the High Alps places the observer nearer the sun, and makes the day longer in proportion to the latitude. In the Alps, altitude, and not latitude, determines in a measure the day and night, as place as well as time determines the season of the year. It is summer at Chamouny when it is mid-winter on the summit of Mont Blanc. Even the ordinary tourist who has slept on the Righi or the Faulhorn, and obtained a favourable sunrise, is acquainted with the lovely phenomenon called the Alpine rose.

"Just before sunrise we had reached the Rothi Kumme, the steep slope over the Gorner Glacier, whence the range of Monte Rosa is visible in its whole extent, when a new object of interest presented itself. To the eye, the air round us had appeared perfectly clear, and without the slightest tinge of vapour, when suddenly the lower zone between us and the opposite range became suffused with a rosy flush that was accompanied with an evident diminution of transparency; this appeared to be strictly limited within a definite thickness of the atmosphere, extending to a height of about 15,000 feet. At the moment when the change took place, my eyes were turned to the south-west, over the Matterjoch, as if a gauze veil had suddenly been placed between the eye and the distant sky, and clearly showing that the tint was produced in the lower and not the upper regions of the atmosphere. Most travellers in mountain countries are familiar with this phenomenon, but few have had so favourable an opportunity to observe it in the region where it is produced. It appears to me to be one amongst numerous indications, that vapour contained in the atmosphere in a state of rest has a tendency to dispose itself in horizontal strata of unequal density. The exquisite tint which is seen in the Alps about ten minutes after sunset, and less commonly before sunrise, may probably be caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from the under surface of some of these strata lying considerably above the level at which the rosy glow becomes visible."

Well may the author of this passage enthusiastically exclaim—

"What enjoyment is to be compared to an early walk over one of these great glaciers of the Alps, amid the deep silence of Nature, surrounded by some of her sublimest objects, the morning air infusing vigour and elasticity into every nerve and muscle, the eye unwearied, the skin cool, and the whole frame tingling with joyous anticipation of the adventures that the day may bring forth!"

And there is music as well as painting and poetry in the ice-world.

"On a sudden, as if from some prodigious distance, there fell upon my ear the sound of musical instruments, pure and clear, but barely distinguishable. I halted and listened: there could be no doubt, there was the beating of a drum, and from time to time the sound of brass instruments. I asked Mathias, who now came up, what he thought of it, but he had no idea of the cause.

Then remembering that persons passing the night at the Grands Mulets have declared that they heard the church bell, and even the barking of dogs, at Entrêves or Cormayeur, I straight imagined that they were celebrating a festa in some of the valleys on the Piedmontese side of Monte Rosa, from which direction the sounds seemed to come. We moved on, and the sounds continued, becoming rapidly more intense, and soon as we approached a deep narrow crevasse, the mystery was explained.

"At a considerable depth below us, a trickling streamlet in the interior of the glacier fell from one ledge of ice to another; the crevasse under our feet played the part of an organ-pipe, and the elastic mass of ice struck by the descending rill produced sonorous vibrations. Two interesting conclusions followed from this charming experiment in the laboratory of the glacier. First, that the movement of water in the interior of a glacier is not stopped at night, and hence that a sharp frost probably does not penetrate very far below the surface; second, that the formation of fissures transversely to the direction of the veined structure, and parallel to the surface of the glacier, is not confined to the lower extremity of a glacier, where such fissures are constantly seen in and above the roof of the cavern whence the glacier torrent flows, but may probably extend in many directions throughout the glacier. I had often suspected that the water which percolates the ice in warm weather, finds here and there a channel along nearly horizontal surfaces in the interior of the glacier: but during the day-time the sound of running water is heard in so many directions that it is impossible for the ear to follow any single streamlet; now, however, in the silence of the surface I could distinctly assure myself that the streamlet below ran along a slightly-inclined bed until it reached the crevasse, from which it fell to a lower level in the interior of the glacier."

The paper from which these quotations are taken contains an account of a most adventurous excursion by the author, who was unfortunately accompanied by a guide whose nerve was scarcely equal to the task. It is impossible, without the aid of the engravings, to give a just idea of the difficulties encountered in passing certain pyramids or pinnacles of ice, some eighty feet high, and each capped or bewigged with snow and pendant icicles. To avoid the steepness of the slopes, some sixty degrees, it was necessary to pass under the icicles of the summit, carefully avoiding touching them, lest the whole mass should come down on their heads; and in one instance, because an ice precipice barred advance, it was necessary to return from the top and pass at a level along the face of the cliff. This we see the traveller and his guide in the engraving accomplishing, tied together by a rope. Whether this is advisable in such situations is a question with Alpine travellers. Where it is necessary for each to plant his foot in the steps made by those who have gone before, and when a false step would insure destruction to the unattached individual, it has been argued that the rope would only drag down the rest in case of a slip. It has been argued on the other side, that although a person would not be able to stop himself, the momentum of the slide is but moderate at first, and the weight of the person who had slipped could generally be checked by the slightest additional assistance to his own efforts at self-preservation. The case of a guide at the wall of the Strahl-eck, who held up three men who had slipped, seems a strong instance in corroboration of this view. A place for making the experiment would certainly be the "mûr épouvantable" or "mûr de la coté" of Mont Blanc, which is so well described by Mr. Albert Smith and his artist. We recollect crossing a similar place, the Brèche de Roland in the Pyrenees, where a false step would have sent any one of the party over the precipices of the Cirque de Gavarnie. One of the party, who was rather nervous, acknowledged that the alpenstock of the guide held behind him gave a sense of security; a rope would, of course, neutralise still further the feeling of isolation.

Mr. Llewellin Davies follows suit in the same magnificent neighbourhood, ascending one of the Mischabel-horner called the Dom. The name suggests a mountain like Mont Blanc, but the mountain figured in the chromo-lithograph is a peak; so we suppose the name to imply the Cathedral, as the German Domkirche, or imply Dom, denotes. Mr. Davies speaks with great rapture of the view from the top.

"Those who speak slightingly of the advantages to be gained by ascending to the highest points, do not know what it is to see mountain-tops spread out beneath you, almost like the stars of heaven for multitude. The greater ranges rise in mighty curves and backbones, ridged with shining points, and give distinction to the scene; but in that country of Alps, wherever you look, there is a field of mountains: the higher you rise, the more magnificent is the panorama you command."

The Alleleinhorn lies to the south of Mr. Davies' route, and is described by Mr. Ames, who also masters the Fletschhorn, "no doubt familiar in appearance, if not by name, to those who have crossed the Simplon Pass in fine weather." As a little change from the beauties and sublimities of Mr. Ball and others, we may extract some facetiæ from Mr. Ames's narrative. The incidents in question occurred on passing a night in a chalet on the Trift Alp, where the travellers found a merry party.

"My companions were half undressed, and I was finishing a cigar outside, when I became aware of suppressed whisperings and titterings in the immediate neighbourhood—sounds which, on further investigation, proved to emanate from a juvenile group of the female population collected at the corner of the next hut, and apparently watching with great interest the mysterious process of going to bed, as practised by the English nation generally. After a little complimentary 'chaff,' and one or two songs from them, very fairly sung, and containing invariably some reference to a 'schätzli' (sweetheart), I joined the rest of the party, undressed, and, being the last, according to the good old rule, put out the light. No sooner had I stepped into bed than a crash ensued, and I suddenly found myself half-buried under a chaotic heap of disorganised bedclothes, the bolster occupying the post of honour on the top of my head. The treacherous fabric had given way at the foot of the bed, owing, no doubt, to the substratum of logs having been arranged in some position of unstable equilibrium. A momentary silence of astonishment was followed by peals of laughter from my more fortunate companions, till two guides, attracted by the noise, made their appearance with a lantern, and commenced the work of restoration, which was soon completed in a more solid and trustworthy form, not, however, without sundry incursions of the fair sex, whose curiosity was proof against my extreme *déshabille*. The situation, as revealed by the sudden light of the lantern, was no doubt supremely ludicrous, but was not precisely the kind of spectacle for the contemplation of female friends, and they were repelled accordingly. It did not occur to me at the time, but I have my suspicions, that those innocent damsels were privy to the catastrophe, and had, of *malice prepense*, unsettled the foundations of the couch."

This incident strongly reminds us of some of our friends' Scandinavian experiences. Mother Eve's daughters have a family likeness all over the world.

The next narratives lead us across the valley of the Rhone to the well-known (at a distance) Bernese Oberland. Every Swiss tourist knows the magnificent panorama seen from the high places about Berne, and deriving its chief interest from the range of snowy peaks in the south, with their high-sounding and romantic names. Yet these old acquaintances of the traveller have even yet some unexplored recesses, and Messrs. Anderson, Ball, Hardy, and Bunbury show by their narratives how much that is new may be found by men possessing legs, hands, and eyes, and wit to use them, even in the most familiar country. This range would doubtless have been better known before, but that its recesses have been protected by what Tacitus would have called "ancient superstition." People ceased to trouble themselves about what was universally regarded by the natives as utterly inaccessible. Our countrymen have now accustomed themselves to receive the accounts of the natives "cum grano salis," and rely upon themselves for obtaining accurate information, since they have found that Englishmen, many of them leading in general the sedentary lives of cities, have been able to show the born mountaineers the way over their own mountains. Mr. Hardy has scaled the Peak of Darkness, and drawn aside the veil; and the great Aletsch glacier, one of the most remarkable polar regions in the temperate zone, has been traversed and observed by more than one tourist. There is no reason it should not be thoroughly explored by scientific men, as it seems to present fewer difficulties, combined with finer characteristics, than most other glaciers. Mr. Hinchliff has seen the wonders of the Wildstrubel and Oldenhorn, the latter being the principal peak of the remarkable Diablerets. This mountain is well remembered by us, as contrasting with its rugged grandeurs the Arcadian scenery of the Vallée des Ormons, which is ascended from Aigle in the valley of the Rhone, and than which there is not a region of more peaceful loveliness in the whole of Switzerland. Messrs. Kennedy and Hardy next astonish us with the fact of their having survived "a night-adventure on the Bristenstock," a mountain overhanging the entrance to the St. Gothard Pass above Amsteg, where the adventurous tourists were obliged to sleep by turns locked in each other's arms, to avoid their falling over a precipice—like the babes in the wood, but without the wood, the robins, or the leaves. Lastly, Mr. Forster takes a flight to the little-known Alps of Canton Glarus, making the baths of Stachelberg his headquarters, and visiting the famous Martinsloch or Martin's Hole, a round tunnel over the Segnes Pass, through which a beam of the sun descends into the valley at certain seasons. Ebel, he says, imagines the name to be a corruption of Martis Loch, "because the sun shines through it on the steeple of the church at Elm, in the months of March and September." But we should rather connect it with the adventures of St. Martin, who gives his name to the Martinswand in the Austrian Alps, and who, from the high-flying propensities of his Holiness, ought certainly to be adopted as their patron by such members of the Alpine Club as happen to be of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

Rather valuable to geologists than mere travellers are the remarks on the old glaciers of Switzerland and North Wales. All Switzerland must once have presented a scene like that seen in the extreme north-west by Kane, and mentioned in his *Arctic Explorations*, where the stupendous glacier called by Humboldt's name is supposed to bridge Greenland and America; and North Wales must once have been, with lower elevations, much what Switzerland is now. Being directed to the facts mentioned in this chapter, the most superficial observer may verify them, as we can attest from our own experience. The glens of Cwm Trifaen and Cwm Llafar are especially interesting, as showing the paths of old-world glaciers, and thus North Wales is the complement to Switzerland, discovering the features of those glacier bases which are as yet unrevealed to human eye. The chapter on Etna, by Mr. Hardy, concludes the narratives of excursions, by way of showing the catholicity of the aspirations of the Alpine Club; and Mr. Ball obligingly publishes suggestions for Alpine travellers, as to measures of precaution and equipment, which show that the Club have no wish to restrict the enjoyment of their highland preserves. There is an even level of good writing in this book, because the writers write from the abundance of their hearts, and apparently, with a general absence of intellectual effort, describe the physical exertions they have made. The real secret of good writing, as we all know, is to have something to write about. Then there will be no necessity of raising a question of Latin or Saxon phraseology. The idea will clothe itself of itself in the most appropriate form of vernacular. With regard to the outward form of the volume, we may say that the first-born of the Alpine Club encases a sound mind in a sound body; and more than this, that its outward favour is decidedly prepossessing. It is equally a book for the drawing-room or library table. To give an idea of the pains bestowed on it, we have only to mention that it contains nine maps, eight chromo-lithographs, and twenty-three woodcuts, all of merit, especially the maps. The chromo-litographs, though good, are hardly adequate to the expression of the vastness of Alpine scenery; but it must be remembered that this beautiful branch of art is still in its infancy; and where so much depends on the faintest *nuances* of colour and chiaro-oscuro, the wonder is that so much has been done with so comparatively unhandy materials.

We could have wished to have been able to include in the same review, some others of the host of Alpine books that have been lately presented to the public; and if we had before us Mr. Coleman's *Scenes from the Snow-fields*, we might be able to judge still better than from the unpretentious illustrations of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, what art has been able to achieve in scenes as yet nearly unvisited by the professional artist. But the book in our hands suffices to show how engrossing is the passion for mountain-climbing, and how fast our countrymen are becoming bitten with the delightful infection. Without thought of results, the movement has taken place, but doubtless great results may flow out of it. For this end, organisation is necessary, and is found in the prospectus of the Alpine Club. We prophesy that, amongst men of intelligence as well as spirit, this will soon be one of the most popular of all the clubs; though whether, as it has the free *entrée* of all the mighty palaces of nature, it will care to build itself a house made with hands in Pall Mall, may long be a question.

There is another way of visiting Alpine regions, which the Alpine Club, with their lofty aspirations, would probably despise, but which is more attractive to ordinary people, and even to those who love, to a certain degree, danger and difficulty, possesses peculiar advantages, especially in the matter of independence. Mr. King's *Italian Valleys of the Alps*, and the *Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa*, prove how much may be seen in places not inaccessible to ladies; and we know well that to the really poetic or artistic insight little is gained by novelty or strangeness, but that the universe itself is ever novel and strange in all its aspects to those who keep their eyes open. We know nothing more charming than unencumbered and unattended pedestrian excursions in mountain regions, no medicine for mind or body of more universal efficacy. The charms of nature increase to the lovers of nature as time goes on, and do not grow old with their age. And the splendours of Alps and Pyrenees have only served to give us a fresher zest in the enjoyment of our home mountains. And connected with these low elevations there is a pleasure scarcely known at inaccessible heights, or where the continuity of altitude is broken. We mean the long upland walks along the crests of hills. Such a walk we accomplished on a glorious day in the summer of 1858, with delight never to be forgotten. It began with the ascent of Sca Fell Pikes from Wastdale Head, and then continued over the crest of Langdale, behind Langdale Pikes, over Borrowdale Fells, down Esdale, to Grasmere. The little difficulty of finding the way over the Fells gave a fillip of excitement to the walk. But the purity of the air was not to be surpassed. It seemed all oxygen or ozone. Another such walk preceded it by two days, beginning with a steep climb of the Red Pike from Buttermere, and taking the tops in succession to Sty Head Pass. In North Wales, also, we recollect many such rambles, the finest of which was the tours of Carnedd David and Llewellin, and the tops of the Glyders, following the heights to Capel Cwrig. In the Alps and Pyrenees we have ever found the greatest delight in visiting the least-trodden routes, although these were not always the more dangerous. Alpine dangers are not to be encountered alone, or without certain precautions which reduce them to a minimum. A melancholy instance has just occurred, recorded in the *Times* by a correspondent whose letter bears date, Zermatt, August 18. A Russian gentleman, by name Edouard de la Grotte, has perished miserably in a crevasse on the Findelen glacier. He was attended by two Zermatt guides, but scornfully refused to take an *alpenstock;* and though a rope was passed round his body, it only appeared to have been looped round the arms of the guides. According to the guides' account, he slipped into a crevasse, and the rope breaking short at each side of him, they were not able to recover him. The crevasse was of peculiar form, narrow at the top, then widening and then contracting again farther down. The unfortunate man appears to have fallen some sixty feet, and then to have become wedged with his head somewhat lower than his body. While the clumsy guides were trying to reach him with too short a length of rope, having been at the trouble to make two journeys for them, the poor man died, having been gradually and consciously frozen to death. The warmth of his body had occasioned at first his sinking a few feet farther, and then the cold of the glacier overcoming him, he was frozen in, and as he would then have been slowly crushed by the expansion of the ice, it is hoped that death terminated his sufferings before this last torture. The guides, whose conduct appears throughout to have been characterised by carelessness and want of presence of mind, appear to have laid themselves open to suspicion on account of the appearance presented by the broken ends of the rope. It is possible that their negligent hold of the traveller gave way at once to the weight of his body, and that they cut the rope at the places where they said it had been broken, to save their reputation for trustworthiness.* This accident was followed at no long interval by one still more distressing to home readers, as the subject of it was an eminent member of the University of Cambridge. We allude to the melancholy death of Archdeacon Hardwicke, by falling down a steep place in the Pyrenees, near the Bagnères de Luchon. Having probably been over the ground ourselves in returning by a by-way from the Port de Venasque, we cannot think that the accident was caused by any peculiar dangers or difficulties existing there. The venerable gentleman was an experienced Alpine traveller, and the apparent ease of his route may have rendered him less cautious than usual.

The former instance, which seems more to the purpose, would be anything but discouraging to real Alpine travellers. It simply shows what security may be attained by certain precautions, the neglect of which may easily be fatal. It is astonishing, considering the appearance and real nature of these difficulties, how very few accidents have hitherto occurred in the high Alps. Nevertheless, it is to be esteemed a national honour, that most of those peaks hitherto considered inaccessible, and many of those passes hitherto considered impassable, have yielded to the courage and perseverance of those islanders, whose still more daring and enduring countrymen have passed the continuous night of the Arctic winter in darkness and suffering, to solve problems not much more important; or endured the torture of thirst in the burning deserts of Central Africa, with an end and purpose avowedly and really higher, but in no dissimilar spirit. While France, actually more old-fashioned in her ways, still pants for that military fame of which the world has heard so much before, Great Britain strives for newer and bloodless laurels, and seeks, according to the Creator's sanction, to assert the supremacy of Man less over his brother than over material Nature.

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* Since this article was written, a letter has appeared in the *Times*, from one of the members of the Alpine Club, whose remarks seem to corroborate our conjecture as to the death of the Russian gentleman at Zermatt:—"He fell down because there was not a sufficient length of rope. The fact of the shortness of the rope is sufficiently proved by the manner in which they used it. They tied the gentleman round the body, as is usual; but instead of fastening themselves in the same manner, they, evidently with the intention of making the rope cover a greater space of ground, simply held it in their hands, each taking one end of it. Now, sir, is it not almost certain, that supposing the man in the middle to fall, the other two are unable to hold on to the rope, and it slips from their hands with the jerk? And, this, I believe, happened in this particular case. The rope was too short, so the guides held the ends of it in their hands, and when the gentleman between them fell, they were unable, in consequence of the jerk, to keep their hold. They say the rope broke. I am inclined to doubt it." There is, however, an obvious difficulty in this theory as to how it came to pass that the rope was not carried into the crevasse with the gentleman. It may have slipped from the hand of one guide first, then, being loosely bound, have detached itself from the body, or the guides may have neglected to tie the traveller at all.

THE SEA-SIDE IN THE PAPAL STATES.

Among the many delusions prevalent in the ordinary imagination, there are few more groundless than the popular Northern idea of Italian climate—that idea which neither fact nor descriptions can dissipate, and which every honest English fancy believes in devoutly, let travellers say what they will. Thus we go on with melancholy persistence, but faith unfailing, carrying the delicate blossoms we love best to brave out the buffets of winter amidst the countless cross-draughts and chill paved floors of Italian apartments, where our complaints are set down to the score of English egotism and helplessness by a people much more given to the savage placidity of endurance than to any possibility of reform. But if Boreas blows shrill in the *Tramontara* at one season, and suffocates his breathless victims with the sirocco at another, there *is* a steady spring brilliance in the Italian sky which restores one to that half-forgotten enjoyment of May, which our grandfathers used to have, or to say they had, but of which we, in our island, have certainly of late days lost all security. July and August in Italy are months to be gasped through, and endured as one best can. But there *is* a May—the fact is indisputable—and for those who love that month of the poets, it is something to know that it survives somewhere. May, bright, fresh, serene, and sweet, with skies of deep untroubled azure, steadily shining through starry night and sunny day—familiar honeysuckle and wild roses bursting upon all the hedges—the rich red glow of the pomegranate blossom burning amidst its cool deep shade of leaves—the corn ripe and golden—the vines tender and young, the grey sweet olives lending a singular calm and composure to the landscape with their mild neutral uncertainty of tone—and not a cloud, save now and then a sunny puff of white, like the wing or the robe of some chance angel, upon the untroubled depth of sky. Such was the Roman May which shone this year over all the melancholy plain and rich hills that surround the everlasting city. Distant echoes of French cannon, and prognostications of Italian tumult, not yet realised so far south, had darkened the air with its annual enormous swallow-flight of home-returning tourists rather more precipitately than usual; and "Rome was empty," something as London is in September, when we took our early way to the sea-side. The emptiness of Rome makes itself visible by the shutting up of great hotels, and the dismantling of shops frequented by those Forestieri or wandering barbarians who bring toll to the old mistress of the world, by the languor and leisure of certain streets recognised as the foreigners', or rather the English, quarter—and not least by the total desertion of all the sights which a leisurely pilgrim, unappalled by visions of malaria, may enjoy if he wills with all the privacy and leisure of their owner, now that the season is over, and *Murray* no longer drives along the Corso, a sacred ensign, in one out of every two or three carriages, and marches into church and gallery under everybody's arm. We did not remain, however, to enjoy this monopoly of some of the best things in the world; but as we were not going to England with all the rest of the barbarous people, we went to the sea-side.

Our way lay across the Campagna in all the early glory of the May morning. The noble desolate arches of the old aqueduct striding over the wonderful flat before us, and the fields on either side aglow with all the colours which nature unassisted puts into her flowers. No great things of flowers either—brilliant red poppies, purple mallows, dainty wreaths of the tiny convolvulus — white-bells of nameless magnificence growing upon coarse weed-bushes, and thistle-heads purple and yellow, but so matted and grown together, with their minute invisible under-layer of pimpernel and celandine, that the whole looks like a close carpet of varied colour. There is scarcely a tree in the landscape, save those distant clouds of foliage upon the hills, and a chance seedling here and there about some ruin—nor a house save the pathetic fragments of houses, built in the times before malaria, when people were not afraid of the Campagna;—but if there are neither houses nor trees, there are shadows falling, and flitting, and changing by some unseen agency, stretching in long blue lines into the distance, flying like some invisible breath over the great silent plain, where nothing else, save here and there a troop of grey wild cattle, seems to move or breathe. The white towers of the Alban hills glance out among their trees at half-a-dozen different altitudes, one appearing after another as the road turns. Such is the first half of the way; then we are turned adrift at an Osteria for a couple of hours while the horses rest, and the heat of noon subsides. The Osteria is a farm-steading as well, and wealthy in its way. Up-stairs there is a *Camera di Pranzo*, with a great heap of corn in one corner, and some rude tables and chairs at the other, where we have maccaroni, bread and butter, thin wine, and anchovies set out for us, in such fashion as a wayside "public" uses in the Papal States. The next room is a dark bedchamber, without any means either of light or ventilation save the door. Entering here on a voyage of discovery, you are bewildered by a sudden gleam of eyes and flickering motion. It is not a pigeon—the pigeons are in the third room, the best bedroom, in company with a promising family of chickens. If you open the door a little wider, you will see on that enormous bed, big enough to contain a family, and high enough for a funeral couch of state, two smallest babies, one, poor little soul! broad awake as only babies know how to be, unbelievably *good* and contented in its dark prison, its bright eyes twinkling towards the welcome light—the other decorously asleep. There they lie, the poor little twins, whom a liberal Providence has bestowed upon the busy hostess of Fontana di papa. What can the good woman do? She has three- and four-year olds downstairs, at the age of mischief, who must be looked after to a certain extent—not to say all her farm, and her guests, and her maccaroni to attend to. So the babies are wisely bestowed in the vast parental bed, no fear of vigorous kick or tumble alarming the mother, who has done them up in swaddling-bands this morning, and left them in the dark till it is time to attend to their reasonable necessities. If they choose to cry unreasonably for amusement or "distraction," they are happily too far off to distract the domestic quiet. They must wait till they are old enough to "distract" themselves, the small unfortunates, when they will have their revenge.

But there is no poverty in this old, bare, savage house. The walls of the dark room are hung with the many articles of a substantial wardrobe—bright-coloured gowns, and shawls, and bodices worthy a landlady. Outside spread the rich vineyards basking in the noon, which keep the wine-butts full in the Osteria; behind, the corn is taking its last perfection of golden ripeness. The bees are making honey—every thing thrives and looks plentiful, and most likely they will get on very well these simple people, the babies in the dark included, without ever finding out what comfort means.

It was evening when we came to our sea-quarters, a serene afternoon, inclining towards sunset. Imagine a deep Mediterranean bay, bluer than the heavens, one corner of its crescent tipped like an arrow-head with the gleaming line of a little seaport striking out sharp into the water, with one tiny tower of defence, and a little crowd of picturesque lateen sails lying along its tiny quay; the deep curve falling far into the distance on the other side, with the half-visible tower of Astura dropped on the water's edge, to mark the outline; and stepping boldly out into the sea, half-way across the semi-circle, that lion-headed promontory, white and magic, where Circe and her syrens sang; while deep in the light of the bay, serene and commanding, lies what looks like a great mediæval fortress, turning its line of jealous towers and stout defences towards the sea. Behind all, the noble line of the Volscian hills slope vast and distant towards the invisible ocean on the other side of the Circean headland; and the pleasant sunny slopes of a rural country, vineyards, and pasture-lands, and gardens, with villas and convents sown among them, and a fringe of breezy downs, complete the landscape. Bold cliffs, yellow and rugged, with nodding plumes of broom on their crest, and dark fragments of ancient masonry at their feet, defend the coast as it curves and deepens towards that great old stronghold which frowns upon the bay. It is into the peaceable heart of that same ancient strength and place of defence that this peaceful road leads us, winding between its hedgerows; for these towers and ramparts are only ranges of humble tenements and dwelling-houses nowadays; and Nettuno is no longer a palace-fortress of the middle ages, picturesque and lawless, but a little populous Italian town, where a swarm of dark-skinned people live and multiply among the old decaying turrets, without a suspicion that their little dusty noisy sunshiny sea-village is one of the most picturesque combinations of old walls, and towers, and bastions, to be found even in this country, where every thing is picturesque that is aged, and decaying, and forlorn.

Everybody turns out to gaze, of course, as we drive into the deep momentary gloom of that archway, just within the ancient gate where the old Colonna palace strides across the narrow way, and erects its little tower in ready defiance of any hostile stranger; but they sell onions and lettuces to-night at the door of the Colonnas, and it is about this arch that the villagers swarm, and under its shadow that the butcher, most important, but most coy of tradesmen, as we shall find hereafter, hangs out his iron hooks and bars his greasy shutters. And now here is the Piazza Colonna, with its forlorn little column to identify it; a picturesque square, with traces of fair old architecture here and there, and another palace opening its big door and desolate vestibule at one side. The men are in the larger piazza outside the gate, where are likewise the cafés — those indispensable Italian necessities; but the women are at all the doors and windows, and the children are everywhere. No fear that his Holiness shall lack for subjects. Heaps of boys tumbled about in all the corners — shoals of babies in leading-strings, tilted up from the rough causeway by premature little women about twice as high as themselves; and younger babies, helpless little fishes, with two flickering hands in motion, distributed among the mothers at the doors. However, we have our way to make to our temporary habitation, which is not to be approached but on foot. We go with a train in waiting, curious to learn all about us—and here at last is our house.

It would no doubt be very prosaic in comparison to live upon a Marine Parade; so let us climb with equanimity this stair, which is like a very steep ladder, and investigate our accommodations. These consist of a range of bedrooms, a *sala*, and an eating-room, down stair, the bedchambers overlooking, and the dining-room opening upon, an oblong piece of terrace or *loggia*, the narrow end of which overlooks the sea. The said bedchambers are partially floored with tiles, and partially with a terrible concrete, curiously studded with small pebbles, which any unwary individual, stepping upon it with a shoeless foot, is not likely to forget. Each has an enormous bed, piled high, with hard rustling mattresses stuffed with the dried leaves of the maize, into, or rather *on* to which it is necessary to climb by means of a chair, and where there is space enough for a whole family to dispose themselves for the night. The furniture, of an admirably stoical contrivance, serves the bare uses of necessity, but pretends to nothing more; and the only ornamental articles visible are simple *tureens* of common earthenware, one of which stands on almost every table by way of decoration. After all, when one looks round upon the forlorn apartment — the hard eminence of that bed, the ingeniously miserable chairs, the dusty painted deal table, one thinks with a little compunction of the marine parades and sea-view terraces which one has abused at home.

However, dinner waits below.

There is a family of father, mother, and four black-eyed little girls in these lower rooms, all of whom bivouac for the night in an apartment next to our *salle-à-manger*, through one side of which, separated by an improptu partition of semi-transparent canvass, we have to pass, with such enlightening peeps of that congregation of beds, and such odours as are indispensable. Dinner appears at broken and irregular intervals—soup desperately hot, with floating bells of grease on its surface, and a mass of thready home-made maccaroni below; then little anchovies and slices of uncooked ham and Bologna sausage; then the *fritto*—where are other slices of ham curiously gummed into an enclosure of bread, and accompanied by fried artichokes and vegetable, marrow and balls of rice; then a dish of pease once more, with *prosciutto*, small slices of ham appearing amid the broken and dusky green of the unhappy vegetable; then the *umido*, or stew, a piece of overcooked meat laid upon a bed of rice which has absorbed the gravy; then a pair of roasted pigeons of antique age, the patriarchs of the race; then tiny Alpine strawberries and cherries; and so the meal is concluded, and we have eaten, or are supposed to have eaten, "a real Italian dinner!" as somebody assures us with exultation—not a hotel dinner, cosmopolitan and uncharacteristic, and adapted to the tastes of strangers, but unsophisticated and individual cookery, native to the soil—with perhaps only a little less oil, vinegar, onion, and tomato than the good people would have had for themselves. That is pleasant to know, certainly; but we are not over-effusive in our gratitude. Let us go out upon the *loggia* when the quick twilight has fallen, and the moon rises over the sea. The *loggia* has no better pavement than the pebbly concrete which forms a portion of our bedroom floors, and has the clothes-line still suspended across it, on which the Sora Marianna, our landlady, has had her "washing" hung out to dry—not to say that it is encumbered with various household and kitchen utensils not generally regarded as ornamental: however, these are very secondary matters in this part of the world. From the low wall which bounds one side, we look down upon a little triangular piazza, with picturesque outer-stairs, and deep arches of darkness under them, where there is an old house which has been a great house some time, and which still retains, like a solitary jewel, the prettiest delicate Gothic window, divided by a little twisted pillar. Opposite that is a dim picture of the Madonna, with a twinkling feeble lamp newly lighted before it; and while we look down in the soft purple gloom of the night, over the great black gulf of steps which leads from a corner of the little piazza to the fountain, there suddenly breaks out a measured chant, led by a woman at one of the doorways, and responded to by others round, till every door bears its part in the response, as the inmates appear upon the high "stairheads," or under the lower arches. With the high houses shutting in that morsel of space—the "little span of sky, and little lot of stars," which is all that is visible of the vast heavens from that enclosure—the half-seen figures at the doors, the twinkle of the lamp before the shrine, and the fainter irregular lights in the windows, the scene is as picturesque as could be imagined; while still the one voice rises with a certain rude solemnity, and the chorus answers with a homely, irregular sincerity of response, till the litany ends in a "Viva Maria, Maria Viva!" sung in an altered time and quicker chorus, which brings all the silent inhabitants to the windows to join in, and ends the nightly observance. The voices were not very sweet, nor the music very entrancing; but that was how they sang the Ave Maria, with the soft boom of the Mediterranean echoing in, the work-day over, and the village clocks sounding the first hours of the night.

Other sounds, however, not so pleasant, came at other hours from that same piazza, as at this present moment. They issue, still nearer, froms behind the canvass screen which parts our steps from the Sora Marianna's domestic sanctuary. *There* is a child, just beyond the early unreason of babyhood, squalling with an unceasing, hopeless length of cry, which nothing but early swaddling and an Italian mother's *patienza* could possibly bring about. Anything like the dreary persistence and long-windedness of those little lungs is certainly not to be heard in creditable houses anywhere but in Italy: however, she does not mind it very much,—that bustling shrill-tongued little woman, who knocks about her elder girls like so many pieces of furniture, scolds her maids—for she has two, and is a wealthy person—chatters with her guests, and, if nobody else offers, with her husband, and evidently feels herself in very satisfactory circumstances. Peep into that other room before we go upstairs. Girolamo is at supper, his wife taking her seat and her morsel by times, as occupation or inclination permits, and a brother or friend bearing the goodman steadier company. The tablecloth is not very white, but the chances are it is clean enough. Perhaps there is a dish of French beans, stewed out of all possible colour, with indescribable sauces—perhaps a salad, possibly a plate covered with slices of *salami*, cut so thin as to be transparent. There they sit in high content and enjoyment, with an inordinate supply of dark-complexioned bread, and a great flask of wine, cool and fresh from the "grotto"—wine of their own growing, and no contemptible browst—lighted by the tall Roman lamp upon the table. The only light in this apartment during the day comes from a small square grated window high up in the wall; and an English cottager would think the place a desert, with its total lack of furniture, except the table and chairs in immediate use; its tiles, which, during all their existence, have never known of such domestic implements as mop or scrubbing-brush; its bare unplastered walls, and absence of light. If the Sora Marianna had been an Englishwoman, she would have furnished a drawing-room by this time, and sent her daughters to a boarding-school; but perhaps, on the whole, it is just as well for Teta and Angelina that no such idea could possibly enter their mother's head. The goodman of the house is very "well put on," in comfortable, uncharacteristic garments which such a man might wear anywhere; but the padrona appears in the commonest of cotton gowns, such as an English maid-of-all-work would scorn "of an evening;" but which is cleaner than it looks, doubtless, though that is not saying much. There is no prettier costume to be seen anywhere than the characteristic costume of Nettuno; but that is only for festas and great occasions. Marianna's hair, though it clearly has not been undone or brushed to-day, is twisted into two thick plaits with an interwoven ribbon, and wound round her head, on the front of which the broad ends of ribbon are tied in a bow—a pretty fashion enough, though it shows to no great advantage on these dusty locks. There she sits chattering with her shrill tongue, perfectly confident in herself, and feeling no lack to the satisfaction of her *amour propre.* Shall we say, as so many people say—forbid it, heaven!—that civilisation and railroad should penetrate hither, and put ambitious thoughts in the heads of these good people? It is difficult to decide. Are they better there, in their dark, uncleansed, unsavoury houses, than they would be in the grand, vulgar, new drawing-room which Marianna would assuredly set up if her lot were cast in an English country town instead of an Italian one? Heaven knows! Between sham refinement and real savagery, perhaps there is not much to choose.

However, there is an odd reality of cleanliness, totally indifferent to the appearance of it, among these people. Their linen is rough and dusky, without a shadow of that gloss, whiteness, and fragrance which linen washed in clear running water, and dried in the blazing bleaching sunshine, with pure breezes blowing it about, and not a "black" within a hundred miles, ought to show. "Washed in the fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonnie white gowans," it bears a natural sentiment of radiant poetic cleanliness which the common Italian mind would seem totally destitute of. And to descend to homelier particulars, that most useful and unobtrusive of domestic machines, a mangle, is an unknown refinement of civilisation here, so that the household linen makes its appearance in the condition known to English housekeepers as "rough-dried." Notwithstanding, those rough napkins and tablecloths are clean after their fashion; so are the beds, though there is neither polish nor freshness in the *feel* of the linen; and the same thing holds with the under-garments of the villagers, which, hidden under an exterior appearance anything but cleanly, are nevertheless, as a general rule, very tolerably clean. A like principle rules in the kitchen, where a universal begrimed, engrained dirtiness prevails, but where the pots and pipkins, abundant as they generally are, seem invariably well cleansed within, whatever may be their appearance outside. This fundamental virtue, overlaid with every possible invention of carelessness and easy indifference to appearances, is an odd peculiarity of a people so fond of appearance and show, and so little careful of reality; but it is comforting in its way. Discomfort duskier and more grimy than that which existed in the kitchen of Sora Marianna, it has seldom been our luck to see. The entire surface of the apartment and of its scant furniture was hopelessly blackened; a grim, contented, immovable soil had grown into the very nature of every article in the place. One corner was fenced off with a low rail for the poultry, which did not much improve the matter. The fireplace, like most other kitchen fireplaces here, consisted of a broad shelf of stone, considerably higher than a table, with two little basins made of iron bars sunk into it for the charcoal, and a possibility between the two of kindling upon the flat stone, when necessary, a fire of wood. But dark as was everything else surrounding this primitive kitchen-range, the copper saucepans and earthenware pipkins which jostled each other over those tiny glowing pits of charcoal, were unapproachable in their cleanliness; and the great vase of water hard by, fresh drawn from the fountain, as spotless and clear as it was cool and refreshing. It would be unjust to pass over this soul of goodness in things evil. It is the redeeming possibility of the humbler Italian domestic life.

There are few things more ridiculous than the mishaps of a party of travellers in a village out of the way of such invasions; but one does not laugh with good-will while one is undergoing these hardships, or is likely to fall into the same unfortunate plight speedily again. We opened our eyes next morning in our ignorance and innocence, believing that we had come to enjoy the sea and its breezes, and perfectly easy in our mind, despite last night's cookery, on the subject of dinner, notwithstanding the truth was that we had come to fight for our living, and that the purveyor of the party had a sore and troublous life of it, and little comfort in the existence which was held under such a dismal responsibility. The sea lay so close to us that we could have dropped pebbles into its ripply edge all day long over the low wall of our *loggia*, consequently fish was all but impossible — as impossible as though a railway had reached to that margin of salt water to carry away its glittering spoils to the bigger markets of the city. Early sunshine of the summer morning saw the goat-herds milking their bearded flocks in the piazza, in preparation for a long day's absence on the pasturage, and groups more picturesque were never painted; but, alas, if memory or calculation failed at that one precious moment to lay in store enough for the necessities of the day, with a liberal margin for accidents, what was to become of the unhappy children belonging to us till sunset brought the flock home again with their tinkling bells, and made the humble luxury of a cup of milk a possible indulgence? Vegetables, in the shape of French beans and vast onions, were usually practicable, and now and then a chance windfall of potatoes made our hearts rejoice; but the butcher remained the mystery and misery of our existence. We rose up with vain hopes of impossible lamb and beef, but sank into despondency before we had swallowed our spare breakfast, and with eyes of terror and dismay looked forward to the dinner-table, where everything, save the *bouillon*, was a lottery. We at Nettuno and the good people yonder on the horn of this bay-crescent, at Porto d'Anzio, killed but a lamb between us, and, it is to be presumed, slew greater animals only in quarters, not to say that a fatal ogre of a Prince Borghese, lord of the manor and universal owner of the soil, sat remorseless in his villa, midway between the two hapless little towns, with a watchful cook, who pounced upon all the best pieces before the rest of the world had opened its eyes. The best pieces! as if one had leisure to dream of a *best*, when any piece was a wonderful example of good fortune, and when, morning after morning, early or late, the same disconsolate barred shutters and vacant hooks of greasy iron dismayed our souls within us as we dived under the deep shade of the arch, with vain hopes and anxious pulses. Alas! as if one's struggle through existence was not hard enough without a perennial struggle for one's dinner!—as if it were not sufficiently troublesome to collect those paltry bits of gold and silver to pay for the same, without the bootless agonies afterwards of hunting up an impossible something where there was nothing to buy! Perhaps the sympathetic reader may suggest "poultry" in this melancholy dilemma. Did not we also suggest it pathetically, and with many an iteration, to the obdurate ear of Sora Marianna? who, at last, after much entreaty, with shrill laughter and public exhibition of the ugliest living birds of the neighbourhood, derisively offered to our *choice!* accorded us a *gallino*, which turned out to be no *gallino*, but an old, old bird, doubtless as well skilled in the ways of the world, after his fashion, as those ancient cocks of greater renown whom *Punch* and the world wot of. We were also permitted a certain provisionary and problematical claim upon a couple of ducks, the forefathers of the hamlet, who waddled under our windows all day long, perfectly easy in their venerable minds, and happily unconscious that Marianna, with shrill *éclats* of laughter, declared over their heads that though uneatable otherwise, they might still make very good soup. We did not, however, disturb the placid existence of these patriarchs. By dint of lying in wait for him, and finding out his haunts, and the locality of the "grotto" where he kept his perishable store, when he had any, we at last made a conquest of the coy merchant of beef and mutton, and by degrees impressed upon the minds of our hostess and her maids that the British temper does not always yield to the soothing influence of a "*patienza!*" and that the pleasing uncertainty in point of hours and provisions which seems to answer very well for these localities, does not suit with northern habits. It is not, however, so easy to impress this upon the recollection of a household which can always make its vegetable messes sumptuous by an impromptu introduction of *prosciutto*, *salami* (to wit, ham and Bologna sausage, cut into transparent slices), or anchovies, which dainties require no cooking, nor even (excepting the last) preparation of any kind, and which incite the Italian appetite to an enormous consumption of bread and wine, the two staples of existence. These excellent people, who preach to our own poor women at home over the disadvantages of bad cookery, and are so fond of adducing continental example, might learn something, perhaps, if they would, by a little real study of continental cookery, as it is found among the class whom they address. To be sure nobody gives Italy much credit for dainty dishes, though we doubt greatly whether the French workman's *pot au feu*, his bread and apples or bread and grapes, would strike the English workman as any improvement upon his own more substantial fare. However, the principle of cookery among the Italian lower classes is very clear and apparent; *that* is best which gives least trouble: the vegetable stew which cooks itself quietly by the fire till it is little more than a mash of discoloured pulp; the soup which boils after the same easy fashion—which has simply to be filled up with water as the quantity diminishes, and made into greasy porridge when everybody is ready for dinner, by the sudden plunge into it of a heap of maccaroni; and for "kitchen" or relish, when such is necessary, a reference to the infallible bacon-shop, where the officiating artist gives them a half-pound of ham or sausage in a score of half-visible slices, and has store of the pungent ewe-milk cheese, which flavours all their dishes. Such is the domestic science of the humble kitchen here. Perhaps it would be safe to say that the pure natural flavour of fresh food, undisguised, and retaining its natural substance and appearance, is a thing generally unknown upon the Continent—all very well at a good Parisian restaurant, or costly family table; but no amount of progress is likely to make a poor English housewife into a French *chef de cuisine*, and for anything less it seems extremely doubtful how far a morsel of meat or a mass of vegetables, stewed totally out of their senses, and in that state of inanition disguised with some foreign flavour of cheese or vinegar, is better than the rich beefsteak, a little scorched perhaps, or the cottager's beans and bacon. Pardon the digression, bountiful reader! and remember charitably how much philanthropical nonsense has been spoken on this subject for the last half-dozen years; and if there is a great deal to be said for the beefsteak and the bacon, think of the utter absurdity of discoursing rubbish about continental cookery to the honest woman who sets before her husband and children that monarch of soups, the broth of Scotland! which, by the way, is native to Leicestershire, and most likely to various other English counties, as well as beyond the Tweed.

However, it is so generally understood that one does not go to Italy to be comfortable, that the matter needs no insisting upon, although we persist in taking our invalids there, to make an end of what morsels of appetite and opportunities of comfort they may have. In this rude little town on the Mediterranean's edge, with its ancient bastions facing seaward, and its steep and lofty scarp surmounted still by the old wall and line of towers—a wall no longer battlemented or defensive, but filled up with poor little houses, the small windows of which break in irregular lines through the old masonry, and which are reached by picturesque dilapidated staircases, and a moss-grown terrace,—there is abundant store of the characteristic attractions which do bring strangers to this country. It is impossible to turn up the merest little alley, or enter the narrowest line of street, without falling upon some corner which would make a picture. Talk of Gothic architecture being inapplicable to the uses of modern life, as if narrow windows and heavy mullions were a *principle* of Gothic architecture, instead of the merest details and particulars of one of its periods! Look at the ease and grace, amid all its rudeness, with which this Gothic fortress and stronghold of the middle ages has turned itself into a town, and infused its own leading rule of necessity and ready adaptation into the humble houses which have clustered up about it, that leading principle evidently being plain use and need, and nothing less or more. Down that broad flight of steps you come at the fountain, with a lofty noble vaulted roof sheltering its great basins and its silvery spring, where the women wash and chatter over their work, and where a procession of water-carriers, with great vases on their heads, are always coming and going. But the sweep of those arches, so cool and deep in shadow, is not more characteristic than the turns and elbows of this outside stair, ascending just as the convenience of its old inmates had suggested, with arched openings in the wall to give it light, and breaks of sudden sunshine among its shadows. There the people look out in the early evening darkness to lend their chorus to the Ave Maria, and there they cluster when there is anything to be looked at—for the curiosity of Nettuno is easily awakened, forming in their own groups and positions a sight much more worthy of being looked at than most of the spectacles which interest them. What a world of picturesque use and homely gracefulness lies in that outside stair! True, they interfere a little with a level line of street, but fortunately there is here no line f street to be interfered with, only a ecurrence of breaks and openings, nd graceful corners, at every possible ind of angle, as convenience once ictated—convenience to which time, nd that bold evident grace of use nd necessity plainly visible upon ll these irregularities, has given a onderful fascination. Now and hen, looking in through an open oor, you catch a glimpse of an partment on which two or three undred years have made no change –not very light, certainly, with its indow high in the wall, and rude as ts inmates, but cool and spacious, nd perfectly adaptable to all domesic uses, even by a master more rened than the industrious cobbler ho sits outside all day long with his ittle stand of materials, and sings, nd gossips, and labours, with a erry heart. Standing back a little, ut not from any hauteur or dislain of its neighbours, stands an old alace, the deserted habitation of a oble Roman family. If you are wise, ou will lodge yourself there when ou go to Nettuno, though the landord is not a noble Doria-Pamfili, but nly a jolly baker. Down that deep rchway at the side, how the mules ome and go with their flour-sacks, ne swung on either side like a doney's panniers; but within, through the wide vestibule and grand staircase, dirty, and dusty, and in sad degradation, but noble notwithstanding, you come into a lofty hall in perfect preservation, the common dining-room of the modern baker's collection of sea-bathing guests, as it was the common room doubtless of the princely household three hundred years ago. It is perfectly suitable to its present use, with a certain cheerful, noble, human simplicity that adapts it to the shelter and comfort of human creatures under all circumstances—a kind of place in which one walks loftier, and breathes freer by a natural instinct;—and yet would be as perfectly in keeping with the new turn of circumstances were nobility and wealth to return to it with all the arts of decoration to-morrow. A line of bright apartments opens from this hall fronting direct upon the sea, with nothing intervening to break the effect, throwing out balconies over the tideless Mediterranean surf, and commanding the whole blue sweep of that wide bay, with its great headland looming out to sea; and, standing upon one of these balconies, with the strong old walls below taking hold upon the rocks, and washed by the sea spray, seeing nothing of the surrounding population, but only how the line of building rounds at its ends into those great towers, and widens downwards to its invulnerable rocky base, it is easy to imagine that we stand on some pinnacle of a great individual fortress, and that it is no little municipality, but some single factious noble, who holds against all assailants this castle by the sea.

Let us make haste, however, out of doors, for here is a procession about to pass, and the Piazza Colonna has decked itself for the occasion. Something ornamental hangs from every window. Look! so long as there is a pretty bit of colour to be had, we are not particular in Nettuno as to appropriateness of the drapery. One or two superior and highly virtuous people have, it is true, the correct and proper article—a crimson cloth with a yellow fringe or binding; but the majority are not so well provided. The good women accordingly turn to their personal wardrobes; here it is a red shawl, grand and fiery; there, a gauzy pink one, spread over something more substantial, and fluttering lightly in the breeze. Next window has a gorgeous table-cover of red and blue cotton hanging forth, decorous and steady; the next, some nondescript bit of coloured stuff, with one of the pretty embroidered neckerchiefs, worn in the local costume, spread over it—a graceful contrivance. Then we fall lower to coloured aprons, and furtive skirts of dresses, and even cotton handkerchiefs—everything which has colour enough to make a little show; and nondescript as the exhibition is, the general effect is undeniably pretty, lively, and gay, with a touch of the whimsical, which does no harm to its picturesque qualities,—the summer air playing in the odd disguises, the sunshine touching all it can reach into bright reflection. The women clustering at doors and windows; the route of the approaching procession marked along the little square by sprigs of box and sweet-smelling myrtle, strewed in an impromptu carpet, and a pleasant stir of expectation animating the whole. The little chapel door stands open; its interior, dark in shadow, contrasting with all this out-of-doors light and sunshine, and the faint candles twinkling on the altar. Yonder comes the procession, defiling slowly through the deep shadow of that old arch; a very commonplace procession certainly, with the usual crosses, the usual lamps, the ordinary chant, and the poor little yellow candles melting in the daylight, or puffed out in a sweeter mockery by the May breeze. However, close behind the priestly bearer of the host, to hail whose coming the crowd subsides upon its knees, is by much the most interesting portion of the train — a score or so of Nettuno women in their beautiful costume, scarlet or crimson dresses, nobly ignorant of crinoline, falling in long, close, graceful plaits to their feet, with closely-fitting jackets of the same colour and material, gorgeously trimmed with gold and silver lace (as it appears), and glittering in the sunshine. Great white muslin aprons, beautifully embroidered; handkerchiefs corresponding, which are worn round the neck like large rich collars, and the prettiest indescribable head-dress—a kind of short cotton scarf, fringed at one end with stripes of colour, and glittering bars of gold thread, underneath which, over each ear, is introduced a bow of ribbon, completes the dress, without mentioning the long pendant earrings, the necklaces of coral, the big gold brooches, and pretty fans, which add so many decorative particulars to the graceful toilette, which must be almost as costly as it is graceful. Some of the women in this *cortège* have their dresses made of crimson satin, the rich soft clinging folds of which suit its fashion admirably; the majority are of woollen stuff; but the resplendent trimming of the jackets, and the beautiful needlework of their kerchiefs and aprons, would make any fashion costly, with, of course, the reservation that these articles of local costume, seldom worn, and invariable in form, last out a lifetime, or pass from one generation to another, and form an important part of the primitive property and stock of their humble owners. As they come trooping down from under the deep shadow of the arch, the prettier ones gaining a certain modest dignity from that pretty head-dress, emerge into the light with their vivid robes, and glittering ornaments, and snowy puffs of sunshine, the dress conferring a rustical and primitive refinement upon all, and their daily habits qualifying them famously for taking their part in a procession—a prettier sight could not be imagined; the men with their pink tippets and staggering crosses, who lead the way, or even the careless priests who form the main body, have no chance against the majestic step and bearing of the female followers, trained by daily water-carrying, though their attendance is undoubtedly *ex gratiâ*, and they have no legitimate business there.

It is somewhat amusing, however, to watch them as the procession takes its place in the little church. Each individual, as she sinks upon her knees, calmly unfurls her fan, arranges her drapery, and, in that attitude of devotion, looks on with dignified composure, fanning herself till it is time to get up again and follow the train once more. The process is the same even on occasions of more individual devotion. The good woman who comes to church of her own inclinations to make her own private prayers, drops first upon her knees, then sets her fan in motion; then draws her rosary in a leisurely comfortable fashion from her pocket, and carries on the spiritual exercise and the physical one at the same moment, with a steady composure and gravity sufficiently amazing; so much so, that if one did not see the fan gliding through her fingers on lighter occasions, one might suppose that pretty piece of vanity was somehow a religious implement, and gave force or sanctity to the prayers.

But the procession passes, the candles glare back again on their way to make another call upon the presiding saint of another chapel, and the draperies are taken down from the windows in the Piazzi. Nothing remains but a faint aromatic odour of the evergreen sprigs, bruised on the pavement, and a whiff of incense; but everybody hurries to the next point where the train is appointed to stop, as if a religious procession did not pass that same way some hundred days in the year. They march slowly, that venerable *cortège*, and it is worth while glancing in to see the decorations of the other little church to which they are bound. Here there is a flowery carpet spread for them, elaborately decorative as it approaches the altar, and stretching along almost the whole area of the little nave; a carpet, formed of the shed leaves of wild-flowers — the yellow broom, the purple mallow, the scarlet poppy, and other of the commonest wayside blossoms—not the flowers themselves, but the petals, strewed lightly in a tasteful intermixture, or in distinct lines and fringes of colour, with the prettiest effect in the world; the upper portion displaying a golden chalice made of the yellow petals of the broom, with appropriate borders and accessories. To be sure the feet of the approaching procession must efface that pretty show in a few moments; but the material is of the cheapest, and the light petals leave no stain behind them; and it is edifying to remark how carefully the inferior members of the procession, entering first, avoid disturbing it; how they push back the little choristers, and take their own place at the side, and leave the fresh glory of the flower-carpet for the priestly feet which follow. Perhaps some of them have had a hand in its construction; and the children have certainly had more than one holiday gathering the flowers.

For thereby hangs a tale—worthy to take its place in the anecdotical annals of the landscape art. An artist of our party had chosen with care and pains, a day or two before, his point of view for a sketch. A very pretty point of view it was, showing, over a picturesque foreground of cliff, covered with thickets of broom and brushwood, the fortress front of the little town, with the blue Volscians behind and the blue sea before. The sketch had made very good progress, and had reached that point when the features of a foreground become precious, and the peculiar poise of those golden plumes of broom grow important—when lo! a rustle among the underwood, a tremulous quiver of all the bushes! What is it? Crash into the little thicket come schoolboy footsteps and voices, intent on something. Our artist makes a pause of dismay. Are they birds'-nesting? or chasing some tiny snake or big lizard? Worse than that! There they go, dragging down the branches, making wild scrambly leaps at our precious pennons of broom! The next moment, to the utter amaze of the spectator, who is not sketching, and whose peculiar property is not menaced, the sketch-book is dashed upon the grass, and the painter plunges furious into the brushwood, with despairing exclamations, "*My* foreground!" Down among the unconscious schoolboys descend the strokes of his wrath, and the invaders fly before the vigorous English threats, of which they do not understand a word, and the pantomime, which is perfectly expressive and intelligible, and not to be mistaken. But what have they done? *They* fly in total ignorance of their crime, and the artist returns with shouts of laughter at the dreadful peril which has just passed, and his own wrath and triumph; but has scarcely resumed his tools when a mild Franciscan appears, doubtful and inquiring, to know what the boys can have done to excite the wrath of the Signor Forestieri? How the explanation managed to be made, and how the English painter, with his dozen words of Italian, and the astonished priest, who knew not a word of any other modern language, succeeded in understanding each other, we do not pretend to explain; but the good Franciscan withdrew his troop to other coverts, — where nobody asserted the rights of Art, or stood up in defence of a foreground,—with smiling, if only half-satisfied politeness. Here was the sacred purpose for which these unconscious little invaders exposed themselves to Art indignant. Fortunately, miles of broom-blossoms lay at their will; and we only looked at each other with a laughable association when we saw the chalice of golden petals on the Franciscan chapel floor.

Let us take our way now along the beach, under those lofty cliffs, with their waving crest of broom—deep broad sands, which would be exquisite for bathing but for the quiet level at which they stretch under the water, so that, to gain a tolerable depth, you would need to penetrate half a mile out to sea—sands which are broken here and there by masses of indestructible old Roman brickwork, shapeless lintels and archways, and forlorn storehouses dug into the crumbling rock. The rock looks—(we have not geology enough to say what it *is*)—like a yellow mass of concrete, closely sown with shells; and has no such appearance of sturdy, indestructible longevity as those remnants of human labour, the steadfast mortar and diamond-shaped bricks of the old dwellers on this shore, over which ruins Nature waves her rank, melancholy triumph of vegetation, dropping here and there a broad-leaved, unprofitable wild fig into the hollow of some desecrated human house, a thousand years deserted. Along this whole line the cliffs are pierced and penetrated by passages, leading no one knows where, to dwellings of which not a trace remains, and hollowed out into mimic caves and grottoes, where once the fiery Volscians cooled their wine and laid up their domestic stores, but which no one but a chance bather and the melancholy winds can enter now. Passing those strange desolate traces of the race which is gone—that obstinate imperious race, of which neither time nor storm can obliterate the footprints—there lies the little Porto d'Anzio, gleaming bright in the sunshine, with its sharp little promontory of building, its little quay and shipping, its tiny stir of industry, half rustical and half seafaring. Porto d'Anzio, at this present speaking, has brightened itself up for a great *festa*, and is in a universal flutter of excitement. Let us pass on beyond the village seaport, to those headlands opening to the wider sea beyond, where dark rugged piles, which look like rocks, but are the handiwork of man, stand out far into the shallow water, relics of the imperial mole which once made a great seaport of this city of ruins. This very bit of beach along which we pass, between those vast vacant cellars open to the sea, and the shapeless masses of the old breakwater, is not rock, but brick and mortar, and everlasting artificial mass that nothing seems capable of wearing out; and under those cave-roofs, vaulted and invulnerable, with their pathetic blocked-up passages which lead to nothing,—there, with the very bricks picked out of its steady rectangular lines,—the hard, tenacious, imperial mortar preserves its obstinate unbroken form as sharp and clear as any honeycomb. Look yonder how they round towards the west, point after point, with the same gigantic lining of deserted human haunts and magnificent necessities long since overpast! — the very mounds of softer sand intervening between them scattered with rich fragments of broken marble, instead of common pebbles, and gleaming with a dust of alabaster, and serpentine, and *rosso antico* over all its natural crystals. Christianity had but begun to breathe its influence *over* the world, when the imperial savage, born in the old Volscian city, set his new town upon this rocky coast, and dazzled the empire with a restored Antium more splendid than the first — and the chances are that the world itself will not outlive those relics of antique skill and toil. Upon the height of the low cliffs which are thus bound and excavated, stretch broad the winding slopes of a long succession of downs, covered with coarse grass and sharp thistles, a bitter, biting vegetation. But walk warily! A step too close upon that sudden hollow may land you in the lost palace of a forgotten Roman: a touch too near those wild fig-branches, and you may excavate and discover, at the cost of your life, Apollo's buried temple;—but the hard grass pricks at your uneasy feet, and the deceitful mounds mantle, stern and uninviting, over those hollow secrets they carry in their depth. Here is no grandeur but the sea, and the air, and the sky, which has seen all and made its record. Nothing living of the art, the splendour, and the wealth which once looked glorious over those unwitnessing waters—nothing but the stern foundations, outliving use and beauty—the hard, imperious marks of human authority, and traces of human toil.

While little Porto d'Anzio yonder breaks bright and smiling into the sea, with her little fortress carrying one gun—a gun of renown, which once defied an English squadron—and her little fleet of lateen sails, her fishing-boats, and Neapolitan traders, and her Pope's villa, yellow and important, like an erection of pasteboard, or a slice from the Crystal Palace done into stone, presiding placidly over the pleasures of the festa which agitates the little seaport. There goes the procession forth from the church doors already, under salute of the great gun, and with din of bells and flourish of trumpets from the local band. Forth along the pavement of the quay with the dead sullen remnants of Hercules' great temple on one side of them, and Apollo's buried splendours on the other, march the peaceable fishers and tradesmen of to-day—bearing aloft in unsteady state the holy image of St. Antonio of Padua, before whose sickly wooden smile and benediction all good Christians go down upon their knees. After all, great ghosts and phantoms of the imperial times, how much is he better, this imbecile, wooden St. Antonio, than your Apollo and Hercules? *They* can only choke up the old magnificence of your harbours with foolish attempts to better them—these well-intentioned processionists and the priests that ordain their doings—and will never leave any such trace behind of their lives of ignoble leisure, as those stern elbows of brick and mortar, bristling from your ancient coasts. However, it is still the living dog that is better than the dead lion—better because it has still the light and the air about it, and can enjoy itself, and make the best of its poor little pleasures in this perfectly useless and commonplace but amusing and sunshiny to-day.

When St. Antonio has done his yearly duty as patron saint, and dispensed his feeble wooden benediction around him through all the streets of Porto d'Anzio, like a fatherly and good-humoured divinity—there are gayer doings to follow. One of the vessels in the harbour has a gay little flag set up upon the end of a greased pole, which projects over the water from its bows; and the sea-games are about to commence. In the sloop, which is the scene of action, cluster a crowd of supple, muscular, brown figures, most primitively arrayed with short drawers, and no other garment. The man of them who can keep his footing on the greasy pole far enough out to snatch the flag, is to have a purse of scudi for his prize. The competitors are mostly youths, fishermen or sailors belonging to the vessels in port, with a swarm of little amphibious wretches, from ten years old to fifteen, at present amusing themselves by diving like so many fishes head foremost into the blue water, while the elder and more serious band complete their preparations. The day is splendid, the water blue as sapphire, the sunshine dazzling. Magnificent visitors from Nettuno in their uniform of scarlet and gold, Porto d'Anzio women with gauzy pink shawls over their dark hair, sea-bathing visitors in gay toilettes, cover the line of the quay and every available point of view; the urchins of the port drop headlong, like a shoal of silvery herrings, into the blue water; the sloops in the harbour are in a flutter of flags, and the spectators in a thrill with expectation and excitement. Then the competitors begin to make cautious approach to the slippery boom; and for something more than an hour a succession of ludicrous failures and plunges into the deep water beneath kept the audience amused. It was a comical scene enough certainly—a few staggering unsteady steps, a desperate balance of arms in the air, a drop or a plunge,—one figure disappearing so close to the spot where another figure a moment before had disappeared, that a collision and crash of skulls in the water seemed no unlikely accident,—then a gradual reappearance of the dripping head, a few vigorous strokes, and a universal scramble by all the stray ropes attainable, to regain a place on the deck, and try once more. Like amphibious creatures at play in an element quite as natural and familiar to them as the firmer ground, those supple, elastic figures plunged, scrambled, and twisted about each other, with an agility and daring so common and equal, and a failure so inevitable, that the contest had not sufficient excitement to keep up its interest — till at last, the boom of course getting gradually cleared of its slippery coating, one lucky fellow achieved a step farther than the rest, and managed to snatch the little pennon along with him on his hundredth plunge. That sport being over, the water became in a few minutes alive with boys, amongst whom the master of the ceremonies plunged a flock of struggling, frightened ducks. To swim like ducks is very inadequate praise, as it appeared, for the lads of Porto d'Anzio. The ducks had no chance against the urchins; the flutter of wings— the long skim across the water, with a dozen wet heads and gleaming arms in desperate pursuit—the capture, with its gobble of terror and shout of triumph, excited the liveliest interest among the spectators. One little fellow made his appearance, scrambling up a loose rope into a boat, with *three* victims in his arms — himself looking scarcely bigger than the shrieking fowls he had captured, as he rose dripping and joyous out of the sea; and the swarm of lithe, little, wet half-naked figures swarming up everywhere, by the most precarious hold to which schoolboy fingers could cling, was the most odd sight imaginable. As this ended, some gay boats appeared a little distance out upon the bay—a boat race —save the mark!—of about half of a quarter of a mile, won by a laborious crew, which could not have kept up for two strokes with any wherry on the Thames; but as the ten minutes' performance sufficed to produce a new variety of dress and colours, nobody found any fault with it. With this the *Giuochi di Mare* terminated; and the bright-coloured crowd poured along the quay to the Piazza, to lose its wits in the excitement of a grand *Tombola*, with a prize of some hundreds of scudi; passing by all the attractions of the cafés, the ices, the gingerbread stalls, the baskets of blushing pink cherries, and round Ciambilli biscuits, for the greater charm of that desperate but pleasant piece of gambling, where the excitement of the sport must repay the five hundred subscribers, and only one can gain the prize. A paper ticket, with fifteen numbers, flutters in everybody's hand, value twelve baiocchi—a day's living; and there wave the red hangings from the important balcony, and the mystic numbers come out of the bag, and show solemn on the great board one by one, amid the buzz, the eager strain of observation, the desperate pricks and pencil-marks of a thousand fingers in the crowd. When this unfailing game and excitement is over, then is the time for the cafés —for there are still fireworks and illuminations, as the evening darkens, to conclude the great feast of St. Antonio di Padova, who by this time has retired into his cupboard benevolent and unselfish; and for another year will be heard of no more on the streets of Anzio—loudly as they honour their venerated patron now.

These are our amusements in the Italian *villaggiatura* — amusements never failing with all the varieties of locality and country custom; for that would be a strange month in the southern calendar which did not lend the name and holy memory of a Saint Somebody to authorise a procession and justify a *tombola*. It is safe to say that something of the kind happens somewhere in every country-side about once in the fortnight; and these by no means unorthodox and blamable festivities, discountenanced by the authorities and frowned on by the clergy, like our rural fairs in England, but highly laudable and praiseworthy enjoyments, to the special glory of the saints and honour of religion; which makes a vast difference, as everybody must perceive—a difference which, perhaps, has something to do with the more important difference which exists between our national character and that of our continental neighbours generally. Our pleasures have rarely any sanction of authority, or encouragement of principle; but holidays and plea-re-making are always legitimate, udable, and to be encouraged *here;* rbaps safer than work, certainly fer than thinking, that foolish and oublesome exercise proper only to arbonari and revolutionaries, which not good for the health of a conented people. So all the world muses itself virtuously for the honour f St. Antonio of Padua, and religion s honoured in the village *tombola*, nd everybody is at ease.

Alas! not everybody. The "stricken deer" must go weep while "the harts ungallèd play," even in the indulgent atmosphere of the Papal States, Though it is rather the striking than the stricken who at this moment call for our sympathies. Look at them, poor fellows, clustering dark and sullen like a cloud round their square prison-window, with its strong iron bars, as we return in the twilight through the gate into the solitude of Nettuno, deserted by every living creature save a few grandmammas, babies, and repining maids. They have a merry, idle life enough on ordinary occasions, these good fellows behind the grating, and are served with their after-dinner coffee by the *caffetière* opposite, and smoke their cigars, and play the odd cards of the country, at the inner window-sill, in sight of the admiring public, which makes hourly calls upon them with perfect apparent relish of their existence. There is always a little *levée* at that prison window — friends from the country, picturesque brown lads with buskined legs and sugar-loaf hats, who have had, or will have their own turn in that leisurely retirement some time; honest peasant women, noways ashamed of their friends in trouble; the gossips of the village, all and sundry, not excluding now and then a passing friar. Why should not they be countenanced by everybody? You don't suppose they are there for stealing, or any such mean and petty misdemeanour? No, poor fellows! They have each of them stabbed his man, that is all; and the interest and sympathy of the country naturally goes with that picturesque and suggestive species of misfortune. But the poor lads! they are melancholy to-day. An empty coffee-cup stands on the outer sill there, pushed through the bars by the consumer inside; but even the *caffetière* has gone to Porto d'Anzio to enjoy himself, and nobody has come so much as to take the cup away. Nobody has been there to talk to our virtuous friends in prison since they witnessed, with doleful eyes, the whole population trooping off in holiday garb to see the *Giuochi di Mare*, and try its luck at the *tombola*, a possibility from which adverse fate has debarred themselves. Poor fellows! is it possible to be otherwise than sorry for them? They pick up courage a little at sight of ourselves, who are among the earliest of the home-returning crowd, and one of them touches his hat mournfully with some idea of compensation, and a delicate remainder to the Forestieri that here is a box for the poor prisoners; but let every feeling heart think what must have been the sufferings of their solitude to-day! tantalised by thoughts of all the fun and festivity going on so near them, and gazing out for so many hours upon the deserted bit of street sloping under that dark archway. Such honourable culprits, too! respected by the whole community; but justice must be administered, alas! even by the tender hand of a paternal government. And a town which has a Governatore and a Priore, and one cannot tell how many other magistrates, must not be over-indulgent; still for their sad solitude and affliction, when all the world has been enjoying itself, poor virtuous lads of spirit, let us not refuse a sympathetic tear!

However, here we are at home, making forcible entrance, Sora Marianna being still behind us, and the house deserted. Guests, too, coming after us; venerable *preti*, for whom it is necessary to be well prepared. Apropos of our prison sympathies, and of the respectable *Magistura* of this municipality, let us hear our Franciscan, who is fond of story-telling, delivering himself of a somewhat tragical little tale, belonging not to this immediate neighbourhood, but to the adjoining country, not very far away—which, told by a peaceable Italian monk, uncontradicted by Italian auditors, gives one rather a dismal idea, not to say some thing of a chill and shiver, when one thinks of justice and its administrators in this rural country. Suppose us in our bare little eating-room, not an article of furniture or decoration in the place but the chairs we occupy and the table spread for our early evening meal, two tall Roman lamps, some flasks of wine, and a green bowl of salad standing for ornament—but the door open, with a glimpse of the sea and rising moon, and the last chorus of the Ave Maria ringing out of our little piazza. Around all the picturesque gloom of the fortress-village—the black darkness of that gulf of stairs leading to the fountain, the very spot for an assassination close by—and the surrounding community very respectful and sympathetic with those excellent young men within the bars of the prison window,—and then imagine the good monk with his bald placid forehead and black skull-cap telling his agreeable little tale.

"It happened not long ago," said the holy father, "and it is very well known, and I myself have heard it in several different versions—but of course I have many means of knowing the truth, and I can answer for my own. It was a steward of Torlonia, or some other of the great people who have those vast farms on the Pontine Marshes; he was sent with a great sum in *scudi* to pay the labourers and herdsmen on the farm—a very prudent man—a worthy man. He took every precaution, though they did not turn to account. He was compelled to pass the night in the town of Braccielo. I know it very well. I knew the good padre, who came by his end. Ah, he was a good man. Torlonia's steward being prudent, as I say, instead of going to the Osteria, and taking the usual risk of travellers, went to the Governatore, as seemed wise, and told him of the *danari* he carried, and that he feared to be plundered. The Governatore, after commending his prudence, and thinking it over, sent him to the house of the Padre Roberto—a man much beloved—where the father received him willingly, and gave him his best chamber. They supped, and all was well; the stranger, with his treasure and his pistols, went to rest. About the middle of the night, some one came knocking violently to the Padre's door; the housekeeper rose to ask who it was—for the house of a priest must be ever open to the demands of his flock. It was some one in the town who would see the priest, and was dying, said the answer; upon which, as necessary, the woman opened the door. But I must tell you that, before now, the steward, sleeping lightly, as men do who carry treasure, was awake and listening. It was dark—he had no light—and his chamber was to the opposite side of the house; but he could still hear. The next sound that came to him in the darkness, after the unbarring of the door, was the sound of a pistol-shot—a sound one does not mistake when one hears it in the depths of the night. This sound roused the steward to draw forth his own pistols, and barricade his door with the furniture. Then he heard the good Padre come forth to ask why he was wanted, and what the commotion was. Then sounded another pistol-shot, and another groan, and the steward knew he now could have no hope but to defend himself. Shortly he heard the steps of the assassins. They knew where he was lodged, and assailed his door, which he had locked and barricaded, with any loss of time. At a venture he fired, taking all the aim he could from the sounds he heard,—for he was bold and in despair. Twice he fired, and twice a groan and a fall showed him that it was not in vain. When he had waited a little, and heard nothing, he withdrew his barricade, and rushed out. Two men lay there before his door."

"And these men?" cried one of the listeners, eager to forestall the story.

"Hush!" said the friar, waving his hand, "do you think he paused to look at *that* moment? He rushed forth out of the house, leaving, alas! the good Father Roberto dead or dying below, with the poor woman, besides the robbers, above. He rushed to the house of the Governatore to claim protection. When he had roused some one to answer him, he Governatore was not to be found—he was absent; then the poor man hastened to the Secretario. The Secretario was gone also. Great rouble and fear came upon the people, for by this time many were disturbed, what with the sound of knocking, what with the pistol-hots, and the people began to understand that something had happened to their good Padre Roberto. The steward returned to the house at last with lights and a body of the ownsfolk. There lay Padre Roberto dead, and his housekeeper; and above-stairs were the two men, one of them still living, with muffled faces. When they had uncovered the robbers, there lay the Governatore and Secretario; that was the explanation of the mystery. The living robber went to the galleys. *E' vero*, Signor Antonio? You have heard the tale as well as I."

Nobody contradicted the monk: there were diverse opinions as to some of the details; the second villain being reported by one as an inferior priest, instead of the secretary of the Magistura. But the story stood untouched in all its facts—a tale horrible enough to scare a stranger—and of a kind which, told in any other place, by any other person, would most likely have provoked more incredulity, if not indignation. But the ground was fertile, being broken; one anecdote followed another, if not of the same description, yet sad enough and unbelievable enough, considering how far we are on in the history of the world. Yet the same good friar, who told in all simplicity this lamentable incident, mourned in the same breath over the dreadful invasion of that railway to Naples, which should shortly pass within sight and hearing of this very coast, and abridge the Pontine Marshes with its iron highway. Alas for those religious villages, with their evening echoes of the *Ave Maria*, where one could hear the sound of the simple folk at their prayers, as one pondered one's pet theological difficulty—those delicate, safe difficulties which the church permits to her faithful children! The excellent Padre lifted his mild eyes to heaven in horror as he prognosticated how the village devoutness would take wings to itself—how the prayers would cease, and the confessionals fall empty, before the dread march of civilization, and its terrible line of rails. He forgot those virtuous municipal authorities who figured in his own *gruesome* tale, as he unfolded these forebodings to our skeptical British ears; but the good country priest, with his limited local horizon and small experience, was not alone in this odd forgetfulness. And it is nothing unusual to hear an ecclesiastic of more cultivated mind and expansive knowledge, even a man who may happen to have been born an Englishman and to have lived in another atmosphere than that of a convent, altogether unmindful of the tales he himself has just been telling you—tales of family intrigue, or social depravity, or mendicancy incurable; turn from that theme to proclaim his alarms over a half-dozen miles of railway, or an arrival of books forbidden by the *Index Expurgatorius;* and inform you, with unbelievable simplicity and good faith, of all the papal expedients for keeping the devil out of those sacred and carefully guarded territories, without, so far as appears, the faintest idea that the strongest ecclesiastical body in the world might do something in the way of fighting and ousting the same devil when he was in. As if he could only travel nowadays in a railway carriage, that wise old serpent! as if he could not put up with an *Ave Maria*, and have a gentlemanly admiration of the picturesque in religion like his neighbours!—or as if he had not been a very old established and well-acquainted resident in the Papal States, as in every other quarter, since before Rome and the Cæsars, before the earliest history or memory of man!

This sort of life, however, let us assure all sympathetic readers, is infinitely more original than that of Brighton or Scarborough. It is piquant to get up in the morning in a state of dramatic and interesting uncertainty whether you will be able to have anything for dinner; it is delightful to make your toilette under a gigantic white umbrella, in a crevice of the rocks, sublimely independent of the mechanical aid of bathing-machine; and, to leap from physical enjoyments to moral ones, it is impossible to describe the wonderful shock and thrilling revolutionary impulse given to one's preconceived ideas, by a calm and unimpassioned narrative of a murdering Governatore, supplemented by a burst of pious horror over the miserable little bit of railway, which creeps along the base of the Alban hills. Such enchanting paradoxes have fallen out of our way in England; but all England could not produce a Nettuno, a conglomerate of architecture so original and picturesque, a local costume so splendid, a life so primitive. That cage of high-spirited young villains, drinking their coffee and making their conversation through the prison window, with an admiring audience round them, filled with due respect for their courage and misfortunes, is a novelty refreshing and original, altogether superior to *our* sentimental, occasional sympathy for an interesting murderer; and there is a charm in this whole savage life, when one has but strength and spirit to enjoy it. But savage is the charm. Perhaps you can identify the Italy of the poets in that wonderful sea, and princely headland—in yonder imperious ruin of men which will not die, and in this brilliant tender May, shining and smiling over the grey convent walls, the ancient towers, the face of nature, and the records of the past; but all the subtle suggestions of refinement and poetic splendour conveyed in the very name of this contradictory country, die and perish in her common life and visible present existence; where there is not even romantic poverty and want to touch a natural sentiment of tenderness, and one's pity is swallowed up, and one's *amour propre* whimsically affronted, to see all vestiges and possibilities of the better day one hopes for lost in the savage satisfaction and competency of a rude content.

BRETON BALLADS.

KING LOUIS THE ELEVENTH'S PAGE.

Dialect of Cornouialle.

[THOSE Bretons whom ambition or desire to distinguish themselves attracted (like Du Guesclin) into France, bore thither, beneath the banners of their Suzerain, their national enmity to the French, which frequently led to sanguinary encounters, originating chiefly in their aversion for the more polished manners of the latter; who, again, reproached the Bretons with coarseness for preferring the blunt frankness of their ancestors to the corruption of the French Court.]

Popular tradition has preserved the following spirited version of an occurrence which proves that the despotic monarchs of France, in altercations on the above grounds between their pages, did not scruple to cast into the scale against the victor's sword the axe of the executioner.

THE King's young page in prison pines, for a page's trick at best;
For a bold stroke struck, this fair young page is a gloomy dungeon's guest;
There, he knows no change of day or night, on his lonely couch of straw,
And his dry black loaf to moisten the dull ditch-water they draw;
Nor comes there a soul to visit him, or a kindly message sends,
But with dark rats and hungry mice he's fain to make him friends.

Till it chanced one day to the key-hole chink a faithful one draws near,
And the captive whispers, "Jannik! go fly to my sister dear;
Say my life lies in deadly peril, at the cruel King's decree,
And my heart it would comfort greatly if her I could only see!"

he faithful one he listens, there needs but a word to the wise,
o, leaping into the saddle, to Brittany he hies;
eagues an hundred and thirty stretch them 'twixt Paris and where he is bound,
ut two days and a night to the Breton childe suffice to cover the ground.

Neath the Dais, at the board presiding, in her gaily-lighted hall,
at the fair Dame of Bodinio, amid the nobles all;
o pour the wine from the goblet her lily hand was raised,
s, with startled mien, as he entered in, she on the rider gazed.
Oh, gentle page, what tidings, that your cheek is ashen grey,
nd your panting breast is heaving high, just like a stag's at bay?"
My tidings, lady, I fear me, will cost thee many a sigh,
Bring sorrow to thy bosom, and tears into thine eye:
hy brother's life is forfeit, at the cruel King's decree,
nd his sinking heart for comfort turns only now to *thee!*"
he lady's hand it trembled, and in blood-drops like the rain
ell the red wine, sad omen! the snowy cloth to stain.
Ho there! grooms, quickly saddle twelve horses for our flight;
f I founder one at every stage, I'll be in Paris ere night!"

he King's young page in the mean time to the scaffold, alas! is bound,
nd he sighs as he sets his lingering foot on the ladder's lowest round!
I had reck'd but little of death, if my kindred had been near—
f I had but friends around me, and saw but my sister dear!
Every day, every hour she'll miss me, and call on her brother in vain—
Oh! for sight of my sweet sister! and tidings of fair Bretagne!"
Thus murmurs the boy, as, step by step, the ladder he ascends—
'Would I had heard, before I died, of my country and my friends!"—
But "Hark!" he exclaims, as he stands at length on the fatal platform high, .
'I hear the pavement ringing, 'tis my sister drawing nigh!—
Tis my sister come to see me!—in God's name grant delay!"—
'Thy head must fall ere she nears thee," did the cruel Provost say.

While yet he spoke, Bodinio's dame is asking all she meets,
'Ye men of Paris! why these crowds that block up all the streets?"
''Tis but the head of one poor page the traitor Louis takes."
She gazes up, her brother sees, and through the press she breaks,
Comes just in time his kneeling form, bent o'er the block, to see;
Leaps, at full gallop, off her horse—cries, "Archers! let him be!
One hundred crowns of gold, and of silver too I'll give,
If ye will hold your cruel hands, and let my brother live!"
Just then, her brother's severed head falls down the block beside,
And, spouting o'er her dabbled veil, runs down the crimson tide.

"I come to ask ye, King and Queen, together on your throne,
What made ye seek my brother's blood?—what evil had he done?"
"In broil, without his monarch's leave, his hasty sword he drew,
And in my court, before my face, my fav'rite page he slew."
"Not without cause, full well I know."—"Cause still assassins claim."
"No gentleman of Brittany e'er bore that hateful name;
For France I will not say as much—'tis known your wolfish brood
Like better far to spill and take, than risk your precious blood!"
"Hold, dame! forbear! if ye would live, home scathless to return!"
"I reck not if I go or stay, my brother since I mourn;
But should all kings on earth say nay, his reasons I will know."

"Well! since his reasons ye will have, I'll tell them ere ye go:—
He sought a quarrel with my page, just for the well-known line,

That Brittany, instead of men, rears only savage swine!"
"If that's a saying fraught with truth, another hear from me—
You're but a sorry jester, King Louis though you be.
But for that jest, 'twill soon be seen, if you may not grow pale,
When to my Breton countrymen I've shown my blood-stain'd veil.
Then will ye see if savage boars our woods indeed contain,
When the best blood of France your deed shall cause to flow amain!"

Few weeks had pass'd; into the court came letters sealed with red—
As read the King, his deep black eyes roll'd fiercely in his head;
Roll'd like the wildcat's in a trap, as by his saints he swore,
That, had he known, that haughty dame had ne'er seen Bretagne more.
"Ten thousand crowns! ten thousand lives!" exclaimed he in his rage;
"A pretty price to pay, forsooth—for the life of one poor page!"

NOTE.—The family of Bodinio was ancient and distinguished, as was that of the John (or Jannik) of the ballad, a page of Louis the Eleventh. Be the cause of it accurately handed down or not, the vindictive incursion of the Bretons into France, which took place under Louis the Eleventh in 1465, is matter of history.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

[On the subject of the following ballad (a somewhat hackneyed one, and one of the few not *peculiar* to Brittany) it will be seen that the local colouring has been shed; and that while the hero and heroine are strictly historical personages, the substitution of dialogue for narrative, so characteristic of Breton national poetry, lends spirit to the native simplicity of the incidents.]

"WHO'LL keep for me my ladye dear?"
The bold Crusader cries;
"Intrust thy ladye dear to me,"
His brother false replies.

"Trust her to me; in secret bower
She'll with my damsels stay,
Or sit in hall with lordly dames,
And fare as well as they."

Few days had pass'd, and gay to view
Was Faouet's courtyard fair,
All fill'd with mounted Red-Cross Knights,
Whose banners stream'd in air.

Ere far had rode that castle's lord,
His spouse had learn'd to weep!
"Doff those proud robes for hodden grey,
Go forth! and tend my sheep!"

"Oh! brother dear, the sheep to tend,
Alas! I know not how."
"If to tend sheep thou'st never learn'd,
My lance shall teach thee now!"

Seven live-long years beside her sheep,
The sad one wept in vain;
At seven years' end, forgot to weep,
And sweetly sung again.

As with her songs the mountains rung,
A knight came riding near,
And to his page the reins he flung,
Cries, "Whose that voice I hear?—

"That silver voice! seven years have past
(Seven weary years, I trow),
Since in mine ears it sounded last,
Even as I hear it now!

"Good-morrow to thee, mountain maid!
Thy carol sounds so gay,
Methinks thou hast, to sing so clear,
Breakfasted well to-day!"

"Fared well I have—to God be thanks
For what He gave and took—
Though on a crust I broke my fast,
And dipped it in the brook."

"Tell me, fair damsel! can I lodge
At yonder lordly hall?"
"Oh, yes! you'll find fair lodgings there,
Your steed a knightly stall;

"A couch of down will wait your rest,
Such as I once could share,
Ere, banish'd with the flocks to dwell,
I shared the watch-dog's lair!"

"And where, my child, then, is your spouse?
Your wedding-ring I see."
"My spouse, my lord, is at the wars,—
He'd fair long locks like thee!"

"If long and fair his locks like mine,
Might we not be the same?"
"Oh, yes! you are my love, my lord,
And I Faouet's dame!"

"Leave thou the flocks! my halls to reach
With fiery haste, I burn!——
Brother! all hail! my ladye's weal
From you I long to learn?"

"Still fair as brave!—Rest, brother, rest!
Your ladye fair has gone
To Quimper, to a wedding feast,
But she'll be here anon."

"Thou liest, wretch! thy sheep to feed,
On mountains lone and bare,
Thou sent'st my dame, in servile weed;
Lo! she stands sobbing there!

"Go! brother cursed, and hide thy shame!
Not one more lying word!
Wer't not our parents' hallow'd hearth,
Thy blood had stain'd my sword!"

THE LEGEND OF BARNEY O'CARROLL.

Out there where the big waves is breakin'
  An' dancin' an' foamin' like mad,
On a beautiful warm autumn evenin'
  Was strollin' a young fisher-lad;
For the place where the *say* is now foamin',
  Was then just as bare as your hand;
An' where that blue wather is curlin,'
  Was only a broad yellow strand.

Well, the fisher-boy, Barney O'Carroll,
  Was hot—he *kem* down for a dip;
An' as he was *peelin'*, behould you!
  He *seen* a most charmin' young slip
In a state that was mighty provokin'—
  She'd only stepped out of her clothes;
An' there she was singin', while combin'
  Bright hair that flowed down to her toes.

"*Blur an agers*," ses Barney, "what is she?
  Or where does she come from at all?
Be the *mortial*, I'll ax *iv* she's *marred*—
  Ah! she isn't—I'll give her a call."
So *stalin'* up close to the *colleen*,
  He bid her the time o' the day;
When turnin', she glanced at bould Barney,
  An' pop! she was undher the *say*.

"She's only a mermaid," thought Barney,
  An' pondherin', shoreward he goes,
As he picked up a green cloak, exclaimin',
  "*She'll surely come back for her clothes.*"
"Oh give me my cloak," cried a sweet voice,
  That seemed to come up from the wave—
But Barney ran home like a *say*-lark,
  The cloak an' his body to save.

That night there was tempest, an' Barney
  Put off with some lads to a wreck;
But only one beautiful maiden
  Remained of the crew on the deck.
She was saved by the courage of Barney;
  An', as a reward for her life,
Became, ere the autumn fruit withered,
  His fond an' endearin' young wife.

Now all things were thrivin' with Barney,
  Not forgettin' "herself" an' twin boys,
But the fool couldn't keep his tongue quiet;
  An' by way of expandin' his joys,
He *tould* her about the fair mermaid,
  An' how he *tuk* care of her cloak;
"The story," ses she, "you *bosthoon*,
  Is no more nor a bottle o' smoke."

"O that I may lose you this minnit,
  But it's thruth that I'm tellin' to you."

"Why then, show me the cloak," ses the darlin',
  "For I'm sure it's a thing you *can't* do."
"Arrah, can't I?" ses he; "just come this way,
  An' say did you e'er see the match
For *complateness*, an' splendour, an' beauty,
  With what I've above in the thatch?"

He stepped on a three-leggèd *creepeen*,
  An' just where the thatch met the wall,
Tuk down what appeared a *tay*-caddie,
  With its varnish, an' paintin', an' all:
An' he opened the lid—when his *fut* slipped;
  An' *sos*, he came down on the flure—
Then, I'm tould, that the look that she *gev* him
  Was what you might call *kill or cure*.

"O be all the salt waves in the ocean,"
  Ses Barney—"Don't curse," ses the wife;
"For the time I've to stay with you, Barney,
  Let us have no *hot wather*, nor strife:
You have been very kind to me, darlin'—
  But *this* cloak o' mine *you tuk* away."
"Oh! murdher!" cried Barney, "'twas you then
  That spoke to me out o' the *say*."

"Throth it was," ses she: "I am the mermaid
  That called to you out o' the wave—
What's more, I'm the beautiful *creathur*
  You *kem* thro' the tempest to save.
An' as long as my cloak you *kep* from me,
  A mermaid I ne'er more could be."
"Oh! iv I knew *that*, I'd have *pledged it*,"
  Ses Barney—"Acushla machree!

"You're no mermaid at all—sure no mermaid
  Or *other maid* ever had boys—
Here childher"—he turned for a moment
  Consavin' he *heerd a quare* noise—
A noise like the boom o' the ocean
  When gently it kisses the shore.
Now Barney has pressed to his fond heart
  The sweet wife he ne'er shall press more.

"Farewell, I must *lave* you, *acushla*;
  Don't you hear how they call me away?"
Ev'ry thread of her green cloak that minnit
  Melted into a wave o' the *say!*
An' surgin', an' singin' such music—
  No wild harp was ever so sweet—
Came a throop of young mermen an' mermaids,
  An' bore her *clane off ov* her feet!

The *nate* little cottage had vanished,
  An', floatin' away in a shell,
Went herself an' the *childher*—poor Barney
  Could hardly *spake* more nor "Farewell—
Won't you *lave* me one boy for a keepsake?"
  But afore he had said one more word,
Each child left the side o' the mother,
  An' changed to a lovely *say*-bird!

An' foldin' their bright wings, an' nestlin'
  On Barney's hand, shoulder, and breast—
Just as *iv* they *wor* still his dear young ones,
  He kissed them; while fondly he pressed
The sweet gentle things to his sad heart,
  An' kissed them again; then away
With the mother an' mermen an' mermaids
  The little birds flew o'er the *say!*

"Why thin, Barney, what ails you, you *spalpeen?*
  An' what's this you have in your fist—
A bottle!—*ov* coorse nothin' in it—
  No, nor in this *dhudeen* that you've kissed.
Or what (an' the tide makin' swiftly)
  Possessed you to lie on the strand?"
"I was *lookin' at somebody dhrinkin'*,
  An' so *I like wather at hand:*

"But *ov* all the sthrange sights an' adventures
  That ever you *heerd*—an' they're thrue—
I *seen*"—and he *ris* up and tould me
  The story I've just tould to you.
"An'," ses he, "what do *you* think about it?"
  "An'," ses I, "dhrunk or not, *you're* the same;
An' your tale, *iv* not thrue, sure it's pleasant,
  An' not at all bad for a *dhrame*."

DUBLIN. J. D.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

How often do we hear it remarked that men of extensive and accurate erudition rest upon knowledge acquired from books, and rarely exercise their own powers in an original search after truth. Such men may have a remarkable perspicacity, and be as distinguished for their quick apprehension as for their retentive memory; they understand all they read and repeat, and are armed at all points for every species of controversy; but, if they finally embrace any one scheme of philosophy, it will have been given to them by others; they will not have elaborated it for themselves; its unity or harmony will not be due to any architectural or creative skill of their own; they will have added no new generalisation to those of their predecessors; they will be students to the last of the works of others. And the counterpart statement is also so very frequently true, that those who feel urged to an independent exercise of their powers of reasoning, are impatient of the toil of acquiring knowledge from many books, or of accurately determining what other men before them have thought and said. Books are chiefly valued by them as they give hints or stimulant to their own minds, and when some huge folio is closed, they can tell you what they, by its assistance, have gained for themselves; but trust them not as expositors of the volume itself. Such division of labour seems generally to obtain amongst the studious portion of mankind. If we are of the erudite species, we find, or we imagine, that everything that *can* be thought has been thought and said already; if we do not swear by any one master, we pronounce that all possible opinions have been long ago exhausted, and shared amongst the

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Lectures on Metaphysics, by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Edited by the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D., Oxford, and JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Edinburgh.

naster spirits of ancient or modern iterature. We tell the young aspirnt for the honour, or the noble toil, f original thinking, that he will only eproduce what already exists in form nore perfect than he can hope to ive it; we tell him that Plato has nticipated his finest discoveries cenuries ago—that Leibnitz had deternined this, and Des Cartes had settled hat,—and that even the despised choolmen of the middle ages had een very clearly the distinction he s harping on, and had stamped it n their philosophical vocabulary. There is nothing for him to do. Each resh inquirer begins by acting the nediator between disputants whose ontroversy he comes to settle, and nds by becoming one of the countess disputants himself, and helps still further to "embroil the fray" —if that be possible. The young aspirant, being of modest nature, is probably reduced to silence, but still he answers to himself:—"it matters not what others have done, I must think it all over again for myself. I cannot find what I want in Plato, or Leibnitz, the Schoolmen, or Des Cartes; it may be there, but it is hidden away in corners, or in commentaries. I must discover it in some other way before I can even discover that it is there; and I, too, have the world before me, and my own mind—I, too, will philosophise. I may not go so far as Plato did some centuries ago, but whether far or not, there is but one mode of progression by which I can advance at all: I must feel the earth beneath my feet, and move forward by such internal energies as Heaven has endowed me with."

Such division of labour, such differences in intellectual character or power, may be generally observed. Nevertheless, amongst the highest order of minds we find extraordinary erudition sometimes united with powers as remarkable of original research. One of these pre-eminently gifted men has lately departed from amongst us. Sir William Hamilton knew, or, to our square of vision, seemed to know, whatever mortal man had written, in any age or language, on the subjects of philosophy. But this marvellous knowledge had not deterred him from an independent course of inquiry, nor blunted his powers of research. He combined with accurate and extensive erudition an unabated energy of thought; and the result is, that we have, in his speculative writings, the happy union of strength and boldness with a singular breadth of view. He was too well read to omit, or pass over, any region of inquiry, and had too vigorous an intellect to be contented with recording the observations of others. He carried the torch with his own hand, and explored every recess himself. Without professing to do so, he has given us the most thoroughly *eclectic* system of any man in Europe.

For that which, above all, distinguishes the series of lectures before us is the wide range of philosophic thought they embrace. At one extremity the materialist will feel the ground taken from under him, because the truths he most insists on are absorbed into the system of the metaphysician; and here the physiologist will find himself at home, because he will be able to rise from his own special knowledge of the organs of sense to a metaphysical theory of cognition, which he has often pronounced himself unable to do under the guidance of Sir William Hamilton's predecessors in the chair of Edinburgh. At the other extremity the Kantian or Coleridgian will find that his own "high *a priori*" road has also been travelled, and that his own peculiar modes of thought have not been ignored. Here those who delight in the distinction between Understanding and Reason—meaning by the first a faculty judging according to sense, and by the second a faculty which is the source of truths of a higher character than those which are inferences from, or generalisations of, experience—will at all events discover that they have a place allotted to them; whether or not they may be satisfied with that place we will not undertake to say. On both sides Sir William Hamilton has expanded the arena of what is known under the vague name of Scotch philosophy. Those who, without disputing that they are living spiritual souls, very obstinately believe that they are also living organised bodies, moving in a world which has marvellously educated them through the senses, and which is continually educating them (through their observing and recording powers) to further and wider knowledge, will find in these Lectures a scheme of metaphysics which admits them to hold this their obstinate faith on an intelligible basis. Scotch philosophers, notwithstanding their clamorous appeal to common sense, had set this plain obstinate faith on so strange and narrow a basis, that, to the last, it seemed rather a concession to the weakness of man than his great prerogative. Those, on the contrary, who delight chiefly to dwell on the *a priori* truths, or modes of thought, *essential to experience itself*, or who, while they admit that the external world educates us, and is still from age to age more highly educating us, by its perceived order and harmony, still assert that there are truths in their very nature *above* those of experience, enunciated by some inner faculty within us, of a higher kind than that which judges according to sense—will also find that this, their complementary faith, has not been forgotten. We are far from saying that thinking men of all schools will be equally satisfied—that they will meet here and fraternise. It is not given to any human power to put forth a scheme of philosophy which will content all existing parties. It is sufficient for us to notice and applaud the wide and catholic views, and the great range of topics, these Lectures unfold.

Speaking critically, we value more highly the earlier portion of his exposition, in which Sir William Hamilton treats of perception, and of that trinity of sense, memory, and judgment which enters into every cognition, and indeed into every state of consciousness which can be summoned up for reflection,—we value, we say, this portion of his Lectures more highly than the later parts, where, under the title of the *Regulative Faculty*, he treats of necessary truths not the product of experience, and fraternises with Leibnitz and other German philosophers. We do not find his statements under this head of Regulative Faculty either lucid or consistent with themselves. But although he enters here into the shadow of that obscure doctrine which leads to the attempted distinction between Reason and Understanding, we are happy to notice that we have the weight of Sir William Hamilton's authority against those who not only draw a distinction between these two faculties, but who set them at variance; deducing truths from the Reason which are contradicted by the Understanding. The very end of all philosophy, as of all science, is to harmonise our convictions into one consistent whole: he who therefore sets faculty against faculty, truth against truth, virtually asserts that there can be no philosophy, and no truth. Speaking of those who enunciate the law of causation in one breath, and the next moment free the will from this law by some conflicting intuition, he writes thus:—

> "They say that it is unconditionally given, as a special and positive law of intelligence, that every origination is only an apparent, not a real commencement. Now, to exempt some phenomena from this law, for the sake of our moral consciousness, cannot validly be done. For, in the first place, this would be to admit that the mind is a complement of contradictory revelations. If mendacity be admitted of some of our mental dictates, we cannot vindicate veracity to any: 'Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.' Absolute scepticism is hence the legitimate conclusion. But, in the second place, waiving this conclusion, what right have we, on this doctrine, to subordinate the positive affirmation of causality to our consciousness of moral liberty?—what right have we, for the interest of the latter, to derogate from the universality of the former? We have none. If both are equally positive, we have no right to sacrifice to the other the alternative which our wishes prompt us to abandon."*

It may help to set us clear with our readers, if we here at once observe that there is a class of necesary, or *a priori* or innate truths, gainst which we have no controversy whatever. They are such as re *essential* to experience, not contradictory, nor contradictory to each ther. For instance, the ideas of Existence and of Space, as we now speak of them, are *generalisations* of experience, but in order that any perception or judgment should be possible, the mind must have had an nnate capacity for giving forth these ideas. It is difficult to shape language to suit the emergency in which we here find ourselves, and different terms have been used by metaphysicians to designate this original capacity. Sometimes we hear of "modes of thought," "modes of sensibility," "categories," "laws," "ideas;" but by whatever name we distinguish it, there is this innate or original capacity to give forth or receive such ideas as Existence, Space, Time, and the like; and beyond this our analysis cannot be carried. We mention this at the outset, that there may be no confusion between necessary truths essential to and *one* with experience, and necessary truths above and contradictory to experience.

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* Vol. ii. p. 411.

These Lectures are far from being, or pretending to be, a complete exposition of a system of metaphysics. The circumstances under which they were composed, and perhaps an impatience of the author in dealing with elementary or introductory statements, prevented them from having the completeness of a system in which all parts of a great subject are equally developed. The editors give us, in the preface, an interesting account of the manner in which the lectures were originally written. Sir William Hamilton was called to the Chair of Logic in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1836. He was at this time in the maturity of intellectual power, in the possession of vast stores of knowledge, and already distinguished for his philosophical speculations. The duties, therefore, of his post could not take him by surprise; and as the appointment was made in July, and his class would not assemble till November, he had some months for preparation. But, as one might foresee would inevitably be the case with a metaphysician, these months were wasted in general surveys of the great topics over which he might, or might not, extend his lectures—in revolving, in short, what he should lecture upon, not in writing any of the lectures themselves. When his class met in November, he had not put pen to paper. "He was in the habit," we are told, "of delivering three lectures each week, and each lecture was usually written on the day, or more properly on the night, preceding its delivery. The course of metaphysics, as it is now given to the world, is the result of this nightly toil, unremittingly sustained for a period of five months." Some additions or interpolations were occasionally made in subsequent years, but they were never recast or materially altered.

We are not surprised, after receiving this account of their composition, to find that these lectures are unequal in excellence, and incomplete as a series. Viewed as a systematic or elementary course for the tuition of youth, they must be allowed to have some defects. Sometimes the author indulges in the spirit of controversy, where a calm exposition of his own and of others' opinions would have been more acceptable and appropriate; sometimes he disports himself, as learned men *will* do, with a multitude of quotations which might illustrate the history of philosophy, but which advance us little in the subject under discussion. Sometimes the space is filled up by translated extracts from French and German writers. These are never wholly unwelcome; they are often curious or novel; but they very seldom forward the exposition, or render it more lucid. Sir William Hamilton appears to have lacked the patience, and perhaps the tact and skill, requisite for an elementary or systematic exposition—such an exposition as leads from the simpler to the more abstruse, neither sparing the student the most difficult and toilsome heights, nor failing to conduct him to them by the most facile tracks which lead upward from the plain.

But notwithstanding these drawbacks and deficiencies, we do not hesitate to say that these Lectures are incomparably the best manual or guide which could be placed in the hands of the metaphysical student. He should not, however, require a quite elementary work; he should be acquainted at least with the writings of Sir William's predecessors, Brown and Stewart: thus prepared, he will find in these Lectures the most advanced thinking of the soundest and safest school of philosophy. So far as the mature reader is concerned, we suspect that even the very qualities which we have noticed as rendering these Lectures somewhat defective for the purposes for which they were originally designed, will only render them the more attractive to him. The digressions of the erudite man, or of the subtle disputant, are precisely what will interest him most. To all readers who prize sound and earnest thinking, we recommend these volumes.

In justice to the memory of the author, it will not be forgotten that these Lectures come before us under the disadvantages of a posthumous work, not prepared, and not even intended, for publication. Nor, on the other hand, must we forget to mention, that nothing has been omitted which careful editorship could effect to remedy these disadvantages. The learning and industry and good taste of the editors are displayed throughout. Without any officiousness we have aid given us wherever it was possible to procure it. The present publication extends only to the course on Metaphysics: two other volumes are to follow, containing the course on Logic.

The term Metaphysics is used in the title-page in its general and popular sense, as including whatever appertains to the analysis of the human mind, or whatever is generally understood by mental philosophy. More technically speaking, these Lectures chiefly concern the department of Psychology; but we think the editors perfectly correct in retaining the older and more familiar name. In the technical language of some writers, Psychology is said to treat of the phenomena of consciousness, of the laws of their recurrence, and the process of their development; while the term Metaphysics is restricted to certain discussions on the nature of Being in itself, of Cause or Power, of the Absolute, and other the like profundities. The distinction may have its use to those who are engaged in the exposition of ideas: it is not one of a fundamental character. Metaphysics, in this restricted sense, cannot be divorced from psychology; nor can any scheme of psychology be given which shall not, by implication, pass judgment on these metaphysical questions. One writer may be desirous of dismissing from his mind, or sweeping from his path, a class of topics which to him are especially obscure, and, under some such title as Metaphysics or Ontology, he leaves them to be discussed by others; whilst those who are exclusively devoted to these more abstruse discussions are willing, under the name of Psychology, to dismiss from their care what seems to them a more familiar, more popular, and less important class of topics. But, in reality, no one can address himself to either class of topics without having virtually passed an opinion on the other. When the Psychologist draws his distinction between phenomena and being in itself, he must be prepared to justify this distinction,—he must deal with this idea of real existence, and tell us what it is, and how it contrasts with phenomenal existence. And when the Metaphysician or Ontologist (if such a word is permissible), puts forth his views on the profound questions of Being and Power, and what are thought the dictates of a Reason acting independently of the senses, and on altogether a higher level, he too must be prepared with some scheme of psychology which shall be in accordance with his views. Every thinker must aim at unity or harmony, that is, the combination of all that is in the human consciousness into one harmonious whole. We, for our own part, should prefer to retain for the familiar term of *Metaphysics* the wide signification generally given to it, and leave the terms *Psychology* and *Ontology* for such divisions of his subject as any expositor thinks fit to make.

In reviewing two volumes such as these, of solid matter, and of so wide a range of thought, we should be losing ourselves entirely if we did not set some distinct limit to the topics on which we touched. Sir William Hamilton, after a general discussion on the nature of human consciousness, adopts the threefold and familiar division of,—"1. The phenomena of Cognition; 2. The phenomena of Feeling; and, 3. The phenomena of Conation, or the Will." We shall limit ourselves to the first of these great subjects—that of Cognition or Human Knowledge. It is a subject as vast as it is important, and we do not promise, or rather we do not threaten our readers that our remarks will extend over the whole of it. But we will attempt to follow Sir William Hamilton through the heads of his analysis or exposition, so as to give an outline of his doctrines.

It must seem strange to the uninitiated or unsophisticated man that the battle of philosophy should rage, and should still rage, round what seems to him so simple and undeniable a fact as the perception, by his hand or by his eye, of an external object, But the unsophisticated man no sooner enters himself into the task of philosophy—the task, by analysis and synthesis, to construct, of his knowledge, one harmonious and consistent whole, in which all the parts shall cohere—than he too finds there was a grave difficulty in the sophistry that he laughed at. If he begins his account of human knowledge with the *objective*, as he has learned to call it, with the external world, viewed as a substantial reality, and then threads his way from the inorganic to the organic, he feels himself in danger of being landed in materialism. If he starts from the *subjective*, from his mind or *Ego*, viewed as source of his knowledge, he feels himself being enthralled in some system of *Idealism*. Sir William Hamilton will point out to him the best and safest method, or commencement,—though we will not guarantee him from all difficulties, even under the guidance of Sir William,—he will show him that he must begin at once with *both*, with the object and the subject, with the *ego* and the *non-ego;* for both are at once involved, as two indispensable terms, in one simple act of perception.

This is what Sir William has called the *Presentative* theory, in opposition to the *Representative;* which last proceeds on the supposition that the mind cannot be immediately conscious of anything but its own states, its own feelings or thoughts, and therefore describes the mind as having, in the first place, some image or idea of its own, which *represents* the world to it. Sir William combats this representative theory, and describes the sensations themselves, as felt by the mind in its union with the body, as the direct objects in our perception.

But mere sensations by themselves do not form a cognition, or a perception. With the *sense-given* is involved also a perception of relations, an act of judgment, ideas, if you choose so to call them, of Existence, Space, Time. These together form what we recognise as the object of perception.

As the element of Time enters into every cognition we can call up before us, and as even the calling it up for reflection implies an act of memory, Sir William Hamilton is justified in saying that the simplest cognition involves memory also. Sense, Memory, and Judgment, or perception of relation, are elements of the simplest cognition.

We propose to say a few words under each of these heads, Perception, Memory, and Judgment; but the reader will always bear in mind how intricately involved the three topics are, and how especially the simplest object of perception involves relation of parts; the apprehension of which relationship receives here and in other metaphysical works the name of Judgment.

PERCEPTION.—Sir William Hamilton has been long known, by his annotations to Reid, as an innovator on the Scotch philosophy, in its explanation of the primary fact of our knowledge of the external world. His controversy with Brown on the subject is familiar to all who take an interest in these discussions. Brown accused Reid of not understanding the philosophers whom he criticised; Sir William Hamilton accuses Brown of not understanding Reid. We need not enter into the controversy whether Reid's system was *Presentative*, or virtually *Representative ;* it differs considerably from that of Sir William Hamilton, inasmuch as it does not regard the sensation *plus* the act of judgment, as the primary object of perception, but constantly regards the sensation as a mere signal to the mind on which it gives forth its perception, or receives some instructive knowledge of the object. Brown put forward a refined system of *Representation.* With no disposition to overlook the claims of the senses, he held himself bound to the axiom that the mind could apprehend nothing but its own states. Certain of these states were recognised as representations of an external world. If we asked how we were to be certified that they were such representations—of things to us otherwise unknown,—we were referred to the irresistible intuitive belief of an external world. But, as Sir William Hamilton observes, this intuitive belief says nothing of a Representation; the intuitive belief is precisely this, that we have an immediate knowledge of the external world. How can we justify our reliance on this belief at one moment, and our contradiction of it at another? How justify our reference to this belief in support of a theory which is manifestly discordant with it? For we only believe the external world exists because we believe we immediately know its existence.

This readiness to call in the testimony of consciousness at one moment, and to reject it at another, is powerfully exposed in the following passage. And as it is a fault which metaphysicians are under a strong temptation to commit, we cannot do better than give the quotation in full :—

> "Dr. Brown maintains the common doctrine of the philosophers, that we have no immediate knowledge of anything beyond the states or modifications of our own minds,—that we are only conscious of the *ego*,—the *non-ego*, as known, being only a modification of self, which mankind at large are illusively determined to view as external and different from self. This doctrine is contradictory of the fact to which consciousness testifies,—that the object of which we are conscious in perception, is the external reality as existing, and not merely its representation in the percipient mind. That this is the fact testified to by consciousness, and believed by the common sense of mankind, is admitted even by those philosophers who reject the truth of the testimony and the belief. It is of no consequence to us at present what are the grounds on which the principle is founded, that the mind can have no knowledge of ought besides itself; it is sufficient to observe that, this principle being contradictory of the testimony of consciousness, Dr. Brown, by adopting it, virtually accuses consciousness of falsehood. But if consciousness be false in its testimony to one fact, we can have no confidence in its testimony to any other; and Brown having himself belied the veracity of consciousness, cannot, therefore, again appeal to this veracity as to a credible authority. But he is not thus consistent. Although he does not allow that we have any knowledge of the existence of an outer world, the existence of that world he still maintains. And on what grounds? He admits the reasoning of the idealist, that is, of the philosopher who denies the reality of the material universe,—he admits this to be invincible. How, then, is his conclusion avoided? Simply by appealing to the universal belief of mankind in favour of the existence of external things,—that is, to the authority of a fact of consciousness. But to him this appeal is incompetent. For, in the first place, having already virtually given up, or rather positively rejected, the testimony of consciousness, when consciousness deposed to our immediate knowledge of external things,—how can he even found upon the veracity of that mendacious principle, when bearing evidence to the unknown existence of external things? I cannot but believe that the material reality exists; therefore, it does exist, for consciousness does not deceive us,—this reasoning Dr. Brown employs when defending his assertion of an outer world. I cannot but believe that the material reality is the object immediately known in perception; therefore, it is immediately known, for consciousness does not deceive us,—this reasoning Dr. Brown rejects when establishing the foundation of his system. In the one case he maintains,—this belief, because irresistible, is true; in the other case, he maintains,—this belief, though irresistible, is false. Conscious-

ness is veracious in the former belief, mendacious in the latter. I approbate the one, I reprobate the other. The inconsistency of this is apparent. It becomes more palpable when we consider, in the second place, that the belief which Dr. Brown assumes as true rests on,—is, in fact, only the reflex of,—the belief which he repudiates as false. Why do mankind believe in the existence of an outer world? They do not believe in it as in something unknown; but, on the contrary, they believe it to exist, *only because they believe that they immediately know it to exist.* The former belief is only as it is founded on the latter. Of all absurdities, therefore, the greatest is to assert,—on the one hand, that consciousness deceives us in the belief that we know any material object to exist; and, on the other, that the material object exists, because, though on false grounds, we believe it to exist."[*]

The mind, says Brown, can be conscious only of its own states; but the mind, replies Sir William Hamilton, is united to the body, permeates it, and in this its union, feels the sensation there where the nerve is. Our sensations are thus immediately *felt in space*, the relation of position is felt with them, and we thus are conscious of our extended bodies—conscious of their movement, and of the extension and resistance of other bodies. Metaphysicians have, in general, held themselves bound not to recognise the existence of their own bodies till they had evolved the knowledge of them out of the states of feeling of an incorporeal, indivisible, spiritual essence. Sir William Hamilton, trusting to that conviction of an external world which *must* be ultimately relied upon, thinks himself at liberty to look at once at this human body, in order that, by the mind's union with it, he may be able to give some account of this irresistible conviction. The immediate object of consciousness he finds to be the sensations in, or at, the extremity of the nerves, felt under the relations of position and sequence—space and time—which you may say the mind gives forth as necessary truths, or may describe as felt relations or acts of judgment.

There is not the least approximation to materialism in the doctrine of Sir William Hamilton. As distinctly as he avers an external reality, so distinctly does he proclaim the internal reality, or the spiritual *Ego*. The two beliefs are, according to his exposition, involved directly in the one act of perception. Thus, the fullest justice is done, if we may use such an expression, to the *objective* and the *subjective* reality. We are at once a spiritual *Ego*, in a material world.

This is a great advance on the previous expositions of the Scotch philosophers. What were precisely the opinions of Reid, and how far Brown was really in error in ascribing to him a form of the *representative* theory, we will not undertake to determine. To us it seems that Reid, driven in one direction by a fear of materialism, and in another by his desire to have the common sense of mankind upon his side, never *had* obtained for himself a clear intelligible ground on which to stand. Refusing to see in the sensation itself one of the two great elements which *constituted* a perception—treating the sensation as a sort of signal wherein a perception enters the mind—it was almost impossible for him not to fall into some modification of the representative theory. Be that as it may, we may congratulate Scotland on having at length put forth a system of Dualism, in which the organs of sense play their legitimate part—a system which may be a common ground for the physiologist and the metaphysician. Every reader must have felt, both in the polished pages of Stewart and the ingenious discussions of Brown, that there was no harmony between their teaching and the simplest truths of physiology. The laws of the *organic being* were ignored for fear due honour should not be given to the laws of the inorganic and immaterial essence which we presume to animate and to live within it. Now this want of harmony ceases to be felt in the expositions of Sir William Hamilton. Here we are permitted, though spirits, to walk on the solid earth, with solid bodies. What is given us by the nerve is allowed to be felt there where the nerve is. It follows that the *relations felt* between the several parts of an object of perception, or between several objects of perception, are themselves *objective* as well as *subjective*. The relation of position is a reality, without, as well as within, our mind. We are spirits; but we are also organised creatures, living in an organised world. We could quote many passages from the predecessors of Sir William Hamilton (but that we have too much upon our hands), which would prove that while earnestly insisting on the reality of the external world, and even throwing a patronising glance on the truths of physiology, they were in fact bewildering themselves and us with a species of idealism.*

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[*] Vol. i. p. 278.

It will illustrate this tendency to disparage the senses, and reduce to the *minimum* what is directly obtained from them (a tendency, however, which has been by no means limited to the Scotch philosophers), if we take notice of the manner in which the great organ of sight has been treated. That an extended surface could become an object of cognition immediately through the organ of vision was resolutely disputed. A sensation of colour was imagined which originally had nothing to do with extension; mere habit, mere association of ideas, converted the impression originally given us by the eye into that of an extended and bounded surface. Both Stewart and Brown are very distinct in their announcement of this theory. Both admit that it is impossible for us at present to separate, by the utmost effort of thought, colour from extension, yet both assert that a sensation which it is impossible to conceive is the only endowment of the sense of vision. That we derive from the sense of touch our knowledge of comparative distances, may be very true, though even here the readiness with which the young of most animals discriminate distances, leads us to suspect that in the human being the organ of sight is not quite so dependent as is generally supposed on the sense of touch; but that extension, in one direction, that of mere surface, is not given us immediately by the eye, or that there ever was a sensation of colour separable from extension, is what we have always been utterly unable to believe. It is a mere hypothesis, and the utter inconceivability of a sensation of colour separated from extension is sufficient with us to condemn it. What Sir William Hamilton urges in the following paragraph rather *illustrates* this inconceivability, than adds anything more to the argument. He shows that the *comparison* between any two colours could take place only in space. Those who deal with inconceivable sensations, would probably suggest that there were inconceivable modes of comparing them. Sir William says:—

> "It can easily be shown that the perception of colour involves the perception of extension. It is admitted that we have by sight a perception of colours, consequently a perception of the difference of colours. But a perception of the distinction of colours necessarily involves the perception of a discriminating line; for, if one colour be laid beside or upon another, we only distinguish them as different by perceiving that they limit each other, which limitation necessarily affords a breadthless line,—a line of demarcation. One colour laid upon another, in fact, gives a line returning upon itself, that is, a figure. But a line and a figure are modifications of extension. The perception of extension, therefore, is necessarily given in the perception of colours."†

We will add, too, that this extension cannot be originally felt (as Sir W. Hamilton in one passage implies) as *touching* the organ of vision. The wish to find in all our sensations a modification of touch leads him to this supposition. It may be originally felt near the eye, but surely outside the eye—not on the retina, where it must be felt to render the analogy complete between the sense of vision and the sense of touch—or rather to justify the reduction of all our senses to modifications of touch. The various sensations as given us by the nerves, and as related together, form the primary objects of our consciousness, as Sir William Hamilton has well explained; but these sensations must be accepted in the most faithful and simple form in which we can apprehend them: nothing is gained by falsifying their nature in order to approximate them to the sense of contact.

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* Brown, speculating on infinite extension and infinite divisibility, says—"What we term a body, however minute, is a multitude of bodies, or, to speak more exactly, an infinite number of bodies, which appear limited to us, indeed, but may perhaps appear in their true character of infinity to beings of a higher order, who may be able to distinguish as infinite what our limited senses allow us to perceive only as finite. *They are one, not in nature but in our thought.*" The unity and harmony of all these *finites* does not exist, then, in the world itself, only in our minds. Beings of a higher order would have, it seems, the marvellous privilege of seeing infinite atoms where we see order, form, and organisation.

† Vol. ii. p. 165.

A question may be asked, whether, in perception, the mind proceeds from minute parts to build up a whole, or rather descends from some large and vaguely embraced whole to an examination of the minuter parts. We think that it descends to the more simple and minute by analysis; that is, that there is a certain medium of largeness and complexity which may be described as first in order of time. Sir William gives the weight of his authority to this view. He puts the question thus:—"Whether, in Perception, do we first obtain a general knowledge of the complex wholes presented to us by sense, and then, by analysis and limited attention, obtain a special knowledge of their several parts; or do we not first obtain a particular knowledge of the smallest parts to which sense is competent, and then, by synthesis, collect them into greater and greater wholes?"

The second alternative is that which has been most favoured by analytic writers. Having conducted their analysis to the minutest distinctions in our knowledge, it was natural to commence their synthesis from these. But it does not appear that nature proceeds in this manner: the most minute distinctions, or parts, of our knowledge are not those which are first apprehended. Slight degrees of difference in sensations, small distances between the parts affected, require, we find, a practised attention in order to be appreciated. Besides which, the impressions we first receive are those of the last complexity; we seize upon some whole as thus presented, and know it first in this its entirety before we take cognisance of the separate parts. To adopt the illustration of our author, we may know the face of our friend as a whole—may be "familiar with its expression, with the general result of its parts;" but when we would analyse this object that lives so vividly in our memory, when we would "descend from a conspectus of the whole face to a detailed examination of its parts," we may not be able to determine 'what is the colour of the eyes, or the form of the lips.

We must refer to the work itself before us for a fuller defence and explanation of the *Presentative* theory of Perception as distinguished from the *Representative.* Of course, no foreign body can be known to us but by its effects on us; but what Sir William maintains is, that it is precisely these effects which are the immediate object in our cognitions; the soul linked to its organism feels in that organism the effects produced on it by other bodies. Meanwhile, in every cognition, whether of our own or of other bodies, there is the invariable term of the *Ego*—the *I* of all consciousness—without which no consciousness is conceivable. "We may therefore lay it down," says our author, "as an undisputed truth, that consciousness gives as an ultimate fact, a primitive duality;—a knowledge of the Ego in relation and contrast to the Non-ego; and a knowledge of the Non-ego in relation and contrast to the Ego. The Ego and Non-ego are thus given in an original synthesis, as conjoined in the unity of knowledge, and, in an original antithesis, as opposed in the contrariety of existence. In other words, we are conscious of them in an indivisible act of knowledge together and at once,—but we are conscious of them as, in themselves, different and exclusive of each other."*

We accept this account of perception as the clearest which metaphysics has hitherto given us. We are certainly incapable of summoning up the simplest perception, without at the same time being conscious of *object* and *subject*—the non-ego and the ego. But we must remark that in the mature human being this ego never *does* represent simply the one term in a solitary perception. Such solitary perception can never be recalled. Memory, or the sense of past and continuous existence, is inseparably combined with this ego or personality: it is the *I* that *has* lived, that is now living thus or thus. The personality, as we are conscious of it, is only fully developed by memory.

MEMORY.—If a philosophical writer wished to choose some one point, or some one faculty of the mind, from which to survey all our mental operations, he could not do better than take his stand on the memory. Here our perceptions first become a veritable knowledge; here those comparisons or felt relationships which are involved, as elementary parts, in all our perceptions, can be repeated, can be named, can be classified; from the memory we can look backward to the simplest sensations, and forward to the widest generalisations of science or philosophy. A full dissertation upon Memory might very legitimately embrace the whole domain of thought—that is, the whole phenomena of the mind might be advantageously explained by their reference to this great faculty; for all that we popularly call thinking, is either memory or based on memory.

There still exist some curious questions concerning the memory, which our psychologists have not satisfactorily answered. Some of these will be found more fully discussed in the present Lectures than in any book at least in English literature. Others are rapidly dismissed. Upon the whole, we should have to repeat here what we have said of the entire Lectures: the exposition is not complete or always satisfactory, but it is nevertheless the most comprehensive and the most instructive to which we could direct the student of metaphysics.

The analysis of Memory which Sir William Hamilton presents us with—into the subordinate faculties of Retention or Conservation, Reproduction, and Representation—wears to our apprehension, a somewhat *clumsy* appearance. It encumbers the ground with useless or merely verbal distinctions. The one fact is that we reproduce or represent the perception of the senses: what is *Retention* but another expression for this power to reproduce? and what can Reproduction mean but a power to represent? Memory is an act of the mind, or of the mind in conjunction with the brain: this act is repeated according to certain laws, and its repetition no doubt depends on certain conditions of the mind and brain; but the fact of repetition according to definite laws is all that psychology has to recognise. Retention is merely a metaphorical expression significative of a continuous power, on all fitting times, to repeat the same act. Knowledge has no *existence* except in the act of knowing. But we must quote Sir William's statement.

> "Through the powers of External and Internal perception we are enabled to acquire information—experience; but this acquisition is not of itself independent and complete; it supposes that we are also able to retain the knowledge acquired, for we cannot be said to get what we are unable to keep. The faculty of acquisition is, therefore, only realised through another faculty—the faculty of Retention or Conservation. Here we have another example of what I have already frequently had occasion to suggest to your observation,—we have two faculties, two elementary phenomena, evidently distinct, and yet each depending on the other for its realization. Without a power of acquisition, a power of conservation could not be exerted; and without the latter the former would be frustrated, for we should lose as fast as we acquired. But as the faculty of Acquisition would be useless without the faculty of Retention, so the faculty of Retention would be useless without the faculties of Reproduction and Represen-

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* Vol. i. p. 292.

tation. That the mind retained, beyond the sphere of consciousness, a treasury of knowledge, would be of no avail, did it not possess the power of bringing out, and of displaying, in other words, of reproducing and representing, this knowledge in consciousness. But because the faculty of Conservation would be fruitless without the ulterior faculties of Reproduction and Representation, we are not to confound these faculties, or to view the act of mind which is their joint result, as a simple and elementary phenomenon. Though mutually dependent on each other, the faculties of Conservation, Reproduction, and Representation, are governed by different laws; and in different individuals are found greatly varying in their comparative vigour. The intimate connection of these three faculties, or elementary activities, is the cause, however, why they have not been distinguished in the analysis of philosophers: and why their distinction is not precisely marked in ordinary language." *

We are at a loss to see the propriety of the subdivisions here introduced. It may be true that the simple fact of Reproduction is not the only one we have to take notice of in a full explanation of the memory. How, for instance, the reproduced image becomes associated with the past, may require explanation. But this subdivision refers only to the one general fact, that we have this power of reproduction. This fact, or power, is merely expressed under different terms. What is Representation but another word for Reproduction?—not perhaps a word of quite so wide application, because in some cases, as in the memory a verbal proposition, reproduction would be felt to be a more appropriate term than representation. Sir William Hamilton says that two men may remember the same incident, but the one *represents* it to his mind more vividly; but both men do, in fact, represent it to their minds; this is only saying that there is a difference in the vigour with which it is reproduced. And what, again, is Retention or Conservation, but this very fact of Reproduction viewed as a power, or habit, a quality more or less permanent? We speak familiarly of retaining knowledge, but what we retain is the power of reproducing it. Sir William Hamilton would be the first to tell us that it is merely a convenient metaphor when we speak of memory as a store-house or treasury of ideas; no one supposes there can be any such thing. There may be permanent conditions of the substance *mind*, or of the cerebral organ on which such power of reproduction depends—but speaking as psychologists, we can only take notice that such a power or habit exists. It is open to the physiologist to determine, if he be able, those cerebral conditions on which memory depends. But a similar inquiry could not be prosecuted with regard to modifications of the *ens* or substance we call mind. In our present state of knowledge there is but the one fact of reproduction, and when we say that a man retains his ideas, this is merely a convenient mode of asserting that he can again and again reproduce them. Sir William Hamilton says—

"In the first place, then, I presume that the fact of retention is admitted. We are conscious of certain cognitions as acquired, and we are conscious of these cognitions as resuscitated. That, in the interval, when out of consciousness, these cognitions do continue to subsist in the mind, is certainly an hypothesis, because whatever is out of consciousness can only be assumed; but it is an hypothesis which we are not only warranted, but necessitated, by the phenomena, to establish. I recollect indeed that one philosopher has proposed another hypothesis. Avicenna, the celebrated Arabian philosopher and physician, denies to the human mind the conservation of its acquired knowledge; and he explains the process of recollection by an irradiation of divine light through which the recovered cognition is infused into the intellect." †

Was it really necessary for our erudite philosopher to introduce to us here the Arabian Avicenna, with his "irradiation of divine light?" We do not find that the alternative lies between Sir William Hamilton and Avicenna. The fact of retention is indisputable; but can we mean anything more by retention, than the repetition, from time to time, of a given act? A muscle retains the power to move; we do not say that a series of movements are retained in the muscle. Sir William also observes, that in popular language we distinguish between a *retentive* and a *ready* memory, or one that reproduces with rapidity. This is only saying that in some people the reproductive power endures longer than in others: in some it is rapid and evanescent. In general, the persistent memory depends on the strength of the original impression, or the effect of attention originally paid; whilst the readiness of memory, or the vivacity with which our ideas chase each other, is but one phase of the energy of *life*. We see in old men how slow the movements of mind and body generally become. Some people are old men all their lives.

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* Vol. ii., p. 205.

† Ibid. p. 209.

We have said that it lies altogether out of the limits of human inquiry to enter into the conditions of the human mind viewed as an objective entity. We have no other conception of the mind than as that which is conscious, and the analysis of the phenomena of consciousness is all that can pertain to the psychologist. Take away extension from matter and there is nothing; take away consciousness from mind and there is nothing. The physiologist may legitimately speculate on those conditions or modifications of the brain that are necessary to memory, or for peculiar habits of memory, but no similar discussion, as to the modifications of the mind, lies open to the metaphysician. Sir William Hamilton, however, does not acquiesce in this, which has been the ordinary conclusion of his predecessors. He thinks that in order to explain certain phenomena of memory, and of association of ideas, it is necessary, as far as we are able, to take account of the unconscious modifications of the mind. It is a curious speculation, and as it is rather novel in our country, though, we are assured, familiar to the Germans, we shall take a glance at it.

But first we must carefully draw the distinction between this hypothesis of unconscious modifications, and the well-known and very current hypothesis that many states of consciousness pass so rapidly and slightly that they are never recalled or reproduced, and therefore the next instant are to us as if they had never been. We cannot speak of them, for we have not remembered them; we merely conclude, from the circumstances of the case, that they took place. When, in popular language, we speak of "sensations" of which we were not "conscious," we do not, and cannot mean that the sensations were not *felt* (for this would be a manifest contradiction); we mean that we are not conscious now of having felt them; that we never remembered them, and that they were, the instant after, as if they never had been. We know that the clock struck, and we know that we did not hear it, or hear it for the purpose of knowing now that it struck; and we conclude that, in these cases, there was a sensation produced, but so slight and evanescent as to make no impression on the memory. Metaphysicians have availed themselves of a conjecture of this description, applied to thoughts as well as sensations, to explain certain phenomena of association of ideas: states of consciousness that pass so rapidly they cannot be recalled, may yet introduce other states which can be remembered and reflected on.

This very generally received hypothesis Sir William Hamilton rejects, and prefers to introduce us to modifications of the mind altogether unaccompanied by consciousness, but which serve as links in the chain with those which are so accompanied. Now it appears to us here that we are attempting to walk where there is absolutely no ground to tread on. The mind is united with the body; we say there are unconscious conditions of the brain necessary to the function of memory, and we *may* conclude that the mind in some way participates in such affections of the brain even when not conducting immediately to consciousness. But still we must rest, after all, at these modifications of the brain, for they are the only unconscious phenomena in the operations of thought we can form any conception of. We do but *materialise* the mind when we attempt to regard *it* as the subject of such modifications.

Sir William Hamilton was amongst the first who drew attention to the significance of certain curious cases of cerebral disease or cerebral excitement: those in which some abnormal condition of the brain is followed by an abnormal activity and power of mind or memory. The rudest observation had taught us that old age, and many forms of ill health, affected the memory prejudicially; these curious cases where people in certain stages of fever remember what in other times they were utterly incapable of recalling, demonstrate that an abnormal activity of the brain may be accompanied by an abnormal activity of the memory. Thus we have a double proof given us that there are certain physical conditions or functions of the brain indispensable to the memory. Can we, in this direction, seek further? And *if* any hypothesis is requisite, would it not be sufficient to say that the functions of the brain which are connected with consciousness are not always carried on with an energy adequate to produce consciousness in the mind —whose sole known attribute *is* consciousness? Such operations of the brain, not themselves producing consciousness, may lead to others that do.

But the reader will wish to see Sir William Hamilton's own statement of an hypothesis which may perhaps be somewhat novel to him. It is in the first volume, and where treating of consciousness in general, that the subject is fully discussed.

"I pass now to a question in some respects of still more proximate interest to the psychologist than that discussed in the preceding lecture; for it is one which, according as it is decided, will determine the character of our explanation of many of the most important phenomena in the philosophy of mind, and, in particular, the great phenomena of memory and association. The question I refer to is, whether the mind exerts energies, and is the subject of modifications, of neither of which it is conscious. This is the most general expression of a problem which has hardly been mentioned, far less mooted, in this country; and when it has attracted a passing notice, the supposition of an unconscious action or passion of the mind, has been treated as something either unintelligible or absurd. In Germany, on the contrary, it has not only been canvassed, but the alternative which the philosophers of this country have lightly considered as ridiculous, has been gravely established as a conclusion which the phenomena not only warrant but enforce. The French philosophers, for a long time, viewed the question in the same light as the British. Condillac, indeed, set the latter the example; but of late a revolution is apparent, and two recent French psychologists have marvellously propounded the doctrine, long and generally established in Germany, as something new and unheard of before their own assertion of the paradox.

"This question is one not only of importance, but of difficulty; I shall endeavour to make you understand its purport by arguing it upon broader grounds than has hitherto been done, and shall prepare you, by some preliminary information, for its discussion. I shall first of all adduce some proof of the fact, that the mind may, and does, contain far more latent furniture than consciousness informs us it possesses. To simplify the discussion, I shall distinguish three degrees of this mental latency."*

The first of these degrees of mental latency is that ordinary *retention* of our knowledge which we have already canvassed. We know a science or language at all times, and not only when we are making use of our knowledge. In our author's own words, "the possessions of our mind are not to be measured by its present momentary activities, but by the amount of its acquired habits." These acquired habits, then, are the first degree of latency: that is, there is some latent condition of mind or brain on which these habits depend.

The second degree of latency is where the mind "contains certain systems of knowledge, or certain habits of action which it is wholly unconscious of possessing in its ordinary state, but which are revealed to consciousness in certain extraordinary exaltations of its powers." For evidence of this, we are referred to the class of cases we have already alluded to, where knowledge is revived in fever, or delirium, or somnambulism, which apparently had become extinct.

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* Vol. i. p. 338.

Sir William uses rather *large words* when he speaks of "systems of knowledge and habits of action" being revived under such circumstances; nevertheless, the facts are curious enough and significant enough to demand our attention. After making due abatement for that exaggeration of statement which invariably attends upon novel and marvellous facts, even where scientific men are our witnesses (for the imagination excited by the wonderful sees more than was ever presented to the senses), this class of cases demonstrates that a startling exaltation of *some* of our powers may result during an abnormal state of health. We apprehend that in no such cases the whole intellectual or mental being is improved—there is some more than compensating weakness. A man repeats verses in his fever, and cannot recognise his friends who are perhaps standing by and wondering at this unusual display of memory. But, however remarkable such cases, we cannot need *two* explanations of them. Involuntary reminiscences, involuntary trains of thought, as little guided by will, or purpose, as our dreams, may well be remitted to the brain as their immediate prompter. Its operations prompt them in the conscious being, the mind. The brain acts here like an internal sense. And though we have in these cases extraordinary *examples*, we have no new law or operation, cerebral or mental. In ordinary memory a slight impression on the senses may, after a long interval, be unexpectedly revived. It is a matter of degree. So, also, in what we call a state of health there are different degrees and various causes of cerebral excitement, and a cup of coffee may do for us, to a certain degree, what a fever does in a far higher degree.

The interesting case which Coleridge made so extensively known by recording it in his *Biographia Literaria*, is quoted here. A young girl who had formerly lived with a learned divine, whose habit it was to walk about the house reading aloud his favourite authors, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, fell ill of a fever. It was many years since she had lived with this divine, nor had she been known in her health to repeat any of the learned words she had heard; yet in her delirium she was "incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation." The instance is extraordinary; but as no experience has enabled us to set a limit to the powers of memory—as we cannot say how slight an impression may be revived, or at how long an interval—we have no new law presented to us, we have simply an act accomplished under the excitement of fever, which could not have been accomplished without that excitement.

The third degree of latency is that about which our question is raised—modifications or operations of the mind not resulting in consciousness—of which consciousness is not (as is generally understood of operations of the mind) the sole exponent.

> "The problem, then, with regard to this class is, are there, in ordinary, mental modifications—*i.e.* mental activities and passivities—of which we are unconscious, but which manifest their existence by effects of which we are conscious?"

Of course we cannot directly know that of which we are unconscious, but we may infer the existence of it; the supposition may be necessary in order to explain the existence of what we do know. But here, how are we to conceive modifications in an *immaterial* substance? It may be said, that if we refuse to accord such modifications, we shall be compelled to attribute so much to the modifications and operations of the brain, as to drive us towards materialism. But, on the other hand, if we introduce any conceivable modification in the mind, we must assimilate it to a material substance. Let us see some of the grounds from which our ingenious author infers the existence of these unconscious modifications.

> "Let us take our first example from Perception—the perception of external objects—and in that faculty let us commence with the sense of sight. Now, you either already know, or can be at once informed, what it is that has obtained the name of *minimum visibile*. You are, of course, aware, in general, that vision is the result of the rays of light reflected from the surface of objects to the eye; a greater number of

rays is reflected from a larger surface; if the superficial extent of an object, and, consequently, the number of the rays which it reflects, be diminished beyond a certain limit, the object becomes invisible; and the *minimum visibile* is the smallest expanse which can be seen, which can consciously affect us, which we can be conscious of seeing. This being understood, it is plain that if we divide this *minimum visibile* into two parts, neither half can, by itself, be an object of vision, or visual consciousness. They are severally and apart to consciousness as zero. But it is evident that each half must, by itself, have produced in us a certain modification, real though unperceived; for as the perceived whole is nothing but the union of the unperceived halves, so the perception, the perceived affection itself of which we are conscious, is only the sum of two modifications, each of which severally eludes our consciousness."*

"Each half must by itself have produced in us a certain modification." But each half of a *minimum visibile* will not have produced a sensation of light. This is not a case of the mere division of matter or motion. A special sense is not affected at all, as such sense, but by a certain impulse. It is a proceeding worthy of an ancient sophist, to continue the division of this impulse, and claim for the halves any effect whatever on the nerve of sense. A certain minimum of heat explodes gunpowder; half that heat does not produce half an explosion; so far as explosion is concerned it effects nothing, though it may have some other effect on the gunpowder.

So with regard to the next instance that is mentioned, the *minimum audibile*

"There is a sound the least that can come into perception and consciousness. But this *minimum audibile* is made up of parts which severally affect the sense, but of which affections separately we are not conscious, though of their joint result we are. We must, therefore, here likewise admit the reality of modifications beyond the sphere of consciousness."†

Here a specific effect produced by many vibrations following with a certain rapidity is distributed or parted amongst the individual vibrations. Having determined the fewest, faintest, slowest vibration that will produce the sensation of sound, it follows that vibrations fewer or fainter, though they may affect the ear mechanically, will not affect it at all as organ of sense, and of course will produce no effect on the mind through that organ.

"It sometimes happens that we find one thought rising immediately after another in consciousness, but whose consecution we can reduce to no law of association. Now, in these cases, we can generally discover, by an attentive observation, that these two thoughts, though not themselves associated, are each associated with certain other thoughts; so that the whole consecution would have been regular had these intermediate thoughts come into consciousness between the two which are not immediately associated. Suppose, for instance, that A B C are three thoughts—that A and C cannot immediately suggest each other, but that each is associated with B, so that A will naturally suggest B, and B naturally suggest C. Now, it may happen that we are conscious of A, and immediately thereafter of C. How is the anomaly to be explained? It can only be explained on the principle of latent modifications. A suggests C, not immediately, but through B; but as B, like the half of the *minimum visibile* or *minimum audibile*, does not rise into consciousness, we are apt to consider it as non-existent."‡

We doubt if the laws of association are so determined as to authorise us to adopt any hypothesis for explaining an apparent anomaly. But of the two hypotheses we should prefer the more commonplace one of the supposition of states of consciousness that have left no trace in the memory to this of the half of a *minimum cogitabile*. "Mr. Stewart supposes that the intermediate ideas are for an instant awakened into consciousness, but in the same moment utterly forgot; whereas the opinion I would prefer," says Sir William Hamilton, "holds that they are efficient without rising into consciousness." We think Mr. Stewart's is the more intelligible explanation.

But we cannot proceed further with

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* Vol. i. p. 349. † Ibid. p. 350. ‡ Ibid. p. 352.

this curious topic, and indeed must leave several interesting questions touching the memory behind us, and pass on to the next great element of cognition.

JUDGMENT.—We must again remind our reader that an exposition of ideas frequently requires us to mention in an order of time things which are coexistent and inseparable. In every memory, and in every perception, there is involved some judgment, some feeling of relationship, of space, or time, or similarity, or contrast. In the earliest cognition we can summon up, there are related things; and if we try, in our philosophical analysis, to think some *minimum* of matter, we still find that we have parts and a relation of position.

So far is it from being true that we never think of more than one thing at a time, that, in fact, we cannot think of any one thing, without relating it to some other. All its qualities consist of such relations. This Sir William Hamilton very distinctly states when, after treating of the presentative faculty (Perception), and the representative faculties (Memory and Imagination), he proceeds to treat of the Judgment or Reason, which he divides into the Elaborative and Regulative Faculties. It is thus he describes what we popularly call Judgment or Comparison.

"The faculties with which we have been hitherto engaged, may be regarded as subsidiary to that which we are now about to consider. This, to which I gave the name of the Elaborative Faculty—the faculty of Relations—or Comparison—constitutes what is properly denominated Thought. It supposes always at least two terms, and its act results in a judgment; that is, an affirmation or negation of one of these terms of the other. You will recollect that, when treating of Consciousness in general, I stated to you that Consciousness necessarily involves a judgment; and, as every act of mind is an act of Consciousness, every act of mind consequently involves a judgment. . . . So far from Comparison or Judgment being a process always subsequent to the acquisition of knowledge (through perception and self-consciousness), it is involved in a condition of the acquisitive process itself. . . .

"In opposition to the views hitherto promulgated in regard to Comparison, I will show that this faculty is at work in every, the simplest act of mind; and that, from the primary affirmation of existence in an original act of consciousness to the judgment contained in the conclusion of an act of reasoning, every operation is only an evolution of the same elementary process—that there is a difference in the complexity, none in the nature of the act; in short, that the various products of analysis and synthesis, of abstraction and generalisation, are all merely the results of Comparison, and that the operations of Conception, or Simple Apprehension, of Judgment, and of Reasoning, are all only acts of Comparison in various applications and degrees."*

We are quite prepared to acquiesce in this wide generalisation of Sir William Hamilton's. In all our knowledge—in all our reasoning—we see a similar act of judgment exercised on simpler or more complex terms. But we find it essential to take notice here, that if we regard Comparison or Judgment, not only as a process subsequent to the acquisition of knowledge, but "involved as a condition of the acquisitive process itself," we must include two different things under this head of Judgment. We must not only include what is popularly understood as Comparison (where the properties of two bodies are compared), but that elementary faculty—that fundamental law, or innate idea, as it is sometimes called—which, in the first instant, makes us cognisant of the property. For instance, when we compare two bodies as to their magnitude, there must be, beside the act of comparison, the fundamental ideas of existence or space. Whatever we choose to call it, which makes us for the first time cognisant of the relation of position, must be included in this act of Comparison or Judgment.

The distinction of these two elements in the one act of judgment may at first sight appear a needless subtlety; but it is from overlooking it that we expose ourselves to the innumerable subtleties and perplexities of the old controversy about innate ideas or *a priori* judgments. These fundamental ideas or modes—as space, existence, time—render all experience possible, and yet are known to us only in that experience. Metaphysicians have generally preferred to assign these two elements of the one act of judgment to separate faculties; Sir William Hamilton classes Existence, Space, Time, amongst the necessary truths of his Regulative faculty. We have no opposition to make to this classification; we would only observe that, in point of fact, they are inseparable from the act of judgment, or a perception of relations. To perceive the relations of position and of sequence, is to have the ideas of space and time, and they enter the mind in no other way.

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* Vol. i. p. 277.

We may now be said to have all the elements before us of a complete cognition—sense, memory, and judgment. Each object of cognition bears various relation with other objects; new groups of these objects are perpetually being found through memory or imagination, and new relations between these groups are perceived. Language intervenes with its marvellous assistance, and the generalisation of senses, or those which bear the name of social, moral, and political truths, take their place in the human mind. Nor is knowledge limited only to the senses, or generalisations ultimately founded on the senses: we can infer much. Having established certain laws of nature, we can infer unseen causes from known effects; we can infer for the future of man and the human soul purposes yet unrealised.

Have we reached the termination of our analysis, or is there yet some source of knowledge overlooked? Sir William Hamilton has one remaining division which we have only partially taken into our summary—that which he denominates the *Regulative Faculty.* Here we have arrived at that other end of the scale where, as we said, our author fraternises with Leibnitz, and approximates to what is loosely described amongst us as the German school of philosophy. At this point it will be well to extract the tabular view of Sir William Hamilton's classification of our faculties of cognition: it will be seen how far we have travelled with him, and what of the journey remains to be taken.

"1. Presentative	External — Perception.
	Internal — Self-consciousness.
2. Conservative	— Memory.
3. Reproductive	Without will — Suggestion.
	With will — Reminiscence.
4. Representative	— Imagination.
5. Elaborative	— Comparison,—Faculty of Relations.
6. Regulative	— Reason,—Common Sense."*

It will be seen at a glance that the five first of these, and a portion of what is included in the sixth, have been embraced by us under the heads of Perception, Memory, Imagination, and Judgment. Under the head of Judgment, we took notice of those fundamental ideas, or modes, or laws of thought, which are essential to all comparisons, which render all experience possible, but which we were unable to separate from the act of judgment. Besides these, are there any other "necessary truths" which we are bound to recognise and set apart under the title of the Regulative Faculty?

We will here quote the briefest passage we can select in which Sir William Hamilton describes and distinguishes these two departments or faculties—the Elaborative and the Regulative—into which he has divided what is popularly known as the one faculty of reason, judgment, or understanding:—

> "The Elaborative Faculty has only one operation, it only compares—it is Comparison—the faculty of Relations. It may startle you to hear that the highest function of mind is nothing higher than comparison, but, in the end, I am confident of convincing you of the paradox. . . . Generalisation, which

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* Vol. ii. p 17.

is the result of synthesis and analysis, is thus an act of comparison, and is properly denominated Conception. Judgment is only the comparison of two terms or notions directly together: Reasoning only the comparison of two terms or notions with each other through a third. Conception or Generalisation, Judgment and Reasoning, are thus only various applications of Comparison, and not even entitled to the distinction of separate Faculties. . . .

"This is thought, strictly so called; it corresponds to the Διάνοια of the Greek, to the *Discursus* of the Latin, to the *Verstand* of the German philosophy; and its laws are the object of logic.

"But in the sixth and last place, the mind is not altogether indebted to experience for the whole apparatus of its knowledge—its knowledge is not all adventitious. What we know by experience, without experience we should not have known; and as all our experience is contingent, all the knowledge derived from experience is contingent also. But there are conditions in the mind which are not contingent—which are necessary—which we cannot but think—which thought supposes as its fundamental condition. These cognitions, therefore, are not merely generalisations from experience. But if not derived from experience, they must be native to the mind. . . . These native,—these necessary cognitions, are the laws by which the mind is governed in its operations, and which afford the conditions of its capacity of knowledge. . . . On the power possessed by the mind of manifesting these phenomena, we may bestow the name of the Regulative Faculty. This faculty corresponds in some measure to what, in the Aristotelic philosophy was called Νοῦς,—*νοῦς* (*intellectus, mens*), when strictly employed, being a term, in that philosophy, for the place of principles—the *locus principiorum*. It is analogous, likewise, to the term *Reason*, as occasionally used by some of the older English philosophers, and the *Vernunft* in the philosophy of Kant, Jacobi, and others of the recent German metaphysicians. It is also nearly convertible with what I conceive to be Reid's, and certainly Stewart's, notion of Common Sense."*

If now we turn to the 38th Lecture, headed *The Regulative Faculty*, we shall find a more complete enumeration and account of these necessary truths—we shall find that the list of them not only embraces those which we have already described, as *essential* to experience, but others, which, if not generalisations from experience, might, at all events, be taken for such, and are by many considered as such.

"The derivative cognitions are of our own fabrication; we form them after certain rules; they are the tardy result of Perception and Memory, of Attention, Reflection, Abstraction. The primitive cognitions, on the contrary, seem to leap ready armed from the womb of reason, like Pallas from the head of Jupiter; *sometimes the mind places them at the commencement of its operations*, in order to have a point of support and a fixed basis, without which the operations would be impossible; *sometimes they form, in a certain sort, the crowning—consummation, of all the intellectual operations*. . . . The primitive and general notions are the root of all principles—the foundation of the whole edifice of human science. . . .

"Leibnitz is the first by whom the criterion of necessity—of the impossibility not to think so and so—was established as a discriminative type of our native notions, in contrast to those which we educe from experience, and build up through generalisation. The enouncement of this criterion was, in fact, a great discovery in the science of mind; and the fact that a truth so manifest, when once proclaimed, could have lain so long unnoticed by philosophers, may warrant us in hoping that other discoveries of equal importance may still be awaiting the advent of another Leibnitz."†

We should readily receive this criterion, if the application of it could have been agreed upon. Ideas or beliefs, which are manifestly *essential* to all experience, and are thus in reality *one with experience*, we can as readily receive as necessary truths of the Regulative Faculty, as under any other description. But when the necessary truth is described as "sometimes crowning" our intellectual efforts, and when we find attempts made to determine philosophical disputes by an appeal to a "necessary truth," we begin to feel that we are treading on very insecure ground. The moment we extend the list beyond such fundamental conceptions (like existence, space, and time), as are necessary to any knowledge whatever, we find that the "necessary truth" becomes a subject of controversy. Some admit, some reject; and, owing to the advance of science, what has been asserted as a necessary truth in one age, has been deserted as a mere prejudice in the next. It was once a necessary truth that a body cannot act but where it is. The doctrine of attraction or gravity has reconciled us to the idea of bodies acting on each other at a distance. If the phenomena of gravitation should be reduced (by the interposition of a subtle ether, and the application of our theories of electro-magnetism) to a form of motion by impulse, we may go back again to the old "necessary truth." Every strong conviction seems to certain minds impossible to contradict, and thus may always aspire to the rank of a necessary truth. Sir William Hamilton classes the belief that the total amount of matter does not increase or diminish in the universe amongst necessary truths, which surely is a result of observation, and a truth which should be limited to the sphere of observation. On the other hand, he describes the belief in God as a truth of inference, which by many men would be placed in the first rank of necessary truths. This subject has, of late, been discussed very ably by Mr. Whewell on the one side, and Mr. J. S. Mill on the other. The valuable "discovery" of Leibnitz does not seem even yet to be recognised by all philosophers.

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* Vol. ii. p. 15.

† Vol. ii. p. 352.

But what is peculiar to Sir William Hamilton in his treatment of this part of his subject is, that he divides these necessary truths into two classes, those of a Positive Necessity, and those of a Negative Necessity. This last class he refers to what he calls a *principle of weakness* or impotence. The mind comes to a point where it meets two contradictory propositions which admit of no middle term, which are mutually destructive of each other, yet of which one must be true. Some course must be taken out of sheer necessity; but this is a negative necessity—the necessity of an alternative, not the necessity of a positive truth. As Sir William Hamilton dwells upon this distinction with something of the fondness of an original discoverer, and as it has been lately brought rather conspicuously forward in certain theological discussions (relating to our conceptions of the Infinite), it is impossible for us to pass it over in silence; although it seems very clear to us that if there *are* such contradictory propositions as are here described, we have before us simply a case of *necessary ignorance*, not of necessary truth. So far as speculation is concerned, and unless some human interest or desire gave its weight to one of the two propositions, there would be simply a suspension of judgment, and no belief or conviction, and certainly no knowledge, at all.

> "It is agreed that the quality of necessity is that which discriminates a native from an adventitious element of knowledge. When we find, therefore, a cognition which contains this discriminative quality, we are entitled to lay it down as one which could not have been obtained as a generalisation from experience. This I admit. But when philosophers lay it down not only as native to the mind, but as a positive and immediate datum of an intellectual power, I demur. It is evident that the quality of necessity in a cognition may depend on two different and opposite principles, inasmuch as it may either be the result of a power, or of a powerlessness, of the thinking principle. In the one case it will be a Positive, in the other a Negative necessity." *

After giving some instances of the Positive necessity, as the notions of existence, the intuitions of Time and Space, he continues:—

> "But besides these, there are other necessary forms of thought which, by all philosophers, have been regarded as standing precisely on the same footing, which to me seem to be of a totally different kind. In place of being the result of a power, the necessity which belongs to them is merely a consequence of the impotence of our faculties."

And then he proceeds to state some instances of this "Contradiction and Excluded Middle." But first, we are not told why experience should not be a sufficient guide to the recognition of a limit to our knowledge, or to the recognition of these contradictions; and, secondly, we do not feel that he has made out his cases of contradicting propositions. We do not find, for instance, two *contradictory* propositions as to the Infinite or the Eternal.

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* Vol. ii., p. 366.

As Sir William Hamilton's philosophy was brought forward by Mr. Mansel in his Bampton Lectures to support a rather remarkable line of reasoning, * we must beg that a distinction be drawn between two very different statements which our metaphysician has made relating to the subjects of the Infinite and Absolute. The one we admit, the other is what we are at present disputing. That every cognition must exist of two terms, at least, and a felt relation, appears to us an evident and important truth; and that therefore the Absolute or Unconditioned cannot be a direct object of human knowledge, we think, must be admitted. This law of our thought Sir William Hamilton enunciated with singular force in his review of M. Cousin, afterwards republished as an *Essay on the Unconditioned.* He there shows that the Infinite cannot be known, *per se*, in a positive sense. Our positive conceptions are necessarily of the Finite. The infinite is only known in relation to the finite. Draw any circle, large or small, there is always an infinite space beyond it —an infinity which embraces the circle itself. But the other statement which he has made, in conjunction with this, and which is more especially dwelt upon in these lectures, is of a quite different and very disputable character—namely, that we have *contradictory* notions of the infinite forced upon us. We find limit or imperfection, not contradiction. And indeed how can Sir William Hamilton make his two statements consistent with each other? He says, in the one statement, this and this only is your notion of the infinite; he says, in the other statement, that two opposite notions have an equal validity.

"Now, then, I lay it down as a law which, though not generalised by philosophers, can be easily proved to be true by its application to the phænomena:—That all that is conceivable in thought lies between two extremes, which, as contradictory of each other, cannot both be true, but of which, as mutual contradictories, one must. For example, we conceive space—we cannot but conceive space. I admit, therefore, that space indefinitely, is a positive and necessary form of thought. But when philosophers convert the fact, that we cannot but think space, or, to express it differently, that we are unable to imagine anything out of space—when philosophers, I say, convert this fact with the assertion, that we have a notion,—a positive notion, of absolute or of infinite space, they assume, not only what is not contained in the phænomenon, nay, they assume what is the very reverse of what the phænomenon manifests. It is plain, that space must either be bounded or not bounded. These are contradictory alternatives; on the principle of Contradiction, they cannot both be true, and on the principle of Excluded Middle, one must be true."†

It has been often said that our knowledge and our being lies between two infinities and two eternities—the infinitely great, the infinitely small, the eternal past, the eternal future. We look out on both sides with a conviction that there *is* no limit. This is all the conception of infinity we can possibly have. But the doctrine that our knowledge lies between two *contradictions* is quite another and most fallacious statement. Where are the contradictions? Are they such as are really left to us as the last result of earnest inquiry, or are they the product of a logical dexterity taking advantage of the undeniable obscurity of the subject? We have never had much respect for these ingenious antagonisms or "antinomies" of the reason. With regard to Infinite Space, Sir William Hamilton himself tells us that we can have no positive conception of it; we think of a circle perpetually enlarging, and always having a *without* and a *within;* this illimitable *beyond* is our only infinite, and it is just as clear to us whether the circle we imagine be three feet in diameter, or whether it embraces all the known stars. But after having taught us this, it is mere sophistry to say that the opposite proposition of a "bounded space" is equally valid because we cannot in a positive manner represent to ourselves the "unbounded."

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* In the review of Mr. Mansel's lectures in our July number we were unable, from want of space, to enter into these peculiarities of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy. Perhaps the following remarks may be allowed to supply the deficiency.

† Vol. ii. p. 368.

"We are altogether unable," says Sir William Hamilton, "to conceive space as bounded—as finite: that is, as a whole beyond which there is no other space." We all admit this instantly, nor can there be any contradictory proposition brought forward to shake our conviction. What is stated here as such is no contradiction. "On the other hand," continues Sir William, "we are equally powerless to realise in thought the possibility of the opposite contradictory; we cannot conceive space as infinite, as without limits. You may launch out in thought beyond the solar walk, you may transcend in fancy even the universe of matter, and rise from sphere to sphere in the region of empty space, until imagination sinks exhausted;—with all this, what have you done? You have never gone beyond the finite, you have attained at best, only to the indefinite, and the indefinite, however, expanded, is still always the finite."* What have we done? We have done all that, when contending for the infinite space, we ever professed to do. We have shown how we might travel in thought for ever and for ever, and never find a limit; we have shown that every limit implies a beyond. It is thus that, under Sir William Hamilton's instruction, we defined or described our notion of the infinite. Our circle may widen for ever, and there is always an inexhaustible beyond. You may call this *beyond* at each moment the *indefinite*, if you please, because our conceptions cannot embrace the inexhaustible; but this conviction, that, from the nature of things it is inexhaustible, remains, and this conviction constitutes our notion of the infinite. It is no contradiction to say that "we cannot realise in thought" the unbounded, if by realising in thought be meant a representation in the imagination, for it is precisely this acknowledged impossibility of presenting to ourselves a last boundary, that constitutes our rational conviction of the infinite. We realise it in thought as such rational conviction.

As with Space, so with Time: two contradictory propositions are conjured up before us which in fact are *not* contradictory. "We are altogether unable to conceive Time as commencing." This expresses the conviction of every one of us, and it constitutes our definition of a past eternity. Let us place ourselves in what epoch we please, there is always the same *immeasurability* behind us and before. It is not a great *interval*, because an interval has a beginning and an end. Take what interval you will, there is at both ends precisely the same *immeasurability* before and after. What is the contradictory proposition? "On the other hand, the concept of past time as without limit,—without commencement, is equally impossible. We cannot conceive the infinite regress of time; for such a notion could only be realised by the infinite addition in thought of finite times, and such an addition would itself require an eternity for its accomplishment."† But it is precisely this acknowledged impossibility by any addition of finite times to reach a beginning of time, or to approach the least nearer to such beginning, that constitutes our definition of eternity. This impossibility stands there as a truth of experience or inference. There is no contradiction to it. If we professed to have a conception of eternity so that the mind's eye could embrace it, then indeed we should be opposed to contradiction.

Sir William Hamilton adds:—"The negation of a commencement of time involves, likewise, the affirmation, that an infinite time has, at every moment, already run: that is, it implies the contradiction, that an infinite has been completed." Sir

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* Vol. ii. p. 370.

† Ibid. p. 372.

William himself could very easily, had he chosen, have solved the riddle he has here placed before us. We have seen it put more simply, thus: There was a past eternity forty years ago; therefore, at this moment, there is an eternity *plus* forty years. The puzzle is made by proposing *to add to the immeasurable.* Every event in time has precisely the same relation to eternity; it has definite and very different relations *to other events.* The two relatoinships should be kept distinct. The forty years *cannot* be measured off from eternity any more than forty feet could be measured off from infinite space. Intervals of time imply a beginning and an end; and only such intervals can be made longer or shorter. The same riddle might be put with regard to infinite space. You might measure forty feet from A to B, and then say, that looking from *A*, there was an infinity *plus* forty feet. But, in fact, position, or measurable distance, is only a relation between two finites. Each finite object bears the same relation to infinite space, whatever relation it has to other finites. The ancient sophist could prove that motion was impossible, or non-existent, so long as he could fix attention exclusively on the relation of each object to infinite space; it is only the relation of object to object that gives position, and consequently that change of position we call motion. In like manner one might prove that the sequence of events was impossible if, instead of looking at the relation between the two events, one could fix the mind on the relation of each to eternity.

Placing ourselves, therefore, under the guidance of Sir William Hamilton himself, we cannot admit that, in our notions of the Infinite and the Eternal, we are exposed to this cruel sport of contradictory propositions, each having equal claim to our assent. We admit his account of these notions, and are happy to find that he produces nothing valid against them. Nor do we hold that the impossibility of conceiving the Infinite, or the Eternal, in any other way than he has described, is in the least adverse to any intelligible doctrine of religion. If we form the conception of God, as Creator, we must necessarily conceive of Him as *in relation to* the Universe. One does not see how anything is gained by the vain attempt to apprehend Him as *the Absolute.* Again, we say that the universe exists in the mind of God as thought. The idea of infinity, then, as applied to the mind of God, *cannot* be other than the same idea as gathered from the universe itself. We know the universe as infinite, we do not know the infinite universe; we know God to be infinite, we do not know the infinite God. No one ever asserted that we cannot know the universe at all, because we cannot know the whole, because we know there is an impossibility that we should ever know it in its infinity.

That this doctrine of truths of a "negative necessity" does not remain idle in the system of Sir William Hamilton, is shown by this, that he ultimately resolves into a truth of this order our idea of Causation. This subject of Causation he has discussed at some length in these Lectures, and we had proposed to ourselves to follow him in his investigations of one of the most interesting problems of philosophy. But our space is exhausted: what we wished to say on this topic must wait some future occasion. We ought perhaps to congratulate ourselves that we have been able, in so short a compass, even in this imperfect manner, to give some account of Sir William Hamilton's doctrines of Cognition. Those who have the requisite leisure will hardly fail to peruse these lectures themselves. They are full of thought; there is much to discuss and to quarrel with; much to receive, and to be instructed by; they are, in every way, a most acceptable addition to our philosophical literature.

SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL,

e constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak
d poor. Being in the circulation it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on
y part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy.
he scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy
od, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal in-
ction. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to
ildren unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says,
I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the
ngs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the sur-
ce, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption which genders in the blood, depresses the energies
f life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have
r less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by
sorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in
e system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly
this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and,
ndeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infec-
on, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the
lood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medi-
ne we supply in

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e most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere
revailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been dis-
overed for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system
om its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scro-
ula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES,
t. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS, and BOILS,
UMORS, TETTER, and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RING WORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and
ERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING
ROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in
ruth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sar-
aparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in
ontaminated constitutions.

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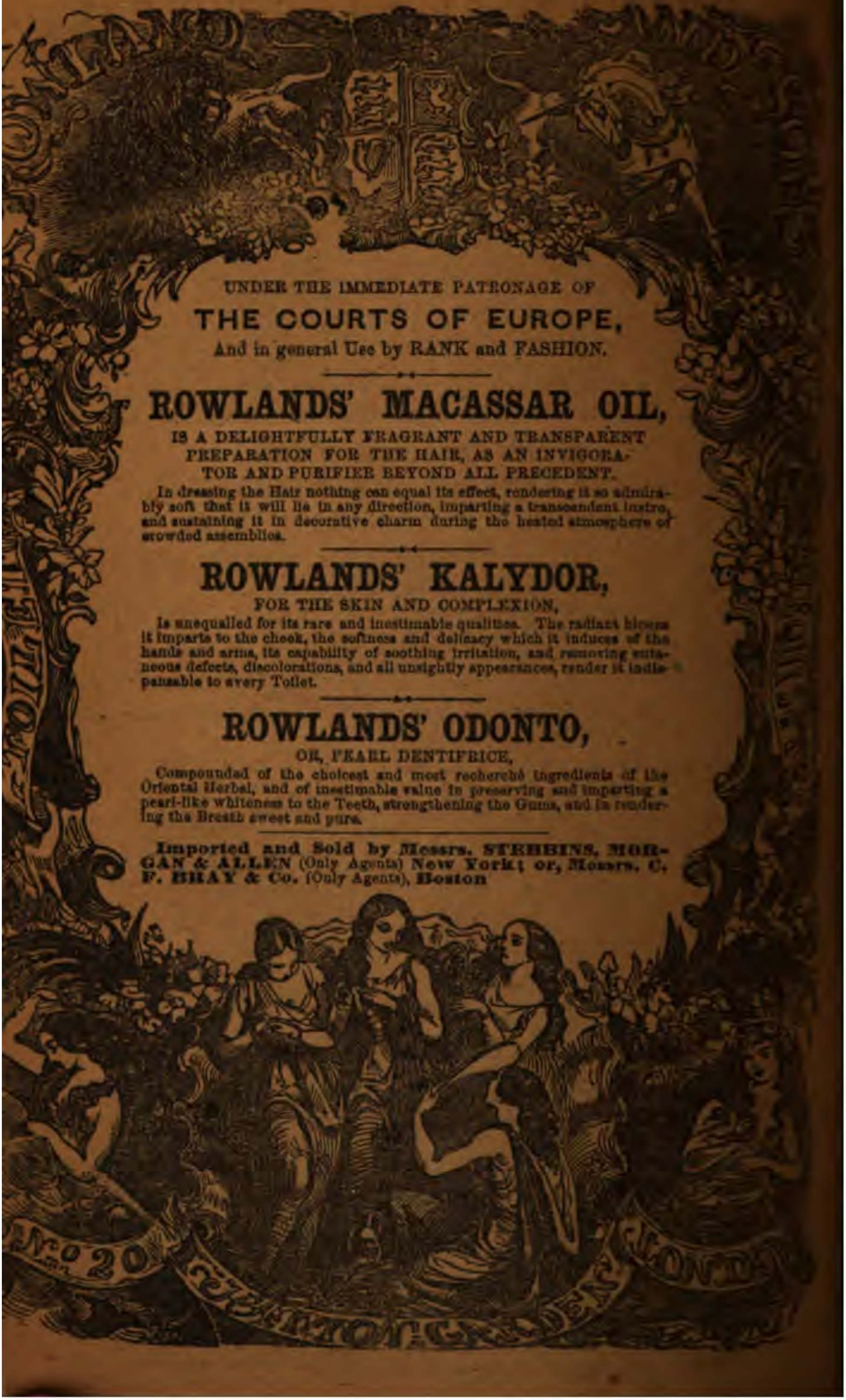

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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

No. DXXIX.

AMERICAN EDITION.
VOL. XLIX. No. 5.

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THE FRENCH ON QUEEN MARY.

Whether it be owing to an impulse communicated by the successful labours of Miss Strickland, or to some other cause, French authorship and editorship have lately been profusely dedicating their services to Mary Queen of Scots. The literature they have favoured us with, besides being divisible into good and bad, consists partly of rhetorical declamation, which belongs in a great measure to the latter category, and partly of original research, productive of new facts and views, which constitutes, beyond doubt, the more valuable part of this literary harvest. The able but bitter inquiry by M. Mignet, which, after appearing fragmentally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was embodied in a separate narrative, is now some years old, and hardly belongs to the more recent series to which the present observations are directed. From the prolific pen of M. Dumas we have a volume of his successive *Crimes Célèbres*, with the title of *Marie Stuart*, amusing enough as a piece of picturesque reading, but not sufficiently important, either for its novelty or any other merit, to deserve lengthened criticism. Lamartine has also published a volume with the same brief title—a volume of which those who are the greatest admirers of his genius, and take the warmest interest in his checkered fortunes, will be disposed to say the least. He takes his facts and his tone avowedly from a somewhat ambitious volume, of which we shall presently have more to say, termed *Histoire de Marie Stuart*, by J. M. Dargaud. But far more valuable, as the result of profound historic research, is the book by M. Chéruel, with the title, *Marie Stuart et Catherine de Medicis, étude historique sur les Relations de la France et de l'Ecosse*. The merit of having produced the most valuable contribution among these French tributes to the memory of our Queen will lie between this book of Chéruel's and another called *Lettres de Marie Stuart, publiées avec sommaires, traductions, notes et facsimile*, by that indefatigable archæologist Jean Baptiste Alexandre Theodore Teulet. His volume is intended as a supplement to the collection by Prince Labanoff, with which the reader either is or is not acquainted. This venerable member of the select circle of Russian grandees, claiming descent from the pristine Rurik, stands conspicuous as a living illustration of the fascinations of our northern Cleopatra. It is related among the triumphs of Ninon de l'Enclos, that she had lovers among the contemporaries of her grandchildren, one of them, according to a questionable legend, turning out to be an actual descendant in that degree. But the fascinations of Mary present to us a far more potent testimony in a living lover, who loves and must love on, as some of the sentimental songs say, down into the third century after that in which the object of his passion breathed the breath of life. The Prince has spent a great portion of a long life in the functions of a knight-errant, vindicating the spotless honour of the lady of his love. If it has not been his lot to put the spear in rest against the caitiff maligners, or to knock on the shield hung outside the gate of the castle where the object of his vows lies captive, he has performed the drearier, if less dangerous, task of ransacking every library in the world for evidence of the innocence of his peerless lady, and has published the result of his labours in seven dense octavo volumes. They are a curious and valuable collection, but rather dryish on the whole; and though the price of the volumes is rather high, we have little doubt that they have been paid for by many more people than they have been read by. The Prince's labours were not directed to the end of discovering the truth—that was already fixed and indubitable as divine truth; he sought in his humble devotion only to collect and record the documents calculated to illustrate it, and bring it home in its full lustre to careless or obdurate hearts. Accordingly, he rejected from his collection as spurious, and in a manner blasphemous, those documents which, in the view of the impartial, throw doubt on the purity of his bright particular star. M. Teulet observes with a sort of dry sarcasm, "*C'est là sans doute une conviction aussi sincère que respectable; malheureusement tout le monde ne la partage pas;*" and he remarks very justly, that to those acquainted with the Prince Labanoff it is quite unnecessary to explain that he is a complete stranger to the volume issued to the world for the purpose of completing his collection.

There is, in fact, a sort of Quixotism in M. Teulet himself, and one cannot help being amused by the enthusiasm for historical accuracy, which has set the one collector and editor to dog the steps, as it were, of the other, and supply his rejections and omissions, in order that the world may know the real truths. There is no getting off with a fond hullucination, or a well-pleaded one-sided theory, while there are archæological detectives to track our steps in this fashion. The two editors are not only honest, but disinterested, each in his own peculiar way. To the affluent and distinguished Prince the cost of printing seven volumes for an unappreciating public would be a trifling addition to the sacrifices made by him in his laborious search over the world for their contents. At the same time, any man, master of the abilities and industry embarked on the supplemental volume, might surely, had he desired it, have found a more profitable and a more distinguished method of employing them. M. Teulet represents a race of archæologists, for whose solid and valuable, but not conspicuous labours, the world cannot be too grateful. In Scotland we owe him much. He edited for the Bannatyne Club two enormous volumes of state papers in the French archives bearing on the affairs of Scotland during the sixteenth century—volumes which will change the aspect of the history of the period in the hands of whoever may next write it. He is the editor also, if we mistake not, of a volume of letters on Scottish affairs from the successive ambassadors sent by Philip II. of Spain to the court of France—a collection which we would find of little service but for his considerate abridgments in clear modern French of the old Spanish letters. The volume by M. Teulet more especially under notice on the present occasion, consists chiefly, but not entirely, of those documents specially bearing on Queen Mary, which he had previously printed in these unapproachable volumes.

One would naturally say, at first thought, that the affair of Queen Mary had been over-written long ago: that there was nothing new to be discovered or said about it in the present generation. Not so, however. Miss Strickland has discovered much that is new; so has Prince Labanoff; so, too, have M. Teulet and M. Chéruel. It is one of the remarkable powers of true archæological science, that it should enable us to be acquiring more and more of the truth about great events of the past, the farther we are marching away from them through the lapse of ages. We can not only prune away the lavish overgrowth of fable which the carelessness and credulity of intermediate historians have permitted to cover up the bare truth of early history, but we can even correct the errors and fill up the deficiencies of contemporary narrators. We can not only prove the early British history, from so great a pen as Milton's, to be steeped in fable, but we can correct and fill up Bacon's annals of Elizabeth—the history of his own age, written by its wisest son. Look at the history of that brilliant scholar Buchanan—not a mere student, but a practical statesman. The early part is all fable, moulded to the political purposes of the writer. But even of contemporary matters—events passin under his eye, as it were, how much do we now know of which he was ignorant! Nor is it of less advantage to the cause of truth that we can sometimes correct both his and other writings where their errors are rather wilful than accidental.

The labours of our French friends bear partly on actual events within Scotland, but in a great measure on the relation of these to foreign affairs. Of the purely Scottish portion we shall perhaps be able to give some rather odd illustrations farther on; the foreign department is far the more valuable. To have a proper comprehension of the wondrous events of this period in Scotland, we must look at them not merely at home, but from the centre of European politics. It will be well to be thoroughly saturated with a knowledge of the contemporary history of France. It is there that we shall find, on a large scale, systematised and classified, the rules of action and the code of morality which, ramifying into this country through the French connection, have seemed so startling and anomalous. The crimes and follies, so astounding when seen in isolated Scotland, cease to astonish, as the chemical phenomena of a travelling charlatan cease to astonish the adept who has gone through a course of study in a university laboratory. If Catherine of Medici were a little more studied, we should have less difficulty in dealing with the phenomena of the life of Mary Stuart. Not that the one had a resemblance to the other; they were as unlike as the profound teacher and the careless easy pupil. Nor were the marvellous criminality and licentiousness which then infested the French Court indigenously French, any more than they were indigenously Scottish; they did not spring out of the original character, for instance, of those French hearty brave Guises of Lorraine. They were brought over straight from Italy, and industriously propagated, producing a harvest which must have fully satisfied the fondest hopes of the importers.

The quantity of slaughter ever crossing these pages makes one so familiar with such phenomena, that Scotland becomes far less of a shambles than her history, studied alone, would make her. Besides the great *battue* of St. Bartholomew, there are the two Guises, father and son, picked off; then the murderer himself, Henry III., making room for the King of Navarre, who also is to be assassinated; and there was the little vacant area which the Queen-mother kept around her by the quiet removal of more obscure victims. One wonders at the nerve of the people who could subsist and "sleep o' nights" at such a Court.

The most careless observer must be struck by the success attending all attempts on life in that age, when compared with later times. Even in France, where they might be supposed to manage such things best, how many abortive shots have been fired at Louis Philippe and the present Emperor of the French. In the sixteenth century your assassins seemed scarcely ever to miss a shot; they were more used to practice, their consciences gave them little trouble, and they did not go to their work clumsily uncertain, and half crazy with excitement, like the regicide assassin of the present day.

And by the way, this reminds us in passing that a curious view is thrown out by these French writers on one of the cleverest feats of this kind which the age produced—the shooting of the Regent Murray by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. No reader requires to be reminded of the picturesque particulars of that deed. There is a well-known romantic story about Hamilton being instigated by revenge on account of the fate of his wife, turned out of her house on a winter night with a new-born babe. This story is not well authenticated, and there is reason for believing that Hamilton acted as the executioner of a doom pronounced on Murray by his enemies in solemn conclave. The arrangement was a common one in those days; it was the shape in which both Rizzio and Darnley were doomed to die, the latter having been, of course, a more formal transaction than the removal of the Italian fiddler: the documents connected with it were indeed carefully revised by counsel learned in the law. Well, to the point about this affair of the shooting of the Regent. In a long letter, full of other and seemingly far more important business, written by Mary to her trusty counsellor Archbishop Beaton, who acted as a sort of ambassador for her in France, there occurs a casual passage which may be thus rendered.

"As to what you write to me from my cousin of Guise, I would wish that so worthless a creature as the person referred to were put out of the world, and it would give me satisfaction if some one belonging to me were the instrument, but still more if he were hanged by an executioner as he deserves. You know how I have this at heart, and how I disliked the understanding held with him by my uncle the Cardinal of Lorraine, which I would willingly have hindered had it been in my power; but to interfere in this matter, where I have no right to direct, is not my affair. That which Bothwellhaugh has done, has been without my command, but I feel under obligation to him, and all the more so than if I had been in the plot. I wait for the accounts which ought to be rendered of my dowry, that I may adjust my establishment, in which I shall not forget the pension to this Bothwellhaugh."* And then the letter passes on to more important though less interesting political affairs.

Prince Labanoff has printed this letter in his collection. It probably contains nothing to astonish a Russian—nor is it anything but a natural letter to those who have read much in the correspondence of the period. Miss Strickland also cites it fairly—a remarkable instance of her candour and honest dealing, since there are people in this splenetic age who would think it inconsistent with the gentleness, purity, and magnanimity arrogated to the character of Queen Mary. It will be observed that there are two affairs spoken of in this cursory passage—the one, an assassination satisfactorily accomplished; the other, an assassination to come off. Who was to be the victim of the latter, and what follower or subject of hers would she fain have seen the instrument? M. Dargaud at once answers both questions, and is followed by M. Lamartine. The person it was desired to put out of the way was the Admiral Coligny, the great leader of the Huguenot cause, who subsequently cost his enemies so much trouble on the night of St. Bartholomew, lest one, whom it was of such special consequence to slay, might escape in the general confusion. By these authors it is set down with equal distinctness, that Bothwellhaugh was the destined assassin. M. Dargaud, indeed, gives a dialogue with an agent of the Guises, in which Bothwellhaugh is made to say that he avenged his own cause and Scotland's—that his carbine is not at the service of every prince, or even monarch, who desires it—that he is a Hamilton, not an assassin. For all that there is no authority—yet nothing is more likely than that Coligny might be the intended victim, while the context of the letter seems to point to Hamilton as the executioner. At the same time there are old traces of a rumour that Hamilton had been solicited in France, where he sought refuge, to repeat the feat performed so effectively in Linlithgow, and that he had indignantly rejected the proposal. The coincidence is curious, and it would be a valuable contribution to our history could some one discover the missing link which would complete the episode.

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* Labanoff, iii. 354.

What we have said of it might be counted a wasteful digression, if the present were a systematic review of the French books before us, or an attempt to digest and arrange their materials. These are, in fact, a great deal too affluent and varied to be exhausted within moderate space, and the present notice of them is professedly casual and unsystematic. Were we to follow out M. Dargaud's treatment of it, we would have to tell of the mysterious awe with which, at Hamilton Palace, he beheld the identical hackbut with which the deed was done, and would have to join issue by explaining that, having also seen the weapon referred to by him, notwithstanding an inscription on it engraved in brass by some eminent maker of door-plates, our belief is that it was constructed by some Brummagem rifle-manufacturer about the period of the American War, or perhaps a little later. But reserving for notice further on some of the special lights which this author has thrown on our country and its history, let us in the mean time cast a glance at the larger issues brought out by the collections edited by our French friends.

The most valuable service of these volumes is, that they bring forth, though still but in an imperfect and fragmentary shape, the very close connection between the fate of the Queen of Scots and the marvellous events which in her day reconstructed the map of Europe. It was an age of great revolutions—of rises and falls of empires—of the disruption of some, and the consolidation and enlargement of others—and all this mighty drama went on with this young Queen of a small northern country, almost as much the centre and pivot of the whole as the heroine of a romance is the centre of all its versatile and marvellous combinations. It mattered not that in her self-will and impulsive attachment she threw herself away, as heroines will, first on a scamp, and secondly on a scoundrel—the one an unequal, the other a decidedly low marriage. It was destined, as if by the despotic will of the author of a romance, that she should be unable to move without carrying the whole elements of the plot with her; and even these wretched marriages had their influence on the development of the great events of the sixteenth century. Let us give but the briefest glance at the conditions by which the accomplished young beauty was surrounded, and it becomes at once obvious how much for Europe and the future rested on her destinies.

It was not alone her possession of extraordinary beauty and mental gifts, even accompanied as they were by the more potent gift of an irresistible seductiveness, that gave her the influence referred to, but the manner in which these fine court cards were played. They happened to be in the hand, or rather in the several hands, of a house which counted within its own family circle a group of the most accomplished, daring, and successful political gamesters of the day. The fortune which made Mary the daughter of a Guise, put a character on the events of the time. Had she been the daughter of her father's first wife, poor gentle Madeleine of Valois, of a far higher house than that of Guise—namely, the royal family of France itself—whatever destinies might have awaited her, it is not likely that they would have been so high. It was not the greatness of her mother's family—they were far below the Stuarts in lustre—but its characteristic of being a pushing rising family, that gave her name its wide influence. During that period and for some time later—so late, indeed, as the construction of the Prussian kingdom—the regal duchies which fell into the hands of clever ambitious families had a way of expanding into kingdoms and empires. The King of France represented but a Duke of Paris, and the

Czar a Duke of Muscovia. It seemed clear to contemporaries that the Guises of Lorraine were to aggrandise themselves into a royal house. They fell by their too eagerly grasping at a great crown, and the ambition that o'erleaps its sell. Their aim was to rule France, and how near they were accomplishing that object we can only now judge by looking back on that age by the light of the present, in which the experiment which was then made, but failed, has been successful. What the Buonaparte dynasty has done for itself, was in fact pretty nearly anticipated by the dynasty of Guise. It is extremely interesting to compare, at the two extremes of such a stretch of time, conditions so unlike in their mere external and incidental characteristics, yet possessing so much unity in their real essence. There was the same restlessness and fickleness among all classes of the French people, the same vibration between anarchy and abject submission, the same insane determination to drive the one principle uppermost for the time to its most relentless conclusions; and what is more to the point, the same thirsting for a leader brave, strong, relentless, and successful. Since the tide turned against Francis I.—since the date of the battle of Pavia, we may say—the French were losing conceit of the house of Valois. They did not satisfy the national craving for brilliancy and success, for the satisfaction of which Frenchmen will at once cheerfully abandon their liberties. France, indeed, was waning in the eyes of Europe before the rising influence of Spain and England, the great representatives of the two contending forces of the age. She thus continued in imminent peril of revolution, until Henry IV. gave the crown the lustre of heroism. Immediately afterwards Richelieu handed over a well-drilled territory to Louis XIV., by whose brilliant career of victories and unjust aggrandisements the lease was effectually renewed, and the Revolution postponed.

Le Balafré, or the Scarred, the head of the Guises, had in the period of weakness and despondency performed the one redeeming achievment which was glorious to his countrymen, in the capture of Calais from the English. He was the most popular man of his day, and he knew how by a subtle diplomacy to make that as well as every other element of his strength tell. There can be no doubt that he was the supreme guiding spirit in that bold movement by which the precious infant was spirited out of Scotland, and carried far beyond the reach of Henry VIII., and the influence of his plans for uniting England and Scotland under his son and her. The next great step was her marriage with the Dauphin. Fortune favoured them mightily at one stroke, when Montgomery poked out the eye of Henry II. in the tilt-yard. A member of the house of Guise was now Queen of France. It does not seem probable that then they looked to sovereignty in France. They were but increasing their power by every feasible means that offered, and the displacement of their niece's husband was not to be so defined. Indeed, it is not likely that the Balafré himself ever thought of the throne of France. It was on his more unscrupulous and restless son that that consummation of their power seems to have dawned.

To the world in general it seemed as if all this fabric of power had toppled down at once with the death of the poor feeble King of France. Queen of France and Queen of Scotland—the two things were as far apart in power and brilliancy as the palace from the cottage, and the latter now only remained. To these restless and ambitious spirits, however, the game was by no means up. The court card was still in their hands to be played again; and though they lost the fortune that seemed secured, there were others even greater within the range of possibilities. No time was lost before their busy brains were at work devising a new alliance. The several available monarchs and heirs to thrones were scrutinised. Denmark and some of the smaller German states were lightly passed over by an eye that looked ever upwards, and at last rested on the supreme pinnacle of European power—the Spanish empire. It was there that whatever France lost had been gained. It was the empire whose monarch boasted that the sun never set on his dominions. As his ambassador Don Ferdinand de Mandosa put it, "God was supreme in heaven, but the King of Spain was supreme on earth." He had brought under his feet the independent states of Spain, snatched Portugal, ruled the greater part of Italy; and though the Dutch were then working out their independence, they were, in the eye of Spain and the greater part of Europe, merely a handful of rebels struggling in a swamp, and earning for themselves condign punishment. He crushed the Moors, and in the conflict afterwards crowned at Lepanto, he had proved himself the champion and protector of Christendom against the domineering Turk. To preserve a full impression of the mighty position of Spain under Philip II., it is necessary to keep in remembrance the traditional ambition of the great continental powers to be the centre of a revived Roman empire, such as that which Charlemagne established for a reign. Spain seemed marching on to this high destiny. France was thrown out in the misfortunes of Francis I. Germany, though nominally in possession of the Cæsarship, had not throughout her scattered states concentrated power to give it vitality. The greatness of England was of another kind—a fresh growth, totally apart from the remains of the imperial system, and supported by the separate vitality of its energetic, free, industrious people. Thus the Spanish monarch had no effective rival in the ambitious course which he was slowly but cunningly and resolutely, pursuing; and when he finally succeeded, his would be a greater empire than ever Roman eagle soared above; for had there not been found a new world on the other side of the Atlantic—the yet undeveloped empire called the "Indies"?

What a position, then, for these ambitious princes of Lorraine, could they get their niece with her possessions of Scotland and her claims to the succession of England, made queen of Spain! With such sources of influence in their hands, it would go hard but that the head of the house of Lorraine ruled in France, be it as Mayor of the Palace, as deputy of the Emperor of Europe, or as actual king. Accordingly a marriage was projected, and all but concluded, with Don Carlos, the heir to the Spanish crown. The project suited admirably with the ambitious notions of Philip II. In fact, like the Guises on the death of King Francis, he had just lost by death the hold he had on England by his marriage with Henry VIII.'s daughter, Mary; and here was another available in its place; for with all the Roman Catholics there was no doubt that Queen Mary of Scotland was the true heiress of the throne of England, and that the overthrow of Elizabeth the usurper was to be brought about by Providence in its own good time, with such judicious aid from the sword as Philip was able and very willing to supply.

There was a dark and subtle spirit, however, which in close quarters might come to be more powerful than the Guises or the King of Spain either, set dead against the match. This was our friend Catherine of Medici, the mother-in-law of Mary. The motives of this terrible woman have been an enigma to historians. And yet there is a view of them simple enough, which tallies pretty well with the facts of history; it is, that she had no scruples of any kind, and let nothing stand between her and her object. If lies could accomplish her object, tell them; if life were in the way, out with it, by bullet, steel, or poison, as may be most convenient, considering time and purpose. Her policy was an engine to be kept going, though nothing but human blood should be available for working it; and as to the nature of her policy,—it was not that of despotism or of liberty, of the Church of Rome or of freedom of conscience, but the enjoyment of self-centred power. It seems to add a new shade to one of the darkest pictures of human wickedness, to say that the author of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had no fanaticism or religious zeal in her; but so it was. As to Philip he was a thorough bigot, who consoled himself on his deathbed by reflecting on the numbers he had put to death, and the quantity of human agony he had inflicted, for the sake of the Church; but as to his rival in bloodshed and cruelty, she would have become a Huguenot or a Mohammedan could it have served her purpose. In fact, hers was just the Italian ethics—the ethics of the Borgias and Cencis—exhibited on a wide field, and guided by a tenacious will.

She had no love for Mary Stuart. The day on which she, the mother of the king, had to give precedence to the young beauty who had become reigning queen, stamped its mark on her black heart. Mary stung the dowager occasionally with her sarcastic tongue; for few were better adepts at that dangerous accomplishment which torments and makes enemies. For all its illustrious history, the house of Medici was an anomaly among the feudalities, from having founded its wealth and power on commerce instead of rapine, and it lay open to sneers as not legimately regal; hence Mary called her mother-in-law the *fille de Marchand*—a sneer which Catherine committed to her dangerous and retentive memory. She was pretty freely accused, indeed, of having shortened her son's life, because she thought she would have more power were he out of the way; and no doubt she was quite capable of the deed. The only thing in which she showed any of the confiding weakness of mankind was in being a devotee of astrology and divination; but these, if they were supernatural, yet were agencies put in the power of man, which she might turn to her own immediate purpose, and which were therefore far more to be respected than the religion which belonged to another world, in which she could not command obedience.

Well, Catherine was against the Spanish match, for the obvious reason that it would render the power of the Lorraine Guises preponderant over that of herself and her sons. She was indefatigable in carrying her point. M. Chéreul has published some of her letters on the affair to the Bishop of Limoges, the French ambassador in Spain. Strange documents they are, subtle almost to unintelligibility, full of ingenious suggestion and eager pleading, with a shadowy half-hidden under-current of menace. It was difficult to bring very powerful arguments to bear against an arrangement so advantageous to both the parties concerned. She tried to make out that it would be extremely detrimental to the Catholic cause, because, if her hand were weakened by the superiority of the Guises, it would be the Huguenot King of Navarre, and not she, who would really obtain the chief influence in France. She endeavoured to work through King Philip's confessor, and several of his confidential advisers. Her daughter was Philip's third wife—to her the most plausible arguments were addressed. It was proposed that Don Carlos, instead of having Mary, should be married to the younger sister of his stepmother, the Queen of Spain. Thus that Queen would have a sister with her, and her position would be strengthened by an alliance with the heir to the throne, on whom her own personal claim as his stepmother would be but small. Catherine even endeavoured to move Queen Elizabeth to her ends by presenting to her a prospect no doubt sufficiently alarming, both for the cause of Protestantism and her own personal interest. But how Elizabeth could have acted in the matter save through the influence of Murray, afterwards the Regent, on his sister, is not very clear. The match, however, was defeated. People so unscrupulous as Catherine are very successful in accomplishing their ends. She had in her employment a countryman of her own, one Bianci or Blanc, as the French annalists call him, an expert confectioner, who got the title of Queen Catherine's poisoner—that being the function by which he was reputed to gain his living. A powerful effect would be produced on the mind by such a thought passing over it as—"well, if I push her to the wall, that woman will poison me." From whatever cause, however, she had her way on this occasion, and one of the most brilliant of the dreams of ambition was dispersed.

So ends the first act; but the tragedy in which the King of Spain, the Lorraine Guises, and Queen Mary, continue to be the chief characters, is not yet acted out. The first casualty is among the Guises. Mary has not long endured her dreary banishment to her own kingdom, when a despatch arrives telling her how the brave Balafré has been murdered by the fanatic Poltrot. The blow is a severe one. The uncle and niece had an abundant fund of common sympathies. Both were princely, not alone by descent and conventional rank, but by the original stamp of the Deity, which had given them majesty and beauty in externals, balanced by bravery, wit, geniality, and high spirit as their intellectual and moral inheritance. She was proud of the great warrior and the wise statesman who had guided her youthful steps to greatness, and he was proud to be the parent and instructor of the most fascinating princess of her age. It was just after his death that the dark days of Mary came upon her. The son who succeeded to him was destined to a lot even more conspicuous than his father's, for it was with him that the crisis of the family's career came. With Mary her maternal house still kept up a close intercourse, but personally their relation had widened. They were cousins now, not uncle and niece, and their intercourse was rather diplomatic than affectionate. Upwards of twenty years have passed, and preparation is made for the chamber of execution at Fotheringay, yet still the chief persons in the drama are the same. A whisper arises and passes over Europe, Is a King of France, a descendant of St. Louis, a grandson of the great Francis, going to permit his sister-in-law, who wore the crown, and yet bears the title of a Dowager Queen of France, to be put to death like a felon? Certainly not. There is a certain Monsieur Belliévre accredited to the Court of Elizabeth, for the purpose of bringing her to reason, and stopping any attempt at violence. He seems to have acted in some degree like the consul who quoted Bynkershook and Puffendorf and Grotius, and proved from Vatel, &c.; and in the text of the inviolability of princes, he quoted Cicero, and referred to Mark Antony, Mutius Scævola, and Porsenna with such apt diplomatic scholarship, that de Thou thought these speeches to Elizabeth, as reported by the speaker, worthy of being incorporated in full in his great History. But in reality Belliévre had a wondrously difficult part to perform, and his big classic talk was all intended to blazen over and hide his real helplessness. Had the King of France determined to act?—that was the critical question. He had come to no such determination, or rather he had determined, if such a term is appropriate, *not* to act, and Elizabeth knew it. His object in the embassy was to hide his real abandonment of his sister-in-law from the eye of Europe. The ambassador, however, had personally too much chivalry for such a task. When he was done with his classical citations, at a long personal interview he at last distinctly threatened Elizabeth, should she persist, with the vengeance of the French government. The virago fired up at this; she put it sharply to Belliévre, had he the authority of the King her brother to hold such language to her? Yes, he had, expressly. Well, she must have a copy of this, under the ambassador's own hand. If Belliévre gave her the genuine instructions communicated to him, they would be found but faintly to warrant his brave words of defiance, for after some rather unchivalric proposals for adjusting the affair without the necessity of a beheading, they contain a vague sort of threat of resentment if they be not adopted.* Elizabeth, after the tragedy was over, wrote a jeering letter to King Henry about this threat, showing how lightly she esteemed it—if not, indeed, showing that there was a common understanding between them on the point. After the execution, which was supposed to take everybody by surprise, the next question was, whether the King of France would avenge it. M.

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* "Si la Reine d'Angleterre ne les met en aucune consideration, mais veut faire procéder à l'éxécution de si rigoureux et si extraordinaire jugement, il ne se pourra qu'il ne s'en ressente comme de chose qui l'offense fort particulièrement."—CHÉRUEL, 165.

Chéruel, who has the inner history of the French part of the affair ready to his hand, says the country was filled with cries of vengeance. He selects as the key-note of this sentiment the words in which it was echoed by l'Ecossais Blackwood:—"Le Roi, parent et beau-frère de cette dame, laissera-t-il son meurtre impuni? il ne souffrira jamais que cette tache déshonore son très illustre nom, ni que telle infamie tombe sur le royaume de France."* But he was just going, with his own hands, to drop a darker blot on his illustrious name. M. Chéruel notices the significant little fact, that when Renaud de Beaurne, archbishop of Bourges, preached a funeral sermon on Queen Mary, in which he called her relations, the Guises, *foudres de guerre*, or thunderbolts of war, he was required to suppress this expression when he published the sermon. The question between the Guises and the house of Valois was coming to an issue; within a few months after the execution of Mary, the first war of barricades was fought on the streets of Paris; a month or two later the Duke of Guise was murdered in the King's audience-chamber, and the family broken. Henry's lukewarmness to Queen Mary had its practical explanation—he was not going to commit himself against a powerful monarch like Elizabeth, either to frustrate or to avenge the fate of a member of the detested family doomed by him to destruction.

The drama is not yet entirely played out. A great scene remains before the curtain drops, in which Spain has to play a part; it has been dictated by the departed enchantress, and is the last, as it is the grandest, instance of her power. The history of this affair, as now pretty well filled up by the documents printed by the Frenchman, is extremely curious, both for the minuteness of the particulars, and the vastness of the historical events on which they bear. It will be remembered that, in her latter days, Queen Mary rested her hopes on the King of Spain, feeling that, unless her cousins the Guises were successful, she need expect nothing from France, and conscious, at the same time, that countenance and help from Spain would be the most powerful means of accomplishing their success. Accordingly, with marvellous perseverance and adroitness, she kept up a close correspondence during her imprisonment, with Philip II., and every new document discovered renders it clearer than ever that it was at her instigation chiefly that Philip undertook the invasion of England.

Mary left behind her a last will, which Ritson the antiquary said he saw, blotted with her tears, in the Scottish College at Paris. It was, like her ostensible acts, a monument of kindness and generosity, performed with a mournful dignity becoming her rank and her misfortunes. All who had been kind and faithful to her, high and low, were gratified by bequests, which were precious relics, more dear than the riches she could no longer bestow. "The names," says Miss Strickland, "of her absent servants who were held captive at Chartley, including Mrs. Curle, Bastian, his wife Margaret, and their children, were not forgotten, although her means of paying the legacies she devised were rather of a visionary nature, consisting chiefly of the proceeds left by her twenty years' law-suit, this having at last been decided in her favour, together with the arrears of her dower pension for the current year, which she earnestly beseeches the King of France to pay, for the sake of her poor destitute servants."† The funds were slender, it is true, yet the legacies were paid. She had issued another will of a more important character, which, with her papers, was seized at Chartley on the occasion referred to by Miss Strickland. This will contained such strange and ominous matter that it was deemed wise at once to burn it; and lest there should be any doubt that it was effectually destroyed, or any suspicion that its purport had gone abroad, Elizabeth burnt it with her own hands. It gave its warning—it showed the enemy—it should go no further on its mischievous path; so thought Cecil and his mistress. But they had to deal with one not easily baffled in the accomplishment of her fixed designs. She confided her testamentary requests verbally to two different persons, on whose fidelity she could rely. Her executor was the King of Spain. The nature of these bequests had not been entirely concealed. James himself, in his lubberly schoolboy-like complaints about his mother, showed that he knew about them. They now make their appearance in the shape of a statement of the reception which the King of Spain gave to the testamentary injunctions. If we are to suppose—which we are at liberty to do—that they were utter falsehoods, invented by the persons who pretended to be intrusted to the King of Spain, there is, at all events, this much of fact in the whole affair, that the King of Spain believed them to be genuine, and acted on them fully and emphatically. It is the record of his so acting that we now possess.

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* Quoted, Chéruel, p. 171.

† *Queens of Scotland*, vol. vii. p. 481.

Gorion, Queen Mary's French physician, was one of the recipients of this deposit. He was commissioned to convey to the King of Spain her desire that he would pay certain debts and legacies, and distribute pensions and other rewards among her more faithful adherents. As to the debts and the smaller recompenses of services, the Queen appealed to his religious feeling, on the ground that to leave the world without the prospect of these things being paid, pressed heavy on her conscience. The sums of money absolutely named in these requests were considerable; and in asking that the pensions of the English Catholics, including the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Paget, Charles Arundel, Charles Paget, Throckmorton, and Morgan, might be continued, she evidently drew upon a liberal hand. Philip appears not only to have unhesitatingly met the larger and ostensible demands thus made on him, but with a religious zeal to have sought out the more obscure objects of Mary's good-will, that he might rigidly perform her injunctions to the utmost farthing. One great injunction still remained—it was that, notwithstanding her death, he would not abandon his enterprise on England—an enterprise devised in the cause of God, and worthy of a true Catholic king. This bequest also, as all the world knows, the King of Spain did his best to carry into effect. There were some little subsidiary services to be performed by him when he had accomplished it. Mary's account with the world had a debtor as well as a creditor side. If the King of Spain could reward friends, it was also hoped that he would be in a position to punish enemies: her last request, therefore, was, that when once master of England, he would not forget how she had been treated by Cecil, Leicester, Secretary Walsingham, Lord Huntington, Sir Amyas Paulet, and Wade, the clever Secretary of the Council, who had discovered the designs of Spain by putting the fragments of a torn letter together.

While the French physician bore to the King of Spain what might be termed the burdens and obligations of the testament, it was commissioned to other messengers—being the Queen's two faithful attendants, Elizabeth Curle and Jane Kennedy—to intimate what may be called the beneficial portion, which was no less than the bequeathing to the King of Spain the crowns of Scotland and England, in the event of her son James continuing obstinate in his heresy. It is with almost ludicrous gravity that M. Teulet says, "Philippe II. accepta sans hésiter les charges d'une succession qui lui offrait des éventualités si avantageuses." Advantageous eventualities indeed—but, as they proved to the executor, calamitous realities.

Within eighteen months after the death of Mary, the Armada was in the Channel. It was the last grand explosion of the ancient crusading chivalry—an expedition to restore the Catholic Church to its supremacy, and at the same time to carry out the dying wish and avenge the wrongs of an injured woman and a holy martyr. The great actual drama is now completed, and it is wonderful with what a close contiguity in time its long-suspended issues complete themselves. Early in the year 1587 Queen Mary is executed; in the summer of the ensuing year the Armada comes forth and is destroyed. That winter the Duke of Guise is murdered and his family crushed; and again, before another year passes, the perfidious perpetrator of the deed, Henry III., is murdered by a Popish fanatic, who thus clears the throne for the leader of the Reformation party.

From this great epoch history starts afresh with new actors, who are to bring out a new development of events. The mighty empire of Spain from that period collapses like the bankrupt estate of an over-sanguine trader, who has risked all his capital on some great adventure ending in shipwreck. A powerful little colony of industrious Protestants rises up where her yoke has been thrown off in Holland. France is no longer in the hand of the Guise or of the Medici, but is ruled by one who, if he dare not be Protestant, will at all events be tolerant. In the balance of the European powers, Protestantism, if not predominant, is at least made secure. But what is not the least important fruit of these rapidly-succeeding events, and certainly for us the most interesting, is, that from that epoch begins the virtual, though not the nominal, amalgamation of Scotland with England in one country, having the same enmities and the same friendships. The long history of the French alliance, with all its interesting and even endearing associations, was now to come to a close for ever, and Scotland, bidding adieu to the chivalrous and hospitable stranger with whom she had sojourned in many a path of common difficulty and danger, was to return to the people of kindred blood from whom unfortunate events and evil deeds had so long severed her.

The light thrown upon the later history of the Scoto-French alliance is one of the most instructive and attractive portions of these French collections; and amidst the many recollections of rivalry and animosity which are so apt to be recalled whenever we review the past of France and Britain, it is pleasant to find Frenchmen keenly interested in bringing to light the acts of mutual friendship and support which bound at least one portion of the British empire to a close friendship with their country.

On the origin of this alliance much historical nonsense has been written. The ordinary books which go back to our earlier history tell us of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Charlemagne and Achaius, king of the Scots. Charlemagne was not a man to make such alliances, even had he found an Achaius at Holyrood, with a secretary for foreign affairs, and a well-arranged diplomatic service, instead of having a vague idea that somewhere in the northern parts of this island there were one or two rough chiefs, ruling over each his own wild tribe of Celts or Scandinavians. The French alliance arose in far later times, and its object is immediately obvious to all who pay a little attention to the tenor of our history. When the ambitious Norman monarchs of England made their attempts on the liberty of Scotland, foreign aid was of course valuable for the protection of those liberties after they were restored under the banner of Bruce. On the other hand, to France, always at war with England, nothing could be more important than to have an ally at the door of England, to give her battle, and keep her at work within her own island. The bargain was very well fulfilled. Scotland did keep England effectually at work, and many a time saved France by turning the armaments prepared against her upon a tough, tormenting, and profitless enemy at home. Matters went well with this league until there came to be a great inequality between the two friends, and their union was like that of the giant and the dwarf. France, from its position, was a power ever enlarging itself; Scotland was necessarily stationary. In the time of Henry V., adversity pressed heavily on the French, and they gladly accepted as a great boon the services —the protection it might be rather called—of the hardy adventurers who went to find their hated enemies of England on the plains of France. Nor was France ever ungrateful or ungracious to the Scots individually. She opened her purse liberally and kindly to them, petted and caressed them, and indeed endowed them with privileges and immunities which their own people must have beheld with envy. As France increased in central power, however, by the junction of the great fiefs, her territorial intercourse with Scotland assumed a tone which the proud northern could ill bear, even if he personally enjoyed—as the majority of course did not—some private advantage from the august alliance. There arose a party sternly opposed to their country becoming a province of France; and it seems probable that it was their determination to accomplish an emancipation from such a fate that made the Reformation so rapid an affair as it was in Scotland. Indeed, from the documents which have been more lately brought to light, it appears that these apprehensions were by no means groundless; for when Mary became the wife of the French king, there was evidently very little intention among French statesmen to preserve inviolate the separate independence of the crown of Scotland. On the contrary, they had fallen into a way of speaking of Scotland rather as a possession than an ally—as something which the French monarch had to dispose of; and had the Scottish people been supine, the supposition would have strengthened, until it would have been thought as preposterous to question Scotland's belonging to France as it now is to question the supremacy of the British sceptre over the Orkney Islands. In fact, as M. Teulet's documents show, it was once matter of serious consideration whether Scotland should be an appanage, to be enjoyed by a second son of France. Contemporary with such things was the regency of Mary of Guise, and its employment of Frenchmen in the high offices of state, while all the bitterness thus created was sedulously fostered by emissaries from England.

Scotland was indeed then suffering under the proverbial evil of being at the mercy of two friends, the one pulling to the right, the other to the left. Of the labours of Queen Elizabeth's emissaries in Scotland, Throckmorton, Walsingham, Sadler, and Randolph, we have full accounts, which have been well ransacked and instructively commented on. But the no less interesting negotiations of the French emissaries in Scotland have hitherto been little studied; nor, indeed, could they easily have been so until they were gradually brought forth from their hiding-places in foreign libraries and public offices by the zeal of the archæologists of France. They are not less interesting from the glimpses which they afford of the designs of France, than from the picturesque descriptions which they contain of events which it is profitable to see from as many sides as possible, and which certainly often acquire a new shape and character when seen through the eyes of the accomplished and acute foreigner employed to report on them to the Guises, or Catherine of Medici. The most remarkable in accomplishments and wisdom of these French ambassadors, Michel de Castelnau de Mauvissière, was alike conscious of the importance of the Scottish alliance, and of the almost hopelessness of recovering it. After a lively description of the miseries of the country when tortured in the terrible wars and plunderings of Morton, he says, "Je suis et serais toujours d'opinion qui'il n'y a nulle alliance au monde que la France doive avoir plus chère que celle de ce petit pays d'Ecosse."*

Castelnau was one of the really great men whose eminent labours, wasted on tough and hopeless materials, can only be estimated by close inspection. As M. Chéruel well observes, we will find more of the true spirit of the actions of the day, and the men engaged in them, in his letters and memoirs, than almost anywhere else. He was one of those statesmen whose fate it is to struggle for great ends, which their masters, the heads of the government, will not back through with the necessary energy. As M. Chéruel says, he had in the interests of France to fight Elizabeth in Scotland, and Philip of Spain in the Netherlands. His memoirs show that he beheld with a grave sorrow, partaking of despondency, the exterminating spirit and bloody deeds of both the parties, the

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* Cheruel, p. 111.

League and the Huguenots, who each struggled in his own country, not merely for existence but for mastery; and his experience of this rude contest gives an air of practical wisdom and staid sagacity to his remarks on our own quarrels, which, fierce as they were, hold altogether a smaller space in the world's history than the contemporaneous quarrels of the French. Hence he narrates some of the most marvellous incidents of Scottish history with a quiet distinctness, which, instead of subduing, rather tends to give power and emphasis to the narrative, when it is felt throughout that it is by an onlooker deeply grounded in a practical knowledge of similar events. He it was who came to Britain charged by Catherine of Medici with two matrimonial missions—whether they were sincere or sarcastic, let him tell who can. In the one, she proposed to the austere Elizabeth an alliance with Charles IX. of France, then a boy of thirteen. Whether Catherine knew it or not, the virago had that peculiar weakness when anything matrimonial was proposed, that she would play with the suggestion as long as it would keep alive without serious discussion. She remarked cleverly enough to Castelnau, that the King of France was both too great and too little a match for her—too great in his power, too little in his youth. But she did not let the affair drop off for some time, writing herself to Catherine, and otherwise bandying it about in a manner sometimes bordering, but never transgressing on, the serious.

His other matrimonial commission was to offer Mary the Duke of Anjou as a husband. It was not very well received, and he observed in the beautiful widow the haughty and restless spirit of her uncle the Cardinal. She was angry, he thought, with the court of the French Regent, for having come between her and the match with Don Carlos. While it was in her mind to make an ambitious match, she would have none but a truly great one, and she freely spoke of Don Carlos's younger brother, who was subsequently offered to her, as the selfish fortune-seeking beauties in fashionable novels speak of detrimental second sons. To drop from the heir of the Spanish empire to a prince with neither dominions nor prospects, was not a destiny to which she could reconcile herself. Yet it was while Mary was dealing in this way with a second offer of the same kind, that the acute diplomatist saw growing in her bosom an attachment for a far more obscure youth, whom his mother the Countess of Lennox had brought up very oddly, having taught him from his youth to dance and play on the lute. The man of the world was puzzled somewhat by this phenomenon, and looked for an explanation of it to a cause deemed in his day, among sensible men, a very practical one—he thought that there was some influence *d'enchantements artificiels* in the passion of Mary for Darnley. Of the sad and tragic events which followed he was a careful observer, and in some respects indeed he was an actor in them, having frequently to attempt the vain task of the peace-maker.

La Mothe Fénélon, an ancestor of the great bishop, is another French diplomatist whose papers contain interesting vestiges of the history of the period. He it was who was received, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, at the court of Elizabeth with a solemn and ominous gloom, which had more effect on him than all the virago's furious scoldings. He was a personal friend of Queen Mary, holding a kindly intercourse with her in her captivity. It was from him that she commissioned the costly foreign tissues which she employed in her matchless needlework; and he performed for her many other little services. Some of the letters relating to such matters are a refreshing contrast with the formidable documents among which they are scattered.

Casual mention of Castelnau and Fénélon may be found in our ordinary histories. In these the reader will probably look in vain for anything whatever about Charles de Prunelé, Baron of Esneval and Vidame of Normandy. Yet he was sent to Scotland on a mission so critical, that, as far as externals go, the subsequent fate and history of the British empire might be said to turn on its results. He was sent over to Scotland in the critical year 1585 to make a last effort to continue the ancient alliance of Scotland and France. Now, doubtless, it may be justly said that such a mission was, when weighed among the events of the world's history, a mere formal trifle, since the march of events towards an amalgamation with England had already doomed the French alliance. Still, we poor human creatures must note the tendency of human progress by its outward elements: a battle here, a negotiation there, a royal death or marriage, are incidents forming landmarks in history. Were it merely as the parting scene between two old national friends, the last effort to keep up the friendship of France would have its interest. But in reality it was a mission of real practical importance, since it put the question to issue, as lawyers say, which was to fix the destinies of Scotland, and in a great measure those of England. That such a mission should pass unnoticed by historians, and wait for centuries to be spoken of, is one of the illustrations of the truth that the tendency of history is not fully seen by contemporaries; the importance of many events has to be fixed by the posterity which sees the development, and can proportion to each other the relative importance of the several parts.

The instructions to d'Esneval urge on him with reiterated emphasis the support, or rather the restoration, of "l'antienne amytié, alliance et voisinance qui ont toujours esté entre la France et l'Escosse." The tone of the document partakes somewhat of the patronising spirit which had characterised the French treatment of her ally for some half a century. The ambassador is not merely accredited to a sovereign prince; he has to do with the people too, as if he were sent from a superior authority entitled to adjust their relations to each other; and he is directed to use his influence to bring the people to obedience, and a proper sense of their duty to their sovereign. This effort was made at a juncture when the French government could not afford to quarrel with England, and was in mortal terror of the Guises at home. It came upon King James at that ticklish time when his mother was in imminent danger, and yet when there were strengthening in his favour the chances that, if he behaved well, and committed no piece of folly, he would some day be king of England. In the whole affair, as in all others, he behaved like an exaggeration of a heartless, greedy, grasping schoolboy, snatching at whatever he could get without caring for consequences. He had half-authorised emissaries at the courts of France and Spain, and at several other places—Romanists who could not obtain actual diplomatic credentials, and whose acts he could disavow if he thought fit; nor was it at all to his inconvenience that these zealous men were apt to go far beyond the bounds of his dubious verbal instructions, since that gave him the better excuse for repudiating their proceedings. when it was necessary. Not a year before the mission of d'Esneval, the Lord Seton, the ardent uncompromising supporter of Mary, and Catholicism, appeared at the French Court, commissioned, as he maintained, by the actual ruling power in Scotland, to ask certain aids and concessions from France. He pleaded that the old league should be restored, and that France, like an honest faithful ally, should rescue the Scottish Queen from her captivity. Among other stipulations were the restoration of the Scottish Guard to the full enjoyment of those privileges in France which they had bought with their blood, the payment by France of a body of Scotsmen serving in Scotland—a very unreasonable-looking proposal—and certain privileges of trading. These proposals were coldly received; all that Henry III. would give to the juvenile Solomon was a pension of twenty thousand livres, which M. Chéruel, who has seen the brevet granting it, supposes was very ill paid. This embassy, whatever was the authority for it, took place a year before Esneval's to Scotland. There had been great changes in the mean time, which, if they rendered Mary's condition more dangerous, had increased the chance of her son's concession to the throne of England. The same series of events—the fall of Arran, namely, and this league with England—alarmed the Court of France, by pointing to the total extinction of the French alliance; and it was hence that d'Esneval was sent to offer as much of the rejected Scottish demands as France could afford to give. It will be of course remarked that, in all these matters, there were longer heads at work than those of the youthful King; but the instincts of his selfish, narrow heart taught him to co-operate in them. He could, if he had thought fit, have broken through all the diplomatic trammels surrounding him, and struck a blow for his mother's life. He had no conscientious principle to restrain him from such an act, though he had a strong dislike for Popery on the ground on which he hated Presbyterianism—because it interfered with the will of kings. His ruling principle was well enough expressed in his remarks to Courcelles—interim ambassador in the absence of d'Esneval—that he liked his mother well enough, but she had threatened, if he did not conform with her religious views, that he should have nothing but the lordship of Darnley, like his father—that she must drink the ale she had brewed—that her restless machinations had nearly cost him his crown—and he wished she would meddle with nothing but prayer and serving God. The chief figure in this group of selfishness, meanness, and cruelty, has to be supplied in Queen Elizabeth seizing and committing to the dungeon an unfortunate who had fled to her for protection—grudging her the expense of suitable clothing and food in her captivity—insulting her religion—wanting to get somebody to assassinate her, and at length, when the wished-for death could not be brought about without the forms of law, pretending that she desired it not, and endeavouring to throw on others the blame of the deed.

And yet how wonderfully has all this, which seems so foul and unseemly in romance, tended to one of the most wonderful and blessed of historical developments! Let us suppose King James, under the generous impulse of youthful heroism, drawing the sword in his mother's cause, and France, with chivalrous devotion, sending her armies to avert insult and cruelty from one who had sat as a queen on the throne of St. Louis. Let us imagine Queen Elizabeth, invested with the natural instincts and impulses of her sex, kindly disposed to a persecuted sister—yielding to the impulses of her heart—marrying, and leaving a progeny behind her. Had the dark annals of the age been thus brightened, the glorious history of British power and progress would have remained unwritten. With how much longer waiting—through what series of events—the two kingdoms would have fulfilled their natural destiny and come together, are speculations in the world of the unreal which can receive no definite answer. We only know that, however it might have otherwise come to pass, the beneficent conclusion arose out of acts of baseness, selfishness, and cruelty, as a tree grows from decay and putrescence. Even what remained of good and generous customs among these unworthy powers, the kindly old French alliance, was doomed to extinction. The Frenchman who has brought together the curious notices of its progress and termination which have elicited these cursory remarks, after having noticed the faint resuscitation of a French interest in Scottish affairs when the Covenanters appealed to Louis XIII. against Charles I., concludes his task in the following appropriate and pleasing terms:—"L'Ecosse s'est de plus en plus identifiée avec l'Angleterre, et, il faut bien le reconnaître, toutes deux y ont gagné. L'Ecosse a reçu en compensation de l'indépendance nationale, une puissante impulsion; industrie, sciences, littérature, philosophie, tout y a prospéré. Une sage regularité, une observation patiente et ingénieuse, une probité proverbiale, ont remplacé la loyauté un peu sauvage, le fanatisme puritain, la fougue indisciplinée des anciens Ecossais. De son côté l'Angleterre a conquis la securité: tranquille dans son île, elle a pu porter au loin son activité guerrière et commerciale.

Une alliance de moins pour la France, une province de plus pour l'Angleterre, voilà le résultat d'une politique tour à tour faible ou passionnée, fanatique ou indifférente."[*] In strict propriety, the import of these remarks should have suggested the metamorphosis of l'Angleterre into Grande Bretagne before their conclusion; but where there is so much that is honest and generous in sentiment, it would be invidious to criticise the nomenclature too closely.

The most valuable portion of these French books consists, as we have hinted, in their foreign department. We must have a word or two, before concluding, on their handling of internal affairs in Scotland; but we warn our readers that these words, if not entertaining, have certainly no pretensions to be instructive, so that the searcher after useful knowledge will find nothing in them to his purpose. Generally speaking, these authors might have been saved a good deal of useless inquiry, and several inaccuracies in its results, had they paid more attention to the carefully filled pages of Miss Strickland's narrative, which, however people may differ in opinion about her conclusions, is a marvellous monument of earnest research, developing itself in exact, and at the same time, picturesque detail.

The professed antiquaries, let us remark, such as M. Tuelet and M. Chéruel, are generally correct in their nomenclature. They are accustomed to records, and to the rendering of the words in them with precision. Those whose writings profess dash and originality are not so accurate. There seems in general, indeed, to be a peculiar inaptness in the French mind to comprehend foreign institutions, and accurately to use a foreign nomenclature — be it for institutions, persons, or places. All the anecdote-books swarm with the mistakes—uttered in a very positive manner—which have been thus committed. Indeed, a sort of national self-sufficiency teaches our neighbours to carry their verbal variations out of the category of mistakes, and set them up as standards, there being a French way, and a purely native way, of naming every place and person. We have a few national variations, but they are rare. We are content to say Paris and Boulogne with the French; but they must say Londres, and for Edinburgh their old name was Lislebourg. No one travelling in France ever heard his name pronounced by *conducteur* or *douanier* as he offers it, and as it is spoken at home. We are reminded of this national peculiarity by M. Dargaud when he gives his brilliant description of the marriage of Mary and Darnley, where the Queen is served by "Les Comtes Atholl, Sewer, Morton, Caver, et Crawford." We might attribute the appearance of the Earls Sewer and Caver to extremely careless correction of the press, were it not that some other manifestations of M. Dargaud's acquaintance with the time and people of whom he writes raise a strong suspicion that he may not even now be aware that on that occasion Atholl performed the part of Sewer, and Morton of Carver. There are surely not many British readers of French books who would suppose that a *maître d'hôtel* is a personage like the Master of Ravenswood, or that a *chef de cuisine* indicates the chief of some Gallic clan; although, by the way, *per contra*, there is a story of a potentate of the North having his card printed off for a visit to Paris as that of the Chef de Clandonochy, or some such name, and in consequence receiving the honour due to an experienced cook.

M. Dargaud is more seriously at sea when speaking of the miseries encountered by Mary at Tutbury. He mentions, among other incidents, that one evening she saw the murdered body of a faithful member of her own church dragged out of a well into which he had been thrown for his fidelity; and one morning she found that a priest had been strangled in a chamber adjoining to her own. These were not the shapes in which tyranny was usually practised even in the tyrannical age of Elizabeth. Madam Cottin wrote a novel or romance called *Malvina*, laying the scene in Britain, and, so far as we remember the plot — it would be too troublesome to read the book over again for the present occasion — the chief incidents of it are, that a fascinating French widow is prevailed on, with much entreaty, to give her hand to an English duke; that his relatives, angry at the *mésalliance*, prevailed on the attorney-general to issue a writ of *habeas corpus*, under the authority of which the young duke is transported to a colony in the West Indies, while the audacious partner of his guilt is thrust into a dungeon in the lord-lieutenant's castle. (It does not occur to the authoress that here are the occasion and circumstances for a veritable *habeas corpus*). And there is no way of liberating the heroine save by the dexterity of a devoted physician, who incurs in his task the risk of that feudal vengeance which is so terrible in this aristocratic country.

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[*] Chéruel, p. 175.

Did it ever occur to you, reader, to figure to yourself John Knox in Parliament? If not, you will find his position there set down by M. Dargaud, who, after the manner of Plutarch, compares him with other eminent members, noticing his peculiarities in debate, and in a prettily turned sentence balancing his wisdom and his ardour against Lethington's easy eloquence and knowledge of foreign affairs, and Morton's audacity and dexterity in domestic intrigue. What a pleasant thing all these balanced sentences and comparisons would be, were it not from facts standing behind which make nonsense of them. Knox is a character difficult for a Frenchman of the nineteenth century to deal with, though he took his lessons from a Frenchman of the sixteenth — namely, Cauvin, whom we call, from his Latinised name, Calvin. There are many marvellous statements about his personal habits, for which it would be difficult to find authority; and which, indeed, make one wonder in vain where the author could have got his hint of them. It is some comfort to feel assured that the characteristics of the following, which we do not venture to translate, must have been suggested by the habits of the Celtic seer, in the *Lady of the Lake*:—"Tous les soirs très tard, il s'endormait au bruit d'une cascade de la montagne. La chute harmonieuse et monotone de cette grande nappe d'eau pouvait seule calmer l'agitation formidable de ses pensées"—(p. 193).

"Couched on a shelve beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream."

M. Dargaud, in a pilgrimage to Scotland, grounded himself as well as he could in subtantial and apparent facts, for the purpose of enabling him to write his bold personal sketches. The materials he had to deal with in the instance of Knox were meagre and unpromising enough; however, he made good use of them. There was the "statuette du docteur," which he saw in the High Street — a well-known piece of rude carving by some ambitious mason, who intended to symbolise Moses. There is little suggestive in this statuette; but a picture in Holyrood is pronounced to be the veritable "docteur imperieux et terrible de l'idée nouvelle," and furnishes an object of much eloquent raving. Any picture in Holyrood professing to be a portrait of Knox, can only be one of the many pieces of rubbish collected there for the benefit of ignorant tourists. Of course, M. Dargaud saw the interesting stain on the old floor, which has miraculously survived its burning by Cromwell's soldiers. He throws his whole force on this phenomenon in a separate line, "Ce sang est resté ineffaceable."

But M. Dargaud met with wonders in Edinburgh denied to the eyes and ears of the common herd of tourists. He gives a succinct account of the manner in which Darnley was put to death before the house of the Kirk-o-Field was blown up to conceal the deed. This account is carefully culled from the traditions which he collected "au pied de l'église expiatoire bâtie sur ce funèbre lieu"—the expiatory church built on the scene of Darnley's murder! The statement suggests uneasy suspicions as to the stories that may be palmed off upon confiding tourists in such show-towns as Edinburgh. It is proverbially known that the inhabitants of a country have an extremely imperfect notion of the conditions under which strangers see and feel it. The citizens of a town know little of the charges and accommodations of the inns, and are diffident in passing judgment on them when asked to give counsel to strangers. For all that is generally known, there may be a peculiar race of guides or *valets de place* among us, who trot out the susceptible stranger. We have a suspicion, that in the tourist districts very wonderful things pass current in this manner. But the guide who so far fathomed the French historian's appetite and discretion, as to show him the expiatory church on the scene of the death of Darnley, must have been an honour to his profession. M. Dargaud is an inveterate hunter after traditions, and finds them in the most unpromising ground. Thus, he found among the cottars of the counties of York, Derby, Northampton, and Stafford a well-preserved description of Queen Mary riding along, surrounded by her maids of honour, and followed by the ferocious dragoons of Elizabeth. He might about as well go to the coast of Kent and gather an account of the appearance and costume of Julius Cæsar on the occasion of his celebrated landing in Britain; and perhaps M. Dargaud would say, like Meg Dods, "And what for no?"

Tradition is a pleasant enough thing in itself, but a very slippery material for making history of. In a country where people read, it is generally nothing else than a bad version of the last popular printed account of the affair, if it be not itself entirely founded on some work of genius. In the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine the whole series of incidents in the *Lady of the Lake* have got as substantial a footing as any traditions have anywhere. Scott has peopled our country with new treasures of this kind of lore. Our author, with his powerful digestion, has swallowed not a little of it. Thus, we are told that the Regent Murray would not have been pierced by Bothwellhaugh's bullet had he had the precaution to put on the "souple et impénétrable cotte de mailles," the work of Henry Wynd, the celebrated armourer of Perth. This coat of mail must be about as imaginary an article as a sermon by the celebrated hypocrite Tartuffe, or a cameo from the collection of the Count of Monte Christo. If we are to have history founded on such materials, it were well to put the right tradition in the right place. So when we have Queen Mary at Hamilton with her followers, after her escape from Loch Leven, displeased with their inactivity, she resolves to raise them by one of those "symboles familières au génie des peuples du Nord." Accordingly, she sets before the assembled barons a dish prepared by her own royal hands. The cover is lifted, and behold—a pair of spurs! Universal applause and enthusiasm follow—the war-cry is sounded, and all leap to the saddle to conquer or die for their Queen. Everybody is familiar with this as a Border legend, of the method which the goodwife took to remind her husband of an empty larder. There is a certain license, perhaps, to be permitted to an author of rhetorical and popular tendencies, who is speaking of a foreign country, and is apt to get inveigled between the real and the ideal. There are things coming near his own door, as a Frenchman, however, of which so ambitious a writer might be expected to know more than he seems to do. Doubtless the pretty lines beginning—

"Adieu plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie,
La plus chérie,"

were long attributed to Queen Mary, and cited as critical evidence of the impossibility of her having written other things so far lower both in morality and genius. But a French writer ought to have known that the piece was written by Meunier de Querlon, a clever miscellaneous author of the middle of the last century.

It were a pity that these petty criticisms should find their way to the author, and disturb him — he is on so good terms with himself. Amazed, apparently, at the success of his book, he thinks it due to the world to tell its history from the germ. It sprouted one rainy day, it seems, in the year 1846, when the author, driven for shelter into a book-stall, asked for the Letters of Machiavelli, and, not obtaining them, was obliged to take the best chance volume which presented itself, and thus secured one which we take from his description to be Tytler's *Vindication of Queen Mary.* Hence his literary destiny was fixed for a term. He made the voyage to England and Scotland. He explored the collections, the museums, the ancient portraits, the rare engravings, the traditions, the ballads, the lakes, the sea and its shores, the mountains and plains, the fields of battle, the palaces, the prisons, all the ruins, all the sites, and all the innumerable traces of the past—the enumeration is the author's own, not our travesty of it. He then explains how lifeless all history is without topography; and thus, with much simplicity, sets the reader on the watch to find whether his own topography is quite accurate. We begin with Mary, a happy child in the island of Inch Mahome, in the Lake of Menteith. That she enjoyed the national ballads and legends, and listened with delight to the pibroch, "sorte de mélodie guerrière exécutée sur le cornemeuse," is a statement which it would be difficult to disprove were it worth while; but the author, when he describes her bounding over the rocks at early dawn, is at once contradicted by the fact that the island is a bit of meadow as flat as a carpet. There is no doubt a great contrast, especially in these days of tile-draining, between the fruitful plains of the lowlands and the highland Grampians. But the author's vivid picture of Queen Mary's enjoyment of the contrast in the northern tour ending in the battle of Corrichie is utterly thrown away, since in the course of that journey the country she passed over is an almost continuous track of bleak, low, uniform acclivities. The neat allusion, also, to the Queen's encounter with Bothwell, at that very Cramond Bridge where her father had so singular an escape, is equally thrown away, since, if we admit the adventure with the Guidman of Ballangiech to be matter of history, the place where Bothwell met the Queen was not there, but at Fountain Bridge, a suburb of Edinburgh.

These are trifling matters, it may be said—but if an author sets up topography as so essential a part of history that he boasts of having made great journeys for the purpose of achieving it, he may as well make it accurate. Perhaps some readers may say it is not worth while examining, in this fashion, such a book as M. Dargaud's must be. But the fact is, that the book has its merits. It has a great fund of eloquence and picturesqueness, and has achieved for itself a name in France. Farther, the work has been the text of another and a greater author, for whose genius and fate we have so much respect and sympathy, that we forbear saying what we might say about his contribution to the history of our country.

VAUGHAN'S REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

What are called philosophical histories are, and will be, on the increase. By philosophical are meant histories that concern themselves with the people and the nation more than the individual king or governor, and dwell more especially on those wide causes which advance or retard national prosperity, quite independently of the action of the monarch and the minister — which indeed mould, or produce, the monarch and the minister themselves. But we must not imagine that this is an altogether novel manner of writing history, or that kings and emperors, and the chiefs of the republic are to quit the stage, and we are to be occupied only with abstractions and generalisations on the undistinguished multitude and the great classes into which a people is divided. It is quite right that more attention than has been hitherto paid should be given to those great movements in which a whole people participate, or which are so generally shared that they do not distinguish any one individual from the throng. The most important movements in society are of this description — as the gradual progress in industry and wealth, or that gradual enlightenment and extension of knowledge which the man of genius or extraordinary power advances, but which he also, in the first place, shares, or he would not have been the man of genius, nor have exerted any influence on his contemporaries. It is right that we should look attentively at all those movements which the whole human race may be said, in fitting circumstances, to manifest; for thus only shall we get a correct idea of the great course, the wide general current of history; thus only shall we understand the providence of God, as displayed in the progress of human events. Fix your regard exclusively on kings, or courts, or military conquests, and history appears a game of chance: a fit of the gout may dismiss a minister, and decide the question of peace or war and all that may depend on this. But when it is seen that there is a steady under-current which, sooner or later, makes king and minister and conqueror subservient to itself, history is reinstated in its dignity, and we are able in some measure to trace here, as in the rest of the creation, the operation of great and beneficent laws. But although this is most right and indispensable, it does not follow that the old biographical mode of writing history can be dispensed with. Individuals who, sharing any general movement of the mind, have gone farther than the rest, and become the types and guides and leaders of their age, must always retain their conspicuous place in history; and the prime agents of whatever great thing has been *done*, must inevitably hold the chief place in the narrative. Such men, whether in the realm of thought or of action, are not only the great agents of progress or of change, but the world is best studied in them. In them are seen revealed the obscure, unspoken, unacted sentiments of the great multitude. Moreover, it is surprisingly little that history would have to record at all, if it confined itself to the general movements of society as displayed in the mass of mankind. How stealthily proceed the great movements of industry and public opinion! A people is visited and described as rude savages, painting their naked bodies, living in huts, unable to construct a larger dwelling even for their gods, and involved in miserable wars, which have no other object than that of mutual destruction. Two or three centuries elapse, and the curtain rises again upon the same people: they are decently clad, are building houses and ships, are engaged in commerce, are growing corn and exporting it. You ask what produced the change. Sometimes you are referred to a specific cause—as intercourse with a more

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Revolutions in English History. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Vol. I. "Revolutions of Race."

advanced people; but, in the end, you have to fall back upon the general energy and activity of the human being, the promptings of desire, the want that is the mother of invention, and the new desire that springs up even from the new invention, and which conducts to still greater activity and to new modes of industry. There would be very little history if you could abstract it from biography.

Dr. Vaughan, who distinguished himself long ago by his *Life of Wycliffe*, and who has since distinguished himself by many excellent criticisms in the periodical he so ably conducts, the *British Quarterly Review*, will not need to be reminded by us of the claims of biography, although in the present work he has adopted what we have called the philosophical type of history. Our remarks are made for the reader rather than the writer of history—for the student who, if he would attain an effective knowledge of history, must learn to generalise widely, and also to enter as minutely as possible into the lives of the great actors in the past. The two modes of study should be conducted together, and will be found mutually to aid each other. In his present work Dr Vaughan intends to group together the leading facts of English history, so as to reveal, at a glance, the progress of the nation. A work of this kind cannot be superfluous, if it is worthily executed; and the honourable position which Dr Vaughan has earned for himself in both theology and literature, gives us a guarantee that this will be the case. The specimen before us we have read with interest and improvement. We should particularise the ecclesiastical portion of the history as being executed with especial care, and as remarkable for the spirit of justice and liberality it displays. In his preface he says:—"The question to which this work is designed to present an answer is—What is it that has made England to be England? My object is to conduct the reader to satisfactory conclusions in relation to this question, by a road much more direct and simple than is compatible with the laws to which the historian usually conforms himself when writing the general history of a nation." An assistance of this nature, as he justly adds, cannot be otherwise than acceptable; and with regard to those earlier periods of English history with which this volume is occupied—those which are filled with the confused movements of the Celt, the Saxon, and the Dane—nothing could be more serviceable than an intelligent summary of such leading and general facts as are admitted to have stood the test of examination.

"Revolutions of Race" is the subtitle prefixed to this first volume of the work. If our author has nowhere, so far as we remember, formally defined the sense in which he uses the term *Race*, it is, we presume, because he apprehended no mistake could arise on this subject. On theological grounds, if on no other, Dr Vaughan would trace the origin of the whole human species to one pair; he could not, therefore, acknowledge that there were any differences of race analogous to those which a naturalist assumes when he speaks of differences of species. Differences there are amongst the several portions of mankind—differences of a more or less permanent and hereditary character—differences as great, and far greater, than those on which the naturalist often founds his classification; but they have been brought about by climate, food, occupation, and other circumstances. Such are the distinctions which our author evidently understands by *race;* and, indeed, if there ever were such differences as those which fall under the science of the naturalist, they are lost and confounded among the superinduced differences which are traceable to long habits of life. It may be that, in comparing the inhabitants of the several quarters of the globe, as Africa and Asia, the question whether there were or were not several primitive races of mankind, would force itself upon our attention, and claim to be discussed and decided on; but in Europe, and within the historic period, the races the historian has to deal with are great clusters of human beings bound together by the same language, and assimilated by a long subjection to the same influences, whether on mind or body. Such clusters are broken up and mingled together, and in the course of time new ones formed by new combinations. Yet while they last, they are marked with certain general characteristics, and we may speak with perfect propriety of their infusing fresh vigour, or a new spirit of freedom and of energy, into other populations, which in some respects had been less happily circumstanced.

It follows inevitably from the nature of the distinctions implied, that there is a considerable vagueness in the use of the term *race* by our best historians. We find, for instance, our present author speaking at one time of the Normans and Saxons as two different races; whilst at another time, when speaking more strictly as an ethnologist, he admits that Normans, Saxons, and Danes were essentially the same race. The fact is, that we classify nations or populations, according to their similarity, into certain groups, and then we further classify these groups into still more extensive groups or orders. To both classifications we popularly give the name of race. The word *sub-race* is used by some, but the word is not naturalised, and, moreover, there would still be endless discussion as to that last group of nations which should finally be honoured by the title of *race*. Should we, for instance, give it to Teutonic and Celtic populations, or describe these as *sub-races* of some great Caucasian stock that we oppose to the Mongolian? At present we must bear with an inevitable vagueness in the use of the term, leaving the meaning of the author to be made clear by the context. It may be convenient to speak of the several nations that have assisted to people this island as so many races, without thereby implying any ethnological theory whatever.

"Revolutions of Race" very well applies to the earliest epoch in our history. From the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the conquest of William the Norman, what a scene of confusion, what change, and shifting, and commingling of population does our island present! The elements, we are accustomed to say, are being mixed, combined, and controlled into a national unity. It is a mere *rudimental* England that we hitherto see. Men lived, however, we may presume, strenuous in their own purposes, Celt or Saxon, quite unconscious that they were thus preparatory to the development of the future nation. We, too, we suppose, are in some way preparatory! Every generation is, more or less, subsidiary to its successor. Let us hope that Briton, and Saxon, and Dane had their due share of human joy; they had their full share, at all events, of human energy, and that is much the same thing. Preparatory to the future England all this shifting and commingling of races may be, but we confess we should be hard put to it if we had to prove that the Saxon could not have done very well without the Norman, or to show in what especial manner the Danes contributed to our progress in civilisation, or why even the Britons alone might not have been the ancestors of the modern Englishmen.

As, however, what *might* have been is always a somewhat vague and useless inquiry, it is the wisest course to extract what consolation we can from the actual sequence of events. Thus, if the Normans, in their conquest of England, acted the part of cruel and ruthless oppressors, pillaging the Saxon of his lands, and governing always for the interest of a dominant class, it is some consolation to reflect that the hand of this powerful despotism was welding the whole country, with its diverse populations, into one united kingdom of England and Wales. This kingdom, under our Henrys and Edwards, took finally the form in which it was destined *to grow*. Let us, so far as space permits, follow our author up to this point—follow him in these revolutions of race, till, under the Norman, England has become, in his own language, "to be England."

Our author was too wise to practise upon our patience by long dissertations on the ancient Britons. What can we know or learn of those twenty-five tribes who are said, at the invasion of Julius Cæsar, to have occupied England and Wales and the Lowlands of Scotland? Who cares now about the Silures, or the Brigantes, or the Sceni? We have not knowledge enough to sustain our curiosity. It might indeed be desirable to know more of them than we do; and it would still be more interesting if we could know something of that prehistoric people who are thought, by our antiquarians, to have preceded the Brigantes and the rest of the twenty-five; but in the hopeless obscurity which envelops both subjects, curiosity dies out. We plainly perceive that there must have been considerable differences amongst these tribes. Cornwall had long ago been discovered by the Phenicians, and had enjoyed some of the advantages of commerce. As Dr. Vaughan observes, "The Britons of Cornwall, with their long beards, long tunics, and long walking-staves," were a very different kind of people from the Britons of Kent, whom Cæsar describes as half naked, or clad in skins, "staining their bodies with woad, and covering them with purple figures." This last custom, however, Dr. Vaughan is not disposed to look upon as a flagrant instance of barbarism. "Not necessarily barbarian," he says, "inasmuch as it has been common among British seamen within our own memory." But with all our admiration for the British tar, we suspect that if these tattooed and blue-stained seamen had been the chief inhabitants of Great Britain, our island would not have escaped the charge of barbarism. "The design," he adds, "could hardly have been to give fierceness to their aspect; it was the effect rather of a rude love of ornament." In such light we who have had the advantages of Captain Cook's voyages (and know, therefore, more of savage life than Julius Cæsar), have been in the habit of regarding it; but the rude love of ornament which leads to a defacement of nature, has been always received as one of the plainest indications of barbarism. It is an indication, we must admit, that may be found amongst nations reputed to be civilised — for civilisation and barbarism are matters of degree, and a civilised nation may retain a barbarous custom. We have been lately told that the Japanese are a civilised people, but they retain the very barbarous custom of blackening the teeth. The Chinese have the odious custom of deforming the feet of their women. Still there is no one more indisputable sign of barbarism than this blindness to the beauty of the human form, as nature has left it. This is not one of the questions of taste which each country determines for itself without hope of any settlement. A Chinese shall assert to the end of time that a Chinese woman is the most beautiful of women; we have no hope, and no wish, to shake his conviction; but he will not always think that his beautiful woman is improved by having two *pegs* substituted for two *feet*.

If not absolute savages, we suspect that the majority of our British ancestors were decidedly barbarians. Those who fought from war-chariots must, as Dr Vaughan observes, have had amongst them the arts of the smith, the carpenter, and the wheelwright. But when he adds, "Such men would be capable of building houses, and of producing furniture, after a manner unknown amongst nations in the lower state of barbarism," he infers too much if he intends to say that they therefore did build houses or construct furniture, which, in our estimation, would rank on the same level as their war-chariots. The instruments of war are generally the first brought to perfection. The working in metals especially receives its great impulse from war. It may be worth noticing, that a Roman, describing the war-chariot, might speak of *scythes* attached to the axle. They resembled scythes to him: they were *swords* in the eyes of the Briton, who probably had no such instrument as a scythe. "Then," continues our author, "there was the harness, which, rude as it may have been, must have been adapted to the purposes by many arts that would have their value in many processes besides that of harness-making." We give them the full benefit of the harness; we will suppose it constructed of the skins of animals, reduced into a serviceable leather; yet we cannot infer that any cobbler or shoemaker had seized hold of this leather and made serviceable shoes of it

And whole ages may have passed between the manufacture of the most gorgeous harness and that supreme work of the tailoring art—under which Carlyle in his clothes-philosophy, and in his typical way, has written the motto, *Sic itur ad astra*—the leather breeches. Many a race of car-borne heroes had lived before such an invention was given to mankind. So slow and capricious has been the progress of the arts of peace. Our Norman ancestors built halls to live in fit for the gods, and strewed them with rushes that were very soon fit for swine.

Their religion, at all events, had taken a form suitable only to rude and violent natures. Scholars may trace Druidism from the East, and find in it the reflex of great truths and sublime doctrines, but the rites of the religion tell us plainly what it was in the minds of the British worshippers. Whether it is to be ranked under the forms of Monotheism or Polytheism matters little. All depends, in religion, on the conception formed of the being who is worshipped; and horribly false must that conception have been which led to human sacrifice, and that as an ordinary ritual. We see a form of piety calculated to enrage men, and throw them into a state of frenzy. Dr. Vaughan introduces, very aptly, a passage from Tacitus, which will well bear reperusal. Suetonius is crossing the Menai Strait to attack the island of Anglesea, the stronghold of the Druids. "The shore of the island was lined with the hostile army, in which were women dressed in dark and dismal garments, with their hair streaming to the wind, bearing torches in their hands, and running like furies up and down the ranks. Around stood the Druids, with hands spread to heaven, and uttering dreadful prayers and imprecations. The novelty of the sight struck our soldiers with dismay, so that they stood as petrified, a mark for the enemy's javelins. At length, animated by their general, and encouraging one another not to fear an army of women and fanatics, they rushed upon the enemy, bore down all before them, and involved them in their own fire. The troops of the enemy were completely defeated, a garrison placed on the island, and the groves, which had been the consecrated scenes of the most barbarous superstitions, were levelled to the ground." *

We are told, it is true, that the Druids were lawgivers as well as priests. They may have therefore performed for the Britons the indispensable function of the magistrate. Let this not be forgotten in the estimate we form of them. But if we were challenged to point out the one pre-eminent advantage which accrued to Britain from the conquest of the Romans, it is precisely this—that it separated the magistrate from the priest. The first great step in human progress is made when the priesthood become legislators; the second great step, when they cease to be so—when jurisprudence, honoured for its own specific ends, is committed to the civil power. This boon the Romans brought to us much earlier than we should otherwise have attained it, though, as is the manner of conquerors, they taught us the lesson by a very severe process.

The Romans do, in fact, discipline and mould us into a province of the empire—something we learn of the arts of peace. But we have just been recognised as part of the civilised world, when we are relinquished as a distant possession not worth the trouble and expense of retaining.

The Caledonians, hardly kept out by the wall of Antoninus, come down upon the Britons, under new names, it seems, of Picts and Scots, and the Saxons land upon the sea-board, pillaging, destroying, and making settlements. Evidently a great "revolution of race" is approaching.

We thought that Hengist and Horsa had been reduced to the condition of mythical personages; or that, at all events, it was confessed that nothing distinct had descended to us of the first landing and settlement of the Saxons. Dr Vaughan, however, contends that Hengist and Horsa are historical persons, and relates as a credible narrative their transactions with Vortigern, British king or British chief, localised somewhere "near the Thames." We would very willingly retain within the pale of history the stories told of Hengist and Horsa and of Vortigern, if only some probable and consistent narrative could be constructed out of them. We might overlook the fact that the venerable Bede, venerable as he is to us, lived yet two centuries after Vortigern, and that we have no means of testing the authorities on which he framed his narrative; we might accept at once the authority of Bede as the best we had, and there leave the matter, if the account of the venerable monk was the only one we possessed, and was satisfactory in itself. But several traditions, improbable and contradictory, have descended to us, and we have no means of testing how far any of them are founded upon truth, and therefore we are compelled to submit to a mere suspension of judgment, or an acknowledgment of ignorance. We give Dr Vaughan's statement of these traditions.

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* Page 37.

> "Our *Saxon* authorities relate that in the year 447 or 449, Vortigern, a British chief near the Thames, invited two Saxon chiefs, named Hengist and Horsa, to assist him in repelling an invasion by the Picts and Scots; that these chiefs, who were brothers, landed in Thanet, a portion of Kent separated from the mainland of that district by a river; that the Saxons soon chased the Scots from the lands they had devastated; that with the consent of Vortigern, the Saxon force in Thanet was increased considerably; that this increase caused distrust amongst the Britons; that the increase of pay thus made necessary led to disputes; that these disputes issued in open war; that after a long series of conflicts, victory declared in favour of the Saxons; that Hengist became King of Kent, and in the year 488 bequeathed his authority to his son Æsca, having exercised it fifteen years.
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> "Our *British* authorities say that Hengist and Horsa were exiles in search of a home; that the increase of the force in Thanet was treacherously managed; that the design of that movement was to conquer the country; that Hengist had a beautiful daughter named Rowena, who, when the Saxon and the British chiefs were over their cups, was employed to present a goblet to Vortigern: that Vortigern fell into the snare thus laid for him by becoming enamoured of Rowena, so as to be prepared to barter the kingdom of Kent as the price of possessing her person; that in the wars which ensued Vortigern was disowned by his subjects, and his son Vortimer raised to sovereignty in his stead; that for several years Hengist was compelled to seek refuge in his ships, and to subsist by his piracies; that at a feast afterwards given by the Saxon leaders, some three hundred British chiefs were treacherously murdered; that the only one of the British chiefs who was spared was Vortigern; and that, notwithstanding the alleged unpopularity of this prince, to secure the liberation of Vortigern, the people of Kent, Sussex, Middlesex, and Essex consented to receive Hengist as their king."*

Here there are three different accounts of the manner in which this unlucky Vortigern brought the Saxons into the kingdom, or was instrumental in procuring them a settlement in Britain. 1st, He invites them to assist him against the Scots, and calls in a master as well as an ally. This is the most probable story, and, if an invention, it is moulded on the classical type of history, or, in other words, is an imitation of well-reputed narratives. 2d, He barters his kingdom for the fair Rowena, the daughter of Hengist. 3d, His people consent to receive Hengist as their king in order to ransom Vortigern, who has been taken prisoner. Thus the Saxon has three separate titles to his kingdom, —conquest, barter for Rowena, and ransom for Vortigern. What is described as the *Saxon* account is far more probable than the *British*, but in the absence of all contemporary record, and in the presence of opposite tradition, mere probability cannot be allowed to have much weight. An age that has some tincture of learning invents differently from the more rude and wonder-loving age. A classical age would set to work to

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* Page 123.

explain any given event in a different way from a romantic age. An air of greater probability would naturally belong to the *historical hypothesis* of the later age, and therefore, where there are circumstances which lead us to suspect that, in fact, we have nothing better than an historical hypothesis before us, this air of probability must not be allowed to betray us into too ready an acquiescence. We find no *historical evidence* bearing on these worthies Hengist and Horsa, and their dealings with Vortigern.

This is clear, that Angles, Jutes, and Saxons come over in great numbers — conquer and settle — carving out small kingdoms for themselves. And when we understand what manner of people they were, we can safely acquit Vortigern, or release him from any grave responsibility. He was altogether a quite unnecessary person in the drama. The flocks, the pasture, the corn of Kent gave sufficient invitation; the power to hold and possess gave sufficient title. It was the only title they were likely to concern themselves about. They came and spread themselves over the island. The Britons almost vanish from our view, and there rises before us the Saxon Heptarchy.

The Heptarchy, from its foundation, was a species of confederation, and one of its princes possessed a precedence over the rest, under the title of *Bretwalda.* Disputes for this title gave rise to their first wars amongst each other. Ella of Sussex, Ethelbert and Kent, then a king of Wessex, are described as successively the Bretwalda. In 627 Edwin of Northumbria bears the title, and with him it seems to have been joined with a substantial power — to have been something more than the honorary presidency over the Saxon confederation. But this *Bretwaldaship* does not rise, as might have been expected, into the *kingship* of England. The title dies down, and the office is not heard of for some time, when conquest and predominance of power elevate one of the Heptarchy to be king of all England. The office of Bretwalda probably arose at a time when the Saxons had a common enemy to protect themselves against in the Britons or the Scots; when they felt secure in their possessions, it would cease to have any substantial utility.

The history of England under the Heptarchy is a very confused business. It is like the attempt to follow the course of a river that divides itself into six or seven branches, some of which again divide themselves for a time, and then reunite. It will aid the imagination (as Dr. Vaughan suggests), if we keep steadily in view the three great states, Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex, and recollect that these three form a crescent, one point of the crescent lying upon a boundary somewhere near Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the other point terminating at Cornwall. The hollow of the crescent will be filled up by Wales, and beyond the outer line of it, and stretching towards the English Channel and the German Ocean, will lie the kingdoms of the East Saxons, Sussex, Kent, and East Anglia.

During the dark period of the Heptarchy, Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex chiefly occupy the historian. If any one of these can be more violent or criminal than the other, Northumbria seems to have this bad pre-eminence. Its ill fame had reached to foreign countries, and Charlemagne stigmatises these Northumbrians as "a perverse and perfidious nation, worse than pagans." Mercia, with a powerful rival on either side, and such turbulent neighbours as the Welsh along its western borders, must have been always ready for battle, if it was to remain an independent power. It comes before us conspicuously under its King Offa. Offa wages successful wars against Kent and Wessex, and the Britons. Against the latter he constructs an embankment and trench, known as *Offa's Dyke,* separating Mercia from Wales. Offa comes in relation with Charlemagne. Certain of his rebellious thanes have fled to France, and the emperor acts as mediator. Matrimonial alliances are projected. Charlemagne asks the hand of a daughter of Offa for one of his illegitimate sons. Whereupon Offa, in return, requests the hand of a French princess for his eldest son, Egfurth. This presumption offends the pride of the great Emperor, and the treaty is broken off.

This daughter of Offa was afterwards sought in marriage by Ethelbert, king of East Anglia. And this introduces us to a tale of treachery, which our author shall tell in his own words. It is as good a specimen as any of life amongst these Saxon princes, if by any such honourable title they deserve to be called.

> "Ethelbert was young and accomplished, and possessed of many estimable qualities. Approaching the borders of Mercia, the young king despatched a messenger with presents, and with a letter stating the object of his errand. In reply, assurance was given of a cordial welcome; and on his arrival, himself and his retinue were received with every apparent demonstration of respect and good feeling. As the advance of the evening brought the feasting and merry-making to a close, Ethelbert withdrew to his chamber. Presently a messenger sought access to him, and stated that the king wished to confer with him on some matters affecting the purpose of his visit. Ethelbert at once followed the footsteps of his guide. But the way led through a dark narrow passage, and there, from invisible hands, the confiding youth received a number of wounds which at once deprived him of life. Offa affected surprise, indignation, the deepest grief; he would see no one, and so on. But history points to his wife as having suggested this atrocious deed, and to himself as having consented to it. It is enough to say that Offa seized on the domains of his murdered guest."

Offa did not long enjoy the possessions gained by his guilt: he died at the end of two years. His family became extinct in his son Egfurth, and subsequently Mercia had to yield to the rising power of Wessex.

It is to Wessex we must look for a king sufficiently powerful to unite all England in one monarchy. We find him in Egbert, who had passed a portion of his life in exile, in the court of Charlemagne, where he received a higher instruction both in the arts of war and peace than he could have done in his own hereditary kingdom. The only surviving descendant of Cerdric, the founder of Wessex, he returned to an undisputed throne. He subdued the Britons of Wales, and attacked the Mercians. "The victory of Egbert," we quote from our author, "over Beornwulf of Mercia, in 823, enabled him to assert his sovereignty over the East Saxons, Kent, and East Anglia. Sussex was already a part of Wessex. It only remained that Northumbria should acknowledge his supremacy. In 828 that acknowledgment was extorted without an appeal to the sword." Egbert thus became first king of England, or (reviving the title) the eighth Bretwalda.

But while Egbert and his successors in the kingdom of Wessex were doing their best to unite England under one monarchy, lo! a fresh inundation of barbarians and heathens! — fresh hordes of "Northmen," not even Christianised in name, come to dispute the very possession of the island. The Danes descend from their long vessels — burn, destroy, pillage, and then retire to their homes. Some of them seek a home on the soil itself. These last live under some amicable treaty with the Saxons, but are suspected of inviting fresh bands of their own countrymen to come and share the spoil. Nay, what seems inexplicable to us in our imperfect knowledge of the events, Danes are raised to posts of confidence and of command, and are said to betray their trust in favour of their countrymen. Ethelred the Unready, after injuring the cause of the Saxons by his timidity and his craven compromises, injured it still more by an act of extreme cruelty and treachery.

> "Twenty-four years had passed since the accession of Ethelred, and the greater part of those years marked by the circumstances above mentioned, when the king resolved on a deed which has covered him with infamy, and which, as might have been foreseen, was to bring heavy retribution in its train. It was no secret that the Saxons regarded the Danes resident amongst them with distrust and hatred. The relation of these people to the common enemy, and still more the fact that they had generally shown themselves much more disposed to favour them to repel the invaders, had given a special intensity to the feeling ordinarily separating race from race. Ethelred, it would seem, had ceased to

expect fidelity from this class of his subjects; and, to save himself from the machinations of traitors within the camp, he determined that an attempt should be made utterly to destroy them.

"In the spring of the year 1002, secret orders were issued that, on the approaching religious festival in honour of St. Brice, the Saxons should fall unawares upon the Danes, and put them to death. The orders were kept secret; and on the appointed day the massacre ensued, the fury of the populace in many places adding not a little cruelty to the work of destruction." *

Whatever was the extent of this massacre (on which very different opinions are held), it very certainly brought with it "a heavy retribution." It brought down upon the island the great Danish chieftain Sweyn, with a force so large that almost the whole country was placed at his mercy. After four years he was bought off by a sum of thirty-six thousand pounds of silver. But he returned again. Had he not sworn on the death of his sister, one of the victims of the massacre, to make himself monarch of England? He did so; but just at the point of success he died. His son Canute fully accomplished the design, and England had a Danish king. Finally the Danes and the Saxons were interfused: these other heathens became also Christians; they were a bold race, perhaps less phlegmatic and more ardent than the Saxon. Our author suggests that we may in part owe to this race of the sea-kings that love of the sea, that passion for maritime life and battle, which distinguishes us. Speaking quite physiologically, a race that conquers another cannot prove otherwise than a favourable intermixture.

The subject of the conversion of the Saxons, and through them of the Danes, to Christianity, is not likely to lose any of its due importance in the hands of Dr. Vaughan. It is carefully and ably treated. What is known of the Christianity of the Britons under the Roman Empire is briefly told. Who first taught Christianity in this island is now past finding out. The legions of Rome would inevitably bring it with them; as a province of the Empire, the new religion would be sure to extend into it. But Dr. Vaughan dismisses as fond fables the derivation of our faith from an apostle, or some companion of an apostle. Some of these stories are easily disproved by a mere reference to chronology. The Britons who found in the mountains of Wales a shelter against the Saxons, retained their religion; but there is no proof that either these, or any other portion of the earlier race, had extended their religion amongst the heathen invaders. Some preparatory influence they may have exerted, but the conquerors cannot be said in this instance, as in so many other instances, to have adopted the religion of the conquered people. Christianity came, or came most effectively, to the Saxons from its central seat at Rome.

But this was not the only course by which Christianity reached our heathen population. Every one knows the story of Pope Gregory, of the compassion felt by him at the sight of the Anglian children exposed in the marketplace of Rome, and of the mission of Augustine, which was the result of that compassion; but the extent of our obligation, to St Columba and his monks, spreading their doctrine from the island of Iona, is not so generally acknowledged. As St. Columba emigrated from Ireland, and as the Irish Church lays claim to great antiquity, there may be here some source of comfort to those who are desirous of diminishing their debt as much as possible to the See of Rome. We, for our part, should be interested in the fact, simply that we might give due honour to the pious fraternity of Iona. Whether their form of Christianity was in any respect more pure than that which Augustine taught, may admit of doubt; they were certainly as credulous and superstitious as any of their contemporaries; but their missionary zeal was ardent, and free from the least taint or suspicion of ambitious motives.

"It will be seen," says our author, "that the northern half of Anglo-Saxon Britain was brought to the profession of Christianity by the direct or indirect

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* Page 168.

influence of the disciples of Columba. Through Bernicia and Deira the influence of the Scottish missionaries extended to East Anglia, to Mercia, and even to Wessex. Gratitude is due to Pope Gregory, and to the ecclesiastics sent forth by him to this country. Their intentions were generous, and their labour in a great degree successful. But had no thought of Britain ever occupied the mind of the pious Gregory, or of the monk Augustine, it is clear that Britain would have been evangelised. Had the work been left to the brotherhood of Iona, it would have been done."*

On the form of Christianity which we received at this time from Rome, Dr Vaughan makes some very judicious and candid observations. An historian as well as a theologian, he cannot fail to be aware that the religious faith of men, however pure in its origin, and though drawn in the first instance from inspired lips, must partake of the general degradation of the intellect, and again rise as the general intelligence is cultivated. A heathen people must take some of their heathenism with them into Christianity, or they cannot pass over at all. Certain broad notions of what religion *is* they must carry with them, or find in the new faith. If, for instance, a miraculous interposition of God is of the very essence of their religion, they must still believe in this, under new names and conditions, or religion itself would be lost to them. As Dr Vaughan justly observes,—

> "Heathen priests everywhere laid claim to prophecy and miracle. They made the interference of their gods in human affairs to be perpetual. They pointed to a hereafter of happiness, or the contrary, as awaiting those whom they were wont themselves to pronounce as worthy or unworthy. The Christian clergy had to deal with these pretensions. They did so by claiming miraculous powers for the Church; by bringing many supernatural agencies into the concerns of this world; and too often by materialising heaven and hell to the extent deemed necessary adequately to affect the hopes and fears of the society about them. How far they were themselves deceived in making such representations cannot now be determined."†

No; we cannot now precisely determine the line between self-deception and an intentional deception of others. But, in the first place, priest and people were often equally uneducated; and in that case, the very thing we have to expect is, that the priest will differ from the peasant in earnestness and zeal, but not in enlightenment; he will merely put forth the peasant's creed with singular boldness and energy. And in the second place, where the priesthood is a more learned and reflective body than the rest of the people, this constantly holds good—that a doctrine deemed necessary to the religious government of mankind is sure to receive from them a very general and sincere assent. If it is felt that a divine government of the minds of men can only be upheld by a belief in the miraculous interposition of God, we may depend upon it that the majority of earnest minds will fully believe in such miraculous interposition. When such a faith is no longer necessary for upholding religion in the multitude, we find that the thoughtfully pious begin to join the more worldly intellect in disputing or denying it, but not till then.

It does not follow because a people cannot rise at once to a high intellectual station, that therefore they may not, through their new doctrines, receive new sentiments of morality which shall have a certain effect in modifying their lives. Consider the old religion of Odin, and how completely it justified whatever violence the brave man—if he did but peril his own life—thought fit to indulge in. We suppose that towards other brave men of his own nation he was expected to obey some rude law of justice or courtesy. But with this exception, the life and property of all the world was placed by the gods themselves at the disposal of the brave man. Religion sanctioned his passionate and despotic will. The gods did, indeed, favour peaceful industry, but this was only that the fruits of it might ultimately fall into the hands of the brave man. His paramount title was loudly asserted—his the sole right, and the first place in earth and in heaven. The mere withdrawal of such a religious sanction to our most violent passions must have been some gain; the substitution of a quite opposite doctrine, which made right sacred in the person of the lowliest, which taught that strength should be servant of justice and of charity, must have produced gradual and beneficent modifications in the national character. Gradual and partial they must be admitted to have been.

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* Page 209.

† Page 218.

The monk Augustine had no sooner become Archbishop of Canterbury than he had the task imposed on him of reducing the British Church of Wales to uniformity with that of Rome. A conference was agreed upon. We will narrate the issue in the words of our author. On him let the responsibility rest both of the narrative and of the application of the term "bishop" to those who are said to have represented the Welsh Church.

> "A second conference was agreed upon, in which the British representatives were to consist of persons more competent to decide in behalf of their nation. The Welsh now deputed seven of their bishops. These bishops are said to have consulted a recluse famous for his wisdom touching the course it might behove them to take. The substance of his counsel appears to have been, that unity on the ground of submission to Augustine as their superior, was not to be entertained for a moment. Let them arrange to approach the archbishop while he should be seated. If he rose to receive them, the action might be taken as indicating brotherhood and equality, and it would be well to listen dispassionately to his statements. If he received them sitting, his so doing would bespeak pretensions to superiority fraught with mischief, and it would behove them to look on all measures proposed by him with suspicion. *Augustine did not rise.*" *

Pity that Augustine had not also been in communication with this wise recluse. He would not then have lost the present opportunity of gaining over the Welsh bishops by a point of ceremonial. We need not add that the discordance between the two churches gradually died away. The Archbishop of York had in the north of England a similar controversy to sustain with those who had received Christianity through the brethren of Iona. These last observed Easter at a different time, and wore a tonsure of a different shape from the Romans. Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, did not scruple to say that the monks of Iona must have borrowed their usages from Simon Magus. A conference was held at Whitby before the king. The party of St. Columba traced their traditions to the Apostle John. Wilfrid opposed the Apostle St. Peter, "to whom the keys of heaven had been given." Here the king interposed to ask of the several disputants whether it was admitted, on both sides, that St. Peter had the keys of heaven. This admission was made. "Then I decide for St. Peter," said the king, "as I know not what the consequences may be of doing otherwise."

The Saxons being converted to Christianity, the Danes who came amongst them appear to have very readily dropt their rude superstitions, and joined the worship of the Saxons. In one age we hear of them showing peculiar bitterness and cruelty against the monks; in the next, we find that several of them have entered the Church, and been elevated to a high position in it. And now this Saxon-Danish kingdom has to submit once more to conquest, to undergo another "revolution of race," before it can be considered as fairly launched on its onward progress.

In estimating the good and evil that ensued from the Norman Conquest, Dr. Vaughan holds the balance as steadily, we think, as it can be held. But it must be confessed that historians have given us such different descriptions of the Normans—have approached them from such different points of view—have given prominence to such different classes of facts, that it is extremely difficult to rest in any satisfactory estimation of them. Till a late period, the tendency has been, in England, to overlook what was harsh, cruel, and brutal in their characters; our own nobility boast a Norman descent, and

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* Page 102.

"to come in with the Normans" is a claim of our gentry; we associate them with chivalry and knighthood, and grand castles and glittering armour; we extol them as patrons of art, and especially of the great art of architecture, for they cover England, not only with castles, but with churches and monasteries. Five or six hundred monasteries are reckoned to have been built in Englannd between the Conquest and the reign of King John, and many of these were schools of learning, as well as retreats for the pious. But the harsher and more ferocious aspect of the earlier Norman kings has been lately held up more conspicuously to view. Continental historians, who have had no conciliating prejudices in their favour—as Thierry and Lappenberg—have spared none of their vices, and have exposed without remorse their tyranny, their greed, and the unscrupulous oppression they invariably exercised whenever they were not opposed by an equal force. If they built stately monasteries, they gave us the military bishop and the pleasure-loving monk. They yielded nothing to the citizen—nothing voluntarily. The common labourers found their *status* still more harshly defined: "they were bound," says Lappenberg, "to the spot of earth on which they were born, and human beings were given to churches and monasteries like other property." The administration of justice was corrupted by a gross venality; everything was sold that could be; an heiress was treated as a prize; the harshest forest laws were enacted; on some pretext or other, every Saxon noble or man of wealth was stript of his possessions; in fine, every form of bad government seems to have been practised on every class of the community but one; and that class were constantly fighting among themselves.

But still these Norman kings came to us with large ideas of conquest; they were not petty settlers, like the Saxons or the Danes; they did not come to us from their northern homes, which they had already forgotten; they came, the feudatories of France, to establish a great kingdom, to wield a powerful sceptre. Thus they effectually united the people under one government. And although William the Conqueror ruled by flagrant force, yet Henry I., the second in descent, did in fact enter into a solemn compact with his Anglo-Saxon subjects, that he would rule "according to the laws of King Edward." A very indefinite agreement, but an agreement nevertheless; and it is worth noticing how the British constitution grew up from precisely this habit of treating with the king as with a power that the people do not pretend to have set up, but hope to limit. This is the secret of the growth of our constitution; this is the method of its development. We have seen how likely an opposite method is to fail. When a people set to work to create at once a constitutional monarchy, they create the power of the monarch, and they create the check to it at the same time. They can never satisfy themselves; they have no sooner given power, than at the first unpopular exercise of it they wish to take it back again. The English never dreamt that they gave the king his power; they viewed it as a necessity; it was a force they did not create, but which they could set about regulating. Thus there was something fixed and stable, round which new institutions could gather.

By-and-by our Norman kings want money for their wars with France. Here is a new and most favourable opportunity for treaty. But this familiar learning we need not repeat. If the reader wishes to refresh his memory with it, he will find it stated briefly and well in the pages of Dr. Vaughan. To those pages we may honestly recommend him, as the fruit of steady and conscientious labour, directed by a liberal and enlightened spirit.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.—PART IX.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE SENESCHAL'S TROUBLES.

The accompaniments of Dame Elfhild's earlier years had been hardly such as to encourage any displays of feminine weakness. When Isola made her appearance once more at the old tower of Willan's Hope whither the good horse had carried her safe, without much exercise of will upon her own part, and related what she knew of Gladice's danger and supposed escape, the elder lady neither shrieked nor fainted. What she might have seemed to fall short in the demonstrative qualities of her sex, she made up however, in promptness of counsel and decision. She neither trembled nor turned pale when the circumstances of her niece's peril were related to her; but her cheeks flushed a little, and her eye brightened as she listened. The Italian's tale was somewhat broken and confused; for she was agitated and excited, and her desire to conceal Sir Nicholas's share in the adventure of the morning helped to embarrass her. But it was much clearer than any account which could be gathered from the two or three retainers who came dropping in by degrees, with crestfallen looks and jaded horses, and whose ability to tell a plain tale (never a very common accomplishment with men in their station) was not much quickened by Old Warenger's furious invectives, when he found that they had returned without their lady. No language of abuse and imprecation at his command (though his education, under his late master, had been a liberal one in that respect) seemed sufficient to meet the enormity of the case.

"A coward's curse light on ye all, for a herd of pithless cravens as ye are!" said the wrathful seneschal, addressing them in a body, when they were all at last assembled in the yard, after exhausting his more personal and particular execrations upon each as he arrived. "Men!—do ye call yourselves men? are ye not ashamed to look at the beards on each other's faces? I was wont to say there were too many women about the old place—St. Mary forgive me for it! May I be choked with a dry morsel, an' I do not muster the serving-wenches, and go out with them to look for my lady! Go home to the hill, Turstan, and send thy wife hither to keep watch and ward in thy stead with a distaff—she can lay about her handily with that, I have heard some say."

"I did what a man could do," said Turstan, sulkily, though he scorned to speak of his wounded shoulder. There were some things he would have admitted, which were more than man could be expected to do; and one was, to hold his own at home against the vixen who claimed him for a husband.

"I would Sir Amyas could see you now!" continued the irate old soldier, looking round upon his abashed listeners, "it were enough to bring him out of his grave, if he could hear ('tis to be hoped he never will) of your manful deeds this day!"

There was a muttering amongst some of the men, which might have been a prayer for Sir Amyas's safe repose.

"It was at the Lady Gladice's own bidding that we left her," said one at last taking courage to defend himself, "it was so best for her safety, as she said—I would have fought for her else, as long as limbs would hold."

"'Twas the first time, Dickon," said the seneschal, "thou ever wert so ready to take a woman at her word."

Some of his audience here gathered spirit enough for a weak laugh at the seneschal's rejoinder. But the old man, as if conscious that this was retrograding from his strong ground of grave indignation, turned fiercely round upon the yeoman, who had entered the gates with Isola, and whom, in his first consternation and anger, he had scarcely found time to notice.

"And who art thou, that comest

sneaking about the tower again with this strange lady? what seekest thou in this brave company of swaggerers?"

"It matters not so much what I am, as what service I can do, Master Seneschal," said the Italian; "I do not wonder that a proved soldier like yourself should feel at first some righteous displeasure, as though these good fellows had failed them in their trust; but I put it humbly to your experience whether ten men against a score, buff jerkins against good steel harness, be not such odds as a wise captain will look twice at—specially when the weaker party is cumbered with three women who can neither fight nor fly?"

"I care little for vantage in men and arms—I have seen ten good lances turn a hundred. But women, I grant you, are the devil's own baggage on a march—you can neither burn them nor leave them behind, with a clear conscience."

"You are too true a man, comrade, to seek to do either. These fellows of yours were ready enough to fight, and might have easily emptied some dozen saddles, and lost the lady. I am not to be counted much of in a fray, but have some poor wit of mine own—I make no boast of it—but I chanced to be abroad this morning, having charge to meet the lady whom I serve on her road to the mynchery, and not liking what I had seen of these strange riders and their movements, I made bold to give the Lady Gladice such advice as has by this time, I dare swear, set her in safety with the abbot of St Mary's."

The retainers of Willan's Hope, having found so fluent an advocate, took heart to confirm his statement unanimously; and the seneschal, now more assured of his lady's escape, and having exhausted the first burst of his wrath, listened with rather more patience than before.

"If you will give me leave to have a few moments' speech, at your worshipful leisure," resumed Giacomo, "I will tell you what little more I know—or rather guess—of this bold attempt upon your fair lady's person."

Warenger at once led the stranger aside into the armory; and there Giacomo, with a studied mystery which impressed the old warrior's simple mind considerably, proceeded to hint to him that the attack upon the escort might have proceeded from a quarter least suspected.

"It seems to me, Master Seneschal," said he, "that these were no common marauders who set this scheme afoot; they were in too strong force, and so far as I might judge, more than one among them was bravely mounted. Have you no adventurous lovers in these parts?"

The seneschal stared hard at his companion, but made no answer.

"You know that Sir Nicholas le Hardi is a suitor for your lady's hand?"

"A man may guess that," said Warenger, sulkily, "without being either a clerk or a wizard."

"And doubtless it has not escaped your shrewdness that the maiden, of late, has shown him but little favour?"

"I know nought about it—such fancies pass my wits; they seemed to me as well agreed as need be. A stalwart knight, of a goodly presence, and hath the king's favour, as they say—what would she desire more?"

"True; but maidens have unreasonable fancies, as all know. Suppose, in that case, that Sir Nicholas were bold enough to make short work with his wooing?"

"I take your meaning, friend," said Warenger, slowly, a little startled at the suggestion; "well, it was but what her grandsire, Sir Rolph, did with the Princess of Gwent. He slew both her brothers in fair fight, single-handed, and carried off the damosel from her own castle among the mountains, with a score of wild Welshmen galloping at his heels. She stabbed him twice in the breast on the way, the story goes, with a silver bodkin; and she loved him heartily ever afterwards, as well she might, for few men could have done as much for her. And this Sir Nicholas hath had some hand in this adventure, think ye? and Sir Godfrey—does he wit of it? for the knight had his good word, I reckon?"

The whole spirit of the thing was so perfectly in accordance with the old man's ideas of a brief and conclusive courtship, that he listened with ready belief, and almost with a species of satisfaction, to the Italian's hint. His young heiress, he thought, deserved such a bold wooer, if ever woman did, and might live to be as renowned and as happy as Gladice of Gwent. He was assuming the facts of the case more positively than his instructor wished.

"Nay, nay," interrupted Giacomo, "I do but surmise what may have been; I do not say that either Sir Godfrey or Sir Nicholas had any hand in it, more than thou or I. But if you will take a friend's counsel, be content to give the Knight of Ladysmede speedy information of this mischance, and of his kinswoman's escape, and be not over-zealous in making inquiry as to how it came to pass. It is safer, sometimes, worthy sir, to know too little than too much."

"Right," replied Warenger, sententiously. "And now, friend, touching this foreign guest whom my lady hath entertained of her charity, and who, I thought, had been safe lodged in the mynchery by this time—here we have her come back upon us. You seem much in her grace and confidence—though I have nought to do with that—but what is to come of her?"

"If I shall have your good leave, and the Lady Elfhild's, I will even go with her myself alone, after nightfall, to Michamstede; she hath friends there. The ways will be safe enough by then; and so she shall be no further trouble to you here."

"Go your ways together, in heaven's name," said the seneschal; "I wish no ill to her, for she is a gentle soul enough; but I would all women were safe bestowed either on a nunnery or a husband. I had rather hold this old tower for a twelvemonth against all comers that ever wore harness, than be answerable for the safe keeping of such a household as we have had here of late, if I were promised the king's best barony for my pains."

"Then," said Giacomo, "I will get me down to Rivelsby—I have an old acquaintance with one of the brethren there—and will bring you back tidings, as I surely shall, of your lady's safety: look for me here again by nightfall."

Warenger himself, after holding consultation with Dame Elfhild, whom he found in a state of mingled indignation at the outrage offered to her household, and anxiety for her niece's safety, betook himself to Ladysmede, to give there such account as he best might of his ineffectual guardianship. It was by no means an agreeable duty, under any circumstances, with a temper so impatient as Sir Godfrey's; and the embarrassment caused by the Italian's late suggestions was not calculated to make his explanation clearer. The knight received the intelligence with less violent demonstrations than the old seneschal had expected. He displayed his temper, it was true, after his usual fashion. He cursed Warenger for negligence; but the old man had long been used to it;—he cursed Sir Nicholas, loudly and bitterly, for not looking better after his own interests—possibly for other reasons known only to himself—but Sir Nicholas was not there to hear. He cursed even good Dame Elfhild; every person concerned, in short, excepting only his kinswoman Gladice; of her he only spoke to question the seneschal more than once as to the grounds for concluding that she was in safety; and although the monks of Rivelsby came in for their share of his abuse, it was scarce so heartily bestowed as upon the others. On the whole, the seneschal was released from an interview which even his practised nerves had rather shrunk from at first, with an impression that, for a de Burgh of Ladysmede, the knight had shown a great deal of pious resignation. He left Sir Godfrey's presence, charged to make instant inquiries at the monastery as to his kinswoman's arrival there, and with strict commendation of her to the care of the abbot.

But when Warenger had left him, the knight strode up and down the apartment in a state of uncontrollable agitation. His features worked, and his deep complexion became almost pallid with anger and vexation; but it seemed as if he was most at issue with himself.

"Fool that I am!" he muttered to himself, "there never was one of my blood before but was resolute either for good or evil! Yet within these last few days I have been as wayward as a child! If I had but rid myself of that boy for ever by one bold deed, instead of prating to Giacomo about him! What ailed the paynim knaves that they could find never a joint in Le Hardi's armour at Ascalon or Tiberias, that his esquire brags of?—but the good knight hath a care of himself. And five hundred better lances died in one month of the pestilence! I am in a goodly strait betwixt them all—priest, woman, comrade—one man against a host! The curse of hell on it! my wits are no match for them. I wot not but it were wiser if I gave the game up even now, and made my peace with King Richard with a score or two of good lances before Jerusalem! Ho there!"

He was answered from the guard-room without.

"Bid Gundred come to me. Is Father Giacomo returned?"

The chaplain had not been seen at the manor since early morning.

Sir Godfrey swallowed the execration which rose to his lips, and still walked backwards and forwards, muttering to himself in his impatient thoughts, until the arrival of the chamberlain.

"One man at least, I think, should serve me. You have not forgotten the market-place at Poitiers?"

"No," said Gundred, quietly.

"The Poitevins had the fire at your feet, I remember; and I had hard work to get the rope cut in time; if you had burnt there for a week, by St. Bennet, you deserved it!"

Gundred only nodded.

"You owe me a life," said the knight, "and something more; can I trust *you?*"

"For one lifetime," said Gundred with a grim smile; "I can answer for no longer."

"You can learn nothing more of this boy?"

"He is not in the abbey; but it is certain that the abbot hath him in hiding. I can learn no more."

Again Sir Godfrey moved restlessly up and down. At last he stopped, and said, "You are sufficient of a clerk—you will find parchment yonder—sit down, and write what I shall dictate."

It was soon completed, for Gundred was a ready scribe.

"Now," said the knight, "bear that straight to Rivelsby."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE ABBOT AT HOME.

The abbot was no sooner informed of the Lady Gladice's sudden arrival at Rivelsby, than he hastened to the guest-chamber, attended only by his elder chaplain, to give her courteous welcome. His personal knowledge of her was slight; but from their close neighbourhood he was sufficiently acquainted with her position and character. The gentle dignity with which he greeted all, from the highest to the lowest, was softened into almost an admiring homage as he looked on the beautiful woman who rose at his entrance. There had been an anxious cloud upon his brow as he passed through the cloister, anticipating some complication of his present difficulties from this hurried and unexpected visit; but it cleared into a kindly smile as he took her hand, and, if a shade of trouble lay [illegible] till, it was on her account, and [illegible] own.

Gladice had nerved herself, as she thought, to meet the superior calmly, and to tell her story plainly and truly, without betraying all the alarm and agitation which she felt, or troubling him with her own worst suspicions; but the abbot's kind and manly tone, which blended all the winning grace of chivalry with the tenderness of a father, went straight to her woman's heart at once,—her voice failed her, and she burst into tears as she bowed her face upon her hand.

The abbot was strongly moved. Perhaps because the cloistered life which he had led for so many years had allowed but little exercise to the softer emotions, they rushed in now upon his heart with gathered strength from their long repose. His thoughts had wandered back often, of late, to scenes and memories that had risen again out of the depths of his heart fresh and living as ever; and Gladice might perhaps have checked the full flow of her feelings, could she have guessed how little, in this case, the externals of spiritual dignity implied any victory over human passions.

"Cheer thee, my daughter," said he with a respectful tenderness, "you have been sorely terrified, I am told; but you are amongst friends here; none shall do you wrong under the shadow of St. Mary."

Gladice could make no answer, and her tears only flowed the faster; but she suffered the abbot to replace her in her seat, while he stood at her side, as she still held his hand almost unconsciously.

"Nay, if but for my sake, dear lady—for such a sight touches me, perhaps, more nearly than it should—let me see those tears dried, and tell me fearlessly what the matter is which brings you here; any poor counsel or aid that I may give you, you shall freely and gladly have; we can feel, even here in the cloister, the sorrows which the world is full of."

"I ask but shelter and safety, father, for a few days," she faltered out at last.

"It is yours, my daughter, before you ask; yours of right, were you of the meanest instead of the noblest in the land. But of whom is it that you go in fear?—what enemies have you?"

"Ask, rather," said Gladice bitterly, through her tears, "what friends have I? and by what token may I know them?"

"Surely," replied Abbot Martin, smiling gravely and gently, "that sounds a hard speech from lips so young! It may well be that one like you, rich and beautiful, may find it hard at first to know the false from the true; but if you be gentle and pure and good—as I believe you—trust me, you will find friends at your need. You have a friend here."

"I do believe it, my good lord," said Gladice with eagerness; "but even in my sheltered life I have seen so much of wrong and falsehood, that I am sick to death. I do but ask to wait here until I can have speech of my good cousin the lord of Ely, and then, under his guidance, I desire to take the church's vows upon me."

"To escape from others, or from yourself?"

She started at the abrupt question, but answered it honestly.

"From both, it may be."

"Do nothing rashly, sweet lady; you may chance to escape neither by such a step. If you have a free gift to lay upon Heaven's altar, offer it, in God's name; but do not seek to cheat Him with the halt and the maimed."

Gladice hid her face in her hands, and made no answer. The abbot, who had already been briefly informed by Ingulph of the danger which his visitor had escaped, was unwilling to question her further at present upon a subject which had evidently some painful associations, of a more delicate nature, it might possibly be, than became him to inquire into. He changed the conversation, therefore, to a subject upon which he thought she might feel more at ease.

"It will be fitting," said he, "that your kinsman of Ladysmede should be informed of your having sought shelter here, and of the cause of it; he will take means, no doubt, for your safe escort, whether it please you, when you have had full time for rest and counsel, either to return to Willan's Hope, or to seek the Bishop of Ely."

"But you will give me leave to abide in your house, father?" said Gladice, earnestly; "you will not let Sir Godfrey take me hence, until I shall have had audience of the legate?"

"Assuredly not, my daughter—none shall take you hence but by your own will; but I would have Sir Godfrey know that you are here in safety, and that you have been in sore peril; I should be much to blame otherwise. He has but little goodwill, it is true, towards our poor brotherhood; yet, in this case I will not do him the wrong to believe that we can be of two minds; he will care for your honour as for his own."

"Be it as you will," replied Gladice, dejectedly; "only, I pray you, let me wait the bishop's answer here at Rivelsby."

Abbot Martin said what he could to soothe his fair guest's agitation, and having given instructions for her fitting accomodation, took his leave for the present.

He found other visitors await-an audience. Foliot and Raoul had reached the abbey, and having satisfied themselves of the Lady Gladice's safe arrival there, had been already questioning Cropt Harry as to the particulars of her escape. The account which he gave of his own share in it was a very modest one; which was the more to be commended, because the good brethren of the monastery had already compelled him to tell his story over again and again, and would have been prepared to receive with the most unlimited faith any such imaginative details of his own prowess as heroes are sometimes tempted to indulge in. On the subject of the wound which he had received, and the miraculous effects of St. Grimbald's balsam, he was discreetly silent.

The abbot welcomed his young friend with more than his usual cordiality. Sir Marmaduke Foliot had been the comrade of his earlier days, and the sole friend with whom, since his elevation to his present dignity, he had maintained any intimate communication. It had been chiefly owing to that knight's influence with King Richard that he had been advanced, by royal writ, from a simple monk of Evesham to the abbacy of Rivelsby—as much to his own surprise as to the disappointment of certain members of that body, who had humbly recommended their prior to his majesty as a fit person to succeed to the vacant dignity. It was not without some hesitation and unaffected reluctance, even then, that the present superior had taken upon himself an office which, tempting as it was from its high state and influence, required many qualifications in which he felt himself to be deficient; and it was chiefly the earnest representations made to himself personally by Sir Marmaduke of the utter unfitness of Prior Hugh for the position which he coveted, which had induced him to accept such responsibilities. Sir Marmaduke's stanch friendship had upheld him since then in more than one question of disputed right in which the negligence of his immediate predecessor had involved him; and this new alliance had gone far to compensate the brotherhood for the lost favour of the knights of Ladysmede. Young Waryn, and his elder brother Sir Alwyne, had been to Abbot Martin almost as his own sons; and while he had watched, with little less than a father's pride, the career of the young knight whose impetuous valour, gallant even to rashness, had endeared him to the kindred spirit of Cœur-de-Lion in Palestine, there were features in the character of the younger brother which had won even a larger share in his affections. Combined with high abilities, and tastes which had led him to read and think much more than was usual with youths of knightly rank in those days, and which had been cultivated in the great university of Paris during two years of life more commonly devoted to ruder teaching, there was in Waryn Foliot a manly honesty, and an absence of all selfish assumption, which harmonised well with the abbot's own upright and single-minded character. There was, besides, an unflinching firmness of purpose, and a quiet disregard of the applause or contempt of the popular voice, which won the admiration of the superior of Rivelsby, all the more, perhaps, because these were points upon which he was himself conscious of some infirmity. There were those who had thought scorn of the younger Foliot, because he little affected deeds of arms, and had not yet won his brother's repute in joust and tournament; but the retainers of his father's house had found in the young student a quiet resolution which enforced obedience with more authority than old Sir Marmaduke's easy rule, and with more justice than the hasty temperament of Sir Alwyne cared to trouble himself with. Never had the ample domain of the Foliot been more conscious of a ruling spirit, than when both its actual chiefs were absent with the king.

"I crave leave, father," said Waryn, when he had returned the superior's kindly greeting, "to present to you here an esquire of the lord-bishop of Ely; he bears a message to one who is, as we have learnt, a sojourner amongst you at this present."

"He is the more welcome," said the abbot, "that he may haply inform us of the lord legate's present quarters; and most welcome of all, if he bring us word of his holiness' speedy visit, as I somewhat hope, to our poor house of Rivelsby."

"I may even make bold, my lord abbot," said Raoul, respectfully, "to give you that assurance, though I was not charged, it is true, with any special message to this reverend house; my lord knew not, indeed, that my errand would have brought me hither, or he would surely have laid upon me some gracious command for your reverence."

Foliot smiled slightly to himself at the young esquire's ready courtesy—it was a quality in which the prelate whom he now served was reported somewhat deficient.

"I have it in charge myself from his holiness to advise you of his purposed visit," said he to the abbot; "he knew how readily I should seek the gates of Rivelsby; he will come hither straight from Michamstede, in a few days at furthest."

"His visit will be well-timed, for many reasons," said the superior; then, turning to Raoul—"your errand is to the Lady Gladice of Willan's Hope?"

"It is, my lord."

"She is under our protection here, having been shamefully beset by some of those wild riders, who take licence by our liege sovereign's absence to all manner of violence and plunder—to the scandal of the king's justice."

"Rather," said Waryn almost fiercely, "to the scandal of those who should maintain the king's justice, and who are fostering and protecting these evil-doers for their own purposes, when they should put them down by the strong hand; this Knight of Ladysmede, who calls himself sheriff in these parts——"

"We will not speak of him now," said the abbot, turning again to Raoul; "the lady, as I said, has been sorely terrified, and needs rest and refreshment. I will tell her of your arrival with my lord of Ely's message, which she has looked for anxiously; or rather, if it please you to deliver it by my mouth, I will be the messenger myself."

The young esquire could not well make such a mystery of the prelate's simple communication, as to insist on a personal interview under present circumstances, even if such a scruple had not implied some disrespect to the superior in his own house. But he could scarcely conceal his mortification when, after the abbot had received his intelligence, he dismissed him courteously with directions to the guest-master for his due entertainment, and permission to take his journey back to Ely on the morrow. Raoul had found himself thrust of late into positions which seemed to him of such overwhelming importance, that he felt the good abbot's courteous indifference as almost a slight. It was with a somewhat crestfallen air that he took his leave, and left Foliot and the superior together.

"And now, Waryn," said the latter, "what news from Lincoln? for I judge by your looks that you have something you would say?"

"Nothing of good, for this poor kingdom; I would to heaven King Richard were in his own realm, where he should be, instead of wasting brave men's lives amongst the pagans, who are scarce worse enemies of Christendom than some of his own baptised subjects!"

"It is a holy zeal that carries him from us," said the abbot; but he scarcely spoke with the enthusiasm which so popular a cause demanded.

"Pardon me, dear father," said his younger companion, "I would say no word against a cause which is dear to so many pious hearts, and calls forth so many gallant champions—for which once indeed"—and his face flushed slightly—"I would have held it gain to die—but—"

"They teach other matters in the schools of Paris? Is it so, my son? woe worth is all the learning of the heathen, if it make a man wise beyond the Christian faith! I have little skill of disputation in such questions, but I hold one rule good for all—whether in camp or battle-field, or in religious life—better is the ignorance which obeys, than the wisdom which questions."

"I have learnt nothing, father, which you would not teach yourself," said the young man, eagerly; "I only question whether a Christian king, or a Christian knight, might not take the cross against wrong and violence and oppression in his own realm and his own nation; whether the Jerusalem which God has already given into his hands might not find full employment for the energies even of Cœur-de-Lion; whether he need have crossed the sea in search of Heaven's enemies, while he left rapine and injustice here behind him, to tear this noble realm of England. Pardon me, father; I see the dazzle of his glory—but I look at the people who should be the honour of the king!"

"In some sort you speak truly, Waryn," said the churchman; "we may trust that when King Richard has once won back the Sepulchre, he will set his hand at the work at home."

"He had need to go about it shortly," said Foliot, "or it may fall to other hands than his. William of Ely even now has tidings of a widespread plot at Lincoln."

"Against himself, or against King Richard?"

"Against himself, in name; but he is against the king, who is against the king's vicegerent."

"William of Ely has won few men's love; and in truth, I do not wonder at it; he rather doth all he can to make even Justice herself wear an ill-favoured countenance."

"I grant," replied Waryn, "the lord legate takes little pains to make his rule popular; but he is an upright governor, and does justice, I verily believe, though somewhat in ungracious fashion; and at least he has clean hands; I wish we may not fall under worse governance than his."

"Who are concerned in these last movements?" asked the abbot.

"He will be sure to have had to do with it, who has to do with most that trouble this kingdom—the Earl of Morton; but men do not name him as yet. Sir Hugh Bardolf and the Lord de Lacy are forward in it; and there is a stranger knight who has been closeted with them at Lincoln, who avers that he has the king's warrant for what he does. He is thought to be this same Sir Nicholas, who has been Sir Godfrey's guest at Ladysmede. If Longchamp catch him in any double-dealing—and he has those that serve him well with information—I doubt if five words from his lips will not do that for Sir Nicholas which a score of royal warrants will not undo."

"The lord legate is bold and hasty and your good uncle, Waryn, holds him in too much awe to give him that wholesome counsel which he might. I fear this may be the beginning of fresh troubles.—There sounds the bell for vespers—you will hear the office with us, and give me your company at supper after. Our fair guest will thank me for bestowing upon her some converse less grave and tedious than mine own. You have known the Lady Gladice before?"

"It were to confess myself even more of the recluse than yourself," replied Waryn, smiling, "to say that she is a stranger to me; but I fear I can lay little claim to her remembrance; it has been seldom that I have cared to be a guest at Ladysmede."

"She has been in more trouble, I doubt, than I can well understand: my hope is that her kinsman of Ely will give her fit protection in his own household: an inheritance like hers is often but a sorrowful birthright for a woman."

When the vesper office had been said, Waryn followed the superior to the evening meal, at which none were present save his two guests and blind brother Tobias, whose faculties had sufficient employment in ministering to his own bodily requirements. All faces were alike to him; yet he held his morsel suspended more than once, as he drank in the gentle tones of one voice which fell upon his ear with a pleasant strangeness. He could have sworn, if he had ever indulged in secular contemplations, that the possessor of it was young, and beautiful, and warm-hearted, and in sorrow. Waryn Foliot's eyes were employed throughout the meal to very little purpose, if they did not lead him to the same conclusion. Yet it was hardly necessary for him to have neglected the good cheer before him, as poor brother Tobias did; because he, at least, had seen the face, and heard the voice before, and had not forgotten it. But Gladice, pale and heavy-eyed with fatigue, seldom speaking, or raising her glance even in answer to the abbot's fatherly courtesy, was thus far so unlike the bright and queen-like beauty of his remembrance, that he might be pardoned if he now found close observation necessary in order to satisfy himself that it was the same, and became so absorbed in this interesting investigation as to second the superior but indifferently in his efforts to keep up a cheerful conversation. Even Abbot Martin relapsed into his own thoughts at times; and the blind chaplain, when he had concluded his own meal, took advantage of his companion's silence to begin a long story of convent troubles, which had happened so long ago that no one could correct or contradict him, and found himself listened to with unusual patience.

It was only when the superior had informed his fair guest of the Bishop of Ely's message, that she roused herself to show any eager interest in his words. Then her face lighted up, and she thanked him warmly for his good tidings. She even raised her eyes to Waryn's countenance, as he proceeded to speak of the legate's princely state and open hospitality.

"I trust in heaven," said the abbot in some alarm, "he will not bring his following to Rivelsby; I have heard that when he honoured St. Bennet's of Hulme with a visit for three days, they spent in that time the revenues of a year — and they are a passing wealthy brotherhood. I am no grudger of hospitality; but the days are past when we poor brethren of St. Mary's could welcome princes."

"The lord legate will be as little burdensome to your house as he may reasonably be," said Foliot; "he knows that the Abbot of Rivelsby never grudged a welcome because he loved his gold" He coloured as he spoke, for William of Ely had questioned him as to the present state of the house's revenues; and he had honestly told him that the Abbot's will to entertain so distinguished a visitor would be greater than his present means. "He has a hostel at Huntingdon," continued Waryn, "and his train will most likely be lodged there."

"And when," said Gladice, "did my lord speak of coming thither?"

"It may be to-morrow, or within this week, fair lady," replied Foliot; "he is one who chooses to move somewhat on the sudden. Men call it wantonness; but I take it he has good reason for what he does. The esquire who brought word from him said, in some three days."

Alas! if Raoul expected that the lady whom he had served so dutifully would have summoned her faithful messenger at once to her presence, and insisted on thanking him personally for his zeal, he only took that high poetical view of service and reward which the rude facts of actual life seldom realise. It was not that Gladice was ungrateful; she trusted yet to acknowledge fittingly, if it ever lay in her power, the young esquire's ready assistance; but her own personal anxieties at the moment were too great for the inquiry to enter her thoughts as to who had been the bearer of the legate's message; nor would she, for many reasons, have cared to make known to either of her companions that she had employed, on a private service, a discarded esquire of Ladysmede. So poor Raoul—like many a disappointed gentleman since his day — came by a very rapid process to the emphatic conclusion that the world (as fully represented in his eyes at present by some two individuals) was hollow and ungrateful; and rode homewards towards Ely on the following morning, now spurring his innocent horse to full speed in wrathful excitement, now suffering the rein to fall loose as he plodded on in melancholy abstraction — fancying himself unappreciated, slighted, and neglected; whereas, really, in his case, as with many discontented spirits, it was merely that the world—even his world—was quite unacquainted with some of the most tender points in his private feelings, and had a good many other things to think of besides himself.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONVERSATIONS IN THE CLOISTER.

The new claimant upon the hospitality of Rivelsby furnished, as may be supposed, fresh matter of discourse for the gossips of that fraternity. The wholesome rule of St. Benedict which forbade all idle conversation, if it had ever really been observed there at any time in the strictness of the letter, had certainly fallen somewhat into abeyance, or was very liberally interpreted, in these later days of Abbot Aldred and Abbot Martin. Possibly, as there seems to be some mysterious law of relation between men's purses and their principles, and only those who are strictly solvent can afford to profess much strictness in other respects, the pecuniary difficulties of the house might have had some bad effects upon its discipline. In the chapter held on the day following the arrival at the monastery of the heiress of Willan's Hope, after the short religious service was over, and the abbot had opened the discussion of secular business with the usual phrase, "Let us speak of the order," the whispered conversation which then took place between the seneschal and others bore a very remote reference to the institutions of their founder. They were but too apt, indeed, to take advantage of these occasions to discuss a good many matters which could hardly have been contemplated by St. Benedict; it was possible that in the present instance they might consider the interests of their order vitally affected by the presence among them of so attractive a visitor; it was certain that when they laid their heads together now, and looked so grave and solemn, they were speaking of the Lady Gladice.

"Hast seen the new guest in the garden turret, brother?"

"I cannot say I have not seen her," replied the chaplain, to whom the question was addressed, "but not so as to look upon her face; not that I desire it—she was closely veiled."

"Out upon thee!" said the seneschal, "with thine over-prudence! I look upon her now as though she were a member of our house, since she is pleased to take up her abode with us; one of ourselves, as I may say. If our good lord-abbot sees fit to admit such into the cloister, it were a breach of holy obedience for such as thee and me to be scrupulous."

"The lord abbot has indulgence in such matters," said Wolfert somewhat firmly, for it behoved him to defend his superior as well as himself—"as it is but reasonable he should have, seeing that he has to exercise hospitality to all comers, young or old."

"Nay, come," said the seneschal, "there have been gentle ladies admitted of our fraternity here before now; Dame Margaret of Ladysmede took the habit of our order, and died in it, if our records say true."

"Ay, brother, but Dame Margaret was a widow of fourscore years at the time, and bedridden," replied the accurate chaplain.

"And how know you, then, good brother Wolfert, whether this close-veiled lady be maid, wife, or widow—young or old?"

"I know that she is the Lady Gladice of Willan's Hope, and that she is reported to be passing fair," said Wolfert, smiling.

"Verily, report saith true in this case. I did but catch a side-glance at her for a moment; but—St. Mary, what eyes she has! But these are not matters for us to speak of, brother."

"Scarcely," said the younger monk dryly.

"But what makes she here?" continued the seneschal; "you doubtless will have heard from the lord abbot somewhat more than the rest of us," he added insinuatingly—"not that I would question you touching any matters of his confidence."

"I only learn that she takes shelter here for a while, to avoid an unwelcome marriage," said Wolfert. But he spoke with such an air of importance, that his companion gave him credit for knowing a great deal more.

"Well," resumed the other with a sigh, "mark this, now; she will go hence into some house of nuns, and endow them with her broad manors

—well worth they are, as brother Ingulph has told me (I marvel he never said aught of this damsel's beauty!) Her wealth, now, would free us from our debts; and we should have the best right to it, seeing that our house has given her shelter first; but so it is—the myncheries have ever the best of it against us; rich maidens go in there, and carry their lands and their silver with them; but for us, brother, when a rich man gets sick of the world, and casts in his lot with us, it is most commonly not till lands and money have both been spent."

Such whispered comments in the chapter were only the prelude to graver strictures on the same subject elsewhere. Hugh the prior, as he walked with some of the brethren in the cloister at recreation time, cared no longer to conceal his own jealousy and mistrust of the abbot's late proceedings. He found the ready audience which a speaker who attacks established authorities will always find.

"I am loth," he said, "to speak aught against him who bears rule over us; but it were a sin in me—standing as I do the next in place and responsibility—to be always silent. I say nought of the state of our finances—though we have heard of these pinching straits in the blessed Aldred's time; but this abbot is making enemies for the house on all sides, rather than friends who might help us. He brings that child yonder among us—against my will and counsel, as I can call many to witness—brings him out of Sir Godfrey's house, in the face of all law and reason, at the bidding of a hireling priest who keeps our own church from us. Who the boy is, or what the Knight of Ladysmede may have to do with him, I neither know nor seek to know. What are such matters to us? But whether Sir Godfrey knows of it or not (and he will be sure to know of it ere long), he is plainly angered with us; for he sends down this Sir Nicholas upon us, with the king's rescript — which might have been satisfied easily, as ye may all guess, by a little skilful dealing—as our late father would have well known how, Heaven rest him! I say we have to thank our abbot's negligence for that."

More than one voice assented to so satisfactory an explanation.

"Then mark again," continued the prior; "there is that runaway bondsman of Sir Godfrey's; we keep him slinking about the abbot's kennel, and quarrelling with the scullions, eating his meat in idleness, instead of sending him back to his master to be chastised, as no doubt he well deserves. He hath brought the abbot tidings, forsooth!—tidings of what, should such as he bring? By what right do we keep him here?"

"By what right, indeed!" echoed one of the monks.

"And now—whether it be by evil luck or evil counsel, I will not say—here comes Sir Godfrey's own ward, and asks—so says the lord abbot—shelter and protection. Against whom, or what? Nay, to that we are not to seek an answer. But the knight himself, I reckon, will come soon enough to ask the question; and we shall have to make such answer to it as we may."

"Nay," said one of his listeners, "but we are surely bound by our rule to give sanctuary for the asking, be the cause or the person what they may—in this the lord abbot may scarce be blamed."

"Was the abbot bound to carry off another man's child?" rejoined the prior, falling back upon his strongest position.

There was a general murmur in the negative; the defence of the abbot was plainly not popular.

"And is the Knight of Ladysmede likely to brook this, let me ask ye? And if his evil blood be once up, and he come down upon us with the strong hand, as is like enough, what help have we? It is not as in the old times, mark ye, when our house could muster from its own tenants fifty men-at-arms, and I know not well how many archers—when even within our gates we had men enough to man the outer wall passably—we are sorely clipt of our wings now. And which of our neighbours will stir to help us, as in good Sir Rainald's days? Old Sir Arthur of Ravenswood? He will come readily enough to eat and drink his fill with us, but we might be burnt or hanged before ever he would ride a mile to hinder it. We had more need, I say again, to be making friends than enemies in these troublous times."

The discontent always latent in such a commonwealth as that of Rivelsby was fanned into open flame by the prior's harangue. The discipline, which had relaxed under the corrupt rule of the late abbot, would have been more effectually restored by a sterner and less forbearing hand than that of his successor. By many among the fraternity his gentle and temperate sway had been but little appreciated; and some who had been most largely indebted to his kindness, were now the readiest to take up the cry against him. Almost in one breath he was accused of parsimony and extravagance. The notorious fact of an embarrassed exchequer was a truth so unpleasant in itself and its results, that the meaner spirits among them were delighted to find some one on whom to lay the blame; Abbot Aldred had borne it (and very deservedly) at the time of his death; but that was long ago, and it was pleasanter to have a living victim; so it was now transferred, by the general consent of the grumblers, to Abbot Martin. Men's sins are an inheritance to their successors as well as to their children.

Loud, however, as were the voices of the malcontents while thus encouraged by the authority of the prior, they were awed into sudden silence when a messenger from the abbot himself, after due obeisance, delivered to that functionary a summons to attend his supperior, in an hour's time, in his private chamber. Prior Hugh himself turned pale; for the conversation had taken a louder and freer turn than he had intended, and the message from the abbot, arriving at that particular juncture, gave him an uncomfortable sensation; it was possible that some incautious remark might have been reported against him, and though he would have little really to fear, from the abbot's well-known lenity, he could have ill borne the humiliation of having to answer for his misdemeanour before the man whose authority he had been thus setting at nought.

It was on no such ground that the abbot had required his presence. When he reached the chamber in which all the chief officers of the house were already assembled, he found the abbot seated in his chair, graver than his wont indeed, but conversing with the officials near him in a more kindly tone even than usual. He bid them all be seated, and taking a document from the hand of one of his chaplains, proceeded to read it aloud.

It was a rescript, issued under Sir Godfrey's hand as sheriff of the county, summoning Martin, abbot of Rivelsby, to appear within the space of three days at the county hall at Huntingdon, there to purge himself before a sworn jury of knights in certain matters touching the abduction of one Giulio, an infant in the wardship of Sir Godfrey de Burgh, against the rights of the said knight and the king's peace.

The abbot looked round him for a moment or two, after he had finished reading the document. There was an uncomfortable silence, which he himself was the first to break.

"I know," he said, with a grave sad smile, "that which is in your hearts to say. You would tell me that some such result I might have foreseen, when I consented to receive the boy from the hands of the chaplain. Nay, I know it," he continued, as one or two voices murmured a faint deprecation of any such feeling—"I know it, and there is truth and justice in what you would answer. I had counted the cost even then; I only prayed that, if evil came of it, it might light on me, not on the house I govern. And come what may of this, if my life or liberty may answer for it, I will, so far as in me lies, bear the brotherhood harmless. When I set forth for Huntingdon—"

"It is an illegal writ," broke in young Wolfert; "Sir Godfrey may not lawfully implead the lord abbot in his own court as sheriff."

"Might in this case will go far to make right, even were I inclined to dispute it," said the superior, calmly; "but I would as lief answer Sir Godrey thus as in any other way, since he has learnt that the child was sheltered here. Two things only I am careful for: first, that the little lad himself shall be kept safe from those who seek him, for the present, and for that matter I trust I have already taken order: the other is, how ye may best keep yourselves clear of Sir Godfrey's anger. To you, brother Hugh, I commit (as is your right, and as I rejoice to do) the guardianship of this house so long as I shall be absent from you. It was your counsel from the first that we should not have meddled in this matter."

"It was," said the prior, coldly.

"Have I not said so, brother?" said the abbot, his face flushing slightly, though the tone was gentle still; "therefore will you be the more free to soothe Sir Godfrey's displeasure, if he should seek to visit my offence upon the brotherhood. In such defence as I may make for myself, rest satisfied that I will bear full witness that you had no share in my counsels."

"This notice is strangely sudden," said the seneschal; "the lord abbot might reasonably claim some days' grace."

"It is a straining of justice, indeed," said the abbot, "like all the rest; but I will obey it. I set forth to-morrow, God willing. The lady of Willan's Hope I leave to your kindly care; it will be but for few days that she will burden your hospitality, for the lord legate will make provision shortly for her."

"We shall scarce be doing a pleasure to Sir Godfrey in this matter either," said the prior; "why doth not the lady go rather to Ladysmede; or why not send her straight, under fitting escort, to my lord of Ely, if she go in any danger in these quarters?"

"His holiness is now on progress, and we know not rightly where to light on him," replied the abbot; "otherwise, that is what the Lady Gladice would most desire. As for Ladysmede—is it a fitting refuge, brother, to your thinking, for such as her?"

Prior Hugh made no reply to this question. "I would she had gone anywhere rather than to us, as matters stand," said he, bluntly.

"She went where Heaven directed her," returned the abbot. "Woe be to us and to our house when its right of sanctuary is minished by one selfish thought of ours! Woe to him, be he crowned king or belted knight, that sets a foot within these walls to question it!"

"Right!" said the sacrist, firmly. Brother Andrew's approbation was so unusual that the rest looked round at him with some surprise. Possibly it was their silence which had made him so enthusiastic.

"I leave the welfare of our house, and the honour of Heaven, in your hands," continued the abbot, with ill-suppressed emotion: "I may, it is possible, return amongst ye no more. I have been an unworthy ruler—none knows it so well as myself—the shortcomings of a life are heavy on me at this hour—yet have I striven, I think, to do the right—*Dominus misereatur!* Brethren, I ask your prayers—*Benedicite!*"

It was the signal that he wished to be left alone. As, one by one, the juniors taking precedence, they made their reverent obeisance before they left the chamber, it seemed to some of those who looked on him as though it was not the same Abbot Martin whom they had known so long. They scarcely recognised, in the pale noble face, sad with many thoughts, yet wearing a resolved expression sterner than its wont, the somewhat indolent and easy-tempered superior, under whose rule they had learnt to murmur, because they could enjoy that luxury cheaply and safely. It struck the prior and the sacrist especially, who were both shrewd men in their way, that there had been more in Abbot Martin than they knew.

He waited until the last of his subordinates had quitted the chamber, and then, addressing one of his chaplains, said to him, "Send the yeoman hither."

Wolfert withdrew, and in a few moments introduced Giacomo into the superior's presence.

CHAP. XXVI.—THE ASHES OF OLD FIRES.

The Italian bowed slightly, but with marked respect, as he entered. His quick perception apprehended the abbot's mood at once. Even in their last interview there had been a remarkable absence of that sarcastic bitterness, either openly expressed, or half-concealed under a mask of deferential courtesy, which usually marked Giacomo's intercourse with others. But now, while his dark eyes looked into the abbot's face, his own wore a strangely-softened expression; and when he spoke, it was almost in a humbled tone.

"You have seen the boy?" said the abbot.

"I have; he is well cared for and happy; I have much to thank you for on his account."

"Nay," replied Abbot Martin, "there needs no thanks; but if it seems to you I have made good my promise, I will now claim somewhat of you in return. I have put a faith in your words hitherto, which to some might appear but credulous folly; I have surely earned the right to know more?"

"You have put much faith in me, as you say—you have not regretted it?" asked Giacomo, while his eyes never left the superior's face.

"No; I believe—I feel, that in this you have not deceived me; his eyes, —his look—his voice—are *hers*—of whom you spoke."

"The same deep, tender gaze—the very smile that came so seldom, but, when it came, was like a gleam of light from paradise—the gentle words, the low thoughtful sigh—"

——"You knew her well," said the abbot with emotion; "yes, there were times when, with that child before me, I could almost have believed the pagan's doctrine, that spirits do not leave this earth, but only change their bodies."

"He is the earthly embodiment of one who—if our creed be true—is now a saint in heaven. If to worship the departed be no idolatry, shall we have no patience with those who make an idol of that which represents to them all which they ever knew of heaven upon this earth?"

"You have a strange love for this child," said the abbot; "and he—though he is loving and gentle to all of us, yet I see well that none can take your place in his affections. But"—he spoke with an effort, and turned his face half aside—"you are not his father?"

"No," replied Giacomo, quietly; "no—only in my dreams. He has never known a father."

"I am not commonly used, if I know myself," said the other after a pause, "to ask curious questions: but as it may well be that we shall hardly meet again, tell me, I beseech you, somewhat more of the boy's parentage. You have stirred already in my mind suspicions which are as agony—relieve them by one word, or be silent, and I shall know the worst."

"When you last spoke of her who gave him birth," said the Italian, "I heard you name dishonour: I forgave it from your lips, because I knew what it must have cost you even to imagine it; still, but for that rash word, you might have known then what you have asked now. Never before, save by foul lips that shall yet purge the slander, was dishonour whispered of Giulia Camaldoni."

"Heaven bless you for that assurance! and now—though to me it should matter little—what was the rest of her history? It was reported, and I thought it had been true, that she had taken the veil?"

"She went as a novice amongst the Marcellines, but she never took the vows; she became the bride of one who—let us say it like men, Guy Fitz-Waryn—might have loved her—how should any not love her?—as truly as you or I?"

The abbot had sat down, and covered his face with his hands as they rested on the lectern before him. He was so absorbed in the Italian's story, that he did not even start as he heard the ancient name which he had borne in the world without.

"Go on!" he said, in a hoarse, low voice.

"He died—within, as well as I remember, some four short months of their marriage ; she gave birth to his boy, and died too. I was not here," said Giacomo : "before that lay came, I had already made shipwreck of a life that had lost its sunhine ; once — twice — a blow had allen on me that crushed all my ove into bitterness, and I had left Genoa an outcast and an apostate. Of all the evil that was done and uffered within those months I hardly yet have the tale in full ; but there was falsehood spoken of the dead, and wrong done to the living ; wrong that had its way for years — hat might have its way yet, but hat the powers that rule this world — whose justice seems sometimes so low that I scarce wonder men grow mpatient of its dealings — had not orgotten the evil, and gave them nto the hands of an Ishmaelite like myself. Once more I had something o live for, and I live."

"And who," said the abbot, raising his head and scanning the Italian's eatures, altered as they were in their expression by the long dark locks which formed a part of his disguise, with a puzzled air of half remembrance, — "who are you, whose memories are so bound up with mine? I cannot call to mind your person, in those early days ; yet we must have met in Italy, and often ?"

"You may or you may not remember Giuseppe the neophyte of San Giorgio, the poor cousin of the Marchesa Camaldoni ? His hopeless, mad, unspoken passion — the delicious torment which he hugged to his own burning heart, you could never know. But I know you well, the gallant English squire whose name was on all ladies' lips in Genoa ; and I knew you for a rival — jealousy has wondrous eyes — even before you or she perhaps guessed it ; and hated you because I felt sure of your success : but it was not so. O my lord abbot, though we stand here now in such different seeming — you the peer of earls and princes, I the apostate monk, the dependant on those I scorn and hate — there is yet one memory which sets us upon common ground, and which will hardly make us enemies now. In that eternal estate, which I most believe in because some pure and blessed happiness must have been in store for her — there, it is written, there is no marrying or giving in marriage. There can be no jealousy in our hearts now — the death that seems to break all bonds, brings near some spirits that life's warfare set a bar between. You were the man whom I once thought I could most hate — you are the only one to whom, for long and miserable years, I have spoken more than man commonly speaks to his bosom friend."

"I do remember you now," said the abbot ; "but I need not say I never guessed — how could I guess ? — that, vowed early to the cloister, you had set your thoughts upon a woman's love."

"How does the plant shoot upwards to the light, bend it down by what force you may, clog it with what weight you will ? How does the lark which you imprison from the nest, far from all sights and sounds of nature, learn the same note which its fellow-nestling sings, high and free in the clouds ? Are these instincts of lower nature — and has man none ? is the faculty of loving taught, that you can unteach it by any rule or system ?"

The abbot was silent.

"There is that within us," continued the Italian, "which we can no more rule than we can unmake the mould in which we were created. I do not seek to pry into your heart, believe me, father, if I judge of it in some sort by my own : you have sought rest, and perhaps forgetfulness, in the cloistered life which I found only a temptation and a bondage — yet unless I be much mistaken, I see before me the same Guy Fitz-Waryn still."

"Enough of our own matters," said the abbot abruptly ; "these are but things of the past, of which I surely had not thought to have spoken again ; but this boy — I would learn something more of him. How comes he here ? and what has de Burgh to do with him, that he should seek his life, as you have told me ?"

"Pardon me," said Giacomo, "if I say that it is not wise in you, my lord abbot, to seek to learn this as yet. You have given him a refuge, in your charity, as a stranger, not a little to the risk of your own quiet, and that of your house, since Sir Godfrey either knows or shrewdly suspects it: it were better, to my humble thinking, that you should still be able to avouch, with truth and honour, that you have done so without any knowledge of any question of right or wrong that lies between the Knight of Ladysmede and this little Giulio. If I can do little to strengthen your hands in this matter, at least I will say or do nought, if I can help it, that may be a hindrance to you. Leave the Knight of Ladysmede and his dealings to me."

"I am like to know something of his dealings in mine own person," said the superior. "On the third day from this I am cited to his court at Huntingdon to clear myself in this matter."

"Ay—is it so?" said Giacomo quietly—"somewhat of this I had looked for—I had need then to be the more careful on your account. And you my lord abbot—you propose to obey this summons?"

"Yes; though I count it illegal, and though I look for little justice at such hands," said Abbot Martin bitterly: "if this boy be no child of Sir Godfrey's—as at first I feared he was—and if he go in any peril from him, as you have assured me, I will keep him from his hands, with Heaven's grace, by all the means I may. But I cannot see what may follow, and do not care to look too closely. If I return not hither safely from Huntingdon, I leave with you this ring"—he drew the signet from his finger—"use it as before; Gaston will obey it, and do your bidding as he would mine. As concerns the boy's disposal, you must act for the present as seems best to yourself—should we meet again soon, I will advise with you thereupon."

"It shall hardly fail that we meet next at Huntingdon," said Giacomo; "Sir Godfrey may chance to see some in his court whom he has not cited. God speed you, my lord abbot! though, from such lips as mine, a true word shall not harm you—God speed you, Guy Fitz-Waryn, for your kindness towards the living and the dead!"

The Italian's tone was reverent and earnest, and his voice trembled as he uttered the last words.

"Methinks I am not so rich in friends," replied the abbot, "as that I can afford to cast from me any man's good wishes. Fare you well; I shall go hence with a lighter heart, since your words this evening have lifted one weight from it. God be with you, brother! you have been sorely tried, but you were surely made for nobler uses than you have put upon yourself."

"I had surely something noble in me once—for I loved *her!*" He turned and left the chamber. True to his appointment with old Warenger, he reached the tower again as the evening was closing in. Once more Isola left its hospitable shelter, to seek, as Dame Elfhild thought, a securer retreat with the good abbess of Michamstede; but Giacomo turned aside before they reached the mynchery, and riding on for some hours through the darkness, they rested at last for the night at a roadside hostelry far on their way towards Huntingdon.

CAPTAIN J. H. SPEKE'S DISCOVERY OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA LAKE, THE SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE NILE. FROM HIS JOURNAL.

PART III.

RETURN FROM THE NYANZA.

6th August, 1858.—As no further nformation about the lake could be gained, I bade Mahaya and the Shaykh adieu, leaving as a token of recolection one shukka Amerikan for the former, one dhoti kiniki for his wife, and a fundo of beads for the poor Arab, and retraced my steps by a double march back to Ukumbi. Whilst passing alongside the archipelago, I shot two geese and a crested crane. What a pity it seemed I could not pluck the fruit almost within my grasp! Had I had but a little more ime, and a few loads of beads, I could with ease have crossed the Line, and settled every question which we had come all this distance to ascertain. Indeed, to perform that work, nobody could have started under more advantageous circumstances than were then within my power, all hands being in first-rate condition and health, and all in the right temper for it. But now a new and expensive expedition must be formed, for the capabilities of the country on the eastern flank of the Mountains of the Moon, and along the western shores of the Nyanza, are so notoriously great that it is worthy of serious attention. My reluctance to return may be easier imagined than described. I felt as much tantalised as the unhappy Tantalus must have been when unsuccessful in his bobbings for cherries in the cherry-orchard, and as much grieved as any mother would be at losing her first-born, and resolved and planned forthwith to do everything that lay in my power to visit the lake again.

7th.—We made a march of fourteen miles, passing our second station in Urima by two miles, partly to avoid the chief of that village, a testy, rude, and disagreeable man, who, on the last occasion, inhospitably tried to turn us out of a hut in his village, because we would not submit to his impudent demand of a cloth for the accommodation—a proceeding quite at variance with anything we had met in our former receptions, and we resisted the imposition with pertinacity equal to his own. Besides this, by coming on the little extra distance, we arrived at the best and cheapest place for purchasing cows and jembies.

8th.—Halt. I purchased two jembies for one shukka Amerikan, but could not come to any terms with these grasping savages about their cows, although their country teems with them, and they are sold at wonderfully cheap prices to ordinary traders. They would not sell to me unless I gave double value for them. The Fauna of this country is most disappointing. Nearly all the animals that exist here are also to be found in the south of Africa, where they range in far greater numbers. But then we must remember that a caravan route usually takes the more fertile and populous tracks, and that many animals might be found in the recesses of the forests not far off, although there are so few on the line. The elephants are finer here than in any part of the world, and have been known, I hear, to carry tusks exceeding 500 lb. the pair in weight. The principal wild animals besides these are the lion, leopard, hyæna, fox, pig, Cape buffalo, gnu, kudu, hartebeest, pallah, steinboc, and the little madoka, or Sultana gazella. The giraffe, zebra, quagga, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus are all common. The game-birds are the bustard, florikan, Guinea fowl, partridge, quail, snipe, various geese and ducks, and a very dark-coloured rock-pigeon or sand-grouse. The birds in general have very tame plumage, and are much more scarce, generally speaking, than one finds in most other countries.

The traveller on entering these

agricultural districts meets with a treatment quite opposite to what he does from the pastoral tribes, such, for instance, as the Somal, Gallas, Masai, &c. &c. Here they at once hail his advent as a matter of good omen, or the precursor of good fortune, and allow him to do and see whatever he likes. They desire his settling amongst them, appreciate the benefits of commerce and civilisation, and are not suspicious, like the plundering pastorals, of every one coming with evil intentions towards them. The Somal, about as bad a lot as any amongst the rovers, will not admit a stranger into their country, unless accompanied by one of their tribe, who becomes answerable for the traveller's actions, and even with this passport he is watched with the eyes of Argus. Every strange act committed by him, no matter how simple, absurd, or trifling, is at once debated about in council, and always ends to Viator's disadvantage. They add to everything they see or hear, by conjuring up the most ridiculous phantoms; and the more ridiculous they are, the more firmly do they at last believe in them themselves. The worse their grounds are, the more jealously do they guard against anybody's seeing them; and woe betide any one who should frequent any particular spot too often: he is at once set down as designing a plot against it, to fortify the place and take it from them; this idea is their greatest bugbear. Among that tribe blood shed by any means—by the stealthy knife or in fair fight—is deemed meritorious and an act of heroism. No one is ever sure of his life unless he has force to carry him through, or can rely on the chief of the clan as his pillar of safety. This latter plan is probably the safer one, for, as the old adage goes, "there is honesty amongst thieves;" so with these savages it is a matter of importance to their honour and dignity, according to their quaint notions of rectitude, to protect their trust to their utmost; whereas, on the contrary, were that trust not reposed in them, they would feel justified in taking any liberties, or act in opposition to any of those general laws which guide the conduct of civilised men.

I would not, however, desire the African agricultural people to be considered models of perfection. Individually, or in small bodies, the mass of them are very far from being so, for they would commit any excesses without the slightest feelings of compunction. The fear of retribution alone keeps their hands from blood and plunder. The chiefs and principal men, if they have no higher motives, keep their different tribes in order, and do not molest travellers without good cause, or from provocation, as they know that protecting the traveller is the only way in which they can keep up that connection with the commerce of the coast which they all so much covet. It may be worthy of remark that I have always found the lighter-coloured savages more boisterous and warlike than those of a dingier hue. The ruddy black, fleshy-looking Wasaramos and Wagogos are much lighter in colour than any of the other tribes, and certainly have a far superior, more manly and warlike independent spirit and bearing than any of the others.

9th.—We started early, and crossed the Jordans by a ferry at a place lower down than on the first occasion. After leaving the low land, we rose up to the higher ground where we had first gained a sight of the Nyanza's waters, and now took our final view. To myself the parting with it was a matter of great regret, but I believe I was the sole sufferer from disappointment in being obliged to go south, when all my thoughts or cares were in the north. But this feeling was much alleviated by seeing the happy, contented, family state to which the whole caravan had at length arrived. Going home has the same attraction with these black people that it has with schoolboys. The Belooches have long since behaved to admiration, and now even the lazy Pegazis, since completing their traffic, have lighter hearts, and begin to feel a freshness dawn upon them. We soon entered our old village in Nera, having completed fourteen miles. Here the chief, who had travelled up the western shore of the Nyanza, assured me that canoes like the Tanganyika once were used by the natives, and were made from large trees which grew on the mountain-slope overlooking the lake. The disagreeable-mannered Wasukumas (or north men) are now left behind; their mode of articulation is most painful to the civilised ear. Each word uttered seems to begin with a T'hu or T'ha, producing a sound like that of spitting sharply at an offensive object. Any stranger with his back turned would fancy himself insulted by the speaker. The country throughout is well stocked with cattle, and bullocks are cheap, two dhotis, equal to four dollars, being the price of a moderate-sized animal; but milch cows are dear in consequence of the great demand for sour curd. Sheep and goats sell according to their skins: a large one is preferred to a shukka, equal to one dollar; but a dhoti, the proper price of three small goats, is scarcely the value of the largest. The bane of this people is their covetousness. They do not object to sell cheaply to a poor man, yet they hang back at the sight of much cloth, and price their stock, not at ts value, but at what they want, or think they may get, obstinately abidng by their decision to the last. Cattle are driven from this to Unyanyembé, and consequently must be cheaper here than in those more southern parts, still I could not purchase them so well: indeed, a traveller can never expect to buy at a reasonable rate in a land where every man s a sultan, and his hut a castle; where no laws regulate the market, and every proprietor is grasping. Bombay suggests that to buy cattle cheap from the Washenzi (savages), you should give them plenty of time o consider the advantages and isadvantages of the transaction, for heir minds are not capable of arrivng at a rapid conclusion; but friend Bombay forgets that, whilst waiting o beat them down a cloth or two, our or five are consumed by the aravan in that waiting. The women, especially the younger ones, re miserably clad here: a fringe, ike the thong kilt of the Nubian maidens, made of aloe fibres, with a ingle white bead at the end of each string, is the general wear: it is suspended by a strap tied round the waist. Hanging over the belly, it covers about a foot of *ground* in breadth, but not more than seven or eight inches in depth. The fibrous strings, white by nature, soon turn black, and look like India-rubber, the effect of butter first rubbed in, and then constant friction on the grimy person. The dangling, waving motion of this strange appendage, as the wearer moves along, reminded me of the common fly-puzzler sometimes attached to horses' head-stalls. Amongst a crowd of fifty or sixty people, not more than two or three have a cloth of native make, and rarely one of foreign manufacture is to be seen. Some women have stood before me in the very primitive costume of a bunch of leafy twigs.

But far worse clad than these are the Wataturu, a tribe living to the eastward, and the Watuta, living to the westward of this place, to whose absolute nakedness I will draw your attention, because a ridiculous opinion prevails that man, by natural impulse, as was the case with our original progenitors Adam and Eve, entertains an innate sense of shame from the exposure of his person.

Of the first mentioned, the Wataturu, a people living a little to the northward of Turu (see map), I have only seen a few males, and they were stark naked, and adhered to the ancient Jewish rite, which is the more remarkable, as they are the only natives that I am aware of who indulge in this practice, and none are Mussulmans. The Wataturus despise any one who is weak enough to cover his person, considering that he does so only to conceal his natural imperfections. Their women are currently reported to be as naked as the men, but I did not see any of them, and cannot vouch for it.

Of the Watuta tribe, the second mentioned, who live a little to the westward of Msené (see map), these savages are said to be all but naked also, only wearing a cylinder, or a piece of hollow bamboo. This is a second living example, though I have no doubt there are many more in Africa, antagonistic to the received opinion, which holds that man is possessed of an inherent sense of modesty, and that, from some normal yet incomprehensible action on his mind, he is induced to cover up certain portions of his body.

Until India, or rather Bombay, exports cheap and strong cloths for the Zanzibar market, and outbids the American sheeting now in common use throughout the most of the interior, this will be the national costume. It is to be hoped that India, when once aroused to the advantages of dealing more extensively with this country, will never lose sight of the fact that the negro as well as more enlightened man can detect the difference between good and poor stuffs; that the nation which makes the strongest stuffs will be considered to be the honestest, and the more lasting the material, the more readily it will be taken. In sending cloths great care should be taken that every piece be of the same length, and always evenly divisible by cubits, or eighteen-inches measure. If the Lion and the Unicorn, figuring on the outside of each piece—Thân or Gora, as it is called respectively in India and Africa—were security of its being English manufacture, and, by being so, sure to be of uniform quality and size, much respect would be given to it; and "Shukka Anglési" (English shukka) would soon take the place of "Amerikan," which are by different mills, and are different lengths and qualities. The only reason for the negro taking a large goat-skin in preference to a shukka, is because it is stronger.

On coming here I had the misfortune to make my donkey over to Bombay, to save his foot, which had been galled by too constant walking; for though unable to ride, he was too proud to say nay, and was therefore placed upon it, whilst carrying the gun devoted to his charge, Captain Burton's smooth elephant. Now Bombay rode much after the fashion of a sailor, trusting more to balance and good-luck than skill in sticking on; and the consequence was, that with the first side-step the donkey made he came to the ground an awkward cropper, falling heavily on the small of the stock of the gun, which snapped short off, and was irredeemably damaged. At first I rated him heartily, for this was the second of Captain Burton's guns which had been damaged in my hands. I then told Bombay of the circumstances which led to the accident to the first gun. It was done whilst hippopotamus-shooting on the coast rivers opposite to Zanzibar; and as Bombay had a little experience in that way to relate, we had long yarns about such sport, which served to improve our Hindoostani (the language I always conversed with him in), as well as to divert our useless yet unavoidable feelings of regret at the accident, and also killed time.

One day, when on the Tanga river, near its mouth, I was busily engaged teasing hippopotami, with one man, a polesman, in a very small canoe, just capable of carrying what it had on board, myself in the bows, with my 4-bore Blissett in hand, while Captain Burton's monster elephant-gun, a double-barrelled 6-bore, weighing, I believe, 20 lb., was lying at the stern in the poler's charge.

The river was a tidal one, of no great breadth, and the margin was covered by a thick growth of the mangrove shrub, on the boughs of which the sharp-edged shells of the tree-oyster stuck in strings and clusters in great numbers. The best time to catch the hippopotamus is when the tide is out and the banks are bared, for then you find him wallowing in the mud or basking on the sand (when there is any), like jungle hog, and with a well-directed shot on the ear, or anywhere about the brain-pan, you have a good chance of securing him. I especially mention this, as it is quite labour in vain, in places where the water is deep, to fire at these animals, unless you can kill them outright, as they dive under like a water-rat, and are never seen more if they are only wounded. I, like most raw hands at this particular kind of sport, began in a very different way from what, I think, a more experienced hunter would have done, by chasing them in the water, and firing at their heads whenever they appeared above it; and even fired slugs about their eyes and ears, in hopes that I might irritate them sufficiently to make them charge the canoe. This teasing dodge proved pretty successful, for when the tide had run clean out, only pools and reaches, connecting by shallow runnels the volume of the natural stream, remained for the hippopotami to sport about in; and my manœuvring in these confined places became so irritating, that a large female came rapidly under water to the stern of the canoe, and gave it such a sudden and violent cant with her head or withers, that that end of the vessel shot up in the air, and sent me sprawling on my back, with my legs forced up by the sea—a bar of wood—at right angles to my body; whilst the poler and the big double gun were driven like a pair of shuttlecocks, flying right and left of the canoe high up into the air. The gun on one side fell plump into the middle of the stream, and the man on the other dropped, *poop* first, on to the hippopotamus's back, but rapidly scrambling back into the canoe. The hippopotamus then, as is these animals' wont, renewed the attack, but I was ready to receive her, and as she came rolling porpoise-fashion close by the side of the canoe, I fired a quarter of a pound of lead, backed by four drams of powder, into the middle of her back, the muzzle of the rifle almost touching it. She then sank, and I never saw her more; but the gun (after lying on the sandy bottom the whole of that night), I managed, by the aid of several divers, to find on the following day.

Bombay says that on one occasion, when coming down the Pangani river in a canoe with several other men, an irritated hippopotamus charged and upset it, upon which he and all his friends dived under water and then swam to the shore, leaving the hippopotamus to vent his rage on the shell of the canoe, which he most spitefully stuck to. This, he assures me, is the proper way to dodge a hippopotamus, and escape the danger of a bite from him. On another occasion, when I was hippopotamus-hunting in one of the boats belonging to a large frigate, the property of Sultan Majid of Zanzibar, in an inlet of the sea close to Kaolé, I chased a herd of hippopotami in deep water, till one of the lot, coming as usual from below, drove a tusk clean through the boat with such force that he partially hoisted her out of the water; but the brute did no further damage, for I kept him off by making the men splash their oars rapidly whilst making for the shore, where we just arrived in time to save ourselves from sinking.

The day previous to this adventure, I bagged a fine young male hippopotamus close to this spot, by hitting him on the ear when standing in shallow water. The ivory of these animals is more prized than that of the elephant, and, in consequence of the superior hardness of its enamel, it is in great requisition with the dentist.

Hippopotami are found all down this coast in very great numbers, but especially in the deltas of the rivers, or up the streams themselves, and afford an easy, remunerative, and pleasant sport to any man who is not addicted to much hard exercise. The Panjani, Kingani, and Lufiji rivers are full of them, as well as all the other minor feeders to the sea along that coast. If these animals happen to be killed in places so far distant from the sea that the tidal waters have not power to draw them out to the ocean depths, their bodies will be found, when inflated with gas, after decomposition, floating on the surface of the water a day or two afterwards, and can easily be secured by the sportsman, if he be vigilant enough to take them before the hungry watchful savages come and secure them, to damp their rapacious appetites. Mussulmans will even eat these amphibious creatures without cutting their throats, looking on them as cold-blooded animals, created in the same manner as fish.

The following day, 10th August, we made a halt to try our fortune again in purchasing cows, but failed as usual; so the following morning we decamped at dawn, and marched thirteen miles to our original station in southern Nera. Here I purchased four goats for one dhoti Amerikan, the best bargain I ever made. Thunder had rumbled, and clouds overcast the skies for two days; and this day a delicious cooling shower fell. The people said it was the little rains—chota barsät, as we call it in India—expected yearly at this time, as the precursor of the later great falls. As Seedi Bombay was very inquisitive to-day about the origin of Seedis, his caste, and as he wished to know by what law of nature I accounted for their cruel destiny in being the slaves of all men, I related the history of Noah, and the disposition of his sons on the face of the globe; and showed him that he was of the black or Hametic stock, and by the common order of nature, they, being the weakest, had to succumb to their superiors, the Japhetic and Semitic branches of the family; and, moreover, they were likely to remain so subject until such time as the state of man, soaring far above the beast, would be imbued by a better sense of sympathy and good feeling, and would then leave all such ungenerous appliances of superior force to the brute alone. Bombay, on being created a Mussulman by his Arab master, had been taught a very different way of accounting for the degradation of his race, and narrated his story as follows: "The Arabs say that Mahomet, whilst on the road from Medina to Mecca, one day happened to see a widow woman sitting before her house, and asked her how she and her three sons were; upon which the troubled woman (for she had concealed one of her sons on seeing Mahomet's approach, lest he, as is customary when there are three males of a family present, should seize one and make him do porterage) said, 'Very well; but I've only two sons.' Mahomet, hearing this, said to the woman reprovingly: 'Woman, thou liest; thou hast three sons, and for trying to conceal this matter from me, henceforth remember that this is my decree—that the two boys which thou hast not concealed shall multiply and prosper, have fair faces, become wealthy, and reign lords over all the earth; but the progeny of your third son shall, in consequence of your having concealed him, produce Seedis as black as darkness, who will be sold in the market like cattle and remain in perpetual servitude to the descendants of the other two."

12*th*.—We returned to our former quarters, the village of Salawé; but I did not enjoy such repose as on the former visit, for the people were in their cups, and *nolens volens*, persisted in entering my hut. Sometimes I rose and drove them out, at other times I turned round and feigned to sleep; but these manœuvres were of no avail; still they poured in, and one old man, more impudent than the rest, understanding the trick, seized my pillow by the end, and, tugging at it as a dog pulls at a quarter of horse, roused me with loud impatient "Whu-hu" and "Hi, Hi's," until at last, out of patience, I sent my boots whirling at his head. This cleared the room, but only for a moment: the boisterous, impudent crowd, true to savage nature, enjoying the annoyance they had occasioned, returned exultingly, with shouts and grins, in double numbers. The Belooches then interfered, and, in their zeal to keep order, irritated some drunkards, who at once became pugnacious. On seeing the excited state of these drunkards, bawling and stepping about in long, sudden, and rapid strides, with brandished spears and agitated bows, endeavouring to exasperate the rest of the mob against us, I rose, and going out before them, said that I came forth for their satisfaction, and that they might now stand and gaze as long as they liked; but I hoped as soon as their legs and arms were tired that they would depart in peace. The words acted with magical effect upon them; they urgently requested me to retire again, but finding that I did not, they took themselves homewards. The sultan arrived late in the evening, he said from a long distance, on purpose to see me, and was very importunate in his desire for my halting a day. As I had paid all the other sultans the compliment of a visit, he should consider it a slight if I did not stay a little while with him. On the occasion of my passing northwards he had been absent, and could not entertain me; so I must now accept a bullock, which he would send for on the morrow. A long debate ensued, which ended by my giving him one shukka Amerikan, and one dhoti kiniki.

13*th*.—Travelling through the Ninlo Wilderness to-day, the Beloochs were very much excited at the quantity of game they saw; but though they tried their best, they did not succeed in killing any. Troops of zebras, the quagga and giraffe, some varieties of antelopes roaming about n large herds, a buffalo and one ostrich, were the chief visible tenants of this wild. We saw the fresh prints of a very arge elephant; and I have no doubt that by any sportsman, if he had but eisure to learn their haunts and watering-places, a good account might be made of them—but one and all are wild in the extreme. Ostrich feathers bedeck the frizzly polls of many men and women, but no one has ever heard of any having been killed or snared by huntsmen. These ornanents, as well as the many skulls and skins seen in every house, are said to be found lying about in places where the animals have died a natural death.

14*th*.—We left, as we did yesterday, an hour before dawn, and crossed the second broad wilderness to Kahama. At 9 A. M. I called the usual halt to eat my rural breakfast of cold fowl, sour curd, cakes, and eggs, in a village on the south border of the desert. As the houses were devoid of all household commodities, I asked the people stopping there to tend the fields to explain the reason, and learnt that their fear of the plundering Wamandas was such that they only came there during the day to look after their crops, and at night they retired to some distant place of safe retreat in the jungles, where they stored all their goods and chattels. These people, in time of war, thus putting everything useful out of the way of the forager's prying eyes, it is very seldom that blood is spilt. This country being full of sweet springs, accounts for the denseness of the population and numberless herds of cattle. To look upon its resources, one is struck with amazement at the waste of the world: if instead of this district being in the hands of its present owners, it were ruled by a few scores of Europeans, what an entire revolution a few years would bring forth! An extensive market would be opened to the world, the present nakedness of the land would have a covering, and industry and commerce would clear the way for civilisation and enlightenment. At present the natural inert laziness and ignorance of the people is their own and their country's bane. They are all totally unaware of the treasures at their feet. This dreadful sloth is in part engendered by the excessive bounty of the land in its natural state; by the little want of clothes or other luxuries, in consequence of the congenial temperature; and from the people having no higher object in view than the first-coming meal, and no other stimulus to exertion by example or anything else. Thus they are, both morally and physically, little better than brutes, and as yet there is no better prospect in store for them. The climate is a paradox quite beyond my solving, unless the numerous and severe maladies that we all suffered from, during the first eight months of our explorations, may be attributed to too much exposure; and even that does not solve the problem. To all appearance, the whole of the country to the westward of the east-coast range is high, dry, and healthy. No unpleasant exhalations pollute the atmosphere; there are no extremes of temperature; the air is neither too hot nor too cold; and a little care in hutting, dressing, and diet should obviate any evil effects of exposure. Springs of good water, and wholesome food, are everywhere obtainable. Flies and musquitos, the great Indian pests, are scarcely known, and the tsetse of the south nowhere exists. During the journey northwards, I always littered down in a hut at night; but the ticks bit me so hard, and the anxiety to catch stars between the constantly-fleeting clouds, to take their altitudes, perhaps preying on my mind, kept me many whole nights consecutively without obtaining even as much as one wink of sleep, a state of things I had once before suffered from. But there really was no assignable cause for this, unless weakness or feverishness could create wakefulness, and then it would seem surprising that even during the day, or after much fatigue, I rarely felt the slightest inclination to close my eyes. Now, on returning, without anything to excite the mind, and having always pitched the tent at night, I enjoyed cooler nights and perfect rest. Of diseases, the more common are remittent and intermittent fevers, and these are the most important ones to avoid, since they bring so many bad effects after them. In the first place, they attack the brain, and often deprive one of one's senses. Then there is no rallying from the weakness they produce. A little attack, which one would only laugh at in India, prostrates you for a week or more, and this weakness brings on other disorders; cramp, for instance, of the most painful kind, very often follows. When lying in bed, my toes have sometimes curled round and looked me in the face; at other times, when I have put my hand behind my back, it has stuck there until, with the other hand, I have seized the contracted muscles, and warmed the part affected with the natural heat, till, relaxation taking place, I was able to get it back. Another nasty thing is the blindness, which I have already described, and which attacked another of our party in a manner exactly similar to my complaint. He, like myself, left Africa with a misty veil floating before his eyes.

There are other disorders, but so foreign to my experience that I dare not venture to describe them. For as doctors disagree about the probable causes of their appearance, I most likely would only mislead if I tried to account for them. However, I think I may safely say they emanate from general debility, produced by the much-to-be-dreaded fevers.

15*th*.—The caravan broke ground at 4 P. M., and, completing the principal zigzag made to avoid wars, arrived at Senagongo. Kanoni, followed by a host of men, women, and children, advanced to meet the caravan, all roaringly intoxicated with joy, and lavishing greetings of welcome, with showers of "Yambo, Yambo Sanas," ("How are you?" and, "Very well, I hope?") which we as warmly returned: the shakings of hands were past number, and the Beloochee and Bombay could scarcely be seen moving under the hot embraces and sharp kisses of admiring damsels. When recovered from the shock of this great outburst of feelings, Kanoni begged me to fire a few shots, to apprise his enemies, and especially his big brother, of the honours paid him. No time was lost: I no sooner gave the order than bang, bang went every one of the escort's guns, and the excited crowd, immediately seeing a supposed antagonist in the foreground, rushed madly after him. Then spears were flourished, thrust, stabbed, and withdrawn; arrows were pointed, huge shields protected black bodies, sticks and stones flew like hail; then there was a slight retreat, then another advance—dancing to one side, then to the other—jumping and prancing on the same ground, with bodies swaying here and bodies swaying there, until at length the whole foreground was a mass of moving objects, all springs and hops, like an army of frogs, after the first burst of rain, advancing to a pond: then again the guns went off, giving a fresh impulse to the exciting exercise. Their great principle in warfare appears to be, that no one should be still. At each report of the guns, fresh enemies were discovered retreating, and the numbers of their slain were quite surprising. These, as they dropped, were, with highly dramatic action, severally and immediately trampled down and knelt upon, and hacked and chopped repeatedly with knives, whilst the slayer continued showing his savage wrath by worrying his supposed victim with all the angry energy that dogs display when fighting. This triumphal entry over, Kanoni led us into his boma, and treated us with sour curd. Then, at my request, he assembled his principal men and greatest travellers to debate upon the Nyanza. One old man, shrivelled by age, stated that he had travelled up the western shores of the Nyanza two moons (sixty days) consecutively, had passed beyond Karagwah into a country where coffee grows abundantly, and is called Muanyé. He described the shrub as standing between two and three feet high, having the stem nearly naked, but much branched above; it grows in large plantations, and forms the principal article of food. The people do not boil and drink it as we do, but pulverize and form it into porridge or cakes. They also eat the berry raw, with its husk on. The Arabs are very fond of eating these berries raw, and have often given us some. They bring them down from Uganda, where, for a pennyworth of beads, a man can have his fill. When near these coffee plantations, he (our informer) visited an island on the lake, called Kitiri, occupied by the Watiri, a naked lot of beings, who subsist almost entirely on fish and coffee. The Watiris go about in large canoes like the Tanganyika ones; but the sea-travelling, he says, is very dangerous. In describing the boisterous nature of the lake, he made a rumbling, gurgling noise in his throat, which he increased and diversified by pulling and tapping at the skin covering the apple, and by puffing and blowing with great vehemence indicated extraordinary roughness of the elements. The sea itself, he said, was boundless. Kanoni now told me that the Muingiri river lies one day's journey N.N.W. of this, and drains the western side of the Msalala district into the southern end of the Nyanza creek. It is therefore evident that those extensive lays in the Nindo and Salawé districts which we crossed extend down to this river, which accounts for there being so many wild animals there: water being such an attractive object in these hot climes, all animals group round it. Kanoni is a dark, square, heavy-built man, very fond of imbibing pombe, and, like many tipplers, overflowing with human kindness, especially in his cups. He kept me up several hours to-night, trying to induce me to accept a bullock, and to eat it in his boma, in the same manner as I formerly did with his brother. He was much distressed because I would not take the half of my requirements in cattle from him, instead of devoting everything to his brother Kurua; and not till I assured him I could not stay, but instead would leave Bombay and some Belooches with cloth to purchase some cows from his people, would he permit of my turning in to rest. It is strange to see how very soon, when questioning these negroes about anything relating to geography, their weak brains give way, and they can answer no questions, or they become so evasive in their replies, or so rambling, that you can make nothing out of them. It is easily discernible at what time you should cease to ask any further questions; for their heads then roll about like a ball upon a wire, and their eyes glass over and look vacantly about as though vitality had fled from their bodies altogether. Bombay, though, is a singular exception to this rule; but then, by long practice, he has become a great geographer, and delights in pointing out the different features on my map to his envying neighbours.

16*th*.—We came to Mgogwa this morning, and were received by Kurua with his usual kind affability. Our entrance to his boma was quiet and unceremonious, for we came there quite unexpectedly — hardly giving him time to prepare his musket and return our salute. Though we were allowed a ready admission, a guinea-fowl I shot on the way was not. The superstitious people forbade its entrance in full plumage, so it was plucked before being brought inside the palisade. Kurua again arranged a hut for my residence, and was as assiduous as ever in his devotion to my comforts. All the elders of the district soon arrived, and the usual debates commenced. Kurua chiefly trades with Karagwah and the northern kingdoms, but no one could add to the information I had already obtained. One of his men stated that he had performed the journey between Pangani (latitude 5° south), on the east coast of Africa, and Lake Nyanza three times, in about two months each time. The distance was very great for the little time it took him; but then he had to go for his life the whole way, in consequence of the Masai, or Wahumba, as some call them, being so inimical to strangers of any sort that he dare not stop or talk anywhere on the way. On leaving Pangani, he passed through Usambara, and entered on the country of the warring nomadic race, the Masai; through their territories he travelled without halting until he arrived at Usukuma, bordering on the lake. His fear and speed were such that he did not recognise any other tribes or countries besides those enumerated. Wishing to ascertain what number of men a populous country like this could produce in case of an attack, and to gain some idea of savage tactics, I proposed having a field-day. Kurua was delighted with the idea, and began roaring and laughing about it with his usual boisterous energy, to the great admiration of all the company. The programme was as follows:—At 3 P.M. on the 17th, Kurua and his warriors, all habited and drawn up in order of battle, were to occupy the open space in front of the village, whilst my party of Beloochees, suddenly issuing from the village, would perform the enemy and commence the attack. This came off at the appointed time, and according to orders the forces were drawn up, and an engagement ensued. The Belooches, rushing through the passages of the palisaded village, suddenly burst upon the enemy, and fired and charged successively; to which the Wamandas replied with equal vigour, advancing with their frog-like leaps and bounds, dodging and squatting, and springing and flying in the most wild and fantastic manner; stabbing with their spears, protecting with their shields, poising with bows and arrows pointed, and, mingling with the Belooches, rushed about striking at and avoiding their guns and sabres. But all was so similar to the Senagango display that it does not require a further description. The number of Kurua's forces disappointed me,—I fear the intelligence of the coming parade did not reach far. The dresses they wore did credit to their nation—some were decked with cock-tail plumes, others wore bunches of my guinea-fowl's feathers in their hair, whilst the chiefs and swells were attired in long red baize mantles, consisting of a strip of cloth four feet by twenty inches, at one end of which they cut a slit to admit the head, and allowed the remainder to hang like a tail behind the back. Their spears and bows are of a very ordinary kind, and the shield is constructed something like the Kaffir's, from a long strip of bull's hide, which they painted over with ochreish earth. The fight over, all hands rushed to the big drums in the cow-yard, and began beating them as though they deserved a drubbing: this "sweet music" set everybody on wires in a moment, and dancing never ceased till the sun went down, and the cows usurped the revelling-place. Kurua now gave me a good milch-cow and calf, and promised two more of the same stamp. Those which were brought by the common people were mere weeds, and dry withal; they would not bring any good ones, I think, from fear of the sultan's displeasure, lest I should prefer theirs to his, and deprive him of the consequent profits. My chief reason for leaving Bombay behind at Senagongo was, that business was never done when I was present. For, besides staring at me all day, the people speculated how to make the most of the chance offered by a rich man coming so suddenly amongst them, and in consequence of this avariciousness offered their cattle at such unreasonable prices as to preclude the transaction of any business.

18*th.*—Halt. My anticipations about the way of getting cows proved correct, for Bombay brought twelve animals, costing twenty-three dhotis Amerikan and nine dhotis kiniki. Kurua now gave me another cow and calf, and promised me two more when we arrived at the Ukumbi district, as he did not like thinning one herd too much. I gave in return for his present one barsati, five dhotis Amerikan, and two dhotis kiniki, with a promise of some gunpowder when we arrived at Unyanyembé, for he is still bent on going there with me. Perhaps I may consider my former obstruction in travel by Kurua a fortunate circumstance, for though the eldest brother's residence lay directly in my way, he might not possess so kind a nature as these two younger brothers. Still I cannot see any good reason for the Kirangozi abandoning the proper road: there certainly could be no more danger on the one side than on the other, and all would be equally glad to have had me. It is true that I should have had to pass through his enemies' hands to the other brother, and such a course usually excites suspicion; but, by the usual custom of the country, Kurua should have been treated by him only as a rebellious subject, for though all three brothers were by different mothers, they are considered in line of succession as ours are, when legitimately begotten by one mother. Some time ago the eldest brother made a tool of an Arab trader, and with that force on his side threatened these two brothers with immediate destruction unless they resigned to him the entire government, and his rights as senior. They admitted in his presence the justness of his words and the folly of waging war, as such a measure could only bring destruction on all alike; but on his departure they carried on their rule as before. Bombay, talking figuratively with me considers Kurua's stopping me something like the use the monkey turned the cat's paw to; that is, he stopped me simply to enhance his dignity, and gain the minds of the people by leading them to suppose I saw justice in his actions. Pombe-brewing, the chief occupation of the women, is as regular here as the revolution of day and night, and the drinking of it just as constant. It is made of bajéri and jowari (common millets), and is at first prepared by malting in the same way as we do barley; then they range a double street of sticks, usually in the middle of the village, fill a number of pots with these grains mixed in water, which they place in continuous line down the street of sticks, and setting fire to the whole at once, boil away until the mess is fit to put aside for refining: this they then do, leaving the pots standing three days, when fermentation takes place and the liquor is fit to drink. It has the strength of labourers' beer, and both sexes drink it alike. This fermented beverage resembles pig-wash, but is said to be so palatable and satisfying—for the dregs and all are drunk together—that many entirely subsist upon it. It is a great help to the slave-masters, for without it they could get nobody to till their ground; and when the slaves are required to turn the earth, the master always sits in judgment with lordly dignity, generally under a tree, watching to see who becomes entitled to a drop. In the evening my attention was attracted by small processions of men and women, possessed of the Phépo, or demon, passing up the palisaded streets, turning into the different courts, and paying each and every house by turns a visit. The party advanced in slow funereal order, with gently springing, mincing, jogging action, some holding up twigs, others balancing open baskets of grain and tools on their heads, and with their bodies, arms, and heads in unison with the whole hobling bobling motion, kept in harmony to a low, mixed, droning, humming chorus. As the Sultan's door was approached, he likewise rose, and, mingling in the crowd, performed the same evolutions. This kind of procession is common at Zanzibar: when any demoniacal possessions take place in the society of the blacks, it is by this means *they* cast out devils. While on the subject of superstition, it may be worth mentioning what long ago struck me as a singular instance of the effect of supernatural impression on the uncultivated mind. During boyhood my old nurse used to tell me with great earnestness of a wonderful abortion shown about in the fairs of England, of a child born with a pig's head; and as solemnly declared that this freak of nature was attributable to the child's mother having taken fright at a pig when in the interesting stage. The case I met in this country is still more far-fetched, for the abortion was supposed to be produceable by indirect influence on the wife of the husband taking fright. On once shooting a pregnant Kudu doe, I directed my native huntsman, a married man, to dissect her womb and expose the embryo; but he shrank from the work with horror, fearing lest the sight of the kid, striking his mind, should have an influence on his wife's future bearing, by metamorphosing her progeny to the likeness of a fawn.

19*th.*—We bade Kurua adieu in the early morning, as a caravan of his had just arrived from Karagwah, and appointed to meet at the second station, as marching with cattle would be slow work for him. Our march lasted nine miles. The succeeding day we passed Ukumbi, and arrived at Uyombo. On the way I was obliged to abandon one of the donkeys, as he was completely used up. This made up our thirty-second loss in asses since leaving Zanzibar. My load of beads was now out, and I had to purchase rations with cloth —a necessary measure, but not economical, for the cloth does not go half as far as beads of the same value. I have remarked throughout this trip, that in all places where Arabs are not much in the habit of trading, very few cloths find their way, and in consequence the people take to wearing beads; and beads and baubles are the only foreign things much in requisition.

As remarks upon the relative valuation of commodities appear in various places in this diary, I will endeavour to give a general idea how it is that I have found this plentiful country—quite beyond any other I have seen in Africa in fertility and stock—so comparatively dear to travel in. The Zanzibar route to Ujiji is now so constantly travelled over by Arabs and Sowhilis, that the people, seeing the caravans approach, erect temporary markets, or come hawking things for sale, and the prices are adapted to the abilities of the purchasers; and at such markets our Shaykh bought for us, and transacted all business. It is also to be observed that where things are brought for sale, they are invariably cheaper than in those places where one has to seek and ask for them; for in the one instance a livelihood is the consequence of a trade, whereas in the other a chance purchaser is treated as a windfall to be made the most of. Now this line is just the opposite to the Ujiji one, and therefore dear; but added to those influences here, the sultans, to increase their own importance whilst having me their guest, invariably gave out that I was no peddling Arab or Sowahili, as they say, "Bana Wa-rungwana," for Zanzibar merchant; but an independent Mundéwa, or Sultan of the Wazungu (white or wise men), and the people took the hint to make me pay or starve. Then again, not having the Shaykh with me, I had to pay for and settle everything myself, and from having no variety of beads in this exclusively bead country, there was great inconvenience.

Kurua now joined us, and reported the abandoned donkey dead. A cool shower of rain fell, to the satisfaction of every thirsty soul. It is delightful to observe the freshness which even one partial shower imparts to all animated nature after a long-continued drought.

24*th.*—During the last four days we have marched fifty-eight miles, and are now at our old village in Ulékampuri. As we have now traversed all the ground, I must try to give a short description, with a few reflections on the general character of all we have seen or heard, before concluding this diary. To give a faithful idea of a country, it is better that the object selected for comparison should incline to the large and grander scale than to the reverse, otherwise the reader is apt to form too low an idea of it. And yet, though this is leaning to the smaller, I can think of no better comparison for the surface of this high land than the long sweeping waves of the Atlantic Ocean; and where the hills are fewest, and in lines, they resemble small breakers curling on the tops of the rollers, all irregularly arranged, as though disturbed by different currents of wind. Where the hills are grouped, they remind me of a small chopping sea in the Bristol Channel. That the hills are nowhere high, is proved by the total absence of any rivers along this line, until the lake is reached; and the passages between or over them are everywhere gradual in their rise; so that in travelling through the country, no matter in which direction, the hills seldom interfere with the line of march. The flats and hollows are well peopled, and cattle and cultivation are everywhere abundant. The stone, soil, and aspect of this tract is uniform throughout. The stone is chiefly granite, the rugged rocks of which lie like knobs of sugar over the surface of the little hills, intermingled with sandstone in a highly ferruginous state; whilst the soil is an accumulation of sand the same colour as the stone, a light brownish grey, and appears as if it were formed of disintegrated particles of the rocks worn off by time and weathering. Small trees and brushwood cover all the outcropping hills; and palms on the plains, though few and widely spread, prove that water is very near the surface. Springs, too, are numerous, and generally distributed. The mean level of the country between Unyanyembé and the Lake is 3767 feet; that of the Lake itself, 3750. The tribes, as a rule, are well disposed towards all strangers, and wish to extend their commerce. Their social state rather represents a conservative than a radical disposition; and their government is a sort of semi-patriarchal-feudal arrangement, and, like a band of robbers, all hold together from feeling the necessity of mutual support. Bordering the south of the Lake, there are vast fields of iron; cotton is also abundant; and every tropical plant or tree could grow; those that do exist, even rice, vegetate in the outmost luxuriance. Cattle are very abundant, and hides fill every house. On the east of the Lake, ivory is said to be very abundant and cheap; and on the west we hear of many advantages which are especially worthy of our notice. The Karagwa hills overlooking the lake are high, cold, and healthy, and have enormous droves of cattle bearing horns of stupendous size; and ivory, fine timber, and all the necessaries of life, are to be found in great profusion there. Again, beyond the equator, of the kingdom of Uganda we hear from everybody a rapturous account. That country evidently swarms with people who cultivate coffee and all the common grains, and have large flocks and herds, even greater than what I have lately seen. Now if the Nyanza be really the Nile's fount, which I sincerely believe to be the case, what an advantage this will be to the English merchant on the Nile, and what a field is opened to the world, if, as I hope will be the case, England does not neglect this discovery?

But I must not expatiate too much on the merits and capabilities of inner Africa, lest I mislead any commercial inquirers; and it is as well to say at present, that the people near the coast are in such a state of slothful helplessness and insecurity, that for many years, until commerce, by steady and certain advance, shall in some degree overcome the existing apathy, and excite the population to strive to better their position, no one need expect to make a large fortune by dealing with them. That commerce does make wonderful improvements on the barbarous habits of the Africans, can now be seen in the Masai country, and the countries extending north-westward from Mombas up through Kikuyu into the interior, where the process has been going on during the last few years. There even the roving wild pastorals, formerly untamable, are now gradually becoming reduced to subjection; and they no doubt will ere long have as strong a desire for cloths and other luxuries as any other civilised beings, from the natural desire to equal in comfort and dignity of appurtenances those whom they now must see constantly passing through their country. Caravans are penetrating farther, and going in greater numbers, every succeeding year, in those directions, and Arab merchants say that those countries are everywhere healthy. The best proof we have that the district is largely productive is the fact that the caravans and competition increase on those lines more and more every day. I would add, that in the meanwhile the staple exports derived from the far interior of the continent will consist of ivory, hides, and horns; whilst from the coast and its vicinity the clove, the gum copal, some textile materials drawn from the banana, aloe and pine-apples, with oleaginous plants such as the ground-nut and cocoa-nut, are the chief exportable products. The cotton plant which grows here, judging from its size and difference from the plant usually grown in India, I consider to be a tree cotton and a perennial. It is this cotton which the natives weave into coarse fabrics in their looms. Then, again, the coffee-plant of Uganda, before alluded to, being a native of that place, and being consequently easily grown, ought in time to afford a very valuable article of export. Rice, although it is not indigenous to Africa, I believe is certainly capable of being produced in great quantity and of very superior quality; and this is also the case with sugar-cane and tobacco, both of which are grown generally over the continent. There is also a species of palm growing on the borders of the Tanganyika Lake, which yields a concrete oil very much like, if not the same as, the palm-oil of Western Africa; but this is limited, and would never be of much value. Salt, which is found in great quantity in pits near the Malagarazi River, and the iron I have already spoken about, could only be of use to the country itself in facilitating traffic, and in maturing its resources.

It is a singular piece of luck that, with a few pounds' worth of kit, I should, in the course of three weeks, have discovered and brought to light a matter, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated, and on which endless sums have been fruitlessly lavished for ages past by ambitious monarchs, and eager and enterprising governments. Thousands of years, I may say from Ptolemy to the present time, has this inquiry been going on, and now, so far as the main features and utility of such discovery are concerned, it is well-nigh, if not entirely, solved. But out of justice to my commandant, Captain Burton, I must add that the advantages over all other men, under which I accomplished the journey, are solely attributable to him. For I was engaged in organising an expedition in another quarter of the globe when he induced me to relinquish it, by inviting me to co-operate with him in opening up Africa; and this brought me to Kazeh, the starting-point for my separate journey. These fertile regions have been hitherto unknown from the same cause which Dr. Livingstone has so ably explained in regard to the western side of Africa—the jealousy of the short-sighted people who live on the coast, who, to preserve a monopoly of one particular article exclusively to themselves (ivory), have done their best to keep everybody away from the interior. I say shortsighted, for it is obvious that, were the resources of the country once fairly opened, the people on the coast would double or triple their present incomes, and Zanzibar would soon swell into a place of real importance. All hands would then be employed, and luxury would take the place of beggary.

I must now (after expressing a fervent hope that England especially, and the civilised world generally, will not neglect this land of promise) call attention to the marked fact, that the Church missionaries, residing for many years at Zanzibar, are the prime and first promoters of this discovery. They have been for years past doing their utmost, with simple sincerity, to Christianise this negro land, and promote a civilised and happy state of existence for these benighted beings. During their sojourn among these blackamoors, they heard from Arabs and others of many of the facts I have now stated, but only in a confused way, such as might be expected in information derived from an uneducated people. Amongst the more important disclosures made by the Arabs was the constant reference to a large lake or inland sea, which their caravans were in the habit of visiting. It was a singular thing that, at whatever part of the coast the missionaries arrived, on inquiring from the travelling merchants where they went to, they one and all stated to an inland sea, the dimensions of which were such that nobody could give any estimate of its length or width. The directions they travelled in pointed north-west, west, and south-west, and their accounts seemed to indicate a single sheet of water, extending from the Line down to 14° south latitude—a sea of about 840 miles in length, with an assumed breadth of two to three hundred miles. In fact, from this great combination of testimony that water lay generally in a continuous line from the equator up to 14° south latitude, and, from not being able to gain information of there being any territorial separations to the said water, they very naturally, and I may add fortunately, created that monster slug of an inland sea which so much attracted the attention of the geographical world in 1855–56, and caused our being sent out to Africa. The good that may result from this little, yet happy accident, will, I trust, prove, proportionately as large and fruitful as the produce from the symbolical grain of mustard-seed; and nobody knows or believes in this more fully than one of the chief promoters of this exciting investigation, Dr. Rebmann. From these late explorations, he feels convinced, as he has oftentimes told me, that the first step has been taken in the right direction for the development of the commercial resources of the country, the spead of civilisation, and the extension of our geographical knowledge.

As many churchmen, missionaries, and others, have begged me to publish what facilities are open to the better prosecution of their noble ends in this wild country, I would certainly direct their attention to the Karagwah district, in preference to any other. There they will find, I feel convinced, a fine healthy country; a choice of ground from the mountain-top to the level of the Lake capable of affording them every comfort of life which an isolated place can produce; and being the most remote region from the coast, they would have less interference from the Mohammedan communities that reside by the sea. But then, I think, missionaries would have but a poor chance of success unless they went there in a body, with wives and families all as assiduous in working to the same end as themselves, and all capable of other useful occupations besides that of disseminating the gospel, which should come after, and not before, the people are awake and prepared to receive it. As that country must be cold in consequence of its great altitude, the people would much sooner than in the hotter and more enervating lowlands, learn any lessons of industry they might be taught. To live idle in regard to everything but endeavouring to cram these empty-headed negroes with Scriptural doctrines, as has too often been and now is done, is, although apparently the straightest, the longest way to reach the goal of their desires.

The missionary, I think, should be a Jack-of-all-trades—a man that can turn his hand to anything; and being useful in all cases, he would, at any rate, make himself influential with those who were living around him. To instruct him is the surest way of gaining a black man's heart, which, once obtained, can easily be turned in any way the preceptor pleases, as is the case with all Asiatics: they soon learn to bow to the superior intellect of the European, and, like children, are as easily ruled as a child is by his father. No better illustration of that can be found than in the Indian irregular corps, where there is one chief to rule over them, and the interest is consequently undivided. The opposite again, is to be found in the regulars where the power is divided, and all, as we have lately seen, have gone to the dogs.

25th.—We left Ulékampuri at 1 A.M., and marched the last eighteen miles into Kazeh under the delightful influence of a cool night and a bright full moon. As the caravan, according to its usual march of single file, moved along the serpentine footpath in peristaltic motion, firing muskets and singing "the return," the Unyanyembé villagers, men, women, and children, came running out and flocking on it, piercing the air with loud shrill noises, accompanied with the lullabooing of these *fairs*, which, once heard, can never be mistaken. The crowd was composed in great part of the relatives of my porters, who evinced their feelings towards their adult masters as eagerly as stray deer do in running to join a long-missing herd. The Arabs, one and all, came out to meet us, and escorted us into their depôt. Their congratulations were extremely warm, for they had been anxious for our safety in consequence of sundry rumours abroad concerning the war-parties which lay in my track. Captain Burton greeted me on arrival at the old house, where I had the satisfaction of finding him greatly restored in health, and having everything about him in a high state of preparation for the journey homewards.

It affords me great pleasure to be able to report the safe return of the expedition in a state of high spirits and gratification. All enjoyed the salubrity of the climate, the kind entertainments of the sultans, the variety and richness of the country, and the excellent fare everywhere. Further, the Beloochees, by their exemplary conduct, proved themselves a most efficient, willing, and trustworthy guard, and are deserving of the highest encomiums; they, with Bombay, have been the life and success of everything, and I sincerely hope they may never be forgotten.

Thus ends my Second Expedition. The Arabs told me I could reach the Nyanza in fifteen to seventeen marches, and I have returned in sixteen, although I had to take a circuitous line instead of a direct one. The provisions, too, have just held out. I took a supply for six weeks, and have completed *that* time *this* day. The total road-distance there and back is 452 miles, which, admitting that the Arabs made sixteen marches of it, gives them a marching rate of more than fourteen miles a-day.

The temperature is greater at this than at any other time of the year, in consequence of its being the end of the dry season; still, as will be seen by the annexed register of one week, the Unyamuézi plateau is not unbearably hot, and far less so than the Indian plains.

Thermometer hung in a passage of our house showed—Morning, Noon, and Afternoon respectively—

6 A.M.	9 A.M.	Noon.	8 P.M.	6 P.M.	
73°	75°	84°	86°	84°.	Mean temperature during first week or seven days of September 1858.
71°	...	...	88°	...	Extreme: difference, 17° of variation during twelve hours of day.

Thermometer suspended from ridge-pole of a one-cloth tent pitched in a close yard:—

6 A.M.	9 A.M.	Noon.	8 P.M.	6 P.M.	
65°	85°	108°	107°	80°.	Mean temperature.
63°	...	...	113°	...	Extreme; difference, 60° of variation.

List of Stores along this Line.

Rice is grown at Unyanyembé, or wherever the Arabs settle, but is not common, as the negroes, considering it poor food, seldom eat it.

Animal.	*Vegetable.*
Cows, sheep, goats, fowls, donkeys, eggs, milk, butter, honey. *P. S.*—Donkeys are very scarce; only found in a few places in the Unyamuézi country.	Rice, jowari, bagri, maize, manioc, sweet potatoes, yams, pumpkins, melons, cucumbers, tobacco, cotton, pulse in great varieties, chilis, bénghans, plantains, tomatoes.

The Quantity of Kit taken for the Journey consisted of—

9 Gorahs Amerikan, 1 Gorah or piece of American sheeting—15 cloths of 4 cubits each.
30 Do. Kiniki, 1 Gorah Kiniki, a common indigo-dyed stuff, — 4 cloths of 4 cubits each.

1 Sahari, a coloured cloth.	These cloths are more expensive, being of better stuff, and are used chiefly by the sultans and other black swells.
1 Uzar Dubwani, do.	
2 Barsati, do.	

20 Maunds white beads — 60 lb.
3 Loads of rice grown at Unyanembé by the Arabs.

Expenditure for the Journey from 9th July to 25th August 1858.

			Value.
10	Belooches' wages, 150 shukkas, or 4 cubits a-piece Amerikan, .	—	100$
	Do. rations, given in advance, 30 lb. white beads, . .	—	5
15	Pagazis' wages, 75 shukkas Amerikan, ...	—	50
26	Men, including self, rations, 60 lb. white beads, . . .	—	10
2	Pagazis, extra wages, 7 shukkas of Amerikan and Kiniki mixed,	—	5
6	Sultan's kuhongos or presents, 22 shukkas of Amerikan and Kiniki, mixed, ...	—	16
	Do. do. do. 2 barsatie, ...	—	2
	Total expenditure, ...		188$
	Or £39, 3s. 4d.		

As the shells which I found on the Tanganyika Lake have now been compared at the British Museum, and have been reported on by their conchologist, Mr. S. P. Woodward, F.G.S., I will give the account of them in his own words, in an appendix.

APPENDIX.

ON SOME NEW FRESH-WATER SHELLS FROM CENTRAL AFRICA. BY S. P. WOODWARD, F.G.S. COMMUNICATED BY PROFESSOR OWEN.

(Mollusca, Pl. XLVII.)

The four shells which form the subject of the present note were collected by Captain Speke in the great fresh-water Lake Tanganyika, in Central Africa.

The large bivalve belongs to the genus *Iridini*, Lamarck,—a group of river mussels, of which there are nine reputed species, all belonging to the African continent. This little group has been divided into several sub-genera. That to which the new shells belongs is distinguished by its broad and deeply-wrinkled hinge-line, and is called *Pleiodon* by Conrad. The posterior slope of this shell is encrusted with tufa, as if there were limestone rocks in the vicinity of its habitat.

The small bivalve is a normal *Unio* with finely-sculptured valves.

The smaller univalve is concave beneath, and so much resembles a *Nerita* or *Calyptræa* that it would be taken for a sea-shell if its history were not well authenticated. It agrees essentially with *Lithoglyphus*—a genus peculiar to the Danube, for the American shells referred to it are probably, or, I may say, certainly distinct. It agrees with the Danubian shells in the extreme obliquity of the aperture, and differs in the width of the umbilicus, which in the European species is nearly concealed by the callous columellar lip.

In the Upper Eocene Tertiaries of the Isle of Wight there are several estuary shells, forming the genus *Globulus*, Sow., whose affinities are uncertain, but which resemble *Lithoglyphus*.

The Lake Tanganyika (situated in lat. 3° to 8° S. and long. 30° E.), which is several hundred miles in length, and 30 to 40 in breadth, seems entirely disconnected with the region of the Danube: but the separation may not always have been so complete, for there is another great lake, Nyanza, to the northward of Tanagnyika, which is believed by Speke to be the principal source of the Nile.

The other univalve is a *Melania*, of the sub-genus *Melanella* (Swainson), similar in shape to *M. hollandi* of S. Europe, and similar to several Eocene species of the Isle of Wight. Its colour, solidity, and tuberculated ribs, give it much the appearance of a small marine whelk (*Nassa*); and it is found in more boisterous waters, on the shores of this great inland sea, than most of its congeners inhabit.

1. Iridina (Pleiodon) spekii, n. sp.

Shell oblong, ventricose, somewhat attenuated at each end; base slightly concave; epidermis chestnut-brown, deepening to black at the margin; anterior slope obscurely radiated; hinge-line compressed in front and tuberculated, wider behind, and deeply wrinkled.

> *Testa oblonga, tumida, extremitatibus fere attenuata, basi subarcuata; epidermide castaneo-fusca, marginem versus nigricante; linea cardinali antice compressa tuberculata, postice latiore, paucis rugis arata.*

2. Unio burtoni, n. sp.

Shell small, oval, rather thin, somewhat pointed behind; umbones small, not eroded; pale olive, concentrically furrowed, and sculptured more or less with fine divaricating lines; anterior teeth narrow, not prominent; posterior teeth laminar; pedal scar confluent with anterior adduction.

> *Testa parva, ovalis, tenuiuscula, postice subattenuata; umbonibus parvis, acuminatis; eperdimide pallide olivacea; valvis lineolis divaricatis, decussatim exaratis; dentibus cardinalibus angustis, haud prominentibus.*

3. Lithoglyphus zonatus, n. sp.

Shell oblicular, hemispherical; spire very small; aperture large, very oblique; umbilicus wide and shallow, with an open fissure in the young shell; lip continuous in front with the umbilical ridge; columella callous, ultimately covering the fissure; body-whorl flattened, pale olivaceous, with two brown bands, darker at the apex; lines of growth crossed by numerous oblique, interrupted striæ.

> *Testa orbicularis, hemisphærica, late umbilicata (apud junior rimata), spira minuta; apertura magna, valde obliqua; labio calloso (in testa adulta rimam tegente); pallide olivircea, fasciis duabus fuscis zonata; lineis incrementi striolis interruptis obliquatim decussatis.*

4. Melania (Melanella) nassa, n. sp.

Shell ovate, strong, pale brown, with (sometimes) two dark bands; spire shorter than the aperture; whorls flattened, ornamented with six brown spiral ridges crossed by a variable number of white, tuberculated, transverse ribs; base of body-whorl with eight turberculated spiral ridges variegated with white and brown; aperture sinuated in front; outer lip simple; inner lip callous.

> *Testa ovata, solida, pallide fusca, zonis 2 nigricantibus aliquando notata; spira apertura breviore; anfractibus planulatis, lineis 6 fuscis spiralibus et costis tuberculatis ornatis; apertura antice sinuata; labro simplici; labio calloso.*

P. S. July 27th.—In addition to the foregoing shells, several others were collected by Capt. Speke, when employed, under the command of Capt. Burton, in exploring Central Africa in the years 1856–59; these were deposited [illegible] Geographical Society, and are now [illegible]ferred to the British Museum.

A specimen of *Ampullaria* (*La*[illegible] *sinistrorsa*, Lea, and odd valves of [illegible] species of *Unio* both smooth and [illegible] coloured, were picked up in the U[illegible] district, an elevated plateau in lat. [illegible] 7° S., long. 34° to 35° E.

A large *Achatina*, most nearly [illegible] to *A. glutinosa*, Pfr., is the "com[illegible] snail" of the region between lake T[illegible]ganyika and the East coast. Fossil spe[illegible]mens were obtained in the Usagara [illegible]trict, at a place called Maroro, 3000 [illegible] above the sea, overlooking the L[illegible] River, where it intersects the coast-ra[illegible] (lat. 7° to 8° S., long. 36° to 37° E.)

Another common land-snail of [illegible] same district is the well-known "*B*[illegible]*mus caillaudi*, Pfr.," a shell more nea[illegible] related to *Achatina* than *Bulimus*.

Captain Speke also found a so[illegible] example of *Bulimus ovoideus*, Brug., [illegible] musjid on the island of Kilwa (lat. 9° [illegible] long. 39° to 40° E.) This species [illegible] identical with *B. grandis*, Desh., fr[illegible] the island of Nosse Bé, Madagascar, [illegible] very closely allied to *B. liberianus*, Le[illegible] from Guinea.

P.S.—It may be interesting as well as useful to many readers of this Magazine, to know that Dr. Petermann is "now drawing up all Knoblicher's astronomical observations, and intends to make a map shortly of the Upper Nile, as far as he has seen it." These observations are the ones alluded to in the body of my journal, and, as I mentioned there, were kindly furnished me by Dr. Petermann.

P.P.S.—For a more complete knowledge of the countries I have aimed to describe, I would recommend geographical inquirers to apply to the Royal Geographical Society of London a few weeks hence, when all my observations will have been computed, and a correct map will have been drawn up from them.

J. H. Speke, Captain, F.R.G.S.
46th Regt., Bengal N. I.
Surveyor to the E. A. Expedition.

A WEEK IN FLORENCE.

First day—A Fog.—There is a great deal to be said about fogs. But for the foolish general prejudice against those caprices of nature, a fog is not to be despised among the accidents of climate. I do not know that there is any other phase of our unfailing insular theme, The Weather, anything like so dramatic and interesting. A bright day—very well, there it is—what more can you make of it?—describe the sunshine, how it drops through the leaves (if there are any) and throws down irregular gleams through the house-tops, and falls in misty, moty, dazzling breadth through the long, languid, fainting street—and when you have said all, you will find it much more forcible and emphatic to turn back to your first phrase, and repeat it is a bright day. And then as for rain—what is to be said about rain? Either it sweeps in sheets of falling water, oblique and white, from heaven to earth—or it tumbles down in cloudfuls, impetuous and sharp, a stray overflow of mischief from some angelic carnival—or it drizzles down still and spiteful and persistent, like — February. But fog is piquant and mysterious, a totally different influence. Let us cross over to this low stone-wall. Who can tell what that river is, nestling down below there? It might be the Thames, it might be the Seine, it might be a nobody of a stream, unknown in polite society. It is, however, the Arno. And having thus introduced this august individual to your acquaintance, who will venture to say what are the surrounding circumstances, to us invisible, which fill up this landscape which we cannot see? Here is nothing in the world but a flow of water, running strong, yet running calm, a little brown from the hills, and which we cannot trace to its opposite bank. A little way to the left, something hangs dimly in mid-sky, as one might suppose—or rather in mid-distance, there being no sky, no heaven, no earth, nothing but fog—which is a bridge. Where does that bridge cross to, do you suppose? Whither flows this mysterious stream, of which the coming and the going are equally lost in that white obscure? What mysterious enchanted palaces and people may be dreaming yonder, on that other side, which is to us no human limited locality, but Infinitude and The Unknown? Out of that visionary blank it requires no strain of imagination to raise such glories as become the Medicean capital. Free Italy, graceful, glorious, alive with art and polity in her subtle heart, with youth and freshness in her veins, with her marble unsmirched, and her robes unsoiled, waits for us behind this vapour-veil. Yes, it is a fog—and for one day more Dante's Florence is the inconceivable city, the home of the imagination, that place which people set out to discover wherever they travel to, but never find.

This, then, being the complexion of our first day in Florence, I ask everybody, what better we could do than find out the perfections of the fog. It was not like that fog which shrouded London a fortnight since. Those profound brown shadows, that lurid gloom, those rolling ghosts of smoke, are not in the Italian skies. This is the fog of hills and rivers—pure, white, shadowy—veiling off a majestic personage whose grand proportions are dimly visible at points here and there when you approach the veil. However, it is a little unfortunate for practical purposes—there is not much to be seen—that must be granted; for Florence might be situated on a vast plain, or near the sea-shore, or at the foot of Mont Blanc, for anything we could say to the contrary. Here, however, is the Lung' Arno, the "Along Arno," the familiar affectionately-titled promenade of the Florentines, with its low river-wall on one side, and its imposing line of lofty hotels and lodging-houses on the other, and its irregular pavement, where carriages and people get along together, each at his own respective risk, and small Italian "fast" equipages, dart at full gallop whenever they can get a chance, through the crowd. There is not much of a crowd here to-day. There are none of those provincial fine ladies, with alarmingly small bonnets and prodigious crinoline, whom we shall see hereafter. Stout fellows enough, ruddy and hearty, lounge about at the street corners, with greatcoats buttoned round their necks, and the sleeves hanging loose and graceful from their shoulders; and homely women, with coloured cotton handkerchiefs tied over their ears, trot about on domestic errands, which cannot be put off even for the fog—with, amongst them, of course, that unfailing sprinkling of enterprising English, who *will* keep abroad, whatever the weather may be, and insist on carrying on their sight-seeing, though it is next to impossible to see anything. One can even see forlorn carriages looming through the fog—those carriages where the *commissionaire* on the box answers all the purpose of a peripatetic signboard—which are conveying back to their hotels unfortunate people who have given in, and acknowledge the hopelessness of their business. Now and then a little group stop as we do, at the windows of the little mosaic shops. These are the only embellishments to-day of the deserted and half-invisible promenade. Windows full of row upon row of unset brooches, each with its dainty cluster of tiny flowers — a petrified flower-garden. If I were an English papa, with a grown-up daughter on each arm of me, like that worthy gentleman before us, I would not stop to look in at Bianchini's window in a fog. The said fog begins to melt in milky dew as one looks on—the pavement grows wet, one cannot tell how—the damp rises into one's throat. But for the name of the thing, one might as well have dropped into the midst of an easterly haar at St. Andrews, or fallen upon a misty day in Cambridge, or the Fens—and there is nothing for it but to wind our melancholy way back to our hotel.

The hotel is a castle—a barrack—a small principality of itself. You turn to the left when you have reached the first floor, and then you turn to the right, and then you turn to the left again ere you reach, after a quarter of an hour's walk, our apartment, where Jack Frost himself has taken refuge before us, and holds possession stoutly. Pile high the hissing logs, draw the chairs to the fire, keep out the draughts! Alas, it is more easily said than done. There is a door at your right hand, and a door at your left hand, and a door behind—they all open into interminable suites of rooms, one within another, with not one door in fifty which fits tight. For you are in Italy, a country of the sun—you have reached the sunny south! The floor is tiled, and carpeted from the thin looms of Kidderminster; there is nothing but stone and marble, and universal chill—and another quarter of an hour's walk through those ghostly stone passages ere you can hope for dinner. Oh much-abused climate of England, where the cold keeps out of doors, and comfort lives within! Shall we ever speak ill of thee again?

But here let me pause to note the odd fact, not sufficiently appreciated, of the superior endurance of those "fervid children of the south"—those passionate populations ripened by "the glowing skies of Italy" — and so on—as we have all heard a hundred times. We, in England, suppose that nobody can bear cold or storm like ourselves. Mr. Kingsley likes the east wind, and muscular Christianity prides itself in believing that English sports in general belong to bad weather, and that thus we show our innate Anglo-Saxon superiority to the ills of nature. What a piece of humbug! Giacomo down below there, with his arms out of his sleeves, is twenty times as good a philosopher as Mr. Kingsley; instead of making convulsive efforts to keep himself warm as an Englishman would do in his position, the good-natured fellow does nothing more than dance from one foot to the other as he hums his barcarolle, and hugs up under the greatcoat which hangs from his shoulders a certain earthenware vessel which we shall see to-morrow. The chances are that there is not a fire-place of any description, save the charcoal stove which boils the soup in the paternal mansion from which he comes, and that from autumn to spring he never sees a fire

Neither are there any carpets, even of Kidderminster, upon Giacomo's tiles. He lives in a Spartan defiance of the cold — fireless, comfortless — with stone walls and a stone floor surrounding his bed, braving out a hard winter in gaunt cold houses which are made to defend him against the heat, and which, somehow, have managed to ignore the harder season; and it is only when he sees the shivering Englishman — the Anglo-Saxon—crouching over his fire, that the light-hearted Florentine learns what it is to grumble at the cold. Yes, it is we who have imported stoves and carpets into the stone houses of Italy. It is we who find the chill overpowering when grim winter takes up his yearly dwelling in those marble halls; and then we go bragging over our foxhunting and our shooting, and protest that "we are a stern people, and winter suits us!" Oh bootless boast! Without any defence but that greatcoat with its empty sleeves, and the mysterious earthenware pan in his hand, Giacomo there, with his downy adolescent cheeks like dark peaches, and his good-nature and his barcarolle, will beat us and our winter experiences all to nothing—though nobody will pretend to say that he is of a stern people, or that winter suits the sun-loving Etruscan race.

Let me note here also another rather odd fact which deserves inquiry — Why is it that one so often finds one's-self a sudden intruder upon a merry English dinner-party when one takes one's seat at a continental *table-d'hôte?* Are the other inhabitants of the world too wise to run their chance of fogs on the Arno, or bad weather elsewhere? It is a curious field of inquiry, worthy of investigation; but let us not say English—English-speaking. That ineffable personage opposite is far too splendidly got up for a Britisher. If one listens a little one will find out that the lady is moved by a perpetual desire to know whether people she meets are English or Americans — a kind of curiosity which never enters into [our obtuse insular understandings. Next to her are two sisters—one, an old aquiline young lady, the other, snub and stout — who are exchanging experiences with the military gentleman over the-way. There are great lamentations over the fog. "But did you observe how dry it was?" asks one of the sisters — "so dry! quite different from fogs in England"—at which a polite silence falls upon the table, and her interlocutor makes a little amazed bow to save himself from the positive fix of an assent. Then there is an Irishman who has been a long walk to see Mario's villa, and is great upon the cigars, and pipes, and tobacco-boxes of that illustrious retreat, in which the aquiline sister takes a dignified interest, and which calls forth a smothered anecdote from the very fine lady about the habits of Mario and a visit to America. Then the military gentleman strikes in, not to be outdone. He has been into the Archducal gardens, which to-day are open to the populace. He thinks the people are "a villanous set of fellows; I was very glad to know I had my stiletto in my pocket," he says. I am afraid he is only, after all, a disguised shopkeeper in mustaches. Poor Giacomo out of doors! Could these dangling sleeves of thine belie thy peach cheeks and make thee villanous? I think Il Signore Inglese, with his stiletto in his pocket, was a worse apparition under the cypress trees.

It is strange to look out upon the night, all veiled and lost in this mist, with its little circle of visible lamps, shining double in the little spot of visible water, and an unknown town throbbing around, hidden away in the fog, and sending up its hum and its outcries in a strange language, unfamiliar to one's ears. I don't know whether the impression which came upon me here is at all a common one; but somehow the strangeness, the invisibleness, of the unknown place where we knew nobody, seemed to convey a certain miraculous character to it like a dream. Those great events of the past which make such changes in one's personal history, somehow went out of my recollection. Coming in from the night, an involuntary impression came upon me of writing all about it to my father and my mother, who, Heaven help us, were long ago out of reach of writing; and I remembered that, like a momentary pang, as if I had heard the news for the first time. This strange feeling remains with me. I cannot tell how. I don't think I should be surprised to see in the crowd old friends passing, who are dead; and once at church during prayers, when somebody came rustling into the seat close by me, I could not describe to anybody the strange impression I had, that when I raised my head I should see the two old people there, in all their well-remembered dress, by whose side I had sat at church for years, Strange pranks of fancy! — involuntary protestations of the heart how slight a thing death is after all; and how there is an unknown country where, once arrived, Death is dead and over — and where they all wait for us—they, who are neither at home nor here.

Second Day.—A fog at Florence is not necessarily limited to one day. However, here is a bright cheerful sunshiny morning, and that opposite bank of the river which was Infinitude yesterday, is to-day a line of tall houses with green shutters, a dome, and a campanile shining over them, a cloudless sky, and a dazzling breadth of sunshine. And figures move like bees on the Lung' Arno. Here they are once more, those youthful Giacomos, with their peachy cheeks — big, large-limbed, well-looking, — nay, honest-looking lads, who might surely be good for something; some of them with great cloaks wrapped round them, and picturesquely thrown over the left shoulder — not without a revelation of coloured lining, if the vestment is so fortunate as to possess it; some with the universal greatcoat, and its vacant sleeves—all wearing round hats of black felt, low, and with turned-up brims, much like the present fashion for little boys at home. The young women of the same class have enormous hats of straw, the native manufacture of this place, pinned on to the back of the head, and helplessly flapping in the wind, good for nothing that one can perceive but to act as a gigantic fan or flapper to the unlucky wearer, whose head is completely exposed, and who is quite without shelter either from cold or sun. And now, in the daylight, it is easy to perceive this odd little round pan of earthenware, with a handle across by which it is carried like a basket, which is in everybody's hand. Serving-women going to market cuddle it under their shawls; old people, sitting on the little ledge of pavement in the sun, hold it on their knees and nurse it there like a child. The young fellows permit the edge of it to be seen beneath their cloaks as they carry it swinging by their side. There is one in the sentinel's sentry-box for his occasional refreshment—and the beggar comes up to you rubbing his hands over the handle of his, and chanting across it his melancholy supplication. What do you suppose this universal consoler is — this bosom friend? It is a little pan of charcoal smouldering in white ashes —and it is thus that every man carries along with him his own fire.

Now for what was to be seen. The first thing to be seen, as it appears to me, is this bright, clear, delightful sunny river, where everything shines in a wonderful glory of reflection not to be described. Two tall rows of tall houses — by grace of necessity and good taste anything but regular—of different heights and different dimensions, with windows breaking out at all sorts of preposterous levels, with open galleries on the roof, and those *naïve* and single-turreted little towers, which being made for the plain reason than another room was wanted, and not a whole floor, takes grace of the utility, and are a characteristic feature in Italian architecture — shine in it all day long, with all their twinkles of green shutters and windows, and all the groups at the same. And to us the dark span of the bridge, the solid arch above, and the shadowy arch below, and the circles of light and sunshine, and indescribable colour that pierces through between, crossing over that light air between the bright sky and the river, which answers to every passing shade of reflection has in it something of fascination and magic. It is not anything very wonderful in the view, though there are snow-hills on the horizon that touch into a climax with thin silvery white the perfection of light and colour in the scene; it is an indescribable something, an atmosphere, a breadth, a glory of the elements. It reminded me a little (not that it bears the slightest resemblance to it, but that the effect is partially the same) of that picture of Millais', of two years ago, where everybody found the horse wooden, and where the figures were supposed to verge on the ludicrous, but which, notwithstanding, carried a wonderful visionary, inexplainable *air* about it—a breath of the middle ages—of real nuns upon the river-side, and the meditative eve, which leaped past all criticism into one's heart. The Arno does the like; one cannot say the houses are grand except in height, but the scene is magical—it is air, it is water, it is reflection; it is sunshine flooded over an irregular mass of stone; it is the refined and glorified image of real things presented in an ideal mirror—every river does so more or less—but I never saw any river do it so entirely as this.

And up above us yonder is the old bridge with all its little crazy tenements, and tints of green and pink and yellow—a street as well as a bridge, covered with the low old houses of the goldsmiths' craft. In the centre, the painter's eye of its architect has divided the close little clinging houses, which seem to grow on and cling there like some production of nature, and left an open space arched and vaulted over, through which there comes, like a framed picture, a glance of the upper river, of the knolls and the trees on the projecting bank, and of the mountains themselves beyond all. What strange instinctive perceptions of what was best these poor old ignorant benighted people had in their day, when one comes to think of it! Who would dream nowadays of sending a painter from his easel to build a bridge? But, for my own part, I had rather have that open arch in the Ponte Vecchio than an unimpeachable Taddeo Gaddi of the more orthodox kind. This city of Florence belongs altogether to that old time. There is no to-day in it to jostle out the grand, stately, narrow, boastful, municipal yesterday off the scene; and one can comprehend how a man, the moment there was proved to be something in him, was set to work with all his faculties, not to paint pictures merely, but to glorify and beautify the town, and make Florence splendid and princely however he could do it best, himself being as jealous for the success of the brag as any other man. It is all very well to speak of art and the progress of art as an object of life; but I suspect when the abstract object was Florence instead of Art—when this tangible city, fair of nature, had to be exalted over all the Pisas, and Bolognas, and Siennas of the neighbourhood, a work which any burgher had as much heart to as a Medici—when patriotism was intensified into local attachment, and the people regarded their city with all the caressing and adorning love which surrounds a beautiful bride or a favourite sister, the impulse was more personal, the inspiration more direct. The influence of this sentiment is visible throughout the whole town; everything done in the grand days of Florence carries a certain defiance and brag in its beauty. Can anybody else show such a cathedral?—such towers, such palaces, such churches? Was ever town so perfect, so noble, so splendidly adorned? Nothing but this could have moved to such superb liberality the citizens of that gorgeous time; perhaps nothing could have so stimulated the exertions of everybody engaged. It was a matter of personal exaltation to employers and employed; the very workmen wrought with inspiration, and felt their national credit involved. It is an amusing comment enough upon the politico-philanthropical idea of an united Italy. But these times return no more. Art nowadays must be cosmopolitan, and forgets that when art was at its grandest, art was local, and that the magnificence of these old towers, which all the world goes to visit, arises from the fact that Genius, less careful of itself than nowadays, set to work heartily, not to produce works of one description to be scattered among connoisseurs throughout the world, but throwing itself into everything needful, be it bridge, be it gate, be it fortification, be it picture, laboured with the cheerful daylight form of a practicable and visible purpose. Mr. Ruskin, who thinks it is a sin to spend money upon Manchester drawing-rooms, and would have the cotton-spinning magnates buy Verona instead, might almost find a more palatable lesson to preach to them from the text of this Florence. Suppose an artist might have something else to do in this world than paint cabinet pictures? Suppose he fell into love with his native town, as Michael Angelo did, and made a visionary bride to himself out of his Florence, and set his wits to work how to array her forth, how to shape her outline, and adorn her frame? This is the impulse which made Verona—perhaps it might make a great deal even of a Manchester—and it is certain that the result is more real and tangible, more distinctly to be realised and identified, than even the treasury of a picture-gallery. And it is impossible to find a clearer interpretation of the difference between art ancient and art modern than is to be found in Florence. A strait society, confined within those turreted and castled walls—an intense local pride, love, and vanity, which had no objects so close at heart as the humiliation of its neighbours by the exhibition of its own wealth and glory—a civic population, where every man knew every other man's origin, and where, at the height of fame and popularity, the great painter was still the son of the garland-maker, and content to glorify that distinction. These were the days when the artist carried on embassies, conducted fortifications, bore a hand in wars; but when he returned to work, carried with him, into whatever he was about, the enthusiastic sympathy of scores of shopkeepers and workmen and simple *bourgoisie*, who had been at school with the lad, and had known him all their lives, and took honour in his triumph. And thus the familiar popular regard grew round him, and stimulated his hands. He was a capable man, ready for whatever might be needed, not a student with his brushes and his palette and nothing else to stand upon. When anything new was to be done, a quarter part of the town turned eager eyes upon him. Perhaps the other quarters had each their own champion. Then came such competitions as the world does not see nowadays—where every man's heart was in the strife—where the master fell into a burst of simple admiration over his own work when he had finished it, yet, magnanimously amazed at the excellence of his rival, cried out, in simple-hearted acknowledgment of a superior, "To thee it is given to make the Christ—to me the Contadini;" and where the citizen's delight in the glorification of his town seems to have been enough to neutralise the artist's disappointment when another hand was chosen to do it. These were the days when all Tuscany had a festival because a gate was fixed at the Baptistery, and when everybody worshipped with an affectionate superlative admiration the accomplished glories of *la bella Firenze*, the city of their hearts. Think of that proud Florentine, labouring hugely all day long in his own arrogant fashion for the same embellishment, who counts these Baptistery gates of it for gates of heaven, and challenges Donatello's Marco to speak to him, and has himself buried, that invincible, unslayable soul, who could not comprehend dying, when he could still see Brunelleschi's dome, the pride of Florence, rising grand into the Italian skies! Yes, think of Michael Angelo, with his grey rampart yonder defending the slope where San Miniato shines in the sunshine, and where the Austrian bullets still appear imbedded in the mediæval wall—with his big David in the busy Piazza, and his bigger shadow pervading with its fervent home-love, its heroic admiration, its arrogant local pride, this town of Florence; and then think of an English painter in his studio, with hopes of the Royal Academy, and dazzling dreams of society — whose "success" is to have picture-dealers squabbling over his works, and to be taken "out" perpetually, and perhaps to ruin himself in a vain emulation, and count it for his ighest social glory that a Duke or Marquis honours the artist's board. There he is, lost in London, which erhaps he hates, and most likely ever wastes a thought upon, struggling up in the crowd, intent upon mounting on the shoulders of fame nd getting on in the world; or, if e does not do so, a very blamable erson, without any regard for the nterests of his family, as everybody will allow. Is it wonderful that the men have changed with the times? Does anybody's heart go into the Houses of Parliament? Is it any onger possible to adorn with all the oving fancies of genius one's home, where one knows every lane and corner where one's forefathers have ived, and where one's children will be, and where everybody knows the origin and the story, the rise and the progress, of the homeborn poet? Nay, must not the young genius hurry off rather into the multitude, where no man shall be able to call him Andrew of the Tailor, or remember his father's shop, where shame of his humble birth will make him either boast of it, or be silent as death on the subject, and where all his energies shall be directed, by means of his pictures, to get on in the world? Very well, getting on in the world is a perfectly honest and legitimate ambition. But that is one reason why there is no Florence in England, and not a Michael Angelo, nor even an Andrea del Sarto, to be heard of at present in the artistic world.

It is not possible to avoid some little digression of thought on this subject in entering such a place. For Florence is pervaded by the memory of those men of the past, and by their enthusiasm and admiration for those lovely everlasting monuments of art which were new in their days, and are shrines and places of pilgrimage to us. It is not easy to pass unmoved by that marble slab in the wall which commemorates the spot where Dante sat on summer nights gazing at Giotto's tower, or to look without a certain thrill at that hard Roman visage in Santa Croce, which looks through the opened doors towards the beloved Duomo and its glorious dome. Who can say how often he looks through his own eyes of stone upon that distant and lofty vision; or when the passage yonder may be yielded to us with a stately invisible grace by a still greater one of the immortals? The very streets are inspired with this living love of those dead men. Their visionary presence watches over the city they loved better than an army. Here they were born, and out of here they will never die.

And it is under similar conditions that all the great art-cities of the world have grown into that complete enrichment and adorning in which we wonder to find them standing "like a bride arrayed for her husband"—whether it be in Flemish coif and ruffles, or in Italian robe and veil. To be sure old Nuremberg in its Bavarian plain, or those quaint wealthy burgher-boasts, which stud like bosses of rich ornament the rich lowlands of Flanders, are perhaps more complete and perfect specimens of their kind than is this city of Florence, though none can boast so illustrious a confraternity. And we go and crib "examples" out of them like sages, as we are, and think it is all because of the particular period of their Gothic, or fashion of their decoration, and so build a Gothic of our own in imitation, and wonder how it fails of the effect, without ever finding out that it is not Gothic but local love and pride, and wealth and boasting, and the universal primitive affectionate vanity which is resolute to make its own dwelling fairer than its neighbour's, and loves to adorn, wherever adorning is possible, its dear hereditary home. As for us, on the contrary, so far from making love to our town and priding ourselves upon its beauty, our aim is to get as far away as possible—so far, that our grandfathers would have taken a week to think about such a journey as we make calmly every morning into business, if that afflicting necessity exists for us; and there is no more popular English sentiment than that "God made the country, but man made the town." Taking this for our creed, we let the bricklayer and the town surveyor do the meaner business for us, and despise the whole affair; and Mr. Ruskin going to Manchester finds only brick shells of warehouses ten stories high, and sham Palladian fronts of offices and hospitals, belted round at a respectful distance by groves of villas, where the insensible cotton-spinners do decoration in their drawing-rooms, and spend no end of money in upholstery and gardening; and that eccentric oracle flushes into glorious descriptions of the old glorious cities which men have loved and lived for, and bids the English trader buy Verona, as the only impossible, fantastic, half sincere, half contemptuous advice which can be given him under his circumstances. We are tempted to try another equally impossible, and out of time. What if all those rich, well-intentioned people were but to live in Manchester, and taking to liking and growing proud of it? What if the artist-tithe of the population, instead of straining its ambitious soul exclusively on pictures, were to turn its ready hand to everything, and find stones and bricks as worthy implements as brushes and pigments? What if the cotton-spinning world, ignoring the "season," and scorning fashion, and proving itself superior to the blandishments of London, were to throw its whole heart into the uphill enterprise of making its own dwelling-place the finest town in Christendom, and embellishing its daily paths with all the delicate fancy and affectionate ornament which it was in the local heart to devise? The result might look odd enough perhaps in this first generation; but a few hundred years of time improves composition mightily, and has a wonderful picturesque effect upon everything that has the least possibility of beauty in it. We shall never see that reformatory movement—that change in the economy of great towns; but there is more reasonableness in this impossibility than in that other impossibility touching the purchase of Verona, and there can be very little doubt that this is how all these Veronas and Florences, these Ghents and Nurembergs, came to be what they are.

If all this digression originated in the bridge, which is—as much as all those saints gazing at us with serene sweet faces, from their gilt background and little frames of tabernacle-work, which are more recognisable by that name—a genuine Taddeo Gaddi—it becomes us to bring the reader straightway within sight of a greater painter's more memorable work. Through the narrow streets where great palaces frown upon the way, where this vast Strozzi Palazzo glooms like an open Newgate in the sunshine, grand enough, I suppose, but dismal, with its massive courses of unhewn stone, embellished here and there by great iron rings fixed into the walls, and meant to support torches for an illumination, but looking rather like disused fetters thrust out, an appropriate decoration upon the invincible prison front,—through the deep gully of this darkling pass, where sunshine never reaches beyond the third story, and where, deep down in the shade, at doors of cellars and steps of houses, sheaves of lilies of the valley touch the February weather into spring, we make our way to the heart of Florence. Stand here in the open space beside this movable shop of humble drapery, with its coloured handkerchiefs and homely gowns and aprons. Never mind that low round building at your left hand, though that is Dante's "Mio bel san Giovanni," and there are Ghiberti's matchless gates. Look yonder, straight before you—saw you ever mortal piece of masonry go up into the skies so clear, so fair, with such an exquisite poise of strength and grace? It is but a square tower, without either spire or pinnacle. It neither springs from the earth into clustering arch and shaft flowering forth in imperishable stone, like the northern Gothic, nor sets steadfast pillars down upon the soil, and weights the world with its bland beauty, like the sightless Muse of Greece; yet out of that simplest form what loftiness, what lightness, what solidity! how assured and grand the line of that calm eminence, how firm the solitary attitude, the light gleaming all around it, as one feels secure the winds and the storms might come without sending a tremor through its steadfast frame, or detaching an ornament from the walls. So high, so pure, so simple, a triumph of poise and proportion, perhaps dull stone would have made this grand fancy austere, but its delicate marble gives perfect expression to the sentiment of the design. Soft in every tone and tint of colour, with a polish and a dazzle as of snow, where the sunshine lights upon that virgin panel, which is white as light itself, and will bear no other comparison. Yet not much of white, not snow-cold and passionless, like an alabaster model or a marble statue; creaming into tints of yellow, of brown, of every indescribable gradation of hue—colour seems almost too strong a word—there is nothing blank or dead in this wonderful monument, but instead, a living variety and animation which under all changes of the atmosphere preserves its interest, and gleams forth when the sun comes with its interpreting touches, in a perfect revelation. It was not here, but at the other side of the long piazza, that yonder mysterious man who had been among the spirits, came to the stone bench by the wall, and sat in the sweet evening air, gazing at that tower. How the sunshine, which had long since left the deep shade of the streets, played about its upper lines, flashing out the snowy facets one by one, and burning into richer tints the veins of yellow and olive and brown high up yonder in the arid heaven;—how that light stole and lingered away, with a last and yet a last return, to those gleaming lines and panels;—how at last, all cooled and grave out of that illumination, the fair Campanile, growing whiter and greyer, stood calm against the sky over which rosy sunset shades came and faded, and smiled through the air, all murmurous with hums of voices, a household presence, dear and lovely, a Michael or a Raphael, wrapt and pale; until at last the Italian stars gleamed soft in silvery reflections on its delicate grandeur, and the outline of its form grew faint, yet perfect, against the night. There was no dome that night rising on its majestic piers to share the glory. Pale walls, but half completed, glistened in the starlight, and the Florentines sauntered by in their evening leisure to see the progress of this great temple, which should be yet near a hundred years a-building, and which was to be the boast of Florence, and whispered aside and pointed to their children the man who had been in hell and in purgatory, and who even now, it was easy to perceive, saw things which no other man could see, in that dim air and sky, and round the silent glory of Giotto's Tower. And so he did, can any one doubt, with those mysterious eyes of his. Perhaps his Giotto dead, smiling down upon the completed triumph which the old painter made to the glory of God—perhaps that Beatrice, who was more than an angel—and so sat companioned though alone, in the Italian night, sad, yet not without a smile—sore from the wounds and losses of this life, taking comfort in those wonderful silent things, silent as his heart, which neither mortify nor deceive.

The Campanile of Giotto is enriched over all its surface with panelled groups in relief, rich ribbons of sculpture, and with figures of more than life-size saints and prophets. These, however, sink into mere enrichment as one looks at this tower, which might have been bald without them, but needs only their visible presence to make it perfect. I cannot give anybody any assistance in examining these treasures. They are there full of quaint and noble expression, for all who would see, with not a single mechanical chisel raised upon the whole, nor hand ungifted, but simple-hearted Genius, working unanimous and cordial for the work's sake, uncareful for the glory, such a man as Luca della Robia helping to work out the painter-master's designs, and the whole splendid, simple, honest confraternity in one fervent consent and unanimity, doing whatever was most needful to bring all to perfection. Even here, and then, these marbles were costly beyond common counting, but Florence was resolute in her magnificent boast; and if ever sacred chimes came forth of a nobler enclosure, *that* Campanile must have been built in dreams.

And after all, this tower is but the corner, a single point in the magnificent group which now fills the piazza.

There sweeps the cathedral upward in its grand and rounded lines, full, large, and splendid, like a matron Juno. Here at once one learns the difference between the Northern Gothic, fanciful and imaginative, and this broad and calm Italian, the mediæval handwriting in stone. Here is no visionary upward spring, no dainty frostwork of invention, no veil of fantasy over the strength which stands like the rocks, and yet blossoms like the flowers. All those picturesque inequalities, those thousand fretted points that trap the sunshine, those niches and canopies, and spires and pinnacles—all that tender show of lightness and airy grace which charms us by its magical contrast to the solid unreflective stone in which these visionary fancies work themselves into being, we have left behind on the other side of the Alps. Here is no longer that spiritual imaginative ascent of graceful height upon height, climbing upward with all the profusion and variety of nature herself, to the central point and crowning spire. The architectural muse of Italy is "a spirit, but a woman too." This great structure rises upward with a broad and noble swell of unbroken outline, vast, solid, grandiose —a grave unchangeable everlasting embodiment, not of fancy and vision, but of plan and thought—no projection except that solemn repetition of minute angles, perpendicular ledges of masonry, by which the level wall sets into the rounding of that grand circle which supports the dome, breaks here upon the unity of line. The whole immense building rises in an undisturbable repose and solemnity towards the vast dome, too nobly proportioned to disclose its vastness. which swells forth from the smaller domes of the bays upon a sky, which repeats in a climax its absolute perfection, and glows an unbroken heaven, without a cloud, over the unbroken grandeur of this great temple of God. The cathedrals of the North are more picturesque, more dramatic, perhaps more lovable; but none of them possess this complete and silent majesty, nor convey any such impressions of magnificence, restrained and chastened of force and vigour, bent to the curb of a determined will and settled purpose. One can perceive by the rich tracery of those slender windows what the great imagination labouring here could have done if it might; but the whole is controlled, kept under, commanded, permitted just to show itself, to throw the delicate thread of an embroidered parapet about some of those distant galleries round the dome, and to lure the dainty window-arch from its web of graceful fancy, but nothing more nor further; and the reticence gives a noble modesty and reserve, the self-restraint of power, to the grand erection. But it is true that nothing less than this soft sweet marble could have made such reticence practicable. From the base, where liberal ledges make their footing firm, and round which runs a broad snowy beach, hospitable and princely, where one loves to fancy pilgrims resting from their journeys long ago—every inch of those great walls is panelled with marble; black and white, perhaps, you will say, dear spectator, if you do not care much about the matter. Yes, black and white!—black, which is brown, which is green, which is olive, as the sun and your eyes change — white which is snow, which is foam, which is gold, pale and tender as the locks of angels—two cardinal colours with every tint in the world hidden in them, and bursting forth in tender glints and shades as the prism of daylight turns from dawn to night. Nobody who thinks of a dull marble arch, or a dead-white statue, can appreciate the marble of this cathedral of Florence. The sound is grand, but the idea is chilly in *that* acceptation. A dazzling polished blank, where one dead funeral line contrasts another, is something which the imagination shrinks from; and there may be still extant some untravelled individual like myself, who has owned in his or her secret soul an undivulged shiver over the thought. But here is no chill, no dead precision, no blank of alabaster white nor bar of jet—the warm living variety of tone is indescribable; here and there a point of snow flashes out from the wall like a sudden decoration unperceived before; but for the most part the very white is cream-white, relieving itself upon the veins of profound green, the rich olive, and sun-brown which frame it in. And for borders to this panelling are ribbons of mosaic, as delicate, as minute, and as perfect as those ivory Indian mosaics on blotting-books and card-cases, which everybody wonders at. These delicate cinctures surround the whole immense extent uninjured in their minute and regular beauty, as fresh as though Brunelleschi's workman were still at work upon the dome; the entire face of the building is intact and uninjured, strong in its delicacy, all but one part. Be slow to come round to this façade, opposite to which are Ghiberti's gates. Once, upon a time there lived at Florence an ogre named by the appropriate name of Uquccione, to whom there occurred the splendid ambition of immortalising himself after a fashion unusual to his countrymen. The façade was then worthy of the remainder of the building, enriched with sculpture, the work and pride of the same artist fraternity which had given its whole heart to the decoration of the Campanile. This worthy Florentine dashed down the statues from their places, tore the marbles from the wall, and left the front of one of the most splendid buildings in the world a grim vast gable of brown plaster with faint indications on its stripped and humiliated breadth of something which has been there — something which might be anything. The wall of a drawing-room stripped of its paper, and with its outer plaster scraped off, could not show a more entire, a more dismal shabbiness—

> "Oh, be the earth as lead to lead,
> Upon the dull destroyer's head!

That is three hundred years ago—but no second spring has come to Florence, nor any renewing of her youth; and there in the sunshine, without an effort made to amend or cover it, honest at least in its humiliation, stands—human vanity disclosed and visible, as in a fable of the eighteenth century—the dismal front of that magnificent Duomo, opposite the golden gates which might be gates of Paradise, and side by side with the unfaded glories of Giotti's Tower.

Yes, there they are as they stand in Italy, a wonderful pathetic allegory—the old time alive and glorious, warm in its old love and faith and smiles; and the present time, the forlorn to-day, down-looking and hopeless, accustomed to its misery, waiting till somebody does something for it, beyond the idea of any effort to help itself. Who does not know how that disease of dependence eats and spreads? I wish Italy herself were not so like that unhappy façade —I wish they would do something out of their own heart, if it were but sham marble, to redeem the dreary vacuity which belongs to so much beauty. But they only keep counting up and reckoning the cost, and find it impossible, till some Anglo-Saxon committee or despotic emperor is moved to take the work in hand, and half-indignantly, half-contemptuously, do it for them. For *them?* No—for Giotti and Brunelleschi, and for the sake of his shadow who sits by the wall yonder upon the seat of stone which has long since mouldered into fragments, watching the sunset fade from the Painter's Tower.

The Baptistery is directly opposite, with only the breadth of a street between a low, round, ancient place, which the sun reaches more rarely, and which feels the want of his warm influence on its marble — marble which is colder, paler, set in larger panels, and where the lines of the darker framework remind one uncomfortably of the black crossbeams of German country-houses. And I will not pretend to describe the gates. Was not Michael Angelo a very good authority?—and he has not hesitated to leave his opinion on record. Then there are prints and photographs without number, which anybody may see. I speak of Florence, not of its individual works of art. The great Ghiberti gate, with its earnest heads full of interest and expression, bending out from the borders, and all its wonderful panelled groups enclosed in that binding, does almost all that mortal work can do to justify that big hyberbole. The Baptistery within, where Dante broke the font, and where all the little Florentines are still "made Christians," is dark and cold, as all other churches are at this time, looking out from Pisano's gate upon the dazzling sunshine, which does not reach this spot. It is difficult, even by contrast from the light out of doors, to see more than the lofty narrow gallery, supported on those great pillars, which runs round the walls, and opens here and there into a little cell-oratory, with tiny altar and homely pictures—and the dim wonders of the roof, where sits in gigantic and solemn, but somewhat grim mosaic, a throned figure of our Lord, presiding over a last judgment, which does not want its usual grotesque horrors. The great area of the whole, the noble circle of the apse, with its chapels, distinguished by the jewelled gleams of painted glass, and the twinkle of votive candles, rather than by any general light which could enable us to see them, leaves a certain imposing expression of size and grandeur on the mind—but is not by any means so characteristic and individual, not to say majestic and commanding, as the exterior. There are pictures, to be sure, upon all the altars—yards of canvass, deserts of paint—but even supposing them to be worth the while, which is doubtful, there is no light to see them by. Behind the great rood which crowns the high altar, is the last work of Michael Angelo, a great unfinished Pieta, which he meant for his own tomb—but even around that the light is faint, the rich small window in the central chapel of the apse being half veiled with a curtain, and the grey dim atmospheric circle of Vasari's painted roof having no reflection to send down upon the group below. A very few people are in the church—now and then one individual crosses the marble pavement, and drops suddenly, without noise, on the step of one of the altars—and a group of men in white muslin jackets, with black round caps upon their heads, hang about the sacristy door, where there is a little commotion and putting on of vestments, for it draws near the hour for vespers. But we will not wait for vespers—the place is chill, mysterious, dead, with its candles twinkling in the dull daylight, and its single worshippers, like moths, attracted by the light. The sun shines still out of doors—brisk life, such as it is, moves in the streets. Provincial life — wonderful exhibitions of fashion, far beyond London or even Paris — feminine skirts triply voluminous, feminine faces with the ears fully revealed for the edification of the public, and bonnets which can only be seen from behind. Soldiers, gray-coated and comfortable, many of them almost boys. Heavy dragoons of five feet-two—gendarmerie, with brigand's hats and cock's feathers. Then those lounging lads, of better size and looks than the soldiers, who form so large a portion of every crowd in this place, and so peculiar a one—always with a cloak over the left shoulder, or their arms out of their sleeves. In this street every fifth house is a café, a long strip of a room with little marble tables, opening direct upon the street, where people sit in modest dissipation with a cup of coffee and a glass of water—or a thimbleful of punch, or a mild potation of Marsala—but always the glass of water. Then coming down through the narrow streets here, is once more the Lung' Arno, thronged with its afternoon crowd, carriages of all descriptions hastening past to the Cascine, the fashionable drive and park of Florence, where all the world goes at this hour. Good speed to all the world! if other people come here to see a bit of an imitation of Hyde Park, or a cut out of the *Champs Elysées*, we did no such thing—let us find our way about the town and lose ourselves among the streets—those streets with their vast palaces, sombre, gloomy, and strong, out of which the old life and splendour have departed. Nor is it only the palaces which are interesting. More picturesque still than that Tuscan parapet which projects from the roof-line of those palazzos, is the irregular line of less distinguished houses of a dozen different altitudes, which the sun loves. Here there is a sudden cut down in the deep shadow, letting the sun in to opposite windows, two and no more out of twenty. Here an unexpected elevation, blotting out the light from one-half of the house across the way, and holding even the gallery on its roof in shadow up to a certain point, where the sun pours in with double force over the lower level of the next roof—and so the line goes dripping and dropping in bursts of light, and oblique falls of shadow, along its irregular and picturesque course, with a delightful appearance of caprice and wilfulness. But coming out of the broad sunshine which beams over the river, and the bridges, and the Lung' Arno—you cannot conceive, you chilly grumbling Britishers, who make endless discomfort out of your own honest comprehensible climate, how ice-cold and petrifying are the deep ravines of shadow in these streets.

Third Day.—I do not promise that this is to-morrow—but as I cannot see how that can make the slightest difference to you, never mind, but understand that it is Thursday, a day which has privileges. It is Carnival time in Florence, and all the world is out of its wits. Not in an imperial overpowering madness, like Rome at the same period—a mild imbecility which goes over a month, wraps the Florentine soul. Wherever you go to-day there are groups of maskers, mummers, extraordinary figures in the absurdest dresses, with hideous black masks, or comic "fause faces," as they used to be called in Scotland—covering their proper countenances. There is no great invention displayed in these dresses, though some are ridiculous enough; but at the present moment the crowd moves towards the court of the Uffizi, where, this being a *festa* and great day, the maskers congregate. The Court of the Uffizi is a long narrow oblong, with a colonnade on each side, opening at one end into the busiest piazza of the city, and at the other concluding in open arches, through which you pass to an unfrequented end of the Lung' Arno, close upon the river. On ordinary days this open space, which is scarcely wider than a street, and very much like one, is frequented by peripatetic stalls of homely merchandise, coloured cotton handkerchiefs, and bundles of those checked and dotted cotton fabrics which even the old women of England patronise no longer; while under the colonnades are stalls and glass-cases of cheap jewellery, toys, and books. All this is cleared away to-day, and though there is nothing very wonderful in the sight, the crowd, half in the sun half in the shade, with its perpetual change and motion, diversified as it is by groups of maskers, who form perhaps one-third of the whole assembly, is a sufficiently animated and amusing sight. There are a few historical dresses, on which some care has been bestowed; no end of jesters and harlequins, with jingling bells; brigands with harmless guns over their shoulders; and mummers, without regard to character, in loose white cashmere coats, fantastically ornamented, and sugar-loaf hats decked with ribbons. Some dozen of shepherdesses, in white muslin and tinsel, with little straw hats stuck on the back of their heads, form the feminine element; and a floating mass of mysterious figures in black dominoes, fill up the scene. All are masked after one fashion or another; half of them, from the *tags* of their dress, or the little switches they carry, keep up a little sound of bells; and it is the etiquette of the masquerade to speak in a falsetto squeak, in which shrill undistinguishable tone the disguised assail their friends on all sides, to the frequent confusion of the unmasked portion of the company. This is the fun of the whole, and it is laughable enough for a time; but, heaven preserve their wits! think of three weeks of it. The bells and the squeaks and the occasional rush of a little party of maskers through the crowd, the faint laughter and hum of the crowd itself never rises into excitement. Yet there they move about for hours, glancing in and out of the light, with the high walls of the great picture-gallery enclosing them, and modern inexpensive statues, white and dull, looking down from between the columns of the colonnade. Up yonder in that gallery are Raphaels, Titians, Andreas, a nobler company; there is the Medicean Venus, the Niobe, and in a hundred tender renderings, the Virgin Mother with her Child. No, but we must not go up all these stairs to-day, and are not connoisseurs, and cannot say our mind about pictures. I think it very likely I should fail of the proper ecstasies before that Venus; let us rather make haste out of the tumult to glance into the evergreen alleys of the archducal gardens, this day open to the unprivileged public, before we climb the breathless hill where all the marbles of San Miniato glisten and glimmer in the sun.

The street is full of little bands of maskers hastening towards the Uffizi. Wonderful charm of mystery, is it not, which can tempt any *woman* to hide her face behind that hideous black mask? The comic faces have still some humanity in them, but they are not worn by women. Fun and fashion, it seems, are stronger than vanity. Up above our heads, as we hasten towards the old bridge, passes with stealthy privacy the secret passage which winds along the sides of the houses, and across the goldsmiths' shops on the Pontovecchio towards the Tuscan Sovereign's palace,—an invisible road, fastening on with arrogant despotism to the habitations in its way, and throwing its lofty covered arch over the narrow streets, by which the Medicean rulers could make their unsuspected way from their palace to the seat of government, and by which his present Highness could doubtless do the same, if anything in his little way of government demanded such a precaution. This secret passage opens into the Uffizi, which, in its turn, communicates with the Palazzo Vecchio, a noble old building, built before the prison-era of Florentine architecture. The Palazzo Pitti, the archducal palace, stands upon a little eminence with the gum trees and slopes of the Boboli gardens ascending behind, frowning with beetle brows and turnkey grandeur upon the sunny semicircle at its feet. It is very imposing, commanding, magnificent, the people say. It is, however, such a Newgate front with which it meets the light that I am quite unable to see anything fine in it. Behind the palace the hill ascends in straight lines of road, with living walls of bay and laurel on either side, some nine or ten feet high, which now and then open upon an amphitheatre of sunny turf on a round embosomed little valley, with a row of leafless vines for a railing, and the grass spangled with tender anemones growing wild, in every delicate variety of whiteness, upon slops of greensward. But stay. I had meant to show you Florence from this height; but what is this height to San Miniato? Look over to the other side, to the country, to the soft grey olives on the slopes, to the distant round of Galileo's tower, to the white villa on Billosquardo, dazzling in the sunshine. This is the only break in the circle of mountains which watch over Florence; these are not mountains, they are tender little hills which recall to one in spite of one's-self the tender pastoral adjurations of Scripture—"Ye little hills like lambs!"—dipping down into those sweet slopes, rising to such pure mid-heights of sunshine, folding over each other, so soft, so perfect, so varied, in such inexhaustible groups, as though the Italian soil was too rich and warm to content itself with our level, and could not choose but swell upward to meet the willing sun!

San Miniato is beyond the gates on the other side of that sham wall, which a charge of artillery waggons could break down at any time without trouble to their guns. The steep line of causeway above has been a pilgrim's road; and here, where men and women sit in the sun, knitting, talking, gossiping, happy enough, as it appears, till you approach, when every hand is extended, and melancholy voices appeal to your charity "for the love of Marie," penitents once toiled and trembled on their knees from cross to cross, working out their sins by means of a penance which modern pilgrims do cheerfully afoot for sake of the view. And yonder lies Florence in its valley, the great dome red in the afternoon sunshine, and by its side, like a spiritual presence, that pale, noble, visionary sentinel, pure like an angel, among the darker towers. However you turn, the dome and the Campanile are the centre of the scene—the heart of its humanity. And yonder is the lower dome of San Lorenzo, where sleep the Medici, with Michael Angelo's white guardians watching their dust; and here the picturesque, quaint tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and yonder another, and yet another Campanile, with the clear glimmer of the river, crossed by bridges and shadows threading through the midst; and fronts of lofty houses, and upward thrusts of domestic towers, and galleries perched upon housetops, and golden arrows of sunshine falling down through invisible narrow streets, which break the mass as though some fairy power had cut its mighty shadow through. Further off the hills heave upwards to the horizon, olive-brown against the sky, with glimmers of white houses thrust into every fold and slope, and dropping down along the invisible distance of the valley between Florence and the further mountains, into dots and spots of white gleaming out of an unperceivable soil, so that one could fancy one gazed upon the sea—till the white ridges to the west, where this valley of the Arno closes in an invisible gorge, limit the horizon with airy peaks of snow—peaks which may be a thousand miles away, so magical is the distance, and so strange the gleam of those far-off specks of houses out of the invisible level and sunny air below. The whole scene is magical and extraordinary: the solitary slopes of yonder hills invaded and penetrated by these human habitations—the vision of a lower mount just visible between two great heads of the range, bearing a grey mass of building on its crest, and betraying all about it, on every knoll and eminence, the same white gleams of population, like a great host encamped, with pickets on all the hills, rather than the steady overflow of a great city—betrays the gazer into that sudden surprise of delight which is half a fancy, and somehow sweeps experience, thought, fancy, every exercise of one's own mind, away into the mere satisfaction of gazing on something more perfect than thought. I do not know how other people are affected; but for my own part I could no more speculate, sitting here upon this convent wall, upon what the people are doing and thinking yonder, how they live, and what they are, than I could fly to the opposite peak. I have no time for thinking; the scene absorbs me with an unreasoning silent delight, which leaves no room for fancy. In sight of such, thought and imagination look like mere mechanical instruments, which are no longer needed when God himself takes that magical divine pencil, and with the air and the sunshine, the elements and the accidents of nature, shows us a profound and simple perfectness, on which we can do nothing but gaze and satisfy our hearts. It is not an intellectual pleasure; it is something which takes words out of our mouths, and thoughts out of our minds, yet rewards us by the ineffable unreason of something greater than either thoughts or words,—

> "On a fair landscape some have looked,
> And felt, as I have heard them say,
> As though the fleeting Time had been
> A thing as steadfast as the scene
> On which they gazed themselves away."

I cannot help thinking, for my own part, that this kind of contemplation—if contemplation it can be called—is one of the *sensations* of heaven.

Now we pass on past this great convent, a little higher, to San Miniato, a melancholy mortuary church, wonderfully perfect and beautiful, which is gradually being made into a burying-ground. It is amazing, to ascend the steps into the choir and sanctuary, to find the richest mosaic in the most perfect condition, and the noble originality of the place, which, I think, for uninjured wealth, has scarcely a rival in Florence, but which is gradually and quietly being made into a necropolis, full of dead men's bones. A profusion of the most splendid and delicate ornament, rich, minute mosaics, and beautiful marble, remain in the utmost perfection on the pulpit, which is never used, on the railing which no longer divides the most holy from the holy place, and even on the pavement below, where one stumbles over the votive wreaths of French sentiment—the *immortelles* and vases of flowers set upon the graves. We upbraid ourselves in England for carelessness of our monuments of art; but there never was churchwarden of fifty years ago more barbarous than the sturdy friars, who make money out of their church, and displace the mosaic pavement for gravestones, and make a desert of the place which even Time has had the heart to spare. It is grievous to look at the frescoes on the walls, at the perfection of the building, at the golden light which steals into the deserted sanctuary through windows not made of glass, but of transparent golden sheets of marble, without a secret anathema upon the monkish custodiers of so fair a place. But there are special reasons certainly in Florence why people should desire a shelter for their dead within consecrated walls. Here the dreadful custom of the town is to convey the dead by night to a burying-ground some miles away, when, unattended, and undistinguished, the nameless companions of this gloomy journey are dropped into a common grave, no one knowing where they lie. For sanitary reasons—for the health of the living, say the philosophers—and the poor Italians, let us hope, are sufficiently philosophical to appreciate the reason; but it is a horrible conclusion certainly; and it is hard to grudge even those precious marbles for the shelter of those who might have no other alternative than that midnight journey, with the pit at the end. And here vast bouquets are visible, laid within one little enclosure, to wither and rot into vegetable decay; and there, a vase of cut flowers, such as might be placed on a table, stands at the head of another; and yonder lie wreaths—of *immortelles*—of white artificial flowers, covered with gauze to protect them; and of laurel leaves, with ribbons fastened to them, and votive inscriptions—a strange millinery and frippery of grief—which shows still more remarkable in comparison with that general indifference which can make the common mode of sepulture possible. And the visitors wander about reading the names with a distracted attention, drawn by that human curiosity and wistfulness for which Death has always a certain strange attraction, and look with half their eyes at the place, thinking upon the inhabitants; and outside the sunshine is warm upon the terrace, and you can see Florence smiling in the valley, and look down upon the brows strong fortifications of the slope, with the bullets, as they say, still bedded in the wall, which have left an iron signet of Michael Angelo upon the outlying hill. Down below, the vines and the olives rise out of the grass in sunny shelter, and the old war and the old defences are flouted by the sun; and in the town it is Carnival, and the maskers and unmasked are alike rushing to the Corso. Come; we are still in time.

But if ever dulness made itself a fitting pastime, I believe it must have been this Corso—two solemn lines of carriages crossing each other—solemn people in their best clothes, some with baskets full of flowers, the best sight of the whole, to be thrown into the carriages and laps of their acquaintance in passing—now and then a coachful of masks enlivening the crowd—a few grand equipages, with liveries ineffable—and one American driving ten in hand, with intent face and awful gravity, as if the world depended on the safety and success of his team. I saw a little girl at a window wistfully looking down upon the heap of flowers in a carriage below, and wondering where the pretty missiles were to be thrown—for none of that play was going on at the moment. "They only throw them to their friends, my dear," said mamma. "Then I wish *we* were friends to these people," said the little woman, with an ingenuous sigh. That *naive* and disinterested aspiration was the most amusing incident of the Corso, which went rattling along into twilight and weariness, till at last the crowd dispersed, the carriages disappeared, and everybody went home to dinner. Melancholy necessity of nature! Perennial and indestructible nstitution of humanity!—almost the only ordinary act of life which Carnival itself cannot abrogate even in an Italian town.

Fourth Day.—I confess it is not without reluctance that I set out upon an expedition to the picture-galleries even on such a day as this, when everything will smile in the bright daylight which out of doors is so full of sunshine: not for want of regard to the pictures, but then, dear critic, you have heard so much of these pictures. Everybody's raptures on the subject put me out, who am not rapturous, and I am bound to admit that a great many pictures everywhere strike me no otherwise than as paint and canvass, so much, or in such proportions; and I don't feel quite capable of expressing to you my private and individual sentiments respecting the smaller portion which I am able to appreciate. However, give me your hand and let us go.

The picture gallery of the Palazzo Pitti is contained in a succession of nine rooms called by absurd mythological names, rich in marble floors and wonderful tables of mosaic, and inhabited by a little army of picture-copiers. Half-a-dozen of these in every apartment, each man in possession of one of the finest pictures in the room, is a little startling to an inexperienced visitor. Yes, strange and sad, but indisputable, these pictures which artists come from the ends of the earth to see, which the young Gauls and Anglo Saxons make pilgrimages to, and which are supposed to stimulate young genius, and train the eye and hand to modern triumphs—these lovely evidences of the life and power of art, have killed art where they dwell. These are the modern successors of Andrea del Sarto and Michael Angelo, these steady imitators working at their copies. Here is one man copying a wonderful female head of Titian with a mechanical precision and nicety which marks his entire acquaintance with his subject. That Venetian lady is his profession, his living, his muse, and his breadwinner. When he has finished that copy he will begin another, daily setting up his easel under the liberal protection of authority in that grand studio, hung with the best works of a score of masters, in presence of whose familiar faces this Florentine jogs upon his way, looking only upon the Raphael or the Murillo opposite as the estate and living of his brother painter who makes daily bread out of that immortal investment, as he himself does out of the "Bella di Tiziano." Can anybody tell us what principle of human nature will account for this? The merest description of these rooms, with all the wealth on their walls, is enough to rouse to instant longing, to fire with renewed ambition, the young men at home who have made Art their choice. Think of working all day within sight of such—working with those same tools, perfected by centuries of mechanical improvement, which have produced such wonders, and remaining unstimulated, unroused, without a glimmer of discontent or ambition in one's well-regulated heart, working calm as a weaver or a cotton-spinner on the skilful perfection of one's hundredth copy! Wonderful men! I look at them with reverence, with amazement, with humility! Their heaven of satisfaction is too high for my understanding. Perhaps, seeing all that art has done, these lofty optimists have given up in despair the hope of embodying an ideal which Raphael and Titian prove to them cannot be reached in this world. Perhaps a fancy which soars beyond the masters has put these modern stoics out of heart with the endeavour only to come up to them; perhaps reasons of a less lofty description have weight among the brotherhood. But there he stands upon his stage with his palette and his sheaf of brushes, his mustache and his working blouse of dark linen, his charcoal pan and his little table, with the Bella di Tiziano or the Madonna della Seggiola in the best possible light before him, not without an eye upon wandering parties of English, nor an ear for the wise remarks of the *commissionaire* who conducts them, and who is a friend and patron of our painter; there he stands, the ripened fruit of Italian art and Italian skies, in the nineteenth century—the product of ages of art, educated amidst the grandest associations, the most splendid examples fostered by liberal protection and patronage, shut out from nothing which can advance or further him in his craft!—but alas! one must turn from the processes of nature to the rules of chemistry before one can find words to describe him; he is not the fruit but the deposit. The spirit had evaporated out of the golden bowl; there is only this dusty precipitate left behind.

English painters, however, can but admire and wonder at the facilities under which this Florentine artist, such as he is, pursues his work. You can see the finest pictures in the room only by glimpses, so completely are they appropriated; and I fear, I fear, my dear country folk, that you have a considerable hand in all this, as you have in most of the mischief perpetrated under the sun. One can trace the general character of your likings and decorous fancies in the works under hand. What do you want with all these pictures? What benefit is there in having just such a set of copies as your neighbour has?—orthodox evidences that you have been in Italy with your foolish purse full of money, and a latent desire to signalise yourself in your heart? What business have you to come here, you comfortable, well-to-do tourists, to murder the souls of these poor Italians (as Mr. Ruskin would say) by making them work all their lives out copying for you? Can you not see with half an eye how the soul evaporates out of the picture as the work goes on? and how it is no longer Raphael or Titian, but Signor Antonio who looks out of the black beautiful face you have purchased—an excellent copy!—save only for this small drawback that Spirit is too subtle to embody more than once in the skilfullest combination of colours. As much as can be done this skilful craftsman does. I daresay some of them could almost do it blindfold, so familiar is every line of the oft-repeated picture; but perhaps that does not improve the power of expression; and it certainly does not add to the value and merit of the work.

All this while, I presume, you will say we have seen very little of the pictures; that is true—who can see pictures through the heads of copyists?—who but *ces Messieurs-là*, who are bargaining at so many dollars for another copy? Let us go to the Uffizi, to the other grand gallery, which is still more extensive than the Pitti. *We* cannot pass mysteriously from one to the other through that secret gallery among the house-tops, as Cosimo could; but we can make our way through the streets where it is a holiday, and shadows veil the blue sheen of the turquoises and the glimmer of the pearls on the Jewellers' Bridge. Here are again bands of maskers dispersed among the ordinary passengers, blowing penny trumpets, uttering falsetto shrieks, and striking about them with resounding bladders. Is this a party of maskers too? Some dozen men marching in quick time in frocks of black linen belted round the waist with a kind of veil of the same material pierced with holes for the eyes covering their faces, carrying on their shoulders something that looks like a bier, covered with black leather, a mysterious dismal apparition among the gay dresses of the crowd. But do not shrink aside; it is not Death, to make the last contrast of gloom and silence, to all this mummery. It is charity in masquerade; it is the Misericordia, the most popular and benevolent confraternity of Florence, a body of voluntary servants of the public who carry the sick to the hospitals, and take charge of the accidentally wounded. On they march, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, unrecognisable by wife or child, mother or brother, with rosaries over their arms, and the poor patient under that mysterious cover carried very softly, very steadily, in spite of the rapid pace. But why human kindness and neighbourly primitive help should be shrouded under such a penitential disguise it is hard to say. Through the sunshine and the maskers the black figures hurry along silently, the light finding no response in their sombre habiliments, a picturesque ascetic group out of the middle ages, everybody pausing a moment to look after them, and suspending for that instant the fun and folly of their carnial spirits. Then the march of steady teps falls out of hearing, and the ionsense begins again, all very naural, and as it should be; but why hould it be a mortification of the lesh, a sorrowful vocation, a work equiring that dismal disguise, the acred merciful duty of helping one's ellow-men?

Now we are in the Uffizi—a ong parallelogram—two chilly stony tretches of corridor forming the two ides of that court where the maskrs congregated, with rooms openng off from them, where again there re copyists at the finest pictures, nd little groups of English loitering bout, the possible purchasers of the ame. In the principal apartment, he Tribune, are the "Venus de Medici," the "Dancing Fawn," L'Arotino, and other famous figures, surounded by many fine pictures of all he greatest names of art. Venuses f Titian, Madonnas of Raphael—the ne less noble, if more lovely than hat great master's superb portraits, he other tenderly, humanly, purely eautiful, with often a touch of the Divine—Andrea del Sarto, Caracci, Veronese, Guido, Correggio, Domenihino, make up the splendid crowd, n which there is infinite repetition nd indescribable variety, as always n religious art, when every man's nost notable endeavour is a Madonna, nd every heart apprehends with a difference that favourite type of naural piety. Then Fra Angelico's ender heads shining fair out of their golden backgrounds, that delicate oet-monk, with his cloistral fancies nd womanish heart! Somebody is here copying even Angelico, with the gold ground like to perfection! a dainty embellishment for some dainty High Church oratory where ladies f Belgravia may confess their fashonable shortcomings. And here hat picture, the Visitation or Saluation, as people choose to call it—a woman's picture—which I could pardon anybody for buying as a present o his young wife. When the old Elizabeth, with a grave and anxious oy, gazes into the face of the young onscious Mary with her downcast yes, her awe, her wonder, her myserious humility of self-regard, the lmost mother—St. Elizabeth and he blessed Virgin are but names—the human sentiment is of to-day, and of all times—as long as mothers and daughters, and those tender and wonderful vicissitudes of female life, remain in the world.

And absolutely, I believe, one can better bear to see a secondary picture in the hands of a copyist, than one of first class—there is less profanation and less harm done. Look here, by this window is the corridor, where a little manufactory goes on quietly, under cover of a superb Venetian noble, whose face has grown immortal through Titian's hand—here is a quiet old man, painting diligently—elaborate little copies in enamel, of which he has a dozen various specimens on his table—miniatures of virgins and saints, of old heroes and painters, and mediæval nobles like this which is before him. This humble artist is quick to hear the steps that approach his chair. You perceive by their shape that they are meant for brooches, these tiny pictures—and perhaps he would be glad to be accosted and dispose of his delicate merchandise; —but think of our national gallery, our royal collection of pictures made accessible after this fashion!—think of the new Paul Veronese moved out to the light because somebody wanted to make a sketch of it, or carried off bodily to a window! Imagine the Queen and the Royal Academy opening their treasures all day long and every day, providing stages and accommodations for us, and giving us the tenderest permission to set up our easels where we will! However, let us be thankful—there is compensation in everything. Where Art is most cherished and fostered in these days—where Art has the greatest heritage, the most splendid associations, the completest pedigree—where everything ought to contribute to a fuller and more superb development of her powers than the world has yet seen, and nothing is against her—there, with no north wind of discouragement to rouse her spirit, nor *Tramontana* to quicken the blood in her veins, but only puffs of lukewarm air, and the calm of a perfect Past around, Art, perverse and contradictory, like every human principle, does not flourish, but dies.

Coming out into the sunshine to

the Piazza at our right hand, here is Michael Angelo's big David side by side with a giant Hercules at the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, that picturesque tower and noble mass of building towering up above them, and a row of little soldiers sitting on a bench enjoying the air below. A little further on a still bigger giant, a monster Neptune, with prodigious nymphs and imps around him, presides over a noisy congregation of waiting *carozze*, which it would be prosaic to call a cabstand. Across the way is the post-office, with a little crowd at each window; and here in the square are groups of men standing together talking as in an exchange, though these interlocutors are not of the class generally to be seen in such places. I cannot undertake to tell you what brings them there, or what they talk about, but they are picturesque enough to look at—sunburnt, rustical, middle-aged Italians, more dangerous fellows than the youths who throng in the streets—their coats still and always hanging from their shoulders with vacant sleeves, coats with hoods, tasselled and ornamented, coarse brown cloth worn and dirty, with silken embroideries of green or blue, showing the grandeur which has been. Among these strong vigorous savage faces—bravo heads, reckless and villanous, stealthy heads, down-looking and sinister—visionary faces, with blue eyes, which throw a chill upon the olive complexion and tangled masses of black hair, but these unfrequent and few—altogether a savage primitive physiognomy, faces which somewhat belie the simple good-nature of the young Florentine countenance which, idle, gossiping, and pleasure-loving, moves about among them, as it moves anywhere, humming airs from the opera, and lounging along with well-developed youthful limbs, which ought to be fit for nobler exercise. A certain hum and bustle as of business is in the Piazza—business!—idea worthy only of an insular understanding!—in this place which, by-and-by, is to acknowledge the dust and carriage-wheels of the Corso!—But always strange, always remarkable, is the contrast between the place and the people. Is Art a refining, an elevating influence?—is it good for a country that there has been great minds, and a flash of genius at one period of her history? —for it is impossible not to perceive that the character, and so much of good as there is in these faces, is savage, uncivilised, unrefined.

Fifth Day.—Like every other ancient town, Florence was once greatly less extensive than now; and the natural consequence is that churches and important buildings crowd together, drawing as near as possible, though in many cases still *without* the circuit of the jealous old wall, to the little heart of the ancient city. Two successive circles of wall have burst, as too narrow for the swelling life within; but still the congregation of churches and public places in the vicinity of the Duomo and the Palazzo Vecchio show the former state of things. One of the most important of these is the Santa Croce; and one of the gayest and most perfectly adorned, the Santissima Annunziata, which are the two we shall select for examples of the churches of Florence.

The Santa Croce outside is like the unhappy façade of the Cathedral; it is bare, brown, unsightly plaster, marked with the courses of brick or small stones of which it is built, betraying exactly how careless its builders were of any other finish than the marbles which were intended at once to adorn and to conceal all; these marbles which have never yet come out of the hard heart and narrow hands of Time. There is not a bricklayer in England who would not feel himself eternally disgraced by leaving his work in such a condition; but it is sufficiently illustrative of the local character, that no idea of the "neat," smooth, and perfect conclusion to which work of every kind, however humble, must be brought with us, has ever entered the popular understanding here. The church was meant to be splendid, and left in its present condition only till its marble outer vesture should be placed upon it; but marbles being long ago hopeless for the Santa Croce, it does not enter into anybody's mind to try any homelier substitute, and the original nakedness stands honestly but not very pleasantly disclosed. Here, however, the common contrast of exterior beauty with deformity within is elaborately reversed. Within, everything is rich, splendid, perfect, and jealously cared for. The church is of the peculiar form of a T cross, consisting of a nave and two transepts only; almost the entire pavement of the transepts and a great part of the nave consists of incised tombstones wonderfully rich and perfect, and a line of little chapels sunk like cells in the wall runs along the entire east end of the church. Each of these is the mortuary chapel of a noble family; many have dark altarpieces blocking up half the little window, and shutting out the light; but notwithstanding frescoes are on all the walls, and everywhere artist-skill, and sometimes genius, has given itself to the work of decoration with a magnanimous indifference, as it seems, whether its labours could be seen or not. On one side of the high altar are works of Giotto—look at the place—a little oblong cell, some eight or nine feet wide, with a little window in the wall, raised by the height of two or three marble steps from the area of the church, and deriving no light from that, as indeed there is no more there than is urgently required; an altar-table on another step, with its tawdry decorations and little black picture set in a triangular framework, which blocks up all but the top of the window; and on the walls, for any one who can see them, the frescoes of Giotto! What possible good can be derived from that ridiculous triangle stuck into the light *I* cannot tell; but there it smirks and glitters with its contemptible little gilt diaper, sadly trying to any one's patience who cares the least for what he has come to see. After all, it is only St. Francis whose life, or rather death, is pictured on these walls; but when the day is sunny St. Francis looks out from his deathbed with such a cluster of saintly thoughtful faces round him that the very glimpse aggravates the spectator: and yet I suppose Giotto must have known all the time that his work would gleam there for hundreds of years in that imperfect light, and without fuming over it, as I think a Royal Academician might be pardoned for doing, only painted it most likely without saying a word for the glory of God. In our days, in Puseyite memorial inscriptions, one is tempted to think these words rather profane. But they were not profane in the days of Giotto when the sentiment was real, and when the offering of one's best seemed still admissible, and the metaphysical question whether one's best, or anything sprung of human skill and human art, was a fit offering to God, had never come into anybody's mind. It is possible—I will not say such questions are out of our range—but it is just possible that this half-visible picture on the wall was like Mary's ointment, an offering as acceptable as if it had been sold for so much and given to the poor.

Throughout this entire range of chapels the same circumstances hold. All are not Giotto's certainly, though a large proportion of the partially or wholly destroyed adornments of these walls are attributed to him; but the greater proportion are equally indistinct, withdrawn into those narrow and gloomy alcoves where there is little provision for light, and what little there is is obscured and interrupted. But the arrangement of the church throws no little light on the life of the time which produced it. In the deep arms of the transepts are other chapels, all enriched to the utmost extent of their space with pictures, with marbles, with rich fresco and sculpture, costly evidences of the wealth and emulation of the old patrician families of Florence, whose names one can tell off as on a splendid beadroll as one reckons up this line of chapels, dim, rich, and magnificent, which, though modern neglect and embellishment have united to debase them, the best art of the time laboured to adorn.

In the lower end of the church, great men's monuments alternate with the altars—the old Medicean philosophers exchange stony glances with Michael Angelo; and Alfieri's graceful memorial, the pale and tender modern offering of modern art, stands by the pompous monument of Dante. But in spite of these great names, there is an interest more characteristic in the family chapels, which range in lines on either side of the high altar—and where the living Palazzo Borghese out of doors has its calm and cold representative, its other family dwelling, in the Capella Borghese here. But do not suppose you have seen all, in seeing the church itself. Here out of the church is a large lofty square apartment, with oaken presses, fitted along the walls—above them pictures on one side—frescoes on another, and at the upper end, a little chapel divided from the room by an ornamental iron screen. There is a wooden frame in the middle of the apartment, on which hangs a priestly vestment, white and yellow. This is the sacriety, where once the very doors of those priestly wardrobes were rich with Giotto's pictures, and still the place is luminous with works and names that will never die—Cimabue, Giotto, the two Gaddei—and only a sacristy, where the holy father vests himself in mild self-complacency under the solemn shadow of that grey ancient pictured cross—Cimabue's cross, the austere symbol of that art, which was still new to her implements, which had all her future splendours in her heart but not in her fingers—and still had scarcely found the secret of beauty out.

Without these walls are cloisters enclosing a square quadrangle almost full of the dead—the dead whose resting-places are distinguished by lines of white marble let in in check-work to the stone, with minute inscriptions of names, as close as though those lines meant nothing but a pattern—a melancholy crowding which chills one's heart. This occupation, it is evident, has been stopped ere it was completed; yet the very crowd betrays the natural shrinking from a common sepulture, and the natural last desire of personality for an individual grave.

Let us make haste; we have almost filled our space. Now to the Santissima Annunziata, to all the splendours of gilding and ecclesiastical finery, new crimson hangings
and fringes of gold. The
occupies one end of a little
which carries a pretty
either side of it, and is
pleasant to look upon. A
admits you into a cloister.
the wall to the height of you
is covered with stones and
tions, memorials of the dead
below. A quaint, cool, quiet
with its low arches and calm
ure, where a brown monk,
wandering on the other side,
his heavy woollen frock and
and hood, his cord, and his
presence, looks harmonious
keeping. Perhaps he is only
ing of his dinner or some
vent intrigue; but it might be
ditation tender and solemn
muses in such a place. In the
light and open air a sweet
of colour shines round these
glimmering away yonder into
gentle shade too far off to be
guishable, and brightening here
groups which have more than
—into saintly incidents which
taken form and shape from
hand of Andrea del Sarto—
monastic miracles, the fabulous
cidents of which take grace and
nity from the touch of genius,
glow over the cold marble stone
remembrance with a sweet life
warmth, which it comforts the spec-
tator to see. The cloister is not
noble, not so magnificen as the
lofty cloisters of the north, which
still exist in such majestic grace
our own land; but it is more familiar
more inhabitable, with a depth of
shade under its low arches which
summer will make deeply grateful
and a quaint comfort and use
known to us,—while perhaps
damp and stony splendour would
have done anything but preserve
those sweet faces on the wall. Coming upon them thus by surprise, the effect is wonderfully enlivening and delightful. The place looks an inhabited place. The cloister warms and brightens towards us, as with human smiles; and an impression of munificence, of free, lavish, open-handed liberality, which scarcely anything else can give, flows forth into the daylight from those open walls, with their out-of-doors free-

dom and tranquil exposure to the airs of heaven. Here are the popular legends, which of old were the favourite lore of the people, embellishing the convent cloister with its open gates; no print nor copy, nor transcription in them, fresh from the great painter's hand,—and one cannot help but feel how full and overflowing was the life and wealth which thus brimmed over, and beyond the shelter of sacred roofs and palaces gave forth its inspiration freely to the open air and the church-going crowd.

For by this passage we reach the church, and stand amazed in the warmth and brightness of that ornate and cheerful place. The nave of the Annunziata is like a splendid salon, with little chambers opening from it on each side, white arches flowered and gilded, like little boudoirs or drawing-rooms, if we may venture to carry out the profane simile—and indeed it would be anything but surprising to see a pretty mirror and toilette instead of one of those altar-tables, which, to tell the truth, are not much unlike. In the western end, near the door, is a gilded cage of tabernacle work, adorned with symbolical ornaments, one of the principal of which is the pot of lilies —the *fleur de Marie*—which holds a prescriptive place in pictures of the Annunciation—and in the chapel close by is preserved a mysterious fresco of that event painted by Angelo, and of miraculous power. The nave opens into a rounded choir, rich with marbles and gilding, with wonderful silver-work adorning the high altar, and another succession of chapels in the wall—chapels opening each with a lofty rounded arch into the fine semicircle—hung like so many withdrawing-rooms with crimson drapery, heavily fringed with gilded knobs or tassels. Within there is little more than twilight in these alcoves, where still frescoes and pictures of note are to be perceived dimly; but in the body of the church all is bright and sunny, and the general impression, if not very solemn, is cheerful and luxurious to a high extent. On either side, passages, penetrating through the line of the side-chapels, increase the domestic appearance so completely that it requires the distant prospect of a priestly back in white and gold, bowing over a decorated altar with mysterious genuflexions, unknown in ordinary life, to undeceive the spectator. But the splendour of the church, if nothing else, would show with sufficient clearness the popularity of the Annunziata, where worshippers surround the little oratory, and kneel in all the chapels, and which is more frequented, as it appears, to judge from the experience of this day, than any of the other churches in Florence. We leave the sacred precincts on tiptoe, whispering under our breath. To be sure it is very shocking to walk about or talk when people are at prayers, and service is proceeding; but if we are never to disturb a chance worshipper—if we are to keep religiously apart, lest yonder excellent and pious personage who follows us with her eyes, and turns round her head to watch us, should be disturbed in her devotions, I fear there will be little sight-seeing possible; for somebody is always discharging his or her religious duties at some altar, and that meritorious exercise goes on all the same, with moving lips and dropped beads, whether our friend watches our stealthy passage, or only occupies herself with the fringe of the altar-cloth—there is not much difference after all.

I did not begin with the intention of describing pictures or special works of art—one who sets out to do any such thing in Florence must take months to see, and volumes to contain his journal—but only a flying sketch as to what the Florentine churches are like in general, without details. They contain mines of interesting matter for investigators, but for us a noble pomp, a picturesque appearance, and many a silent suggestion of how things were in that age, so grand, so distant, so exuberant, which has writ its social economy, its family ostentation, its pride, its genius, and its greatness upon these enduring tablets, as it was fit a great age should write them—leaving to its descendants a glorious legacy of tombs and altars, a suit of state too big for them, which show how life has shrunk out of its splendid proportions, and things are no longer as they were—and to us a spectacle of life indestructible, an energy which cannot die.

Sixth Day.—This day let us go the way of all the world.

Look through the opening in those lofty houses, how that Apennine heaves his mighty slopes into the air, where the sun shines in defiance of those big clouds rolling and gathering and dispersing in mountainous vicissitude upon the sky. The cloud over that hill, mingling its gloom in some indescribable way with the undiscouraged sun, shines darkly, if one may be permitted the expression, with the most wonderful, dewy, rainy, aerial effect, over the vast shoulders of that big potentate, conveying to us low down in the plain a conception of atmosphere and distance magnificently wide and far—precise yet immeasurable—something to be painted or imagined, but which defies words. The day is mild and soft, with a freshness in the air which threatens rain—a delicious dewy spring atmosphere, the threat expanding itself over us, but never coming to extremities—letting a score of bright drops escape now and then by a side wind, but hurting nothing, not even a lady's bonnet. Bonnets are a serious consideration at the Cascine. Along the level sunny road, where the tall trees thrust bare branches over our heads, and throw long shadows on the meadow, we make our way, as do the mountains down the valley, as does the river to the sea. Everything is westward; the hills closing in towards the Gonfolina gorge, the Arno to the Mediterranean, the sun to his setting, and the tender declining light slants in golden glints over the level grass, and over the solitary houses, each with its square tower, which stand here and there alone between the mountains and the trees. A long level road, with stretches of green grass on either hand, and the grey Apennines close in sight, and the Florentine carriages hastening along without much note of the way to something hidden here in the further trees. What is it? A square of good extent but no ornament, with straight avenues diverging into it on all sides, and with *almost* a glimpse of the river and the sunny promenade extending along its bank, where indeed the company can walk if they are so minded. But the company in general are not of that mind. The ladies sit in their carriages, the gentlemen get out and circulate from one party to another, carrying a common currency of gossip and compliment through the crowd. There stand the horses, and there sit the ladies with the most admirable patience, looking at nothing, listening to nothing, unless it be the rival toilettes about them in the one case, and the talk of the wandering cavaliers in the other, till the orthodox time is accomplished, when the crowd suddenly breaks up, and carriages return with the steadiness of a procession along the same level road. What odd spectacles fashion and pleasure make when they lay their heads together! I do not see the fun of sitting for an hour among a crowd of carriages. Come this way—never mind the fashion of Florence—come back again by this river road which basks and burns in the sunshine. It is still only March, it is not too warm. Yonder, look at the white houses dwelling by the river—at the low hills towards the south—Bellosguardo and that gentle cluster of luxuriant slopes! And now as Florence comes fully in sight, look at those domes and towers, rising in a wonderful full olive against the sky and the sunshine, through the air, full of bright reflections which mask those silent sentinels with a colour not their own.

And again it is night—not the mysterious night of an unknown city, wrapt in fog and darkness—a glorious shining night of Italy, mooned and starry, with a flood of light upon the heavens, but darkness deep and solemn in the narrow streets. Looking out from this high window, the darkness no longer veils to us an undiscovered country. The hum and whisper of the town rises already half familiar and with a friendly tone, and one no longer dreams, but remembers. Now the congenial moonlight will wake with lyric musical touches, as one falls into a sweet confusion of all the arts to express that magical beauty—the silvery marbles of the Duomo, the tender glory of the Painter's Tower. Arno glistens under all its bridges. White, in a misty veil of light, rise the wakeful Apennines, listening to every chime of bells and sentinel shout of passing hours, the "All's-well" of the night from tower and Campanile, tall guardians of the city; and peace and rest are in the air, white with the saintly benedictions of stars and moon.

But dark as midnight or mid-winter—black in profoundest contrast with the moonlight, lying in such a depth of shadow as only that neighborn brightness could expose, lies far below us the pavement of this narrow lofty street. What is that measured cadence sounding upward through this gulf of air and darkness—that gleam of moving lights, wild and variable, blazing through the gloom; that tramp of footsteps? Look down where they pass below, the few passengers scarcely pausing to look after them, they themselves pausing for nothing, marching to the measure of their chant, not slow though solemn—no voice of individual grief, but a calm impersonal lamentation, a lofty melancholy utterance upon the common fate of humanity. White figures in the dress of a fraternity, with two or three wild torches throwing light upon their way, and upon that dark weight they carry shoulder-high and motionless—answering to each other with chant and response of deep voices, carrying their dead. Nay, not *their* dead—it has ceased to belong to any one, that silent burden. Love has not a tone in that dirge—grief is not there—it is the voice of the Church, solemnly commenting upon the universal fate—calling the world to witness that all must die—and cold, cold, solitary, loveless, the forlorn dead in the midst of them goes to be buried out of sight. Do you say it is nothing to him, and he does not feel it? Heaven knows! but that picturesque group, with their chant and their torches, carry a chill to one's heart.

And saddened by such sounds, the night falls over Florence—and Time and the hours chant from those matchless Campaniles the same solemn conclusion into the moonlight, to the wakeful hills and stars that do not die. But grief is not in the ineffable calm of heaven: and there is no grief in those wonderful works of art, calmly bearing witness in their silent permanence to generations dead and past. Proclaim it from your towers, great city, bathing in the silence with the listening hills and skies!—yet there is another burden chiming into human ears from all your shrines and altars, eloquent with *their* loves and labours who are no longer here—a deeper truth, and dearer than that burden of change and death—that it is here, as everywhere, the dead who are living—and it is only the living who die!

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.

The final fortunes of Arthur and of Charlemagne, as heroes of song, have been very different. Of course, we do not mean to compare their actual exploits. The Laws of Charlemagne may still be read. His great achievements form the subject of well-ascertained and undoubted history, and have left their traces on the present state of modern Europe; while the shadowy exploits of the British king, at best, only retarded the Saxon conquest of Britain for a few years, and are so wholly without any *historical* confirmation, that many antiquarians have been led to doubt whether the traditions which relate to him have any solid foundation of facts to rest on at all. Yet the silence of the Venerable Bede, and other Saxon chroniclers, should hardly outweigh the testimony of so widespread a tradition; for wherever the defeated British tribes retired for safety from their Saxon foe, whether to the sheltering rocks of Cornwall, or fastnesses among the Cumbrian hills, thither they carried with them the name of their famous chieftain, and there they have left it indelibly imprinted: so that northern ballads tell us of Arthur holding his court at "merrie Carleile," and by the banks (oh, most unpoetical name!) of "Tearne Wadling;" and the Westmoreland yeoman readily points out to the inquiring archæologist King Arthur's Round Table—a mound near the fair river Eamont, some miles on its downward course, after it has left the loveliest of those lakes, one of which gave his surname to Arthur's great knight Lancelot (a favourite Christian name still in Westmoreland, we may remark *en passant*). So too in Cornwall many a mound and cairn bears Arthur's name; and stern Tintagel, the wave-beaten ruin on the rocky Cornish coast, is pointed out to the traveller as having been the fortress of the mighty British king.

Unlike, however, as are the Arthur and the Charlemagne of history—the one the last support, and the object of the fond regrets of a conquered race; the other the proud leader of the victorious Franks, the fragments of whose empire are now great kingdoms, and whose success the ambition of modern times has emulated, but failed to equal—they have yet occupied very similar positions as favourite subjects of song and legend. The court-minstrels of Charlemagne (repeating the lay which had come across the Channel into kindred Bretagne) doubtless sang to him of Arthur and the knights of his Round Table, as the brave Taillefer sang of Roland and of Charlemagne to Norman William at the battle of Hastings; and the Provençal Troubadours appear to have made the names of Arthur's knights as familiar as those of Charlemagne to the mind of the great father of modern literature, Dante. But when the minstrel's tuneful notes were hushed—in Provence first by Dominic and his harsh brother-inquisitors, and afterwards throughout Europe by the revival of ancient learning and the altered taste which was its consequence—Arthur was gradually lost sight of, while Charlemagne shone with greatly-increased splendour. The great Italian poets sang of the iron-crowned protector of their Pope. The fabulous exploits of his nephew Roland, the equally fabulous siege of Paris by the Saracens, and the victories of Charlemagne over their countless hosts, live for ever incorporated into modern literature by the rich fancy, the inexhaustible invention, which sparkles in the magic page of Ariosto. But Arthur was left to the ballad and the prose romance. No great poet made him the hero of a lay that shall last for ever. He forms the subject of no poem that has *lived*, either English or foreign; for Spenser's unique Allegory (that mighty work of the imagination, that product of a noble

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Idylls of the King. By A. Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: E. Moxon & Co., Dover Street.

ge, rich in faith and loyalty) conains, as we shall have occasion to emark hereafter, the name, and the ame only, of the ancient British hieftain. Shakespeare and Milton lo but mention him. The eighteenth entury was unfavourable to works f the imagination, and only renembered Arthur in one or two allads preserved in Percy's collecion. Some fifty years ago, in his ntroduction to the first canto of ' Marmion," Sir Walter Scott alluded o the forgotten legends, with which is diligent antiquarianism had made im familiar, and seemed, as he wrote is tales of the olden time, to cast a onging glance at those still older tories, which it had stirred the earts of his own heroes and heroines o listen to:—

'As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse;
Or when, Dame Ganore's Grace to move
(Alas, that lawless was their love!)
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
And freed full sixty knights; or when,
A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye."

He reminds us how such legends

"Gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;"

and he mourns that the one poet, who had arisen since then, fit, in his judgment, to sing of Arthur, had missed his high destiny:—

"And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald king and court
Bade him toil on to make them sport;

. . . .

The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."

Whether these regrets of the northern minstrel first directed Mr. Tennyson's attention to the rich mine, ready to yield its untouched treasures to his hand, we cannot say. Certain it is, that he early sought subjects for his poems from among the legends of Arthur. "The Lady of Shalott" first showed the direction his thoughts were taking. Ten years after followed two of his finest poems—"Morte d'Arthur," and "Sir Galahad." Next he sought inspiration from other sources, and, in the judgment of most, with inferior success. (We of course allude to the "Princess," and to "Maud;" not to the magnificent sorrow of "In Memoriam.") And now, for the last two or three years, we have hailed with pleasure the report of a new poem from his pen, which promises to supply a statue for this long-vacant niche in our literature. We rejoiced to hear that the Laureate was again at work, that he had returned to the attachments of his youth, and that his subject was once again Arthur—"mythic Uther's son." Presently the name of the forthcoming book reached us, *The Idylls of the King*, and, we must own, somewhat disturbed our ideas. An Idyll is, to the common understanding, the name of a Pastoral, not of a tale of kings and warriors; and, to say the truth, in our mind Idylls are chiefly associated with some tedious trash by Gessner, which darkened our early initiation into Germanic literature; and perhaps also with *les bergeries* of Florian—insipid productions, which (to the best of our belief) the crinoline of the present day is far from regarding with the same favour as did the behooped belles of the days of Louis Quinze. For *one* thing, too, the title prepared us. We were not to expect a long poem, presenting Arthur and his exploits as a whole. "Morte d'Arthur," that exquisite fragment, was to remain a fragment still!—a fragment of an unfinished epic, which is never to be completed! At last, after a long delay, we received the eagerly-desired volume. We opened it with mingled hope and fear; we read it with mixed feelings, at first of disappointment, but afterwards of *greatly*-preponderating pleasure; and we now proceed to lay some account of it before our readers. It consists of four poems of unequal lengths, each of which bears a lady's name. (The Laureate's devotion to the fair sex evidently glows with unabated ardour, since the days when he sang "Isabel," "Claribel," &c., with more zeal than success.) Each poem rehearses the adventures of some heroine of the days of King Arthur; and the fourth and last contains those of the greatest and loveliest, though, alas! not the best lady of the time—of the "Guenever, that bride so bright of blee" of our old ballads. Thus the feminine element predominates decidedly in the work. Arthur, Lancelot, and Merlin—the king, the warrior, and the sage of the poem—are represented to us, not so much in council or in action as in their dealings with, and in the effect they produce on, Guinevere, Elaine, and Vivien. In this wise we see more of the sage's folly than of his wisdom, of the warrior's weakness than of his strength. The three first poems read like three long episodes, detached from a grand epic Arthur, which is not forthcoming. The fourth gives us a beautiful but still domestic scene, from near its conclusion. Those who are unacquainted with Tennyson's earlier writings, must feel, as they finish Guinevere, that the end is wanting; whilst the majority of readers will hasten to refresh their recollection of "Morte d'Arthur" as its true conclusion: which exquisite poem, we here beg to suggest, should be printed as the fifth in the second edition of "The Idylls," for the benefit of our children.

The slender thread which connects the four poems is furnished by Guinevere. The first rumours of her grievous fall drive the gentle Enid into seclusion, and embolden Vivien in her wrong-doing; Lancelot's heart is closed by *her* against Elaine's pure affection, and *her* penitence forms the subject of the fourth poem. Of Arthur we hear little till the end. We are told in very beautiful language of his labours, as an earlier Charlemagne, to draw fast the slackening bonds of law and order, to uphold the faith of Christ and the honour of Britain against the heathen invader, and to revive and uphold every knightly grace and courtesy by the institution of his chivalric Round Table; but almost all his share in the *action* of the poem is confined to the last grand scene, where he rebukes and pardons his guilty wife, and then leaves her for that battle-field to which he looks forward with dim forebodings, where all his yet faithful knights are to fall but one, and whence the "dusky barge" and its mystic crew are to bear him, whither no man knoweth even until this day. Lancelot is the hero of the third poem. Tristram, Perceval, and Gallahad, are only named. How gladly would we have heard more of the latter—that knight *sans peur* because *sans reproche*, who is one of the fairest creations of Tennyson's earlier muse; whose quest of that Sangreal (from the search for which the valorous Lancelot was excluded by his sin) has become in our poet's hands a noble type of true Christian chivalry—of that work of heaven on earth which only pure hearts can love, only clean hands can do!

For the non-appearance of these famous knights we are by no means consoled by a new acquaintance—Geraint, tributary prince of Devon, whose adventures fill the first poem. Its story is somewhat ill-constructed, and decidedly better in execution than in design. It is briefly this:—Queen Guinevere and her attendant maiden are insulted by a nameless knight on their way to join Arthur hunting. Geraint vows to avenge the insult, and follows the discourteous knight to a small town, near which he dwells in a splendid new castle. The town is full of bustling preparations for a tournament on the morrow; and Geraint, whose haste has brought him on his chase unarmed, is glad to seek shelter for the night at the ruined castle of Earl Yniol, on the other side of the town, which is thus prettily described:—

"Here stood a shattered archway, plumed with
 fern;
And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the
 cliff,
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:
And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were *silent*, wound
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
Clasp't the grey walls with hairy-fibred arms,
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and
 look'd
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove."

Yniol, the venerable owner of this

lilapidated mansion, has the misfortune to be the uncle of the knight vhose insolence Geraint longs to unish, and to have given him moral offence by refusing him the hand of his only daughter Enid. The discourteous Edyrn has avenged his incle's refusal by provoking a revolt mong his retainers, dispossessing im of his earldom, and keeping im with his wife and daughter, in he ruined castle where Geraint finds hem. For the last two years Edyrn as proclaimed jousts in honour of a ady whom he has taken as his love, o spite Enid, to which no man is dmitted unless his lady-love be present; and each year won for her the rize, a golden sparrow-hawk. The hird joust is fixed for the morrow of Geraint's arrival, who, learning this rom his host, straightway borrows rom him his rusty arms, adopts the gentle Enid as his lady betrothed and wife; avenges her deep wrong, at he same time as the Queen's lighter ne, by the overthrow of the proud Edyrn, and makes him restore his earldom to his injured kinsman, and go to do penance at King Arthur's court, where his reformed life bears 'pleasing testimony," as the good books have it, to the efficacy of Geraint's rough method of cure. Geraint prepares to take his fair betrothed o Caerleon-upon-Usk, that the grateful Guinevere may, according to her promise, clothe her champion's bride in fitting attire for the nuptials. And here we are treated to an amount of millinery against which not all our reverence for Tennyson's genius shall stay us from protesting. Even supposing that the "faded silk" in which Enid accompanies Geraint by his desire, and which she, unluckily for herself, puts by reverently in a "cedarn cabinet" instead of giving it to her waiting-maid, as most ladies of the present day would do, when it had served its purpose,—even supposing, we say, that the "faded" article of dress in question is introduced with a high moral purpose—even that of inducing the wives of England generally, and more especially the wives of English *poets*, to be content with plain attire—though we should be grateful to the Laureate for his good intentions, and earnestly wish him success, as the dismal vision of our Christmas bills rises before our prophetic gaze—yet we cannot but feel that *if* such appeals in verse could do the business, we *have* good Dr. Watts' already, more easily remembered and more distinctly affecting the conscience! So, returning to the æsthetic view of the matter, we would humbly beg the Laureate for the future to tell us more of the maiden and less of her clothes—more of the wedding, if he will, and less of the *trousseau*. Nay, might we venture to whisper to him that lines like these will defeat his own purpose, where he sums up "the whole duty of a husband" thus:—

"To compass her with sweet observances,
To *dress her beautifully* (!), and keep her true."

Somewhile after Geraint and Enid's marriage, the growing evil report of the Queen induces the former to withdraw his young wife from her dangerous example, to retire into his principality, where, in affectionate care of Enid (an affection which our unwise poet describes as revealing itself chiefly in making constant additions to her wardrobe), he forgets the duties of his office, and incurs the general disapprobation of his people. The young wife hears this; and in hesitation between her fear of displeasing her husband and her grief that his fame should perish for lack of warning, drops a broken sentence which leads him to suspect her faithful affection for himself. Maddened by this suspicion (which he might have removed by one simple question), he resolves to ride forth into the wilderness, to win back his wife's regard by some high deed; on which the poet observes in very beautiful language—language far more applicable, as it seems to us, to many a sad occurrence in real life, than to this very improbable difficulty—

"O purblind race of miserable men!
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true!
Here through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!"

He commands Enid to accompany him, and expressly charges her to do so arrayed in her worst and meanest dress. A strange subject to occupy the thoughts of a warrior, at the very moment when he was smarting under the reproach of effeminacy! And truly, as it seems to us, a very mean piece of revenge for any "sort of a man," let alone a knight of the Round Table to indulge in! She obeys meekly; puts on the "faded silk" in which he first saw her, and is bidden to ride on far in front, lest her angry lord should be unable to restrain his wrath, and, whatever happens, never to speak a word to him. Late in the afternoon they meet three bandits, and Enid is rewarded by her ungenerous husband, for having braved his indignation to warn him of his danger, by his orders to drive their horses (laden with the armour of which he has stript their riders), tied together by their bridles, before him. A little way farther on they meet three more villains, and Geraint has another opportunity (of which he avails himself) of showing valour to his enemies and unkindness to his wife.

Tired by the charge of the six horses, and much more by her own quiet grief, Enid thankfully accepts the night's lodging her harsh husband provides for her in a little town adjoining the castle of another old suitor of hers, Earl Limours. He, encouraged by the evident coldness between her husband and herself, renews his suit to her. Enid, alarmed at his numerous band of followers, feigns to be willing that he should come in the morning to carry her off, only asking to be left in repose that night; and is so long before she dares awaken her husband to tell him of his danger, that their retreat the next day is speedily interrupted by the arrival of the "wild Limours" and his band in pursuit of them. Geraint, however, is fully equal to the occasion; knocks the earl and his next follower down like ninepins—

"And blindly rushed on all the rout behind.
But at the flash and motion of the man
They vanished panic-stricken like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adorn the crystal dykes of Camelot,
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand;
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower."

Having disposed of this formidable attack so easily, the invincible Geraint rides on with the patient Enid. But retribution is at hand. A wound which he hardly felt in the ardour of the conflict, begins to pain him; his blood flows unseen, and he falls senseless to the ground. His wife binds his wound with her veil, and sits beside him in despair. "The huge Earl Doorm," the savage lord of the territory they are now in, passes by, and touched in some degree by beauty in distress, commands two spearmen to carry the wounded man to his hall. Enid's palfrey has deserted her, but Geraint's "great charger," which stood by him "grieved like a man," follows him unled. Left alone in the deserted hall, Enid sits for long hours by her lord; who, wakening from his swoon, is convinced of her true love for him by her tears, but still feigns himself as dead,—

"That he might prove her to the uttermost,
And say to his own heart, 'She weeps for me.'"

He thus exposes her to the rude attentions of their savage host, who returns from a plundering expedition in the afternoon, feasts in the hall with a motley crew of spearmen and women,

"Whose souls the old serpent long had drawn
Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf
And makes it earth;"

and having finished his savage repast, coolly assures Enid that her husband is dead, offers to replace him; vainly presses meat and drink upon her, and then, with a regard for dress amazing in such a barbarian, and evidently proving that the love of fine clothes was epidemic at that period, sends for a splendid silk, and commands Enid to put off her faded garb, and "array herself in it. To which she answers:—

In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,
nd loved me serving in my father's hall;
n this poor gown I rode with him to court,
nd there the queen array'd me like the sun;
n this poor gown he made me clothe myself,
Then now we rode upon this fatal quest
f honour, where no honour can be gain'd:
And this poor gown I will not cast aside
Until himself arise a living man,
And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough:
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be:
never loved, can never love but him:
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentleness,
He being as he is, to let me be."

Hereupon the rude Doorm strikes her, and she, thinking

" 'He had not dared to do it,
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,'
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood."

Geraint starts up, and with a single blow of his stalwart arm sends the huge Earl's head rolling on the floor; which seems to us something less than justice, seeing that he owns afterwards,

"Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man."

He then mounts his horse, lifts his fair Enid on to it, and rides off with her, joyful in his recovered faith in her affection, and we are thankful to say, penitent for the past; henceforth to lead a happy and useful life, grieving his sweet wife no more, and securing his people's reverence by his manly deeds. The lines which describe Enid's gladness, when she feels herself restored to her right place beside her husband, are, to our thinking, very beautiful:

" And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure into mortal kind
Than lived through her, who in that perilous hour,
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again: she did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a *happy mist,*
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green.'

Oh! *si sic omnia!* How much better in its simple propriety of language is this passage, than attempts at variety of expression, like "his helmet wagg'd," of Geraint fainting earlier on! How much better, in their melodious versification, than lines like this, where the accent falls perforce on the least important word:

"The prince, without a word, from *his* horse fell."

Or this, still worse, from Vivian:

"Her eyes and neck, glittering, went and came!"

And how little worthy of the beautiful lines we have quoted, and of some others too which we have not space for, is the story of which we have given the outlines!

Having confessed our dislike to Idylls, we will not be so inconsistent as to quarrel with "Alfrede, our Laureate Poete" (to speak of him in the language of Chaucer), because this is not an Idyll at all; because Enid and Geraint, though they do once pass through a hay-field (where Geraint eats up the mower's dinner with singular eagerness considering the nature of his anxiety), betray no desire to betake themselves to rural occupations; because we look in vain for anything like the exquisite open-air life of *The Faëry Queen* (to which great work the nature of the subject in some sense invites comparison). It may be *rather* hard to call a tale an Idyll, the hero and heroine of which spend no longer time "sub Jove" than any modern gentleman and lady on a tour, and who are always taking shelter in some house or other. (She whose beauty in the forest "made a sunshine in that shady place," spent a far freer existence.) But let that pass. Our complaint goes deeper, for it concerns not names, but things. How *could* Mr. Tennyson think it worth his while to adorn by his fancy—to discourse to us in the sweet music of a voice we love so well—a tale of such mediocre interest—of a hero so utterly stupid? In the name of the ladies of England (who, we are sure, will agree with us), we beseech him, for the future, to wed his gentle Enids—those patterns of womanhood whom he draws so well—to men somewhat worthier of them.

Let us pass on to *Vivien*, which is so far idyllic that its scene is laid wholly in the forests of Brittany, "patulæ sub tegmine *quercûs*"; but alas! how utterly devoid of all pastoral innocence! It consists of the wicked devices of a most unlovable damsel, named Vivien, to beguile the aged Merlin, the great enchanter, into revealing to her a spell of which he had once told her. This spell, wrought in a fashion something like mesmerism,

> "With woven paces and with waving arms,"

but with more enduring results, puts its subject to sleep for ever, except to him who wrought the charm; and Vivien determines to learn it from Merlin, and then work it on her unlucky tutor,

> "As fancying that her glory would be great,
> According to his greatness, whom she quenched."

Merlin is painted full of gentle wisdom, venerable as

> "Such a beard as, youth gone out,
> Had left in ashes,"

could make him. He is not without gloomy forebodings of coming evil, depicted in the following fine lines:

> "So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,
> As, *on a dull day in an ocean cave,*
> *The blind wave, feeling round his long sea hall*
> *In silence.*"

Nay, an indefinable association links these forebodings with Vivien. He says to her,—

> "O! did you never lie upon the shore,
> And watch the curl'd white of the coming wave
> Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks?
> Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,
> Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,
> Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.
>
> *You* seem'd that wave about to break upon me,
> And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
> My use, and name, and fame."

His nature is far too noble to love such a thing as Vivien. Listen to his lofty thoughts on fame:—

> "Sweet were the days when I was all unknown.
> But when my name was lifted up, the storm
> Broke on the mountain, and I cared not for it."

Or these:—

> "Fame, with men,
> Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
> Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
> But work as vassal to the larger love,
> That dwarfs the petty love of one to one."

At first he tolerates rather than likes her attentions; and when she prematurely shows the cloven foot, and pours into his unwilling ears vile scandal against his noble friends, the knights of the Round Table (scandal of which we will say nothing, but that we are truly sorry it should pollute the pages which tell further on of the childlike innocence of Elaine, and the manly—ay, the *Christian*—purity of Arthur), he turns from her indignantly, muttering,

> "Men at most differ as heaven and earth,
> But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell;"

and expressing his just loathing of such as her, who,

> "If they find
> Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
> Not *grieving that their greatest are so small,*
> Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
> *And judge all Nature from her feet of clay,*
> *Without the will to lift their eyes and see*
> *Her godlike head crown'd with spiritual fire*
> *And touching other worlds.*"

How true! how noble! How good to remember the next time we hear an ill report of any one we reverence! The beauty of the thought in the lines we have italicised makes us quite forget the defective rhythm of the last line but one. And yet the sage who judges so justly yields up his secret, a few pages later, to the woman he despises. "Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion!" We have all pity for the strong man, whom his affection has disarmed, stabbed by the hand which he trusted as his own. We feel more compassion than anger when we hear the brave champion of Israel against the Philistines bewail his "impotence of mind, in body strong"—

> "His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
> From whence captivity and loss of eyes;"

for the choice, though a wrong one, was his own, and he yielded up God's secret and his to the woman whom he *loved*. But Tennyson makes

Merlin yield up *his* great secret to the woman whom he does not and cannot love, merely because of her importunity! He tells it her, "overtalk'd and overworn;" and by her shrieking, her exultation, she leaves him as dead in the hollow oak,

"And lost to life and use and name and fame."

Where the original sketch is distorted, the most faultless colouring cannot produce a really good picture. The fine thoughts and beautiful imagery scattered through "Vivien" with no niggard hand, cannot make amends for the incurable fault in its original design. They can at best only conceal it. The sickly tree, with no principle of vigorous life within it, with no roots striking far down into a healthy soil, may be adorned for a night's festivity with coloured lamps and artificial flowers; nay, healthy fruits may be brought and hung upon it; but a short examination will always detect its want of organic connection with its foreign splendours. We dare not say that where the leading idea from which a poem grows is good, the poem will be invariably good also; for a noble conception may be much obscured and injured by defective execution; but this we will say—a poem which is false or weak in its main idea, can never be more than good in parts. It can never be good as a whole. The stream can never rise higher than its source. And thus we turn, with reluctant disapprobation, from the two first Idylls. Indeed, we are half tempted to think that they were rather written as foils to the two last, than to act, as they should have done, as a flowery and leafy avenue to the stately mansion which succeeds them. We would implore Mr Tennyson, as a father, never again to sacrifice the welfare of two elder daughters (even if somewhat unpromising) so completely as he has done this time, to the success in life of their younger sisters. And we would advise that numerous class of readers, who have not time, or, which comes to the same thing, fancy they have not, to read long poems, to skip the two first Idylls boldly, and at once make acquaintance with "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable," as her admiring bard very meetly styles her. They will recognise an old acquaintance, for Elaine is a new version of the "Lady of Shalott." Only Mr. Tennyson, no longer pressed by the imperious exigencies of finding something to rhyme with Lancelot and Camelot, and having, perchance, heard sometimes the malicious quotation with which a most poetical friend of ours (who has read his Shakespeare more diligently than his Tennyson) favoured *us*, when we last proposed to read to him "The Lady of *Shalott*,"

"Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon,"

has metamorphosed Shalott very advantageously into Astolat. There the "lily maid Elaine" dwells with her father and her two brothers, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine. There Sir Lancelot finds her on his way to Camelot, where he means to win in the joust the ninth diamond, which Arthur offers as the prize of the yearly tourney there, hoping to present it, with the eight he won before, all at once to the Queen. The first discovery of these diamonds is told in lines which we have great pleasure in presenting to our readers:—

"For Arthur, when none knew from whence he came,
Long ere the people chose him for their king,
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonnesse,
Had found a glen, grey boulder, and black tarn.
A horror lived about the tarn, and clave
Like its own mists to all the mountain side;
For here two brothers, one a king, had met
And fought together; but their names were lost,
And each had slain his brother at a blow,
And down they fell and made the glen abhorr'd;
And there they lay till all their bones were bleach'd,
And lichen'd into colour with the crags.
And one of these, the king, had on a crown
Of diamonds, one in front, and four a-side.
And Arthur came, and labouring up the pass
All in a misty moonshine, unawares
Had trodden that crown'd skeleton, and the skull
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown
Roll'd into light, and turning on its rims,
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn.

And down the shingly scaur he plunged, and caught,
And set it on his head, and in his heart
Heard murmurs, 'lo, thou likewise shalt be king!'"

This passage has given us intense pleasure; a pleasure which may not be shared by those who have never scrambled (as the Laureate has, we doubt not, many a time during his sojourn by the English lakes, and as we ourselves rejoiced to do in "the days that are no more") up some rocky pass to the still tarn, three parts up the mountain, where we deliberated whether to scale still loftier heights, or to plunge down through the mountain-desolation, and seek the world once more. We must also extract the passage which describes Lancelot, and the effects of their first meeting on Elaine—

"The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west, and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marred as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marr'd, of more than twice her years,
Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes,
And loved him with that love which was her doom."

The remorse which any man, not utterly hardened, must have felt for such treachery as his to such a friend as "Arthur, the faultless King" (so even Guinevere is enforced to style him), is finely painted here. We see it torturing Lancelot at the banquet, where he narrates the King's high deeds in war to his delighted hearers; his victories by river, sea, and forest—

"Where many a heathen fell: and on the mount
Of Baden I myself beheld the king
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,
And all his legions, crying Christ and him,
And break them; and I saw him, after, stand
High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,
'They are broken, they are broken.'"

And the friend who helped Arthur to win these battles, to whose honour he had looked as to his own, to be unquailing in his danger and unerring in his prosperity, has dealt him in secret a worse blow than any heathen foe; and the King knows not his friend's falsehood, and trusts him as ever. And accusing conscience says to Lancelot, "Thou art the man," and wrings from him the confession, as he points out the King to young Lavaine at the tournament.

"Me you call great: mine is the firmer seat,
The truer lance; but there is many a youth
Now crescent, who will come to all I am,
And overcome it; and in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great:
There is the man."

And we rejoice to think, from the concluding verse of this Idyll, that his remorse, though all unavailing through its course, did at an after time uplift this fallen hero; that as the old prose romance of "Morte d'Arthur" says, "He took repentance afterwards," and in Tennyson's language died a "holy man;" for we could not bear to think of this flower of chivalry, this one love of sweet Elaine, Sir Lancelot of the Lake, being doomed to that dark abode to which the whole *action* of the poem tends to consign him; where Dante places his brother knight and brother sinner, Tristram; that gloomy circle where—

"La bufera infernal, che mai non resta,
Mena gli sporti con la sua rapina,"

and concerning which even the 'fierce Florentine" records—

"Poscia ch' i' ebbi il mio dottare udito
Nomar le donne antiche e i cavalieri,
Pietà mi vinse, e fui quasi smarrito."

Meantime it is, of a surety, a sad "doom" for "Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat," to love such an one as he, and to lie awake all night in thought of him, as her poet describes her, in the following lines, the simile in which is identical with Coleridge's well-known remark on Chantrey's bust of Wordsworth—"It is more like Wordsworth than Wordsworth himself is." We are glad to see it embalmed in verse—

As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance *finds the man*
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Dark—splendid; speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep."

On the morrow Lancelot departs for the lists at Camelot, attended by Elaine's younger brother, Lavaine, eaving her his blazoned shield to keep for him, as he wishes to fight unknown; and the better to conceal himself, wearing her favour in his helmet. Lancelot joins the weaker side in the tourney, and bears himself with his wonted valour:

"King, duke, earl,
Count, baron—whom he smote he overthrew."

But his disguise all but works his ruin. His kith and kin, jealous of the fame of their Lancelot, whom they believe absent, unite against the new champion:

"They couch'd their spears, and prick'd their steeds, and thus,
Their plumes driven backward by the wind they made
In moving, altogether down upon him
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,
And him that helms it; so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear
Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear
Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head
Pierced through his side, and there snapt, and remain'd."

We like the abruptness of the last line. We seem to *hear* the spear break off short in it. And we have italicised what we think as fine a description of an ocean wave as we ever read. To return to the story. Lavaine helps Lancelot to another horse, and, well backed by him and the rest, the wounded hero wins the day. But when he is proclaimed victor, and bidden to advance and take the prize, he answers—

"Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death;"

and rushes from the field, followed by the faithful Lavaine, to a poplar grove hard by (we should have liked other trees better), where dwells a knight, turned hermit, who

"Had scoop'd himself
In the white rock a chapel and a hall
On massive columns, like a shore-cliff cave,
And cells and chambers—all were fair and dry:
The green light from the meadows underneath
Struck up and lived along the milky roofs."

Lavaine draws out the lance-head; the hermit carries the wounded knight into his cave,—

"And there, in daily doubt
Whether to live or die, for many a week
Hid from the wide world's rumour by the grove
Of poplars, with their noise of falling showers,
And ever-tremulous aspen trees, he lay."

Meantime the sudden disappearance of the unknown conqueror excites much disturbance in the lists; so that Arthur charges Gawain, his own nephew, to take the diamond and ride forth to seek its winner, and not to return without delivering the dear-bought prize into his hands. Sir Gawain fails to find him in his close retreat; but at length reaching Astolat, brings and hears news of him there. Elaine's preoccupied heart gives small heed to the compliments the courtly knight pays her; even to such a really pretty one as this, by which he answers her reproof for neglecting the quest on which the king had sent him:—

"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes."

So he leaves her the diamond to keep, being sure that, if Lancelot lives, he will come to claim his shield; and noting the beauty of the damsel, and that the favour worn by Lancelot at the tournament was hers, he hastens to tell the astonished court of Lancelot's new love, and to waken in the Queen bitter jealousy of her innocent rival. But Elaine has heard of the peril of the knight, whom she has seen only one day—a day as fatal to her peace of mind as a whole year—and she persuades her old father to let her go with her elder brother to seek him out. They find him easily, with their younger brother's help. Elaine presents the diamond to him, and, grieved by his sad plight, stays with her brother to nurse him, and saves his life by her gentle care—

"Being to him
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
Milder than any mother to a sick child;
And never woman yet, since man's first fall,
Did kindlier unto man; but her deep love
Upbore her."

Lancelot is not untouched by all this fond affection; he feels towards her as to a young sister, and at last we read—

"Loved her with all love, except the love
Of man and woman when they love their best,
Closest and sweetest, and had died the death
In any knightly fashion for her sake.
And peradventure had he seen her first,
She might have made this and that other world,
Another world for the sick man; but now
The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

Surely had Shakespeare had to write this, he would have said something like those two last lines! Thus Lancelot bears the penalty of his sin, not alone in the remorse which has poisoned his every cup of guilty pleasure, but even more in the moral ruin it has wrought within him, rendering him alike consciously unworthy of, and incapable of responding to, the pure and strong love (strong because pure) which he has inspired—a love of which Arthur says very truly, later on:

"And, after heaven, on our dull side of death,
What should be best, if not so pure a love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness."

"The great Sir Lancelot of the Lake" has condemned himself, by his own act, to continue "a lonely man, wifeless and heirless;" and as it begins to dawn on Elaine that he cannot love her as she loves him (*why* he cannot, how should *she* ever dream?)—

"She murmur'd, 'Vain, in vain; it cannot be.
He will not love me; how then? must I die?'
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of few notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning, till the ear
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating, 'Must I die?'"

She makes one desperate effort. At her father's castle (whither Lancelot accompanies her and her brother on his recovery, where she vainly puts on her best attire to please him, thinking—

"If I be loved, these are my festal robes;
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall;"

and where he proffers her every gift as a guerdon for her care, but the *one* gift she desires) she breaks silence on the day he is to leave them, and declares her love to him. We know that this contradicts the best precedents; that Viola's imaginary sister, who

"Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief,"

is more truly womanly than some of Shakespeare's other heroines; but still Tennyson *has* provided the best excuse he could for his sweet Elaine, in her childlike innocence, in the ease with which her every wish has been gratified till now by her fond brethren and father, and, above all, in her being destitute of a mother's careful guidance. Lancelot answers kindly but coldly; bids her seek a worthier husband, whom he may endow with lands and honours for her sake, and takes his shield and departs, not daring to bid her farewell, lest he should increase her fatal passion. Elaine is left to her despair. Her father and brothers strive in vain to comfort her. She answers them calmly:—

"But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field,
Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd; the owls,
Wailing, had power upon her, and she mixt
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind."

She sings to herself a doleful little

song, called the song of Love and Death, of which we give the first and last stanzas, which we admire particularly. The two middle ones are somewhat spoilt by a want of simplicity, like the "concetti" in vogue two centuries ago, so we omit them:

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die!"

Her father hastens to her, startled by something unwonted in her voice, and gazes on her altered countenance as on a thing at once strange and familiar.

"As when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why."

A comparison which, though we do not especially admire, yet we read with pleasure, as proving that another has experienced that strange, puzzled feeling about a well-known word which has occasionally seized on ourselves. Then the maiden tells her brothers how she has been dreaming of her childhood and of her old delight, when they took her in a boat on the river; how she had always longed in vain to pass one cape, where a poplar grew, that she might go and see the king's palace; and how now the old longing had returned, and she felt it was to be gratified at last. There is a proverb, which we have repeated before now, sometimes in hope and sometimes in fear, which says, "Whatsoever thou desirest in youth, in age thou shalt plentifully obtain;" and every now and then a dread comes over us that it may, after all,

"Keep the word of promise to our ear,
But break it to our hope."

Such, alas! is to be its accomplishment in our fair Elaine's case. When *she* passes the poplar tree and enters the palace of her childish wishes, the eye that should have beheld its glories will be closed. This is what she says to them:—

"So let me hence that I may pass at last
Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,
Until I find the palace of the King.
There will I enter in among them all,
And no man there will dare to mock at me:
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me;
And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me;
Gawain, who bad a thousand farewells to me;
Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bad me one:
And there the King will know me and my love;
And there the Queen herself will pity me,
And all the gentle court will welcome me;
And after my long voyage I shall rest!"

Her brothers weep for her. Her father tries to cure her fatal love by telling her of Lancelot's shame, now publicly reported. But Elaine is to escape what a gifted poetess has told us is one of the bitterest drops in woman's cup of woe. (Ah! Felicia Hemans! does *man* never taste it?)

"To make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail such worship."

Gently, but firmly, the maiden puts aside the arm raised to dash down *her* idol, thus:—

"Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe,
But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain: so let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
*Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, tho' my love had no return.*"

She dictates a letter to Lancelot, to be given him by herself alone, bidding them

"Lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it: I shall guard it even in death."

They are to place her, when she is dead, in a black barge, steered by an old dumb servant, and to deck her in her richest robes.

"I go in state to court to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self;
And none of you can speak for me so well."

Will our readers think us very tiresome, and Mr. Tennyson very ungrateful, if we interrupt his touching story, to ask him why he calls the dumb man, "the *lifelong creature* of the house?" and to say, that though we have no doubt that he has described him correctly, and that a dumb man, whose fair young mistress was dead, would very likely attend her funeral,

"Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face,"

yet that so grotesque a figure should not have been brought forward so prominently in the sad procession? That sad procession passes through the meadows, a shadow in the bright sunshine, after no long time. The two mourning brethren place the dead body of their sister on the barge's black deck, give her their last kiss, and bid her their last farewell—

"And the dead,
Steer'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth-of-gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

The same day as that on which the barge moves slowly up the river, with its precious freight, Sir Lancelot has sought an audience with the Queen, that he may at last offer her his princely gift, the "nine-years-fought-for" diamonds. They meet in an oriel of the palace overlooking the stream, and Lancelot, kneeling, gives her his prize. But Guinevere has heard and believed the report of her knight's infidelity to their unhallowed bond; she scornfully rejects his offering, bidding him carry it to the damsel he prefers to her; and then, in a transport of jealous rage, suddenly flings the diamonds into the river, as recklessly as she had cast away before things far (oh! how far!) more precious. She is quickly to learn her error, for

"Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across
Where these had fallen, slowly past the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling like a star in blackest night."

The court crowd round her in amazement, the King himself commands them to bear her in; and all takes place in Arthur's hall, as the maid foretold. Gawain "*wonders*," Lancelot "*muses*" at the sight. Only muses! It seems little for a courteous knight to do, as he gazes on the fair maiden who died for love of him; and we were at first inclined to think that the poet meant to indicate the fearful power of sin to harden the heart and deprive it of all capacity for pity—that frightful process of which, if we remember right, good Dr. Arnold says in one of his sermons, "Be assured, they who do not love God now, will one day love *nothing*." And certainly we fear that Lancelot thinks more at first of his justification in the Queen's eyes completed by the letter (which Arthur, taking from the dead maiden's grasp, reads aloud to the court), than of mourning her untimely fate. As we read his cold explanatory speeches after the letter has been read, we must remember that they were spoken in Guinevere's presence, and really addressed to her. It is Arthur, not Lancelot, who orders the splendid burial of the maiden—

"With gorgeous obsequies,
And mass, and rolling music, like a queen;"

and who gives directions for the costly tomb which is to perpetuate "the story of her dolorous voyage." It is not till all is over, and Lancelot, "sad beyond his wont," has seen the knights

"Lay her comely head
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,"

that he begins to discern dimly the true worth of the treasure which *he* has cast away. Truly as well as sweetly sings Gerald Massey,

"In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares."

Then at last he says,

"Low in himself, 'Ah! simple heart and sweet,
You loved me, damsel, surely with a love
Far tenderer than my Queen's.'"

And his old remorse awakens with tenfold power, and the close of the poem leaves Lancelot groaning in bitter pain over

"Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart!"

truggling wildly against the shameul bonds which he is too weak to reak; and wishing, in his agony, hat the fairy Lady of the Lake, who ursed his infancy, had drowned im, yet an innocent baby, in the 'dusky mere."

We have left our fair Elaine's etter, which we consider a model of ouching simplicity, to form our last xtract from her story. Here it is:—

' Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
, some time call'd the maid of Astolat,
ome, for you left me taking no farewell,
ither, to take my last farewell of you.
loved you, and my love had no return,
nd therefore my true love has been my death.
nd therefore to our lady Guinevere,
nd to all other ladies, I make moan.
ray for my soul, and yield me burial.
ray for my soul, thou too, Sir Lancelot,
s thou art a knight peerless."

Need we assure our readers of our unfeigned admiration for this Idyll? We think they must have seen it all long, and we trust they share it. Nothing but its length prevents it from coming up to, not the popular notion of an Idyll (though we humbly submit that in choosing a *name* for a poem, no other has any right to be regarded), but the definition, furnished us by those ponderous lexicographers Scott and Liddell, who inform us that "eidullion" (literally a small image) need not of necessity mean a pastoral, but is a name that may belong to any short and highly-wrought descriptive composition. Comparing "Elaine" with the "Lady of Shalott," we congratulate Mr. Tennyson most heartily on having been as successful with his finished picture, as he was nearly thirty years ago with his exquisite little sketch. It is not often that the "artist in words" paints the same subject twice over; still more seldom that he succeeds in both paintings. His earlier picture is a landscape containing but one prominent figure, which receives fully as much from the surrounding objects as it imparts to them. His second is a large historical picture, something like Maclise's of the play-scene in *Hamlet*, where one bright-haired maiden's innocent face contrasts strongly with the traces of suspicion, sin, and sorrow on those of the courtly group which surrounds her. The poet does not *describe* his heroine's feelings in the "Lady of Shalott." He shows them to us instead reflected, her gladness in "the blue unclouded weather," her sadness in the "low sky raining" heavily, and the falling leaves around her. In this, as in many of his most beautiful pieces, such as "Mariana," "St. Agnes," and "Sir Galahad," he appeals to a deep-seated instinct in the human heart, which shows itself in old sayings, such as this—"Happy the bride that the sun shines on," "Happy the dead that the rain rains on;" which personifies Nature, and involuntarily looks to her for sympathy. In "Elaine," on the contrary, the poet takes his standing-point from the heart; the landscape is an efficient accessory, but an accessory only. The weakest points in the execution of this poem are, in our judgment, the dialogues; in which we always thought narrative-poets at a great disadvantage compared with their dramatic brethren, from the obligation to insert perpetually "quoth he," "said she," &c., and which Mr. Tennyson is apt to render forced and constrained by his attempts to give them greater ease. We dislike, also, in a poem of such high finish, occasional vulgarisms like the following, spoken of a knight recovering from his amazement:—

"Then *shook his hair*, strode off, and buzz'd abroad
About the maid of Astolat and her love;"—

of a queen trying to conceal her feelings, "and saying that she *choked;*"—of a maiden singing her "swan-song,"—

"The blood-red light of dawn
Flared on her face, she *shrilling*, 'Let me die;'"—

or of a knight who, dreading the world's censure, descants on it as having

"Such a tongue to *blare* its own interpretation."

We do not much like the employment (though etymologically correct) of "crescent" as an adjective. We know it much better as a substantive. We dislike such attempts at novelty of expression as the following:—

> "Then turn'd the tongueless man
> *From the half-face to the full eye,*"

and would have been perfectly satisfied with the information that he turned round. But with the exception of these minor blemishes, we consider "Elaine" a most perfect composition; exhibiting marvellous power of description (description detailed sometimes, and sometimes struck off in a line or two), powerful alike to set before us the rocky glen, or the well-ordered joust, where the "clear-faced King," in his robes of red samite, looks down from his dragon-supported throne on the conflict of his noble knights; alike the blood-stained conqueror in the joy of his hard-won victory, or the maid (still fair in death) on her strange voyage; the mute appeal of the dead against the living in Arthur's court; and the useless honours of her gorgeous funeral. We admire the way in which the two main difficulties, involved in the nature of the story, are surmounted; we do not lose our interest in Lancelot, in spite of the evil we know to be in him, and of the ungracious part he has to act; for the poet has lifted the curtain, and shown us in the struggles of the brave knight's mind how

> "The powers that tend the soul,
> To help it from the death that cannot die,"

have not yet abandoned him. He still exclaims, "like others worse and worthier,"—

> "Video meliora, proboque,
> Deteriora sequor."

(A sentence which, by the way, we beg to assure the fair readers of Dr. Guthrie's Sermons, was not spoken, as that eloquent divine informs them, by one of the greatest of heathens, but put by Ovid into the mouth of a wicked enchantress named Medea.) And his struggles increase, instead of diminishing, with the progress of the poem; so that we have yet hope for him. We have before alluded to the skilful treatment of the other difficulty; to the excuses provided for Elaine's open confession of her hopeless passion, to the singular grace and delicacy of her character, and the pathetic simplicity of her sorrow, through which her poet has enabled her to win our pity without forfeiting our respect. And as the tragic tale "purifies our soul by pity," according to the office of tragedy, so does it likewise by terror; whilst we see in Elaine how the strongest and best human affections work death, not life, when they reign in the soul unsubordinated to a higher love; in Lancelot, how they, who seek happiness in forbidden paths, are doomed by a divine decree to find one day or other that they have lost the substance while wildly grasping at the shadow.

We have now to present our readers with some account of "Guinevere," the fourth Idyll. The Queen's guilt has been discovered; Lancelot has returned to his own land at her bidding, whither Arthur has pursued him, deeming her to be the companion of his flight; but in truth she has retired to hide her shame, and to foster the stirrings of better things, which she feels arising within her, to the "holy house at Almesbury." The simple nuns, ignorant of the suppliant's rank, but unconsciously yielding to the spell of her graceful beauty, have received her kindly, but daily torture her by their severe censures of their Queen's misconduct, and still more by the sad news they report to her after a while, that Sir Modred, the King's nephew, the discoverer of her shame, has usurped the realm (of which he was left in charge during his uncle's absence), and made league with Arthur's heathen foes against him. So Guinevere sits in lonely sorrow, grieving over the evil she has caused, and thinks

> "With what a hate the people and the King
> Must hate me,"

and listens to this song, which a little maid of the convent, her only companion, has learned from the nuns, as to a sad forewarning, that even as the mischief she has done is irrevocble here, so it will be found to be ereafter:

'Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now."

And the young novice tells the Queen tales which she had heard from her father, who was Knight of the Round Table when it first was founded, of the signs and wonders which foretold its greatness; and Guinevere knows that "the fine gold has become dim," and that the first breath which sullied it came from herself. Again, the maid tells her of a bard, who had sung many a noble war-song,

"Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,
Between the steep cliff and the coming wave;
And many a mystic lay of life and death
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-top,
When round him bent the spirits of the hills,
With all their dewy hair blown back like flame;"

who

"Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King
As well-nigh more than man, and rail'd at those
Who call'd him the false son of Garlois:
For there was no man knew from whence he came;
But after tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur; and they foster'd him
Till he by miracle was approven king:
And that his grave should be a mystery
From all men, like his birth; and could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,
The twain together well might change the world."

And how there, a sudden dread had paralysed his voice, and made his hand quit the harp;

"Nor would he tell
His vision; but what doubt that he foresaw
This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen?"

Guinevere bows down her head and says nothing; but when the maid goes on to condemn Lancelot with all a child's uncompromising indignation, makes answer mournfully—

"O closed about by narrowing nunnery walls,
What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?
If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,
Were for one hour less noble than himself,
Pray for him that he 'scape the doom of fire,
And weep for her who drew him to his doom."

There is all a woman's generosity in those two last lines! Left alone, the mournful Queen's thoughts recur to those days of her comparative innocence when she first saw Lancelot, who came

"Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord,
Arthur; and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they
Wrapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure (for the time
Was May time, and as yet no sin was dream'd)
Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth."

(The most beautiful description we have ever read of that lovely flower, which inlays with sapphire the emerald pavement of so many of our English woods in spring!)

In the midst of these musings, a horse's feet are heard outside, voices resound through the convent, some one cries, "the King!" and an armed tread approaches Guinevere's door. She falls on her face as her injured husband enters. With the same wise judgment which moved the painter of old to veil that father's anguish which he dared not trust himself to portray, the poet has made no vain attempt to tell us how Guinevere felt in her deeply-wronged husband's presence. That once-proud head is never raised from the ground during the interview; she speaks not, she scarcely moves, except to make one supplicating gesture. Thus our whole attention is fitly centred on Arthur. In the previous poems we have known him chiefly by the effect he produces on others; here he speaks for himself. We tremble now and then for the fate of the nineteenth century in the hands of some future Macaulay. He will have no difficulty in giving us a very bad character, if he ground his judgment on such facts as the admitted popularity of the "Traviata," and the passing of the Divorce Bill. And we fear that he will find some additional evidence against us in the very book we are now considering; in those coarse passages in "Vivien," of which we have already hinted our strong disapproval. But the speech we have now come to, ought to go far in arrest of judgment. Its tone of manly purity bears witness that the age which produced it could not be wholly corrupt. It begins in a tone of dignified rebuke:—

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea.
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown."

He tells her how he has returned from waging unsuccessful war against that same Lancelot, to meet his rebellious kinsmen with sorely-diminished forces; out of which remnant he still intends to leave some

"To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
Fear not, thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me
That I the King should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.

Saddest of all reproaches to a woman to have been chosen by Providence as a good man's help-meet in some worthy and noble undertaking, and not merely to have failed to help him (sad enough and common enough as that is!) but to have worked against him! And Arthur substantiates this accusation by reminding Guinevere how he had founded his Round Table to give pattern to the world of courage, courtesy, and purity, and how, mainly through *her* evil example,

"The loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all thro' thee! so that this life of mine
I guard, as God's high gift, from scathe and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds,
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vext with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, though thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who, either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife,
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house!

. . . .

Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of thy people and their bane."

When did we last read anything so truly pathetic? For there is no false sentiment here. All is real, genuine, manly sorrow—the sorrow of a great man whose life's work is crumbling to nothing before his eyes!

he sorrow of a brave man, who, for he first time in his life, cannot look orward to victory with desire—carcely with hope!—the sorrow of good man, who has lost in one day is two best earthly possessions; the riend he trusted above all other men, nd the wife, his first, his only love! ost them, too, in the saddest, the nly hopeless way! Some of our eaders may recollect a simple little erman ballad (Uhland's "Vorn reuen Walther"), where the false naiden, who is seeking reconciliation with the faithful knight whom she ad deserted, asks him for whom he as put on mourning? His answer is rief and touching:—

"Die Liebste mein betraur ich sehr,
Die ich auf Erden Nimmermehr,
Noch über'm Grabe finde."

Words which may be thus freely rendered:—

"That dearest lady I deplore,
To whom my love in youth I gave;
Whom I shall see on earth no more—
No, nor beyond the grave!"

The tears shed over some grave, where many earthly hopes lie buried, strike all hearts at once, and awaken universal sympathy. It requires a finer, a more spiritual perception, to discern the deeper, though less obvious grief, of him who mourns a friend, parted from him, not by the brief span of time, but by the boundless expanse of eternity. For him consoling words, like those which assuaged the mourning King of Israel's grief, have no force or efficacy. What can *he* exclaim in the bitterness of his soul, who has seen the friend whom he believed in as in himself, the wife whom he trusted far more than his own self, deliberately choose the "broad road that leadeth to destruction," but "they *will* not return to me, and God forbid that I should ever go to them!" Far better a tomb over which to weep, a vacant chair by the fireside, but a sure and certain hope of a meeting hereafter; than the living, who have outlived the right they once had to our reverence, our friendship, or our love? Yet even for this sorest grief of all, Christian faith, which alone can sound the abyss of the future—alone fully display "the deep gulf" (only not yet "fixed") of the present separation, can offer healing balm. Hence comes the noble forgiveness of the conclusion of Arthur's speech, which we hasten to quote,—hence the hope that gilds its close. That hope (the hope of the future recognition of the penitent and believing in glory, concerning which the old Welsh preacher quaintly answered his inquiring wife, who seemed to doubt it, "Surely you do not think we shall be greater fools in heaven than we are now!") has always appeared to us most rational and most scriptural. In Keble's beautiful words:—

"That so before the judgment seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd *we* may meet,
Through endless ages to embrace."

These last lines in which the unextinguished and unextinguishable love of a manly heart to the "wife of his youth" finds its last expression, are some of the most beautiful in the poem:—

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes;
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere;
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The doom of treason and the flaming death
(When first I learnt thee hidden here), 'tis past.
The pang which, while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee as Eternal God
Forgives; do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play,
Not knowing! O imperial moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came, a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter, in that world where all are pure.
We too may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope."

The guilty Queen clings to that hope too, to save her from utter despair, as the husband who has so nobly conquered back the heart that should have been always his, vanishes, for this world's For Ever, from her gaze. When the trumpet has sounded for departure, and Arthur has blest her and gone to his last battle-field, where his false nephew is indeed to fall, but whence he himself shall return no more, she exclaims:—

"Ah, great and gentle lord,
Who wast, *as is the conscience of a saint*
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and colour, which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art;
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him, tho' so late?
Now—ere he goes to the great battle? none:
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here!"

"La vita al fin, e'l di loda la sera," says Petrarch in one of his most beautiful canzoni. Such a conclusion (for we consider this fourth Idyll mainly in the light of the completion of what has gone before, hardly as a separate poem) goes far to make us forget and forgive the insult which we conceived "Enid" to offer to our understanding, and the displeasing effect which part of "Vivien" produced on us. We have here a noble idea beautifully worked out. Inspired by it, the poet has risen above his usual self. The blemishes we noted in the former Idylls almost wholly disappear. Nay, for the moment we can dispense with their beauties. One dimly-lighted chamber is more to us than glen or woodland, tournament or hall, for in its narrow bounds one of the great questions of our common humanity is triumphantly decided. The very simplicity of the story, its want of numerous personages and multifarious interests, is an advantage. They would be as superfluous here as in that glorious work of Ary Scheffer, his "Dante and Beatrice." Here, as there, two figures are amply sufficient, only their relative positions are reversed. Here it is the Man, not the Woman, whose eyes are fixed on Heaven, and whose face has caught a radiance from above; the Woman, not the Man, who is to rise from the dust and gain wings wherewith to soar upward through the blessed attraction of the Man that stands beside her.

In reviewing the work as a whole, we are bound to confess that Mr. Tennyson has far more than fulfilled the promise implied in its title. He has, it is true, only given us a few detached scenes out of Arthur's life; but these are so skilfully selected as to present us with a most finished picture of him. In the outline of his portrait he has followed that transmitted to him by tradition; he is the first great English poet who has done so; for the Arthur of *The Faëry Queen* is a creation of Spenser's own, a gay and gallant gentleman, bound to no wife unworthy of his love, seeking through many a perilous enterprise the hand of the Faëry Queen herself, the great Gloriana. Whether, in the lost books of his great work, Spenser at all more nearly approached the traditional Arthur, is of course uncertain; in his Wars most probably he did so; but we have no reason to suppose that either Guinevere or Lancelot found admission into any part of the poem. Whilst adhering, however, to the outline afforded by ancient song and legend (and wisely so, for in this archæological age deviations so wide as Spenser's would find but little favour), Mr. Tennyson has infused into it a new spirit. Lancelot is the favourite of the old romances: Mr. Tennyson makes him a more noble-minded man than they do, and yet elevates Arthur, the man who endures, immeasurably high above Lancelot, the man who inflicts the injury. In his selection and treatment of his subordinate characters, as we have already said, we consider Mr. Tennyson less successful. "Enid" is a mistake throughout, except in the parts that relate to Arthur and his court. "Vivien" is spoilt by an attempt to give novelty to an old and "over true" tale. Finally, Mr.

ennyson is a poet who dwells more ith contemplation than with acon. He gives us "Idylls" where other would give us "Lays." He ould rather listen to the distant under of the battle, as his own otus-Eaters did to the roaring of e sea, "stretched out beneath e pine," than plunge heartily into e thick of it. His story often eems a trouble to him to tell; and e simpler it is, therefore, the better e tells it. It is on the feelings, and specially on the moral sentiments alled forth by the various situations his tale, that he loves to pause. ven his best characters do not stand lone, and reveal themselves wholly us by their own words and deeds—he rare prerogative of the creations f the greatest masters of song; he s forced to eke them out by much escription, mediate or immediate: nd therefore they rather resemble ome of those works of early Italian rt, where much drapery conceals he defects of the figure, while the ead looks forth on us with almost ngelic beauty, than the men and vomen, instinct throughout with life, of Italian art in its perfection. He rises very high sometimes, but he has not strength of wing for very long flights. Therefore he has done most wisely not to attempt an Epic, in which he must have failed (the names of those who, in any age or country, have succeeded in that truly great attempt are soon counted), but to devote instead four short poems to the earliest traditions of his country. Of these, we wish we could say that *all* are worthy alike of their subject and of their author; but at least the two last will spread the renovated renown of Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot, far as the English language extends; and (far different from their ancient prose predecessors, the reading of which the unhappy Francesca remembers in the shades below to deplore as the instrument of her destruction) will by the pure and lofty sentiments which they tend to foster, as well as by the delight they cannot fail to give, make no inconsiderable addition to the great debt of gratitude which his country already owes to her worthy son, Alfred Tennyson.

ON ALLIED OPERATIONS IN CHINA.

The reserve of the British press upon the Chinese question arises far more, we feel convinced, from a serious conviction of the grave difficulties with which the subject is surrounded, than from any desire to underestimate its importance; but we hold that the sooner the subject is now discussed the better, for if it be delayed until the meeting of Parliament next February, grave errors will be committed that may compromise far more important interests than those of a mere ministerial party: and when too late, we may find ourselves involved in an *Allied* war against China—a war in which we shall have a vast question of revenue and commerce at stake, whilst our faithful and fond allies will have none—a war in which, whether successful or not, England will have to pay the shot—a war which can bring us no honour, and which our faithful ally will abruptly bring to a close whenever he chooses to cry halt, as he did in the Crimea—and the result of which, should we ever enter Pekin triumphant, will be to place England for the first time in the East in an apparently secondary position as a victor.

No Englishman can now question the justice of our case against the Court of Pekin—it has been guilty of a gross act of Eastern perfidy. The Emperor of China, under his sign-manual, concedes certain privileges; when we attempt to avail ourselves of them, he repels the Envoy of Queen Victoria, and slays four hundred of her subjects. Such treachery is not a novelty in our Eastern history; and cases of it have occurred with nearly every native sovereign in our wide dominions. England has always inflicted punishment for the crime, and meted out justice, but with her own right hand. She has neither called in Frenchman or German to assist her to do so, and so has been exalted the glory of her arms, and fully established the terror of her name, throughout the length and breadth of Asia.

Most Englishmen would have supposed that the unsatisfactory conclusion of the allied war with Russia would at any rate have warned our statesmen against committing so radical an error, as that of introducing our ally into that quarter of the globe where so much depends upon our military prestige. Napoleon might claim equal interests, commercial and political, in the freedom of the principalities and the independence of Turkey; but what has he to do with our quarrel of 1856 with Yeh and the Emperor Hienfung, except this, that a plea was wanted for introducing the French in force within those seas of India and China? If Frenchmen could not create commerce, they could at any rate cull military honours; and under the pretext of defending Catholicism, let it be known from the borders of Tartary to the shores of the Persian Gulf, that there was a great country in the west whose fleets could look quite as imposing as those of England, and who could send her soldiers to fight her battles on quite as distant shores. These, we grant, were French reasons; but for every laurel gained by her when fighting in our behalf, we maintain a laurel fell from England's chaplet; and surely we had had enough of this in the Crimea. All the blunders there were said to be English, all the successes French; so stands the record in Europe. They who love England should at any rate have striven to avert such an impression in the East, where from Aden to Pekin a hundred thousand of their countrymen live amongst some seven hundred millions of Asiatics, and are respected by them in proportion, and only in proportion, as they are feared.

The emasculated Blue-book, which on the last day of the Session of 1859 was laid before both Houses of Parliament, as purporting to be all the correspondence relative to the late special mission to China, cannot be too carefully read by those who would wish our future measures against the Court of Pekin to be perfectly successful, and worthy of our great country; and it is to be hoped that the forthcoming work by Mr Oliphant will serve to fill up many a serious blank, and enable the history of the past operations of 1857-58 to be read aright. But before passing to consider the measures by which the treaty of Tientsin was concluded, and the obstacles which impeded Lord Elgin in obtaining it, and that have mainly contributed to render it as yet valueless, we must pause to gather "the flower of wisdom," as the Chinese say, from an earlier page or two.

If anything would convince bureaucrats at home of the importance of having a thoroughly able High Commissioner in China, and for him to be merely instructed as to what demands were to be enforced, with plenary powers over her Majesty's land and sea forces, the perusal of Lord Elgin's instructions, and a comparison of them with what he really did, ought to be conclusive.

Out of seven measures which Lord Clarendon, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, considered it necessary to suggest in the event of the Emperor being contumacious, we find that Lord Elgin acted but upon the seventh and last — this was, the establishment of a military force in permanent occupation of the city of Canton; and of all his measures, we believe this to be the one most open to criticism, for the following reasons.

So far as any moral effect upon the Court of Pekin is concerned, either in 1858, or as we now see in 1859, we might as well have taken possession of Lhassa in Thibet, or the capital of the Corea; and whilst we have excited the hostility and fears of all China, and given the war-party in Pekin the very best argument against our professions of disinterestedness touching acquisition of territory, the occupation of Canton will be found, on the other hand, to cost a pretty penny, if the bill is honestly rendered; and the suffering and death amongst our soldiers and sailors, who have been compelled to remain in the nost unhealthy part of China, have een something fearful. Against all hese drawbacks, we have not a ingle compensating advantage to set ff, unless it be, that the mercantile ommunity at Hong-Kong like the rrangement, and that within the nere walls of one city in China our restige is preserved intact. Perhaps t might be argued in defence of this neasure, that at any rate we have venged the disgrace which fell upon ur arms when the redoubtable Yeh nade Admiral Sir Michael Seymour etreat before his braves and fire-hips; we reply, that reparation for ur injured honour might have been btained at far less cost to ourselves han the occupation of Canton has een since Christmas 1857.

Such is the result of attempting, in Downing Street, to lay down rules of ction for men who are to carry out liplomatic or military measures in o remote and little understood a part of the globe as China. Upon the importance of the Plenipotentiary r Ambassador having plenary powers over the direction of the land and sea forces, too much stress cannot be laid.

It is not always that admirals and generals can be found who will waive their own petty dignity and narrow ideas of personal etiquette, and consult alone the interests of the empire of which they are the paid servants. This Blue-Book leaves much not accounted for in the proceedings of the ambassadors and admirals when off the Peiho river in April and May 1858. We cannot understand why Lord Elgin arrives on the 15th April 1858 off the Peiho river totally unsupported, and apparently risking insult from the Chinese. We cannot understand what, if he can be there on the 15th April, prevented the Admiral agreeing to force the passage of the river until the 18th May; the more so that in Despatch 152, Lord Elgin, on May 9th, writes Lord Malmesbury that "it is obvious that every day of procrastination and delay was reducing to a lower ebb our chance of bringing to an early and satisfactory consummation the policy which we had been commanded by our respective Governments to carry out." Who was delaying?—who was procrastinating? And further on—"Junks laden with supplies for Pekin had been passing the bar of the Peiho river at the average rate of about fifty a day; the healthy season was passing away, the Chinese beginning to recover from alarm." Who was to blame for all this? No one!

Or do we, in one solitary paragraph of Despatch 156, find the real clue, which has inadvertently escaped the mystifying pencil of the judicious Under-Secretary? Lord Elgin there says, on May 22d, 1858, directly after the long-delayed attack upon the contumacious Chinamen—"I trust, therefore, that it (the successful fight) will encourage the Admirals to prosecute with vigour those measures *which I have been urging upon them for some time past.*" Where, my Lord, are these despatches? It is important now, for the future honour of our arms and diplomacy, that the proofs of these assertions and complaints be made public. We should not have sought them, had the skilful diplomacy and cleverness with which the Treaty of Tientsin was wrung from the Court of Pekin succeeded likewise in guaranteeing its faithful fulfilment: it has not done so. We therefore desire to be able to prove our thesis, that for diplomacy to succeed in the East, it must have entire control over our own executive; and we feel assured that you, my Lord Elgin, as well as the statesman at the head of the Foreign Office, hold proofs of the correctness of our argument. When we remember that in 1858 England had in Chinese waters some eighty odd pendants, and an overwhelming force of guns and men, we are more and more struck with the want of vigorous action at Taku and Tientsin between the 20th and 26th May. The guns and earthworks at Taku appear to have been taken, and the troops that Admiral Seymour, as shown in Despatch 156, knew to have only retreated a distance of eight miles, were, if followed at all, only pressed gently, and allowed to effect their escape. The result may be seen in the subsequent negotiations at Tientsin, where, judging by the reported conversations of Mr. Lay with the Imperial Commissioners, we are impressed with the conviction that skilful jockeying alone obtained Lord Elgin his Treaty; and that the only wonder is that he obtained it at all, with a half-beaten Mongolian army in his neighbourhood—an English general in Canton, who allowed himself to be bullied by Chinese militia—and *Allied* admirals on the spot, who acted very slowly, and, when forced into action, read the garrison of Taku so light a lesson that they return next year to inflict a defeat upon our flag.

No one cared to know of these things when it was seen that, in spite of them, Lord Elgin had secured a Treaty which all men considered a sound one; but now that we find the want of unity of action in 1858 bringing about the sad disaster of 1859, it is time that some inquiry took place into the causes which brought about such fatal errors in past negotiations with China.

It is in connection with this subject that the action of *Allied* plenipotentiaries and generals or admirals becomes doubly difficult. If so many impediments exist in the path of an ambassador looking only to his own country's interests, what must it be when there are two ambassadors of different nations? We have no doubt that if a committee sat to-morrow to prove the obstacles which Lord Elgin had to combat, and to examine into the shortcomings of 1858, and how they have affected the peaceable ratification of the Treaty of Tientsin in 1859, they would everywhere be met by the excuse—the information you seek cannot be given lest we offend the pride, or hurt that love of secrecy for which our French friends are such sticklers. For this reason an air of mystification is assumed, which is totally foreign to our habits, and contrary to the constitution of this country.

If this objection exists at home, fancy how many obstacles surround the ambassador at the distance of sixteen thousand miles from the seat of his Government. The chances are ten to one against another French diplomatist being found, who will act so cordially and faithfully with our envoy as Baron Gros appears to have done with Lord Elgin; and really, considering how different our motives are in putting pressure upon China, the only wonder is, that any combined action takes place at all. We go to war with China for purely commercial reasons; she wants neither us nor our trade; we insist she shall accept both. "France goes to war for an idea," that happens in this case to be the right of her priesthood to go wherever they please, and seek converts to a faith, a firm belief in which renders every converted Chinaman a rebellious subject. Is England prepared to support France in such a policy?—is France sincerely desirous of promoting British interests in China?—if so, why does she traverse our policy in every other quarter of the globe, and by disproportionate naval armaments oblige us to tax the commerce and industry of England to the present frightful extent?

Every sensible man will reply that our interests are not identical; well then, we say, why not let each separately pursue her own policy—why by this pretended alliance give the Chinese reason to suppose that we are either afraid to deal with them single-handed, or that each case is so weak that it will not stand upon its own merits? Touching the arguments in favour of the Ambassador having the power to direct military operations, it must be allowed that in allied operations, where unity of action is more than ever necessary, decision and rapidity will be entirely out of the question. For in China, as in the Crimea, we shall have councils of war, plans, protests, and counter-plans, all for the sole purpose of bandying responsibility from shoulder to shoulder; and the siege of Pekin may rival Sebastopol, if not that of Troy.

If we take into consideration the task which our Envoy will have to execute, and its extremely delicate and complicated nature, the more unfair will it be to him to hamper his action by having to consult some brother plenipotentiary whose country's interests are in no wise identical. Whether the Envoy or High Commissioner of England be a diplomatist, admiral, or general, no man ill envy him the honour who weighs ell the duty he will have imposed pon him, or desire to add one straw the anxiety or difficulty of his po- tion. He will have to wipe out the isgrace of a most signal defeat—to npress upon the Court of Pekin that ll obligations entered into under the gnature of the high officers, and tified by the Emperor, are binding, nd obtain guarantees for the fulfil- ent of such promises; at the same me, he, the Envoy, will have to bear onstantly in mind, that, apart from mere export and import trade of wenty-four millions sterling between he United Kingdom and China, with erhaps as much more to and from ndia and British colonies, our re- enue derivable from many Chinese roducts forms as important a frac- ion in the Chancellor of the Exche- uer's budget, as the sale of opium is f vital consideration to the financial ondition of British India.

We cannot, we dare not, forego our ight to punish the Emperor Hien-Fung for his treachery; but for a housand reasons the punishment nust be short, sharp, decisive, and t the same time not remorseless. We must not force the Emperor to xtremities; we must not kill the goose that has only commenced to lay ts golden eggs. Can any one give us, we ask, a single proof that, in going to Pekin arm-in-arm with the French, such a course is likely to be pursued? Do French military or naval operations in Algeria, the Crimea, or Italy prove it? We say not, and at the same time yield to none in a sincere admiration for the gallantry and devotion of her soldiers and sailors.

Low indeed must England have sunk, if she needs French aid to punish China; and whatever reasons Lord Palmerston may have had in 1857 for bolstering up his case by a French alliance, none such exist at present. We want an able Ambassador or Envoy, with an enterprising admiral and general, backed by ten thousand men. Surely Great Britain can produce these. It is by acting alone that she will best impress upon the stolid Chinaman an idea of her undiminished power; and it is by obtaining redress single-handed that she will best allay the excitement which has very naturally followed throughout the East upon the news of the bloody repulse at the Peiho—results which we do not believe will be obtained, or at any rate not with effect, if we are to again act in China under the shadow of French tricolors.

There is to the English statesman another serious consideration. We are introducing the French amongst our Eastern colonies, and enabling them to collect in force upon our great routes of commerce with India, China, and Australia. The Government of Great Britain has proclaimed that, in the event of war, the colonists of Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, and India, must be prepared to defend themselves, at the same time we are affording the only naval power English colonists have any reason to fear, an excellent pretext for keeping in those Eastern seas a force which, under all other circumstances, would be only looked on as being there for reasons hostile to British interests. Directly that England fancied she had accomplished her object in China by the treaty of Tientsin, she reduced her fleet. France did not do so, but rather augmented it, and set upon the conquest of the seaboard of Cochin-China, with a view to establishing herself directly on the road between China and England. That she failed in this is owing to the tactics of her admiral, and the insalubrity of the climate of Cochin-China, not to any wisdom upon our part; and it should be remembered that, during the war in Italy, had circumstances compelled England to enter the field as a belligerent against France, the French squadron in the East Indies and in New Caledonia would have not only matched ours under Admiral Hope, but whilst the latter would have had millions' worth of property to protect both afloat and on shore, the French would have only had the pleasing occupation of capturing, sinking, and destroying our merchantmen and settlements. Let a fresh allied war against China be entered upon, and though no prophets, we maintain that the war may last for three or four years, or as long as Louis Napoleon pleases, and that at the end of it we shall find the French fleet in the East in a still more menacing position than the last Chinese imbroglio left them. The French squadron in Chinese waters alone, at this moment, consists of the following vessels:—

Nemesis, frigate.	44 guns.		
Capricieuse, do.	40 do.		
Phlegeton, barque.	8 do.	screw.	
Primanquet, do.	8 do.	do.	
La Place, do.	16 do.	do.	
Du Chayla, ship.	24 do.	do.	
Mitraille,	6 guns.	Heavy first-class gun-vessels.	
Marceau,	6 do.		
Fusée,	6 do.		
Dragonne,	4 do.		
Avalanche,	4 do.		
Preqent,	3 do.		
Meurthe,	Fine armed troop-ships, armament uncertain, capable of carrying 12 guns each.		
Durance,			
Gironde,			
Saone,			
Rose,	Hired despatch-vessels and transports.		
Remi,			
St. Andrew, &c.			

In addition to these vessels, the French had a squadron of four vessels, if not six, in New Caledonia, and as many more at Bourbon Island and off Zanzibar. Against this French force, which has no territory to protect, and no commerce to watch over, we have the

	Guns.	
Chesapeake, frigate,	51	Screw.
Cumbrian, do.	36	Old sailing-ship.
Sampson, ship,	6	Paddle-wheel.
Furious, . .	16	Paddle-wheel frigates, adapted for transports.
Magicienne, .	16	
Acorn, brig, .	12	
Cruizer, ship, .	17	Screw.
Highflyer, do. .	21	Screw.
Inflexible, sloop,	6	Paddle.
Fury, do., .	6	Paddle.
Esk, ship, .	21	Screw.

Algerine, Slaney, and Leven,	First-class gun-boats.
Blusterer, Bustard, Clown, Coromandel, Drake, Firm, Forester, Haughty, Janus, Kestrel, Starling, Stanch, Watchful, and Woodcock,	Gun-boats of 2d and 3d Class.

All the other vessels lately paraded in official returns are useless as men-of-war, and may not with safety proceed to sea; such, for instance, as the Alligator, Hercules, Minden, Melville, and Bittern; whilst the Actæon, Dove, Hesper, Saracen, Adventure, and Assistance, are fitted for surveying purposes, or as troop and store-ships. In Indian waters, Admiral Hope had only at his disposal three men-of-war, the Retribution, 28—another wretched specimen of the paddle-wheel fighting-ship—and two first-class despatch-boats; and so far as the force denominated the Indian Navy is concerned, the vessels are no more than a match for, if so good as, the French armed troop-ships.

Surely such a fleet as that France now has in the East, ought to be a sufficient cause for anxiety in the present political state of Europe; and at a time when statesmen are doing all in their power to awaken a martial spirit throughout this land, with a view to repel the aggression or invasion which they seem to think looms in the horizon, instead of encouraging an increase of the number of French soldiers or sailors in the East, all should join with us in saying, that for the safety of our Eastern possessions, and the security of our enormous commerce with all the countries beyond the Cape of Good Hope, the sooner we insist upon the French force being reduced in those quarters the better for England.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA AND HER ARMY.

A FRIENDLY LETTER BY THE OVERLAND MAIL.

CALCUTTA, *September* 1859.

It is only another proof, my dear General, of your old kindness of heart, manifested to me in so many ways ever since the commencement of that happy time, when you were Colonel, and I Adjutant, of the 102d—and we looked at the dear old regiment with pride and confidence, which nothing could shake—that you should send me an early privileged copy of the "Report of the Reorganisation Commission." I told you in my last all that I could tell you about the old regiment. It did not amount to much more than that it "went to the bad" like the rest. I cannot be too thankful that I was out of it before the thing happened; for although we used to think that we had some hold upon the affections of our men, and that they would have "followed us anywhere" (and in those days I believe they would); yet seeing what I have seen, and hearing what I have heard during these last two years, I really have not the least hope that, if you and I had been with the regiment when the madness seized it, we should not both of us have been shot like dogs.

It is all over now. I really believe that the Mutiny has been fairly trampled out by the indomitable courage of the Anglo-Saxon race. But what the doctors call the *sequelæ* of the disease are now before and around us; and I cannot conceal from you my conviction that there is a world of trouble yet in the womb of time, and that it will require all our wisdom and all our energy to "pull through" into the old beaten road of tranquil success. Our old native army has gone to pieces, and the question now is—How are we to reconstruct it? Of course it must be reconstructed. I utterly repudiate the idea of holding India simply by the thews and sinews of the *gora-logue* or white men. We must have, in some shape or other, a native army; and it seems to be pretty well understood that we must also have a very powerful European army to keep it in check. The difficulty which then arises is mainly one of finance. How are we to maintain these two great armies without so exhausting the revenues of India as to leave nothing for internal improvement, without spending so much on the subjection of the people as to deprive ourselves utterly of the means of beneficent rule?

Indeed, we have come to this pass now, that the whole question of Indian government has become a military question. If we cannot reconstruct our army in such a manner as to bring it within reasonable bounds, as respects numbers and therefore cost, we may as well throw up our cards at once, for we can hold neither tricks nor honours. Looking at the matter thus gravely, all thinking men in this country regarded with solemn interest the great fact that a Commission, composed of some of the ablest soldiers and statesmen of the day, had been ordered to assemble in England for the purpose of collecting evidence respecting the reorganisation of the Indian army, and reporting upon it; whilst at the same time evidence of a like character was being collected in this country. The many, perhaps, considered it a personal question; their future position was to be determined; their interests, their privileges were at stake. Anyhow, great was the eagerness to know what the Commission had reported; and that anxiety satisfied by the newspapers, to learn the contents of the Blue-Book. I have spent many hours over it, my dear General, and, thanks to your kindness, have been able to gratify many friends; but I cannot say otherwise than that, on the whole, I have been much disappointed by its contents.

The first thing apparent on reading the evidence is, that the original design of the Commission was to inquire into the best means of reorganising the Indian army—chiefly, it may be said, the Bengal army—with especial advertence to the reconstruction of the native portion of it. This was the original design—and up to a certain point it seems to have been carried out with sufficient singleness of purpose and sincerity of execution. They began by calling upon that distinguished veteran, Sir George Pollock, for the result of his experience. They plied him with a vast number of questions about the proportion of native to European troops that the Bengal army might safely contain—the constitution of the artillery force—the duties of the police—the proportion of regular to irregular troops—the description of duties to be intrusted to the Sepoys—the constitution of native regiments—the expediency or inexpediency of combining natives and Europeans in the same regiments—the effect of caste on the Indian army—the power of commanding officers—the expediency of maintaining or abolishing corporal punishment in the native army—the number of officers that ought to be attached to a native regiment—and other questions of a kindred character, principally relating to the internal organisation of the Sepoy army. And when General Low, who had come fresh from the Supreme Council of India, and Colonel Welchman, who had gained large experience in the Adjutant-General's office, went up for examination, and were followed by others with varied information relating to the organisation of the native armies of India, still the inquiry went on in the same course; the same questions were put; the same facts and opinions were elicited. It appeared to be not only the chief, but the sole object of the Commissioners, to elicit information bearing upon the one great question of the reconstruction of the native army. But after the greater number of experienced Company's officers, whose opinions were to be elicited, had been examined and dismissed to their homes, the Commissioners began to change their tactics, and to enter upon new ground. They began to inquire whither, in the opinion of the witnesses, it would be expedient to maintain as heretofore a local European army in India, or henceforth to rely entirely on troops of the line. As soon as this question was started, it appears to me that every other question at once sank into insignificance. Then arose, indeed, a great conflict between the Horse-Guards and the India Office. It was obviously the design of the representatives of the former to bring the entire European army of India under the domination of Whitehall. We are all talking about this anxiously here upon the banks of the Hooghly, as I daresay you are talking about it on the banks of the Thames. And I should not tell you the truth, if I did not say that we are talking of it not without some very palpable manifestations of alarm. I shall endeavour to find time and space to say something more to you on this subject before I have done. But ere I comply with this part of your request, and tell you what I think about the great question of "Line" and "Local," as affecting our European troops, I must give you a few of my crude ideas concerning the unhappy Sepoy army, once the pride of our Indian empire, but now a hissing and a reproach. And, first of all, a few words about the Past.

I confess that I am often sorely puzzled; and that the more I think about the matter, the more difficult I find it to account for the direction taken by this sudden madness of the Sepoys. There is something so altogether exceptional and abnormal in the character of the outbreak and its manifestations, that at times, a reflecting man, seeking to fathom the mystery, is driven to a state of absolute despair. How often has it been said, that if the Sepoy officers had done their duty to their men, this thing would never have happened? It is alleged that the Sepoys were passively neglected or actively slighted by their officers—that there was no reciprocity of kindly feeling, no bond of sympathy between the white-faced captain and the dusky sentinel. The bond had been broken, people said, by the encroachment of

Western civilization; and there was a growing feeling of indifference or distaste on the one side, and of bitter resentment on the other. But every one alleged that there were exceptions—that there were European officers, attached to native regiments, whose hearts were in their work; who did their duty towards their men, not only with unstinted labour, and in an ungrudging spirit, but heartily, *lovingly* indeed; and who seemed to have established such relations with the soldiery, that it was believed that when the Sepoy called his officer "Mere bap" ("My father"), his heart responded to the sound of the words. Surely these men might have been expected to escape the fury of the impassioned multitude. There were no wrongs, no slights—no harsh acts or humbling words, to be resented; there was the memory of years of kindness and of care to stand with saving aid between the Sepoy's musket and the captain's breast. But even the most paternal officers were shot down by their children like dogs, or sabred without remorse. You will say that a blind, indiscriminate fury had seized upon the mutineers; that they were as men possessed by devils; and that they smote at friend and foe alike. If it had been so always, the case would have been one comparatively easy to understand. But it sometimes happened that, in their fury, the Sepoys did single out an officer whom they would not smite, and that the officer thus marked for protection was not the one who had treated them best. Perhaps a man whose whole heart had been in his company—who had given himself up wholly to the promotion of its welfare—who had thought more of the comfort of his Sepoys than of his own,—was butchered in cold blood; whilst some idle, devil-may-care fellow, who went about his own business, and did just as much for his men as he was bound to do, and no more, was spared from the general destruction.

You have probably heard nothing of this in England; but the fact is as I have stated, and is subject of not uncommon discourse amongst us in these parts. A remarkable incident, illustrative of the eccentric course of the madness of the Sepoys, occurred in Bhaugulpore. I may tell the story in a few words. Three officers were sitting in a bungalow, when a detachment of the 32d Native Infantry, having risen in rebellion, rushed in upon them. One of these was the commanding officer of the detachment, Lieutenant Cowper, who implicitly trusted his men, who was in constant familiar intercourse with them, and who was believed to be an object of sincere attachment to his corps. Another was Lieutenant Rannie of the same corps, who had never taken any particular pains to please his men, and had never appeared to be a favourite with them. The third was Mr. Ronald, an assistant commissioner in the division, of whom, of course, the men knew nothing. If all our theories, my dear General, had been worth a straw, the men would have shot down Lieutenant Rannie and Mr. Ronald, and spared Lieutenant Cowper, as their friend and their father. But they singled out Lieutenant Rannie, who was not known to have done them any good, called upon him by name to leave the bungalow, and suffered him to depart unmolested, whilst they remorselessly butchered Lieutenant Cowper and the stranger by his side.

If they had indiscriminately shot the three officers, we might have understood the matter; if they had spared the stranger, the case might have been intelligible; if they had suffered Lieutenant Cowper to depart in peace, it would have been as clear as noonday; but why they should have spared Lieutenant Rannie and murdered the other two, is an enigma which must remain unsolved to the day of judgment. Of course, we may hazard vague conjectures; we may speculate at will; we may surmise that the one officer, in spite of his earnest endeavours to conciliate the goodwill and to deserve the gratitude of the men, may have unwittingly offended some of their prejudices; and that in the other, though generally careless and indifferent, there may have been something that unconsciously appealed to their predilections and partialities. There may have been some latent bond of sympathy between them; but, anyhow, such a result is discouraging in the extreme. It makes a man cry *cui bono?* If one man, taking no account of the matter, is to conciliate the native mind by accident, whilst another, with much careful study and life-long assiduity, earnest and energetic, throwing his whole heart into the work, loving the people whom he serves, and making perhaps large sacrifice of self, is to fail thus with a great failure, and so to grieve the spirits of those whom he would cherish that they are ready to shoot him down on the first opportunity, what encouragement is there to a man to look gravely at his duties, and to devote himself to the men whom he commands? He may do more by some hap-hazard stroke—by what we call in the billiard-room a *crow*. All this is very mortifying. You know me too well, my dear General, to think that I would urge such a misadventure as I have been writing of as a plea for indolence and indifference, and a general infusion of the "devil-may-care" into our professional intercourse with the natives of the country. What every man amongst us is bound to do is his *best*, and nothing short of it. His very best may lead practically to nothing better than a strangling failure. But that is not his fault. The issues are in other and wiser hands. We can but work according to the light that is in us. We may fail, but not on that account will our service be less acceptable before God.

It is very difficult, my dear General, to furnish any theories, whereby we may account for this recent convulsion. The more we think about it here on the spot, the more grievously perplexed and bewildered we are. The real truth is, that we know little or nothing about it. My own impression always has been that mutiny is the normal state of an Eastern army; and that the marvel is, not that after so many years the Sepoys revolted, but that they did not revolt before. Patan, Sikh, Mahratta—all mutiny. Do you know any Indian army that has not mutinied again and again? The receipt of regular pay, and the certainty of a liberal pension, have kept our army for a century in a state of comparative, if not of positive loyalty. We have seen during that interval kingdoms fall to pieces under the wild shock of a licentious soldiery. We have survived a blow which would have destroyed others; but the blow may descend again; and what we have now to do is to place ourselves in an attitude that may enable us to meet it with safety. I do not write dogmatically upon a subject that has bewildered many a stronger brain than mine; but I cannot help thinking that our Sepoy army revolted, not because it was an army of blacks under a white master, but simply because it was an Oriental army, and all Oriental armies revolt. We must not think that there is any especial hatred of British rule—any especial hatred of a foreign yoke. History is full of instances of the barbarities practised by Indian armies upon their own officers—one of the mildest of which was that of tying them on to guns heated almost to the point of red heat. The regularity of the English pay, and the certainty of the English pension, doubtless suspended the eruption during a long period of years; but the lava was there, and it was only in the course of nature that, sooner or later, there should be an irrepressible outburst.

I repeat that what has happened may happen again, but not until after another lapse of years, and not until we have profited largely by the lessons of the past. These lessons, as you know, my dear General, are numerous. But there is nothing, on every account, more worthy to be remembered than that numbers do not make strength.

It may be a puzzle to many, but so it is, that as in India our enemies diminished, our army increased. As we put down one foreign enemy after another—as we conquered Mogul, Mahratta, and Sikh, and made the country our own from Cape Comorin to the Indus, there was a steady and consistent cry for "more troops." The "augmentation of the army" was the one panacea for all the diseases to which our Indian empire could be subject. But there were a few far-seeing men, who declared that by increasing our army we were only increasing our difficulties, and that what was really wanted was not an augmentation, but a better organisation of our military resources—a few, indeed, who saw dimly developing itself in the distance the great and most terrible fact that, having beaten down all our external enemies, we were making for ourselves another and a more formidable one in the heart of our own dominions. In the first Punjaub Report, issued when Sir Henry Lawrence was at the head of the Lahore Board of Administration, I remember reading a passage to this effect: "We do not hesitate to state that our anxiety is rather on account of the number of troops and the system on which we understand that they are to be located, than of any deficiency of force." At a later period, the same admirable soldier-statesman, whom of all men who have fallen throughout the entire period of the Sepoy revolt we most deeply and enduringly deplore in this country, was continually calling attention, through the public press, to the fact that our army was numerically too strong, serviceably too weak; that there were too many men in it, and not enough ready work; that it was cumbrous, unwieldy, immovable; dangerous only to ourselves. We trained men to the use of arms; taught them European tactics and European discipline; gave them facilities of combination; and altogether, seemingly for no other purpose than the speedy exhaustion of our revenues, and the endangerment of the State, raised and fostered a gigantic internal enemy in a time of general peace, when there were really no foreign foes against whom we could employ our overgrown battalions.

I have spoken, in the above paragraph, of Sir Henry Lawrence. No man had a clearer perception of the evils of the old system, and of the dangers into which we were imperceptibly drifting. He used to say that we were never prepared for a difficulty, and always hopelessly panic-struck and paralytic when it came. Attention has recently been called to some of his prophetic utterances by the republication here of a selection from the papers which he contributed to the *Calcutta Review*. They are well worthy of publication in England.* In one of these essays, written fifteen years ago, he called attention to the fact that the treasury at Delhi, as well as the magazine, were in the city; and that the latter was "a very defenceless building." "We might take a circuit of the country," he added, "and show how many mistakes we have committed, and how much success has emboldened us in error; *and how unmindful we have been, that what occurred in the city of Caubul, may some day occur at Delhi, Benares, or Bareilly.*" In another passage he warned the Government that "our Sepoys come too much from the same parts of the country—Oude, the Lower Doab, and Upper Behar. There is too much clanship among them." He pointed out the evil, too, of closing the higher posts in the army and in the state against men of enterprise and ability; and said that we should some day find that out of these turbulent elements we had made for ourselves an enemy that would require all our resources to suppress.

Well, we have beaten this enemy, the work of our own hands—beaten and destroyed it irrecoverably; and we are fast building up another army. Our first care, then, now, must be not to make it too numerous—not to raise up another army that we may find both difficult to pay and difficult to watch. Unless we again cherish the idea of the probability of an European invasion, either by land or by sea, the whole question is one of internal defence; for we have really, as I have said, no enemy in India, beyond our own frontier, against whom it is necessary to make warlike preparations on a large scale. The idea now is, that we must have a native army, and an European one of far greater magnitude than before to keep it in check. For every two or three Sepoys we must have an English soldier, to shoot them down, when they exhibit a mutinous spirit, and appear to be becoming dangerous. This is altogether a miserable notion. Our strength is turned into weakness when we are compelled to protect our right hand against the assaults of the left. If such be the necessity, it is very clear that we must never again enlist a large Sepoy army. But what are we now doing? We are leaving our skeleton regiments still skeletons; and because we do not see them again appearing with a local habitation and a name in the Army List, we think that there is no native army. But, my dear General, believe me when I tell you that a native army, as multitudinous if not as dangerous as the last, is quietly springing up, and we are taking no heed of it. They are not "regulars," it is true. What does it matter? They are armed and disciplined soldiers—call them what you may; irregular corps or military police. Under the single head of Militory Police, I shudder to think how many soldiers have been enlisted, armed, and disciplined. The Oude Military Police is in itself an army differing little from a Sepoy force in any essential point—almost as costly and almost as dangerous as the same number of regular Sepoys. We must take care not to push this theory of a Military Police too far, or we shall find ourselves quietly drifting out of Charybdis on to Scylla. Use all your influence at home, my dear General, to warn the authorities against falling into a mistake of this kind. You may do something by lifting up your voice.

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* We are glad to observe that these essays, "Military and Political," have just been republished in London, by Messrs. Allen & Co. With some of them we were previously familiar. They all appear to be distinguished by remarkable sagacity and strong sense, and in many passages to be really prophetic. They are honestly and fearlessly written, and altogether worthy of the high reputation of one of the best and ablest of India's soldier-statesmen—EDITOR.

The first thing, I repeat, my dear General, is, that we must not arm and discipline too many native troops, to be a source of future difficulty and danger to us—costly in themselves, and doubly costly, since they must be watched by European regiments. Numbers, I say again, are not strength. What we want are small bodies of troops of all arms, capable of moving at an hour's notice. Our military system heretofore has been based upon a wholly opposite principle. We have had large bodies of troops incapable of moving, and therefore powerless for good, though powerful for evil. Let us station at certain points small movable brigades, with a fair intermixture of European troops in each, the guns being always in the hands of Europeans. Let cavalry, infantry, and artillery be accustomed to work together. Let there be some responsible staff-officer with each brigade, whose business it shall be to see that the force is always in a fit state in respect of supplies, to take the field; and we may bid defiance to insurgent India. Hitherto, any sudden danger has found us hopelessly paralysed and panic-stricken. We have had guns without ammunition, cavalry without horses, all arms of the service without supplies. One bold prompt stroke at the outset, and a rebellion is crushed in the bud. It is because we never are in a position to strike that prompt heavy blow that a local *emeute* grows into a general insurrection. Let us remedy all this. What need we fear of outbreaks at any one station if there are always present Europeans with guns? and what need we fear of distant movements, if we have such forces as I have described ready to move down on the centre of disaffection from half-a-dozen different points? Give us only these movable brigades under capable commanders, our magazines always being in places of safety—which hitherto we have taken care that they should not be—and it will not be difficult to hold India with a force numerically inferior to that which sprawled helplessly over the surface of the country to convince us of our folly and to warn us of our fate.

There is nothing, of course, so well calculated to keep Jack Sepoy in order as the continued presence of European troops, with the persuasive aid of artillery; but prevention is better than cure, and it is right at we should consider in what anner mutinous combination is st to be prevented. It is often id that we must not have too many en of the same caste and of the me country in a regiment; and at it is best to station them at distance from their home, and to ver as far as possible local assoations. But it appears to me that e localisation of corps and castes , on the whole, to be encouraged ther than not. "Home-staying ouths have ever homely wits." Not aving the fear of the schoolmaster efore me, I must confess that Jack epoy is best in his homeliness. Vhat he learns from foreign travel seldom much to his own advanage, or to that of the State. I am fraid that there is in all men a naural disposition to learn evil faster han good. The one comes naturally o us, the other seems to be slowly cquired, and against the grain. Now, what Jack Sepoy acquires by oreign travel is, so to speak, the aculty of combination. He learns that he is part of an extensive brotherhood scattered over the whole peninsula of India; he learns that in every cantonment of India there are men with the same feelings, the same aspirations as himself. He learns that in every regiment there are malcontents, with like grievances, real or supposed, as his own. In any season of excitement, therefore, there is a continual correspondence between men of different regiments who have at some previous time been stationed in the same cantonment. They understand each other better, and derive a deeper interest in what is going on at a distance, from the local knowledge which they have gained upon their travels. This same consideration furnishes an argument in favour rather of the massing than of the dispersing of men of the same country and caste. If any given nationality is scattered over all the regiments in the army, there is in the army, as a whole, the element of combination; and we must take heed lest, by our efforts to limit regimental combination, we generate a more dangerous power of association throughout the army itself. It is plain that there are difficulties in either direction. The tendency now, however, is so strongly towards the advocacy of dispersion, that it is as well to consider what is to be said upon the other side. It is assuredly an evil that a disaffected man at Peshawur should be able quietly to feel the pulse of a comrade at Dacca, or, if need be, to scatter sparks of sedition in the lines of a still more remote station in Pegu.

I feel as if I had only begun to say what I purposed to say to you, General, upon this great question of the native army of India; but if I say anything more, I shall exhaust your patience before I have told you what I and others think about the future of our European army. The great question of "Line" or "Local" is agitating military circles here, as you tell me it is agitating military circles at home; and you may believe me, when I tell you, that we are not, in this part of the world, hungering after the administration of the War Office, or the domination of the Horse Guards. There is no want of loyalty amongst us. Whether we were pleased at our transfer bodily from the Company to the Crown, is a matter which now it is hardly worth our while to inquire. The thing is done—we are all "Queen's officers;" and if it be said, regretfully sometimes, that the service will never again be what it once was, it is only a tribute due to the loss of a good and liberal master. The question now is, not whether we are to serve the Crown or the Company, but whether we are to be governed by one of her Majesty's officers of state or another, and under what conditions of service. If we are to be governed by the Horse-Guards and by the Secretary for War, we become a component part of the Line army, still retaining, however, certain peculiar characteristics, of which nothing can deprive us. If, on the other hand, we are to be governed by the Secretary of State for India, we remain, as now, an integral local army as much as if we still served the Company. You may put the case the other way, and say, "If we become a Line army, we are governed by the Horse-Guards," &c., &c.; but it little matters which you regard as the major part of the proposition. Here is the question which we are all considering in these parts, and I can observe no indication of a desire for the change with which we are threatened. It requires no great acuteness of vision to see, that as soon as we cease to be a local army, with privileges as such, we who now represent the middle-class element of European society will be utterly overwhelmed, crushed, demolished by the burden of the aristocracy. What would the Horse-Guards have done for you, General? What will the Horse-Guards ever do for me? We do not belong to a class in whom Royal Highnesses and friends of Royal Highnesses take any interest. We are of the Browns and Robinsons. The Browns and Robinsons ruled in Leadenhall Street, and to a certain extent they rule there still. But as soon as we cease to have a local European army in India, the Browns and Robinsons will be superseded everywhere by the Plantagenets and the Stuarts.

I do not forget that there will still be a local army. The Horse-Guards and the War Office do not aspire to the honour of managing our "black battalions." But it is easy to see what the native army of India will become, when detached also from the European army—a mere native militia; a police corps—nothing else. Such, then, of our old Company's officers as are likely to be attached to the re-constructed native army, have the strongest possible interest in retaining the local character of the European portion of the old army; whilst those who are absorbed into the Line will equally suffer by the change. What made the old Company's army such a really fine service was the *Staff*. I use the word in its most extended sense, as signifying all extra-regimental employment. Every youth who went out to India knew that he had as good a chance as his neighbours of becoming a Malcolm or Munro, that he might rise by succession to the highest appointments in the Service, and close his career as the Governor of a Presidency. He did not care for interest—he did not rely on aristocratic connexions. *Aut inveniam aut faciam* was his motto; and he went without misgiving to his work, did his best bravely, and if he had the right stuff in him, he was sure of success. He was not afraid of Stuarts or Plantagenets, or any bearers of letters of introduction to Governors-General or Commanders-in-Chief; and therefore we had a service of which any nation might be proud—a service to whose stout hearts and strong arms we owe it that we have been dragged through the fearful tribulation of the last two years. Under Providence, we owe our salvation to the energies of the middle classes—the right men, who found their way, by their own exertions, to the right place. What sent John Lawrence to the Punjaub—what sent Henry Lawrence to Lucknow—what put James Outram at the head of an army in Persia, whence he came in the right time to head another army in Oude? What brought such men as Montgomery, Frere, Chamberlaine, Edwardes, Nicholson, and others to the front when they were wanted? Why, the good stuff that was in them; nothing else. They had few, if any aristocratic opponents to contend with, and they were the servants of a middle-class Government, who would not have tolerated aristocratic interference. Can we hope that it will be so any longer, if the country is filled with the *protégés* of the Horse-Guards and the War-Office, and men are appointed, as they will be, to regiments in India, on the understanding that they are to get some snug little berths on the Staff. Nay, indeed, I do not doubt that before long the formality of attaching gentlemen, on their promotion, to regiments serving in India, will be dispensed with. The thing has been begun already. We have all been talking here—and in no complimentary terms—of a recent nomination to a political appointment in Central India. The old Company's service stood aghast at the appearance in the Gazette of the notification of the appointment thereto of an officer of her Majesty's service "unattached." Such a thing had never been known before. The appointment was one requiring peculiar qualifications, only to be acquired by years of residence in the country. But the lucky nominee was not known to possess any such qualifications. He had come out strongly recommended, it is said, on account of political services rendered to his party—and for this reason, people said jestingly, he was pitchforked into the political department. I do not say otherwise than he may be a very excellent and deserving officer, and may well and worthily perform the duties intrusted to him; but assuredly here was the introduction—hardly, I can say, of the small end of the wedge, for it seems to have gone in bodily. At one jump the Government overleapt the inevitable condition of employment of this description, that the *employé* should belong to a regiment serving in India. The claims of men who had been bearing the burden and the heat of the day in India were overlooked for an officer of aristocratic connections, fresh from the clubs of St. James's and the Government House of Calcutta. What is there, then, to prevent all the best appointments in India being virtually filled up by aristocratic influence at home?

It may be said that if this has commenced already, nothing worse is to be apprehended from the transfer of the European portion of the Indian army to the direct management of the Horse-Guards. Your knowledge and experience, General, will enable you to supply the proper answer to this. What we see now is simply an experiment, the success of which will depend upon the manner in which the question of "Line or Local" is determined. If matters remain as they are, and the old Company's army becomes bodily a local army, under the administration of the Secretary of State for India, I do not see why the system which limits (with a few exceptions) the selection of military officers for Staff employment to officers of the *local* army should not be adhered to as strictly as before. What Lord Canning has done by the appointment of Major Wortley to a political situation in Central India, is a deviation from the rule and practice of the service; it is irregular, certainly—illegal, perhaps; and it can hardly escape the attention of the Secretary of State for India in Council. What amount of vitality there may be in that body I do not know; but I shall be very much surprised if it does not, in the present state of affairs, resist this innovation. Not merely, under the existing system, is an unattached officer ineligible for civil and political employ, but officers of the Line, *with* their regiments in India, are ineligible for such employment. The Home Government, therefore, can hardly suffer this irregularity to pass unnoticed; and if the old Company's army remain bodily as now a local army, there can be no pretext for revising the system whereby Line officers are excluded generally from the Staff. As soon, however, as the two services are thus far amalgamated, all distinctions of this kind will be broken down. The Line army will be declared to have the same claim to civil and political employment as the Local army; and so far as the old Company's officers, who have long local experience, are concerned, the claim will be a just one. But it is easy to see *where* the interest will lie; easy to see, by the light of Major Wortley's case, among whom the loaves and fishes are likely to be distributed. The Browns and Robinsons—the representatives of the middle classes—are likely to fare but poorly under such a system.

But there is a difference between the may-be and the must-be. Is it a necessary consequence of the transfer of the old Company's European troops to the charge of the Horse-Guards, that the local native army should sink into a black militia, and the Jones and Robinsons be defrauded of their birthrights? I always think it wise to fight for what is attainable. You seem to think that the European local army is doomed—that, reason as we may, convince as we may, courtly influences must prevail; and that, therefore, India will henceforth be supplied with European troops wholly from the Line army. If this be the case, what you and others have to contend for is, that this change shall be burdened with certain conditions, which will render it comparatively harmless. Let the Council of India make a stand for the privileges of the old Company's service. If the native army, shorn of its European supports, is likely, therefore, to degenerate into a militia, let care be taken to sustain its character and to increase its advantages, so that, instead of being shunned, it will be sought by our best officers. Let regulations be laid down—if need be, rendered imperative by Act of Parliament—prescribing the amount of Staff patronage to be open respectively to the Line and the Local army, and determining the conditions and qualifications necessary to the attainment of Staff employment of different kinds. By far the larger share of the Staff patronage should be the appanage of the Local army, because it will contain the larger amount of local experience, such as knowledge of the country, knowledge of the languages, and familiarity with the habits of the people; and, moreover, because, as I have said, it will be necessary to confer certain peculiar privileges and advantages upon it, to prevent it from subsiding into the status of a black militia. And then as to the Line regiments, it would not be difficult to prescribe such conditions for Staff employment as will render any great amount of jobbery difficult, if not impossible. For example, I would not suffer any officer to be eligible for civil or political employment until he has served at least four years in India. It might, perhaps, be advantageous that two of these years should be passed with a native regiment—that the native army, indeed, should be the stepping-stone to employment of this kind. But anyhow, if civil and political employment were to be attainable only after four years' good service in India, and then only upon ascertained proficiency, we need not be much afraid of young aristocrats hungering after appointments obtainable only under such conditions.

I know that there are many other important considerations greatly affecting this question of "Line or Local." I regard it, you will see, from the Indian point of view, and I need not trouble you with any remarks on the constitutional bearings of the question. If a large increase of the Line army, with all its attendant patronage, should be considered to involve any dangerous increase of the power of the Crown, Parliament may look after the encroachment. Parliament, too, may be left to regulate the number of European troops to be employed in India; but I fear it never can prevent advantage being taken of the distant dependency to foist upon it all the spare troops that England does not want at the moment, and to recall them when she does. India has good reason to be suspicious of England in this respect. She will make us pay for everything that she can; and when imperial interests are at stake, if only in a financial sense, little regard will be had for the outlying dependency, you may be sure. This is, indeed, a very serious matter, and I wish that I could discard the thought of the possibility of our being inundated with troops when we do not want them, and perhaps despoiled of them when we do. It is true that England sent us abundance of troops to aid us in our recent troubles; but the imperial Government did not then want them at home; Europe was at peace; and, therefore, the fact of her liberality does not invalidate the hypothesis of danger from the above cause. Nevertheless, I hold that the greatest danger of all is likely to come from that weakening of the "monarchy of the middle classes" on which I have commented. I cannot dismiss from my mind the doubt whether such men as built up our Indian empire are likely again to appear upon the scene.

I cannot say, my dear General, that I altogether like the present aspect of affairs in India. I am not apprehensive of another military mutiny, at all events for a long time to come; and still less do I anticipate any general rising of the people. We may organise another army, we may scramble through our financial difficulties, but I am afraid that we are drifting into difficulty and danger of another kind. The real peril comes from within. It is the gradual deterioration of the dominant race by which our Indian empire will be slowly destroyed. You will readily understand what I mean. A general distaste for India, and everything belonging to it, is laying fast hold of he European mind. All classes of ociety, from members of Council to he rank and file of our European egiments, are hungering after home. India is not what it was in your ime, General; and I am afraid that shall never live to see it such again. Men who have gone through the two ast years of trouble have lived more han a generation in quiet times. They have grown sick of the heat, he glare, the dust; the continual noise and excitement; the absence of all repose. They are longing for rest and pining for home. You told me in your last that it seemed as though all India had been suddenly emptied into England—that men whose deeds you had just been reading of, and whom you believed to be still battling it out in India, were turning up every day at the corners of the streets of London, or staring at you across the dinner-table. Everybody has taken the first decent opportunity of running over to England, if only for a few months. One cannot be surprised at the prevalence of this home-sickness. Even in our old happy times, when we loved and trusted the people of the country, we sighed for the green fields and the cloudy skies of the Fatherland. I have felt the craving myself. And I have gone home; and, after a while, ike hundreds of others, have returned not sorrowfully to the scene of my appointed labours, glad to be at my work again. But who now returns to his work joyously and hopefully as of old? We are growing weary of it—sick of it, I fear. God! what work it has been during the last two years! Not the toil of it, not the pain of it, not the danger of it—these are nothing in the ordinary professional course. The true soldier rejoices in them; he knows that it is his duty to look them in the face, and he is glad that his courage should be tried. But we have not been doing mere soldier's duty during these two years, General. It has been butcher's work—hangman's work—work which, under the strong excitement of the hour, we got through, scarcely thinking what it was, but which the soul now sickens to contemplate in the terrible retrospect, when we calmly take the measure of the horrors through which we have been dragged. Now that it is over, we see clearly what it was, and we know that we would not go through it again for all the fabulous wealth of the land in which we live. I have seen strong, brave men—men of iron nerve and resolute will, who have gone through all these horrors, outwardly unmoved, pale, tremulous, terror-stricken at the recollection of them, when they have been discussed in the quiet chamber, or starting up suddenly from the placid sleep of security in an icy sweat, wild and incoherent, under the influence of an awful dream, only faintly shadowing the stern realities of waking life. Oh! my dear General, we are sadder and wiser men than we were. There is scarcely one among us who does not feel that there is the burden of a terrible nightmare upon him, which somehow or other he must shake off. The environments of a frightful past cling to him like the poisoned robe of the centaur. He must tear them off for a while, or sink into a state of feeble depression and despondency. And so every one is going home—who can wonder? There is no recovery for us until we can break the chain of morbid associations which now holds us in such absolute thrall.

And so every one either has gone or is going home. They who can anyhow manage to remain there, will remain, you may be sure. They will take any service in England that will afford them the means of honourable subsistence, or expend themselves in cheap Continental towns, or in our own pleasant Channel Islands, living for the rest of their days upon the pension which they have earned by Indian service. In the minds of all married men at least one common thought surges up—"This is not the place for women and children." The women and children have been sent home; and there are many amongst us who will never suffer them again to set foot on Indian soil. The country may be as safe as it ever was before—nay, if we profit, as we ought to do, by this terrible lesson, much safer—but the feeling of security will not be there, and the apprehension of continual danger is even worse than the danger itself. Who again will leave his helpless belongings, as he once did, to the custody of native servants, content under such escort to suffer them to pass from one end of India to the other? It is the necessary disruption of family ties which has always been the great drawback of Indian life. We do not really know what exile is until we find that wife and children are taken away from us, and that we are left to toil in cheerless isolation. But this evil has hitherto been nothing in extent to what it is likely to be under the new era; so that Indian life, in its domestic or social, is fast becoming as intolerable as in its professional aspect. India, indeed, under Queen Victoria, is not what it was under John Company.

Now, there is nothing to recompense a man for all this but money. The Indian service was always declared, and in your time was gratefully acknowledged to be, the best service in the world. Some of our young hands used to speak contemptuously of our honourable masters as tea-dealers; but the longer they remained in the service, the more prone they were to admit their obligations to them, and to speak with thankfulness of the liberality of their employers. I am writing now with reference to both branches of the old "Company's Service." As time advances, they are becoming more and more mixed up with each other; military men doing largely what was once held to be purely civilians' work. What I have to say of one applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the other; and it is to be said in a very few words. The time when, for reasons already stated, the Indian service has become in every respect less inviting than before—when the duties have become more onerous and distasteful, and the social and domestic environments of Indian life more painful and distressing—is held to be an opportune one for the reduction of all our salaries. They ask more from us, and they give us less; the burden of our servitude is increased, and its recompense diminished. Now, if, as I sincerely believe, the permanence of our rule in India depends more upon the individual qualities of the governing class than upon anything else, it is not difficult to see what must eventually be the result of the deterioration of the working agency of English government, which seems to me to be not a probability, but a certainty past question.

You must not let your brethren in England think, my dear General, that we are greedy and grasping in these parts. We are ready to make great sacrifices. There is not one among us who will not pour out his money as freely as he *will* pour out his blood, for the good of the State. All that we ask is that our services may not be depreciated. Do not let the Government take the present opportunity to tell us that we have all along been overpaid—that the work can be done for less money. This is not merely to attack our *pockets*: it is to assail our pride, to wound our *amour propre*, to lower our self-respect. We like to know that we are well paid, not merely because we have so much money to spend, or so much to invest, and therefore so much to carry home when the old horse is growing weak in the limbs, but because every man feels a just pride in knowing that his services are highly valued by the State. He looks upon a high salary as a personal compliment to himself. And everybody knows how much better we work when we know that our labours are appreciated.

But money, it is said, is wanted: the State is insolvent; how is it to be helped? As I write, the answer is being afforded, most significantly, by the Government itself. They are hammering away at the great legislative forge, devising new taxes whereby the expenses of the State may be paid. They have propounded the great panacea of an income tax which is to produce the required millions, or to go a long way towards it. Whatever difficulties there may be in working it out, there *is no* doubt that it is just in principle, so long as the tax is a general tax, and no class is exempted. But what is the proposal? To exempt the

ers of Government—that is, the
rning class, the imposers of
tax. All sound policy dictating
the necessity of reconciling the
ves of India—*i.e.* the great bulk
e tax-payers—to the new impost,
hit upon the best means of
lering it grievous and intolerable
em. Under such circumstances,
first man to contribute to the
ssities of the State should have
the Governor-General himself,
the members of Council, the
es, the chief secretaries, and so on.
rest would have cheerfully fol-
ed. But this very appreciable rule
been reversed. All classes are
e taxed except the white-faced
lish rulers, for whose especial
ort the tax is raised. They who
ive largely *from* the State are to
tribute nothing *to* it. What is
but to establish a raw on the
t back of the unofficial com-
nity? Doubtless there is a rea-
for it. The Government ser-
t tells you, and tells you
y, that his allowances are to be
uced, and that he contributes
ely to the necessities of the State
working for a diminished salary.
w this, my dear General, is patent
ugh to him—is patent enough
the Government; but it is not
ent to the outside community,
o either cannot or will not put
and two together in this way.
although the Government ser-
t understands the cause of his
mption, he does not appreciate it.
would rather pay the tax than
e his salary reduced, though the
were heavier than the reduction.
writhes, indeed, under the reduc-
; but he would pay the tax
erfully and ungrudgingly in obe-
nce to the paramount necessities
the State. All this is very plain.
is human nature. The reduction of
an's salary is a personal offence to
n. But taxation, however griev-
, is not offensive. The salary of
public servant, which is an ac-
owledgment of the value of his
vices, stands at the same figure:
d he has still, whatever he may
tribute to the exigencies of the
te, the same feeling of pride in
position, and of gratitude and
alty to the Government which so liberally acknowledges his services. It is sound policy, therefore, viewed both in connection with the efficiency of the public service and the feeling of the general public, to tax our official salaries instead of reducing them. The latter course, I repeat, offends all parties; it excites general discontent throughout the service, and, as implying freedom from taxation, general discontent in the public mind. But taxation will be cheerfully borne by the official classes, whether it be regarded as a temporary or a permanent burden; and the public will pay with comparative alacrity when they know that the governing class has begun by taxing itself.

Another thing to be said is, that an income-tax is not necessarily a permanent burden. To render it palatable, it should always be made to have the appearance of a temporary measure. Salaries once reduced, will never be raised again to their original figure. But an income-tax may be lightened, or removed altogether. It is poor economy, you may be sure, to violate and to dishearten the executive servants of the State. Do this, and you will never get such good work out of them again; and India, more than any country in the world, depends upon the good heart and strong energies of individual men. It may be said by theorists, who do not know what Indian labour is, that the work may be done equally well at less cost! I altogether deny the fact. Reduce the wages, and you will at once lower the quality of the work It would be so in the best of times; but in such times as these, when our best men are hungering after home, and the English mind, once lured by bright visions of Oriental luxury, now associates with the very name of India the most terrible images of carnage and destruction, how can you hope to get, by reducing the pecuniary temptations, such men as you got of old—the men who built up this great Indian empire, which, in spite of the troubles we have gone through, is still the greatest political phenomenon which the world has ever seen?

I repeat, then, that the greatest danger which lies before us at present is the discontent which is cankering, not the native, but the European mind. We must look to this before it is too late. You cannot expect men to work in such a furnace as this with the knife at their throats for nothing. High pay and an exclusive service built up our Indian empire. We are now about to see what low pay and public competition will do. It appears to me to be a fearful experiment. But I shall not remain in India long enough to see the issue. Like the rest, I am hungering after England; and I should not be surprised if I were to ask you before long to look about for a modest little residence for me and mine in a cheap county, where I can ride to market on a rough pony with a basket over my arm, and dig my own potatoes happy as a king.

You will have had more than enough then, my dear General, I am sure. Fortunately for you, mail-day has come upon me before I have said half that I had intended to say—so I will only add to the rest that I am very sincerely and gratefully yours.

CROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL,

onstitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak
oor. Being in the circulation it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on
art of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy.
crofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy
mpure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal in-
n. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to
en unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says,
ll visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."
effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the
liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the sur-
ruptions or sores. This foul corruption which genders in the blood, depresses the energies
so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have
s power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by
ers which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in
stem. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly
s scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and,
d, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.
quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infec-
and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the
by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medi
ve supply in

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ost effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere
lling and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been dis-
ed for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system
ts destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scro-
but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES,
NTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS, and BOILS,
RS, TETTER, and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RING WORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and
URIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING
VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in *"impurity of the blood"* is founded in
for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sar-
lla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in
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DECEMBER, MDCCCLIX.

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

No. DXXX.

AMERICAN EDITION.
VOL. XLIX. No. 6.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DXXX. DECEMBER 1859. VOL. LXXXVI.

THE FIGHT ON THE PEIHO.

THE god-like gift of eloquence is the privilege of few, even though they be born to hold high office, and be destined to rule, as Ministers of the Crown, over noble professions, upon whose wellbeing the safety and honour of a great nation depend. His Grace the Duke of Somerset, at present First Lord of the Admiralty, is no exception to this rule, as evinced in the late ministerial speeches at the Mansion-House; but it is strange that neither a sense of justice, nor a generous sympathy for a gallant officer, could induce him to say one word on behalf of the Admiral and the heroic band, who fought that bloody but disastrous fight in the Peiho river on 25th June, 1859. We will not believe that the First Lord of the Admiralty can have failed to have felt that it was his part, as the head of a noble and generous profession, to have said one kind word, on such an occasion, on behalf of Admiral James Hope, and his officers and men—a word which would have gone forth to the world as his public approval of the noble bearing, under terrible circumstances, of British naval officers and seamen. Why not, therefore, have listened to the natural promptings of sympathy for the survivors of that combat?—why not have said one word to show that their Queen and country approved their gallantry and sympathised in their defeat? Whatever may have been the motives for the Duke of Somerset's silence, it remains only for others to do our countrymen that justice which the officials have denied them; premising that we would have undertaken the task at an earlier date, but that we were desirous of being in full possession of the amplest details—though nothing, be it remembered; but what ought to be, and doubtless is, known to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

On September 15, 1858, the Foreign Office received a despatch from Lord Elgin (No. 181 in the Blue-Book), dated July 12, 1858, enclosing the Treaty of Tientsin, not only signed by the Imperial Commissioners, but every stipulation therein contained, assented to by an Imperial decree.* The Ambassador of England, in placing this valuable Treaty before the Minister of his august Sovereign, was singularly frank in explaining to him the humiliation to which he had subjected the Court of Pekin, and that fear rather than reason had been the cause of the submission of the Emperor Hien-fung. In Lord Elgin's own words, the concessions amounted "to a revolution, and involve the surrender of some of the most cherished principles of the traditional policy of the Empire. *They have been extorted, therefore, from its fears.*"

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* See Blue-Book, p. 360, Despatch No. 186.

Thus, in September 1858, the Ministry and Admiralty knew, if no one else did, that this Treaty was wrung from the Chinese, and that on or before June 26, 1859, the copy of that Treaty, ratified by the Sovereign of Britain, was to be exchanged at Pekin. Both those departments must have known that, as the English Treaty contained two important clauses,* which all the other Powers represented at Tientsin had despicably waived at a critical moment, if the Court of Pekin demurred to the final ratification of any of those treaties, that demurrer would first fall upon the English one, as the chief offender. Supposing that Lord Elgin's despatches, which accompanied the Treaty, failed to enlighten the Ministry upon the extremely delicate nature o the final negotiations at Tientsin, and supposing even that neither in Downing Street nor Whitehall was the *Times* ever read, and that the information of the Hon. Mr. Bruce, Secretary of Embassy, as to the difficulties which surrounded his brother on the 26th June, 1858, and of the firmness he displayed, when even his loyal colleague, Baron Gros, failed him, was mere laudation of our Ambassador, at the expense of others less stanch at such a crisis; still we say, allowing all this, there is in the end of the Blue-book another despatch from Lord Elgin,† which reached Downing Street on December 29th, 1858, the perusal of which ought to have warned any one, professing to be a statesman, of the critical nature of the task which awaited the diplomatist and the naval Commander-in-Chief in the summer of 1859.

In that despatch (No. 216) the strong representations of the Chinese Ministers against the permanent residence of the Ambassador in Pekin, are clearly put forward—the Imperial order to reconstruct the Taku forts, as well as to fortify the approaches to Pekin, is distinctly mentioned—the attention of our Ministry is recalled to some despatch (which, we own, does not exist in the Blue-Book) in which the critical state of the negotiations, on the very eve of the signature of the Treaty, was explained to them—and finally, her Majesty's Ministers are warned that an enforcement of that clause in its full integrity would probably compel the Emperor to choose "*between a desperate attempt at resistance, and passive acquiescence in what he and his advisers believe to be the greatest calamity which could befall the Empire.*"

According to rule, Admiral James Hope received his commission as Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies and China when his predecessor had completed his period of service. Nothing could have been more decorous. He left England by the overland mail in March 1859, and, on arriving at Singapore, found Admiral Sir Michael Seymour awaiting his arrival there, in order that he might take his passage home in the next mail-boat. Here those two officers met, the one with the acquired knowledge of three years' command in those remote seas, and thoroughly conversant with Chinese tactics, military, naval, or diplomatic; the other, though well known as an officer of great ability and unflinching firmness, still perfectly ignorant of the nature of the country and people with whom he had to deal, the constituent parts of his force, its adequacy or otherwise for the task assigned it, and the amount of moral or physical support he was likely to get from our fond and faithful allies, the French. Admiral Hope, upon all these points, must have ooked to Admiral Seymour for information.

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* "Art. III. The permanent residence of a British Ambassador, with family and suite, at Pekin.

"Art. IX. British subjects to travel to all parts of the interior of China, for purposes of trade and pleasure."

† See Blue-Book, p. 486, Despatch No. 216, bearing date Shanghai, Nov 5, 1858.

Yet, strange to say, within a few hours—it appears to us, only forty-eight hours—after Admiral Hope arrives in Singapore, Admiral Seymour is steaming home in a Peninsular and Oriental boat. We would suggest the following questions, which require to be answered before it can be shown that Admiral James Hope entered upon his command with anything like a proper chance of success:—

Why did not the Admiralty send him out to China in time to acquire information before he was called upon to act?

Why did not his predecessor await his arrival in China, instead of in India?

What period elapsed between the arrival of one admiral and the departure home of the other?

What was the information imparted by Admiral Seymour to Admiral Hope, of the condition of the defences at the entrance of the Peiho—of the geography or resources of that Gulf of Pechili, in which Admiral Seymour had operated during the summer of 1858?

Lastly, What steps had Admiral Seymour taken, after July 1858, to keep himself informed of the state of the Taku fortifications and the navigability of the entrance of the Peiho river? and what ships had been stationed to acquire information, and survey the coast of China north of the Yang-tse-Kiang river, a region into which it was well known the new Admiral would have to carry his squadron in 1859?

We firmly believe that on all these points great injustice has been done to Admiral Hope, and that his position was one full of difficulty, arising from the neglect of others. On the 16th April 1859 he assumed command of his squadron at Singapore. On that very day he ought to have been with a force to support our Ambassador off the mouth of the Peiho river! It was not his fault that he was not there; and he appears to have lost no time in providing for the wants of his extensive command—organising his forces, despatching stores and coals northward, securing the safety of the enormous mercantile interests in China should a rupture arise, and meeting the deficiency occasioned by our Government having counted upon the aid of French sailors and soldiers to some considerable extent.

A despatch from the new Minister, Mr. Bruce, dated May 21st, 1859, tells us that another difficulty had to be met by the Admiral at this juncture—namely, that the Admiralty had ordered a further reduction of the squadron in China, whilst he (Mr. Bruce) had become so alarmed by the proceedings of the Court of Pekin, that it was imperatively necessary he should be escorted to Taku or Tientsin by as strong a force as that which had supported Lord Elgin in 1858. Of course the Admiralty, in giving such an order, fancied that Admiral Hope would be joined in China by the French squadron under Admiral Rigault de Genouille; but, as usual, they counted without their host, and out of all that French force, a list of which we gave in our last number, no vessel capable of crossing the bar of the Peiho river could be spared. There was another difficulty—if possible a still more serious one than the absence of French support, when it was counted upon,—and this was the occupation of Canton by the British forces. It deprived Admiral Hope of the services of a battalion of her Majesty's Royal Regiment, and a number of marines and marine artillery; it rendered the presence of a considerable naval force necessary in its vicinity; and instead of the Major-General and staff being able to go where services in the field were almost imminent, they were shut up in that wretched collection of fusty houses, dignified with the title of the City of Canton.

Instead of sitting down and writing home for reinforcements and instructions, Admiral Hope did what an energetic admiral should do: he hastened to the northward with every available man and vessel, ready to support the Minister, Mr. Bruce, in all such measures as he might deem necessary. We have yet to learn on what day Mr. Bruce was able to leave Hong-Kong for Shanghai; but he distinctly says he proceeded to the latter port, where the Chinese Commissioners were waiting for him, *as soon as his French colleague was ready;* and bearing in mind, as we do, that by the treaty of Tientsin ratifications were to be exchanged in Pekin by June 26th, and that the presence of the Imperial Commissioners at Shanghai was very suspicious, we can sympathise with Mr. Bruce's feelings in being thus delayed by his ally at such a crisis.

Need we say more to point out how much this alliance hung like a millstone round the neck of Plenipotentiary and Admiral?

On or about the 11th June 1859, the Admiral and his squadron sailed from Shanghai for the Gulf of Pe-chili; and the Sha-liu-tien, or Wide-spreading Sand Islands, fifteen miles off the entrance of the Peiho river, was given as the general rendezvous.

Mr. Bruce and Monsieur Bourbollon sailed four days afterwards for the same destination; they had found the Commissioners Kweiliang and Hwashana merely "armed with pretexts to detain them, and prevent their visit to the Peiho;" and from all they had learned at Shanghai, there could be no doubt that every obstacle awaited the diplomatists as well as executives of Europe, in their forthcoming visit to Pekin.

Yet we cannot see that either Mr. Bruce or Admiral Hope would have been justified in any misgivings as to the issue of measures that might be deemed necessary to enforce their Treaty rights; and had it been possible for them at this juncture to have telegraphed the state of affairs to either Downing Street or Whitehall, we solemnly believe that the Ministry would have said,—Proceed to Tientsin—these impediments have been anticipated; a Treaty wrung by force of arms from an Eastern despot cannot be expected to be ratified without some demur—and as no one, we believe, had taken the trouble to ascertain the nature of the new fortifications of Taku, it was a very natural inference that they would not differ, to any great extent, from all the many fortifications which the British had fought and taken elsewhere in China.

On June 17th, H.M.S. Chesapeake, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Hope, arrived at the anchorage under the Sha-liu-tien Islands, and on that day and the next, his squadron assembled round him; but without waiting for all to arrive, the Admiral embarked on the 17th on board a gunboat, the Plover, and escorted by the Starling, proceeded over the bar of the Peiho river, to inform the authorities of the anticipated arrival of the Plenipotentiaries, and to ascertain what obstructions, if any, existed at Taku. Admiral Hope found a number of earthworks standing upon the site of the old forts destroyed in 1858,* and the river was rendered quite impassable by a triple series of booms and stakes. The fortifications seemed well constructed, singularly neat and finished in outline for Chinese earthworks; but there were few guns seen; most of the embrasures looked as if filled up with matting; and for the first time at a military post in China, there was a total absence of all display, and no tents or flags were seen to denote a strong garrison within the works. The officer who was sent on shore with the Admiral's communication was refused permission to go farther than the beach, and the men who met him said, that they were militiamen in charge of the earthworks; that the booms and stakes were placed as a precaution against rebels or pirates; that the ambassadors ought to go to another river ten miles further north, which was the true Peiho river; and concluded by assuring the English officer that they acted upon their own responsibility in all they said and did, as no high officers were at hand. Some expostulations which were offered against the existence of the barriers in the river, as obstacles to the Ambassador's friendly visit to Tientsin, were received in good part, and they promised within forty-eight hours to set about removing them. Such was the result of the Admiral's first reconnaissance, and decidedly there was nothing seen to excite alarm, or awaken suspicion of the admirable ambuscade which he was being drawn into. In fact, an examination of one face of well masked earthworks must always lead to a very erroneous estimate of their strength—Sebastopol to wit. The only way in which true information could have been gleaned was by keeping an intelligent officer in the Gulf of Pechili, and letting him watch the Peiho river subsequent to the cessation of hostilities in 1858; but that was a duty for which Admiral Hope can in no way be held responsible.

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* We should like to know whether Admiral Hope was ever furnished with a ground plan of the works captured by Admiral Seymour in 1858.

We will, however, proceed to describe the scene of the coming battle, and give that information of which Admiral Hope ought to have been put in possession.

The Peiho, or North river, has its source in the highlands of Manchouria, at no very great distance from Pekin, and passes within twelve miles of that capital. The velocity of the stream, arising more from the altitude of its source than from its volume, has scoured out a narrow tortuous channel, to the south-east, through the deep alluvial plain of Pechili, and cut into the stratum of stiff clay beneath it. As the stream approaches the sea, it flows for the last five miles through a plain, which is little, if at all, above the level of high water of spring-tides; the consequence is, that instead of cutting a channel for itself fairly out into the Gulf of Pechili, the force of the current becomes very much weakened by being able to inundate the adjoining banks whenever there is a freshet in the river, and the waters discharge themselves over a great bank, known as "the Bar." This bar, of hard tenacious clay, extends in a great curve out to seaward, of which the arc is fully six miles, and the distance at low water, from a depth of ten feet water without the bar, to ten feet water within it, is nearly four geographical miles. Over this bar, at high tide, a channel exists, in which there is eleven feet of water; but at low water there is only twenty-four inches in most places, and extensive dry mud banks on either hand.

Immediately within the bar there is anchorage for small vessels and gunboats, where they can float at low water; but they are then only two thousand yards from the fortifications, and necessarily under fire from heavy guns and mortars; whilst vessels outside the bar can neither aid them, nor touch the fortifications; and with all the marvellous qualities imputed to Armstrong's guns, we do not believe that they will, by a horizontal fire from without the bar, do much damage to mud forts.

Within the bar, the channel of the Peiho winds upward for a mile between precipitous banks of mud, which are treacherously covered at high tide, and render the navigation at that time very hazardous. The seaman then finds himself between two reed-covered banks which constitute the real sides of the Peiho river, and at the same time he is surrounded on every side by earthworks, which, from the peculiar configuration of this last reach of the Peiho, face and flank him on every side. These fortifications stand either upon natural or artificial elevations of some ten or twelve feet general altitude, and even at high water look down upon a vessel in the channel—an advantage which becomes all the more serious when the tide has fallen, as it does fall, some ten to twelve feet. The actual channel of the river is never more than three hundred feet wide until the forts are entirely passed, and the current runs from two to three miles per hour.

The left-hand bank, looking up the stream, projects more to seaward than the right-hand one, and on it stood in former days three mounds of earth thirty feet high, well faced with solid masonry; a double flight of stone steps in the rear led to their summits, and within them was a hollow chamber admirably adapted for magazines of powder. The summit was a level space two hundred yards square, capable of fighting three guns on each face, except in the rear, which was perfectly open. Upon these *cavaliers* men and guns looked down at all times of tide upon the channel of the river, and fought in comparative security from anything like horizontal fire. Round these *cavaliers* heavy mud-batteries were constructed, of twenty-two feet vertical height, so as to screen their basements from anything like a breaching fire. These batteries had guns perfectly casemated, and were connected into one great work by a series of curtains, pierced, like the bastions, for casemated guns, and covered by flanking fire, and wet as well as dry ditches. This Grand Battery was pierced for fifty guns, and with the exception of those on the *cavaliers*, every embrasure was fitted with an excellent mantlet. Above and below the grand work, though probably connected with it by a covered-way, were two waspish-looking flanking forts. Each had a *cavalier;* and the one to seaward was excellently constructed, and looked like a three-tier earthen battery. On the right-hand bank stood another series of works, only inferior in importance to those on the opposite side, and finished with equal care. The right-hand works almost raked any vessels advancing beyond the seaward angle of the Grand Fort.

Apart from these fortifications, three barriers had been constructed where the channel was narrowest, and admirably calculated to detain vessels immediately under the fire of the works. Hitherto, however, in Chinese warfare, it had invariably been observed that, although they constructed massive fortifications, and placed ingenious impediments in their rivers, the guns' crews would not stand to their guns at close action, and that they did not understand the art of concentrating their guns upon the point at which our vessels were checked by booms or rafts, and, consequently, it was always easy to outflank or turn their works, in any way we thought proper.

During the 18th and 19th June, the squadron moved from the Sha-liu-tien Islands to the anchorage immediately off the bar of the Peiho river, the smaller vessels passing within it for security against the seas and winds of the Gulf of Pechili; and on the latter day the English and French Ministers arrived in H.M.S. Magicienne, and H.I.M. corvette Duchayla. The advent of this foreign force, and their passage of the bar, did not excite the slightest notice, or appear to give any alarm to the Chinese. All was as quiet and sleepy as the most fastidious admirer of Chinese scenery might desire. The great broad plain of Pechili spread away to the north and south; the upward portion of the river could be traced (until lost in mirage) by the masts of the countless trading-junks which annually arrive at Tientsin from all parts of China. The long and straggling village of Taku was hid by the mound-like outline of the southern forts, except the Little Temple, from which, in 1858, the Governor-General of Pechili, one Tān, had made an ignominious flight before our dashing little gunboats Banterer, Leven, and Opossum. Its quaint turned-up roof, with its cockey little air, was the only thing, inanimate or animate, that gave the slightest sign of defiance to the "red-haired barbarians."

Mr. Bruce, it is thus shown, arrived at the entrance of the Peiho river exactly *six* days before the expiration of the period for the ratification of the Treaty at Pekin; and in that land of ceremony and etiquette Mr. Bruce well knew that if our Envoy did not make a strenuous effort to fulfil his engagement, and appear at Tientsin or Pekin within the stipulated date, that the war-party, which had done, and was doing, all in its power to subvert the treaties of 1858, would immediately magnify the breach of contract into a premeditated slight to the Emperor, and an indignity to the Court of one whom five hundred millions of souls actually worship. When Mr. Bruce, therefore, hastened to announce his arrival, and requested to be allowed to pass through the barriers at Taku to Tientsin, he was simply told to go elsewhere; and the barriers were obstinately kept closed, whilst the apparently stolid militiamen declared they did so on their own responsibility.*

What was Mr. Bruce to do under

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* See three final paragraphs of Mr. Bruce's Despatch, July 13, 1859, in the *Times*, Oct. 6, 1859.

such circumstances? There were but two measures open to him—the one was to remove the barriers placed, as they declared, by *local* authorities, without the cognisance of the Imperial Government, and proceed to Tientsin, where a high officer was always resident; the other course was to go to some place mentioned by these pretended militiamen, as one likely to lead the Minister to Pekin.

Mr. Bruce very naturally, and very wisely, as the issue proves in the American's case,[*] determined to go to Tientsin; and as he could not reach it except through the barriers, and past the forts which watched them, he and M. Bourbollon, on the 21st June, after recapitulating their reasons, tell Admiral Hope that they "*have therefore resolved to place the matter in your hands, and to request you to take any measures you may deem expedient for clearing away the obstructions in the river, so as to allow us to proceed at once to Tientsin.*" This is plain and straightforward language—a simple request; and with its policy the Admiral very rightly must have felt he had nothing to do. He was called upon to open the road to Tientsin; he had around him such a force as his masters at home considered ample for any emergency; it was his duty to endeavour to carry out the task assigned him.

Admiral Hope at once wrote a formal note to the authorities, informing them that, should the obstructions in the river not be removed by the evening of the 24th June, so as to allow the Allied Ministers to proceed to Tientsin, as they indubitably had a right to do under the sign-manual of the Emperor, he, Admiral Hope, should proceed to clear the road. The force at Admiral Hope's disposal was as follows:—Outside the bar, and incapable of crossing it, Chesapeake, Captain G. Willes; Magicienne, Captain N. Vansittart; Highflyer, Captain C. F. Shadwell; Cruiser, Commander J. Bythesea; Fury, Commander Commerell; Assistance, Commander W. A. Heath; and Hesper (store-ship), Master-commander Jabez Loane; the French corvette Duchayla, Commander Tricault; and tender Nosogary.

Vessels capable of crossing the bar and engaging the forts:—

	Guns.	How-itzers.	Commanders.
1. Nimrod,	6	0	R. S. Wynniatt.
2. Cormorant,	6	0	A. Wodehouse.
3. Lee,	2	2	Lieut. W. H. Jones
4. Opossum,	2	2	C. J. Balfour.
5. Haughty,	2	2	G. D. Broad.
6. Forester,	2	2	A. F. Innes.
7. Banterer,	2	2	J. Jenkins.
8. Starling,	2	2	J. Whitshed.
9. Plover,	2	2	Hector Rason.
10. Janus,	2	2	H. P. Knevit.
11. Kestrel,	2	2	J. D. Bevan.

30 g. 18 howit., and a combined rocket-battery of twenty-two 12 and 24 pounders. The total crews of these gun-vessels amounted to about five hundred officers and men.

A gale of wind and heavy rain prevented much being done on the 22d, but by the night of the 23d all the vessels capable of crossing the bar were assembled within it; and early on the 24th June, the marines from Canton, under Colonel Lemon, as well as those of the larger vessels, and the armed boats and small-armmen, were assembled on board certain junks placed on the bar to receive them. This force, seven hundred strong, was intended as an assaulting party, under Colonel Lemon and Commanders Commerell and Heath. The Admiral, moreover, placed the Coromandel and Nosogary as hospitals, as far out of range as it was possible to anchor them.

The delight of the gallant little force under Admiral Hope was very great when the sun set on the 24th June, and no letter in reply to his communication of the 22d had been received. It augured well for resistance, and all felt assured of a fight and victory. There was not a single misgiving as to the result of a combat; and if any was expressed, it was a fear that all they would have to do, would be to pull up the stakes instead of the Chinamen doing it themselves. As yet, nothing had occurred to excite the Admiral's suspicions of the nature of the opposition to be encountered, although he had, ever since the day of his arrival, especially deputed Commander John Bythesea* and Lieutenant W. H. Jones in the Lee, to narrowly watch the forts and river, to see if anything like an increase of garrison, or the nature of the armament, could be detected. But in order that a charge of want of preparation for battle might not hereafter be imputed to him, the gallant chief made every arrangement for taking up positions exactly as he would have done had he been at war, instead of at peace, with China. The first thing to be done was to see whether the stakes or rafts could be destroyed in the night by boats. Accordingly, when it was quite dark, three boats' crews, under Lieutenant Wilson, Mr. Egerton (mate), and Mr. Hartland (boatswain), commanded by Captain Willes, started to make the attempt. Anxiously were they watched for. At last two loud explosions, the flash and report of a gun or two from the forts, the return of the boats, and the cheers of the excited crews of the gunboats, told the joy with which was hailed the double act of hostility—a pledge for the morrow's fight. Captain Willes brought back full information of the stubborn nature of the obstacles opposed to the flotilla, and that it was impossible to make a dash up the stream to take the works in reverse.

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[*] The American Minister, after the repulse of Taku, adopted the second course; his triumphal entry into Pekin in a cart, his close confinement whilst there, the attempt to make him worship the Emperor, the insult of ordering him back to the sea-shore for a worthless ratification, and the entire question of the readjustment of the tariff being referred back to a subordinate at Shanghai, is conclusive proof of what we should have gained by adopting such a course.

The barriers were three in number. The first extended across the channel, at an elbow where the curvature of the mud-banks, and direction of tide, placed vessels ascending the stream stem on, or in a raking position to the face of the Grand Battery. It consisted of a single row of iron stakes, nine inches in girth, and with a tripod base, so as to preserve an upright position in spite of the velocity of the stream. The top of each stake was pointed, as well as a sharp spur which struck out from its side, and at high water these dangerous piles were hidden beneath the surface of the river. This barrier was 550 yards distant from the centre of the Grand Battery on the left, and 900 yards from the forts on the right hand.

The second barrier was placed 450 yards above the iron piles, and immediately abreast the centre of the fortifications. It consisted of one eight-inch hemp and two heavy chain-cables, placed across the stream at a distance of twelve feet from each other: they were hove as taut as possible, and supported by large spars placed transversely at every thirty feet: each spar was carefully moored both up and down stream.

The third barrier consisted of two massive rafts of rough timber, lashed and cross-lashed in all directions with rope and chain, and admirably moored a few feet above one another, so as to leave a letter S opening, above which were more iron stakes, so placed as to impede any gunboats dashing through the opening, supposing all other obstacles overcome. The ingenuity of the arrangement here was most perfect. The force of the current would only allow the passage at this point to be effected at top of high water; at that time the iron piles were covered with water, and their position being unknown, the chances were all in favour of a vessel becoming impaled upon them.

Captain Willes passed through the interstices between the iron stakes in his boats, and leaving two of them to secure the explosion cylinders under the cables he, and Lieutenant Wilson pushed on to the third barrier, or rafts. They crawled over it, and although they could see the sentries walking up and down at either end, and they must have been seen by the garrison at the forts, which towered above them at the short distance of 150 yards upon the right and left, neither party molested the other. Satisfied of the solid nature of the obstacle, and that a mere gunboat pressing against it would never force away all the anchors or cables with which it was secured, Captain Willes returned to the second barrier, and exploded his charges, occasioning a breach apparently wide enough for a vessel to pass; but a carefully-directed fire from a gun or two in the forts warned him to desist. There was, however, no general alarm on shore, and the works did not, as might have been expected, open a general fire, or develop their formidable character.

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* This gallant officer, who carried off one of the very few Victoria crosses won in the Baltic fleet of 1855, was stricken down with Peiho fever, brought on by exposure while employed on this duty, and was consequently unable to share directly in the bloody laurels of the 25th June.

It was evident that Admiral Hope had now but one resource left, namely, an attack upon the enemy's front; a flank attack was impossible; for it would have been simple folly to have landed seven hundred marines and sailors outside the bar, either to the northward or southward of Taku; the force was far too small to risk such a manœuvre. The Commander-in Chief's plan was simple and judicious. He had eleven gun-vessels; nine of them were to anchor close to the first barrier, as nearly abreast as possible without masking each other's guns. Captain Willes in the Opossum was to secure tackles to one of the iron piles, ready to pull it up when ordered, and then, under cover of the anchored gun-vessels, the Admiral and Flag-Captain in the Plover and Opossum were to pass on to the destruction of the second and third barriers. Whilst the Admiral thus carefully made his plans to meet a strong resistance, few in the squadron thought of anything but the fun and excitement of the coming day: many a witty anticipation was expressed as to promotion for another bloodless Chinese victory, mingled with jokes at the foolish obstinacy of John Chinaman. Daylight came; the forts were deceitfully calm; some thought an embrasure or two had been added during the night, but it was only certain that the second barrier, where it had been broken during the night by Captain Willes, was again thoroughly repaired. Everything had the appearance of simple obstinacy. With cock-crow all was activity in the squadron; at half-past three in the morning, a chorus of boatswains' mates' whistles had sent all hands to their breakfasts, and by four o'clock the vessels commenced to drop up into their assigned positions. The flood-tide was running strong, a muddy turbid stream flowing up a tortuous gutter; gradually that gutter filled, and the waters, ruffled by a fresh breeze, spread on either hand over the mud banks, and eventually washed the border of the reed-covered plain, and touched the basements of the huge masses of earth which constituted the forts of Taku. These lay silent and lifeless, except where at the flag-staff of one waved two black banners, ominously emblematic of the bloody day they were about to witness.

The Admiral commenced to move his squadron into action thus early, anticipating that by the time the flood-tide had ceased running, every vessel would have reached her position, the distance in no case being more than a mile; but the narrowness of the channel, the strength of the breeze, and force of current, occasioned great delay by forcing first one gunboat and then another ashore on the mud banks; added to which, the great length of the Nimrod and Cormorant caused them, when canting or swinging across the channel, almost to block it up. The consequence was, that the squadron was not ready for action at 11.30 A.M., or high water. Prior to high water it would have been folly to have commenced action. No judicious naval officer would engage an enemy's works whilst a flood-tide was sweeping in towards them. Had Admiral Hope done so, every disabled vessel and boat, as well as every wounded man, would have fallen into the hands of the Chinese; and, moreover, the difficulty of anchoring by the stern in gunboats, in so strong a tideway, can only be appreciated by seamen, and would have probably resulted in the whole force falling aboard of one another, and being swept by the tide, in one mass, under the concentrated fire of all the batteries. By one signal, "*Engage the enemy*," with the red pendant under, indicating as "*close as possible*," the cheers of the delighted ships' companies mingled with the roar of that first hearty broadside. All day long, through that stern fight, that signal, simple yet significative, flew from the mast-head of the heroic Admiral. Never was the need greater that every man should do his duty, and nobly they responded to the appeal. So well concentrated was the enemy's fire upon the space between the first and second barriers, that the Plover and Opossum appeared to be struck by every shot directed at them. The flag-ship was especially aimed at. Within twenty minutes both these vessels had so many men killed and wounded, and were so shattered, as to be almost silenced. Lieutenant-Commander Rason, of the Plover, was cut in two by a round shot. Captain M'Kenna, of the 1st Royals, on the Admiral's staff, was killed early, and the Admiral himself was grievously injured by a gun-shot in the thigh. The Lee and Haughty, under Lieutenant-Commanders W. H. Jones and G. Broad, now weighed, by signal, and advanced to the support of the Admiral.

The shattered Plover almost drifted out of her honourable position, having only nine men left efficient out of her original crew of forty. The Admiral, in spite of wounds and loss of blood, transferred his flag to the Opossum, and the battle raged furiously on either hand. A little after three o'clock, the Admiral received a second wound, a round-shot knocking away some chainwork by which he was supported in a conspicuous position, and the fall breaking several of his ribs. The Opossum had by this time become so disabled, that it was necessary to drop her outside the iron piles of the first barrier, where both she and the Plover received fresh crews from the reserve force, and again took their share in the fight.

There was now no false impression upon the mind of any one, as to the work they had in hand, or the novel amount of resistance they had to overcome. Retreat was disgrace, and in all probability total destruction; for the bar would be impassable long before the vessels could reach it—and who was going to think of retreat thus early? who wanted to be hooted at by all the world as men who fled before a Chinaman? No, strip and fight it out, was the general feeling from Captain to boy, and in a frenzy of delight with their chief, they went into their work like men, who, if they could not command success, would at any rate show that they deserved it. A pall of smoke hung over the British flotilla and the forts of Taku; under it flashed sharp and vividly the red fire of the combatants; the roar of great guns, the shriek of rockets, and rattle of rifles, was constant. No missile could fail to reach its mark; the dull *thung* of the enemy's shot as it passed through a gunboat's side, the crash of wood-work, the whistle of heavy splinters of wood or iron, the screams of the wounded, and the moans of the dying, mingled with the shouts of the combatants and the sharp decisive orders of the officers—all were "fighting their best!" And it was a close hug indeed, for the advanced vessels were firing at 150 yards' range, and the maximum distance was only 800 yards. Every officer and man rejoiced in this fact: for, forgetful of the enormous thickness of the parapets opposed to them, our gallant sailors fancied that all was in favour of a race who had never been excelled in a stanch fight at close quarters. The Lee and Haughty were now suffering much; the fire of the forts had been most deadly, and was in every respect as accurate as ours. The Admiral in his barge, although fainting from loss of blood, pulled to these vessels, to show the crews how cheerfully he shared the full dangers of their position; and they who advocate a British commander-in-chief being in the rear, instead of, as Nelson and Collingwood ever placed themselves, in the van of battle, ought to have witnessed the effect of Hope's heroic example upon the men under him that day; even the wounded were more patient and enduring owing to such an example.

By four o'clock the Lee had a hole knocked into her side below the bow-gun, out of which a man could have crawled: both she and the Haughty had all their boats and topworks knocked to pieces, and many shot had passed through below the waterline, owing to the plunging fire of the forts; their crews were going down fast; and the space between the first and second barriers was little better than a slaughter-house from the storm of the enemy's missiles, which in front and on both flanks swept over it. The Admiral had fainted, and was being taken to the rear for medical aid by his gallant secretary, Mr. Ashby,* when he recovered sufficiently to order the barge to conduct him to the most advanced vessel in the line. That post was now held by the Cormorant, Commander Wodehouse; for the Lee and Haughty had been obliged to retire for reinforcement and support. On board the Cormorant the flag of the Commander-in-Chief was hoisted; and he, though constantly fainting from loss of blood, was laid in his cot upon the deck to witness the battle, which still raged with unremitting ardour upon both sides, fresh guns' crews being brought up from the rear to replace the killed and wounded on board the vessels. First excitement had been succeeded by cool determination, and the men fought deliberately, with set teeth and compressed lips: there was no flinching the fight, there were no skulkers; and had there been any, there was no safety anywhere inside the bar of the Peiho: blood was up, and all fought to win or fall: even the poor little powder-boys did not drop their powder-boxes and try to seek shelter, but wept as they thought of their mothers, or of their playmates Dick or Bob who had just been killed beside them, and, with tears pouring down their powder-begrimed countenances, rushed to and from the magazines with nervous energy. "You never see'd any fighting like this at Greenwich School, eh, Bobby?" remarked a kind-hearted marine to a boy who was crying, and still exerting himself to the utmost. "No! Bombardier," said the lad, "but don't let them Chinamen thrash us!" Schoolboy pluck shone through the novel horrors of a sea-fight.

The enemy, whoever they were, Manchous or Mongols, men from the Amour, or, what is far more likely, renegades, deserters, and convicts, swept up from the frontier of Russian Siberia, fought admirably, and most cleverly. We have every goodwill towards the Mongolian Prince Sungolosin: we are quite ready to allow that, though at the head of the ultra-conservatism of China, and representative of that formidable section who prefer fighting England to submitting to her demands, he yet may be a progressionist in the art of attack and defence. Nevertheless, it does startle us to find that, between July 1858 and June 1859, Prince Sungolosin should have learnt to construct forts and block up a river upon the most approved principles of European art; that, for the first time, the embrasures were so arranged as to concentrate a fire of guns upon particular points; that mantlets, hereafter to be described, improvements upon those used at the great siege of Sebastopol, were fitted to every casemated gun; that guns in the bastions swept the face of the curtains; that the "*cheeks*" and "*soles*" of the embrasures were most scientifically constructed with a view to direction of fire; that reserve supplies of guns and carriages had been provided to replace those dismounted or disabled by our fire; and lastly, that the reinforcements were so cleverly masked, that our gunboats could only see that, as fast as they swept away a gun and crew in the fort with a well-directed shell, a fresh gun and fresh men were soon found to have replaced them; and we must distinctly express our firm belief, that upon all these points the Chinese received counsel and instruction, subsequent to the signing of the Treaty of Tientsin, from Russians, whether priests or officers matters little; and that, during that fight of the 25th June, it was evident to all who had ever fought Asiatics, that no ordinary tactician was behind those earthworks.

As the tide fell, so the fire of the forts became more plunging and destructive, whilst our gunners, though quite close, had to *aim upward* at the enemy. The experience of Sebastopol has shown that a horizontal fire will not dislodge a brave opponent from behind earthworks; of course it would be much less likely to do so when the assailants were so low as to have to fire in an oblique direction upward; and such was the relative position of the two antagonists at Taku. The body of the forts was soon found to be invulnerable, and the embrasures became the targets of our gunboats. Those on the *cavaliers* were subjected to a terribly accurate fire, yet, strange to say, the guns at these points were seldom silenced for any length of time. The Cormorant's bow-gun, on one occasion, in four successive shots, fairly knocked over the three guns in the face of the *cavalier* of the centre bastion—the whole squadron witnessed the fact, and saw the guns and crews shattered by the terrific effect of her solid 68-pounders—yet in a quarter of an hour other guns were there and stinging away as waspishly as ever.

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* The Flag-Lieutenant, Douglas, fought the Plover after the death of Lieutenant Rason, and Mr. Ashby acted not only during this day as secretary, flag-lieutenant, and signal-midshipman, but, after the death of Lieutenant Clutterbuck, commanded the tender Coromandel for a day or two.

At 4.20 P.M., the Admiral was obliged to yield to the entreaties of the medical men, and to the faintness arising from loss of blood: he handed over the immediate command of the squadron to the second in seniority, Captain Shadwell, who, supported by Captain Willes and Captain Nicholas Vansittart, carried on the battle.

Of the individual acts of valour and devotion with which such a combat is replete, how many escape observation!—whilst the mention of others often gives pain to the modest men, to whom the writer would fain do honour. At any risk, however, we must narrate an anecdote or two illustrative of the zeal and devotion displayed in this glorious fight.

When the Cormorant's bow-gun did the good service of silencing, in four shots, the centre *cavalier*, the Admiral, lying on his cot, was so struck with the accuracy of the aim that he immediately sent an aide-de-camp forward to obtain the name of the captain of the gun. The messenger found worthy Corporal Giles* at the full extent of his trigger-line, the gun loaded and run out; his whole mind was intent upon one object—hitting his enemy. "Muzzle right," said the honest marine. "Who fired those shots?" interposed the messenger; "the Admiral wants to know." "Well!" shouted the man to his crew, adding, "I did, sir," (to the officer). "Elevate!" "What's your name?" rejoined the messenger. "John Giles," said the marine, leaning back, shutting one eye, and looking along the sights of the gun, his left hand going up mechanically to the salute—"John Giles, corporal. "Well!" (this to his crew)—"Second company" (to the officer)—"Ready!—Woolwich division!—Fire! Sponge and load!—I beg your pardon, sir, No. 1275." We need not add that the worthy corporal was far more intent upon his work than mindful of the kind compliment his Admiral was paying him, and his best reward was the hurrah of his gun-mates as they watched the shot plunge into the enemy's embrasure.

"Opossum ahoy!" hails a brother gunboat captain; "do you know your stern-frame is all on fire?—for smoke and flame were playing round one end of the little craft, whilst from the other she was spitefully firing upon the foe. "Bother the fire!" was the rejoinder; "I am not going to knock off pitching into these blackguards for any burning stern-posts. No men to spare, old boy!"

"Werry hard hit, sir!" remarks the boatswain of the Lee to her gallant commander; "the ship is making a deal of water, and won't float much longer; the donkey-engines and pumps don't deliver one bucket of water for ten as comes into her!" "Cannot do more than we are doing," replies the commander—"it is impossible to get at the shot-holes from inside, and I will not *order* men to dive outside with shot-plugs, in this strong tide-way, and whilst I am compelled to keep the propeller revolving."

"There's no other way to keep the

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* We regret that we do not know the proper name of this gallant marine.

ship afloat, sir!" urged Mr. Woods, "and if you please, sir, I'd like to go about that 'ere job myself."

"As you volunteer, I'll not object, Woods," said the commander—"but remember it is almost desperate work; you see how the tide is running, and that I must keep screwing ahead to maintain station. You have the chance of being drowned, and if caught by the screw, you are a dead man."

"Well, sir!" said Woods, looking as bashful as if sueing for some great favour—"I knows all that, and as far as chances of death go, why, it is 'much of a muchness' everywhere just now; and if you will keep an eye upon me, I'll try what can be done."

Woods accordingly brought up a bag of seaman's clothes, tore it open, wrapped frocks and trousers round wooden shot-plugs, tied a rope's-end round his waist, and dived under the bottom of the Lee to stop up the shot-holes. Again and again the gallant fellow went down, escaping from the stroke of the screw as if by a miracle; for he often came up astern at the full length of his line, having been swept there by the tide. His exertions, however, were not successful, although he stopped as many as twenty-eight shot-holes; and the noble little Lee was soon found to be in a sinking condition. The Kestrel with colours flying, and still fighting under the gallant Lieut.-Commander Bevan, went down in her station at 5.40 P.M., and affairs began to look very serious; yet the last thing thought of was defeat. One gunboat swings end on to a raking battery, and a shot immediately sweeps away all the men from one side of her bow-gun, as if a scythe had passed through them. "This is what they call a ratification, Billy! ain't it?" remarks the captain of the gun to one of the survivors; and raising his right arm, red with the blood of his slaughtered comrades, he cursed in coarse but honest phrase the folly and false humanity which in the previous year had allowed these mandarins to march off almost unscathed, "whilst we was a-*looting* brass-guns for the Tooleries" (Tuileries). Phirr! came along a bar-shot and a mass of woodwork and splinters knocked over and almost buried a commander and master of one of the gunboats. The remaining officer, a warrant-officer, rushes up and pulls them out from under the wreck. Though severely bruised, neither was, happily, killed. "All right, I hopes, sir!" rubbing them down—"legs all sound, sir!—ah! you will get your wind directly—but you *must* keep moving, sir; if you don't, they're sure to hit you. I was just telling the chaps forward the same thing—shot never hits a lively man, sir!—and, dear me, don't they work our bow-gun beautifully—that's right, lads! that's right!" urged the enthusiastic gunner—"keep her going! Lor! if old Hastings* could have seen that shot, Jim, he'd have given you nothing to do at the *Admirality* for all the rest of your born days."

Thus manfully went the fight; explosions occurred now and then in the works, but nothing to indicate a destruction of any of the garrisons—the two black flags in the upper battery still waved gently in the light air, and no sign of surrender or distress appeared on the Chinese side, except that all the embrasures showed a severe punishment must have been inflicted upon the men working the guns within them, and there seemed to be an inclination to cease firing upon the part of the enemy, or only to fire in a deliberate and desultory manner. Exhaustion was beginning to tell upon our men, just at the time that the shattered condition of their vessels called for most exertion. By six o'clock all probability of forcing the barriers with the flotilla was at an end. The Kestrel was sunk, and the Lee obliged to be run on the mud to prevent her going down in deep water; many other vessels were filling owing to shot-holes—the Starling and Banterer aground—Plover disabled; and if the Nimrod or Cormorant, by any accident to their anchors or cables, fell across the stream, the channel would be blocked up, and all the squadron be lost. The senior officers saw that nothing now remained but to withdraw, if it were possible, the squadron from the fight; the difficulties, however, in the way of such a manœuvre were almost insuperable. It wanted yet nearly two hours before darkness would set in—the passage over the bar could not be effected before dark, on account of high water not occurring until midnight—the night was moonless—the probabilities great against the vessels being able to find their way in the dark, down so narrow and tortuous a channel—and so long as the vessels remained within the bar, so long also must they be within range of those hard-hitting long guns, of the effects of which they had had that day such bitter experience. The reserve force of 600 fresh men had not yet been brought into action—they were begging to be allowed to retrieve the trembling fortunes of the day; even the crews of the sinking gunboats only asked to be allowed to land and grapple with the foe, who skulked behind his earthworks, whilst they (stripped to their trousers) had fought upon their exposed and open decks. There was yet another reason, which doubtless had its weight: out of the 1100 men and officers selected by the Admiral from his fleet to carry out the service which the representative of his Sovereign had called upon him to execute, only 25 were killed and 93 wounded at 6.20 P.M., after four hours' close hard fighting. That loss was simply insufficient to justify any officer in acknowledging himself thoroughly beaten, or in abandoning an enterprise.

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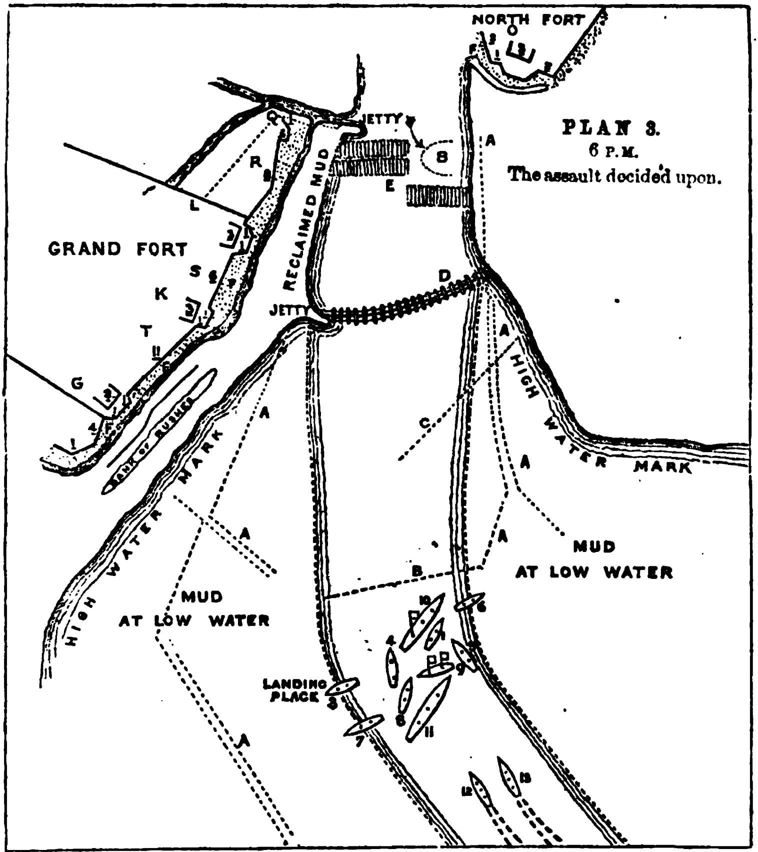
* A very irreverent allusion to Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings, who inaugurated the present excellent system of naval gunnery.

Uninterested spectators upon the bar may say, after the result, that they saw within ten minutes of the action being commenced, that the British would not succeed. It would have been an evil day for Admiral James Hope and his captains, had such an idea entered their heads at so early an hour. It is true, they felt that they had been inveigled into an ambush, but inasmuch as they went into it having taken every precaution against surprise, and prepared for battle, it remained alone for them to fight it out, and trust to their God for victory in a good cause.

The gallant-hearted Vansittart urged one last bold stroke to retrieve the honours of the day, and at any rate to save, if possible, the entire squadron from destruction. Captains Shadwell and Willes concurred in this view, though they well knew it was a neck-or-nothing attempt—in short, a forlorn hope, which might, if once fairly hand to hand with the enemy, drive him from his works, but at any rate the attempt would divert the fire from the shattered flotilla, and allow night to close in, and afford them an opportunity of saving all the vessels from destruction. And let any one weigh well what would have been the effect, throughout the seaports of China, to our countrymen and commerce, had those gallant officers lost all that squadron, as we believe they would have done in attempting a retreat at that juncture. The ingenious tactics of the enemy—Chinamen we will not call them—afforded just then an illusory ground for hope of a successful issue to an assault: they assumed the appearance of being silenced in many quarters, and only worked a gun here and there. An assault and escalade were at once ordered; the Opossum went to the rear, and, aided by the generous sympathy of the American Flag-Officer Tatnall—who, in his steamer the Toeywan, assisted very materially—the boats filled with the marines and small-arm men were brought up to the front.

At about seven o'clock, Captains Shadwell and Vansittart, Major Fisher, R.E., Colonel Lemon, R.M., Commanders John Commerell and W. A. J. Heath, and Commandant Tricault of the Imperial navy, headed this forlorn hope of seamen, sappers, and marines, their march across the mud being directed upon the outer bastion of the Grand Fort, as it appeared to have suffered most from the fire of our vessels. The cheers of the excited crews of the gunboats, the revived fire of the flotilla, and the dash of the boats to the point of disembarkation, warned the enemy but too well of the intended assault; and, to the astonishment of the assailants, from every work, every gun, and every loophole, a terribly destructive fire opened upon our devoted men as they waded through the deep and tenacious mud. In spite of shot, grape, rifle-balls, gingalls and arrows, the party, six hundred strong, formed a solid mass, and pressed forward, whilst close over their heads flew the covering-shots of their brethren in the vessels. It was a terribly magnificent sight to see that dark mass of gallant men reeling under the storm of missiles, yet, like a noble bark, against adverse wind and sea, still advancing towards its destination. Officers and men fell rapidly—Shadwell, Vansittart, and Lemon were soon badly wounded, and many a man fell grievously injured in the deep mud, to be quickly covered by the flowing tide; yet there was no lack of leaders—no hesitation in the dauntless survivors. It must be acknowledged that the garrison showed neither want of skill nor bravery; for in spite of the fire of the gunboats, they crowded parapets and embrasures, and opened a withering fire of musketry upon our men. At last a bank covered with rushes was reached—Commerell, Heath, Fisher, and Parke, still headed the devoted band, and they dashed into the first ditch, leaving, however, a very large proportion of killed and wounded


NORTH FORT
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6 P.M.
The assault decided upon.
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BANK OF RUSHES
C
HIGH WATER MARK
MUD AT LOW WATER
MUD AT LOW WATER
LANDING PLACE

Opossum and Toeywan, with boats in tow.

For Details, See Plan 1.

strewn along their path. The flotilla had now to cease firing upon the point of assault, lest it should injure friends instead of foes. The excitement of the gun-crews may be imagined, as they saw the night closing around their comrades wrapt in the blaze of the enemy's fire, and they heard the exultant yells of the garrison, and marked the faint and desultory cheers, and ill-sustained reply of the assailants. It was with difficulty that they could in some cases be restrained from rushing to join the good or evil fortune of the fray; five hours' fighting had made all indifferent to life. As one gunboat went down, the crew modestly suggested to the commander, that as they could do no more good in her, it would be as well "to go over the mud and join our chaps on shore!" It is not fair to say such men can be beaten; all had become imbued with the heroic spirit of their chief—the infection had even spread to the American boats' crews. The calculating long-backed diplomatists of the United States, who had sent their Admiral and Envoy to reap the advantages for which Englishmen were fighting and dying, forgot that there were certain promptings of the heart which override all selfish considerations; and that, in short, as flag-officer Tatnall observed, "blood is thicker than water," ay, than ink either. An American boat visited one of our vessels, and on wishing to leave her, the officer found all his men had got out of the boat. After some delay they were found looking very hot, smoke-begrimed, and *fightish*. "Halloa, sirs," said the officer with assumed severity, "don't you know we are neutrals? What have you been doing?" "Begs pardon," said the gallant fellows, looking very bashful; "they were very short-handed at the bow-gun, sir, and so we give'd them a help for fellowship sake;" they had been hard at it for an hour. Gallant Americans! you and your admiral did more that day to bind England and the United States together, than all your lawyers and pettifogging politicians have ever done to part us.

The issue of the assault was not long doubtful after crossing the first or tidal ditch, and wading through its deep mud and some yards of perfect quagmire; beyond it another deep wet ditch was found, into which about two hundred men and officers recklessly dashed, wetting ammunition and muskets; only fifty of them, however, headed by Commanders Commerell, Heath, and Tricault, reached the base of the works; the rest, 150 in number, of the survivors in the advanced party, lined the edge of the wet ditch. Every attempt to bring up scaling-ladders resulted in the destruction of the party, and the garrison threw out light balls, by which they could see to slay the unfortunate men outside the forts. The English were diminishing rapidly; there was no reserve or supports available; and at last, with deep reluctance, the leaders of this gallant band sent word to the senior officer afloat "that they could, if he pleased, hold their position in the ditches until daylight; but that it was impossible to storm without reinforcements." The order was therefore given for a retreat; and in the words of Admiral Hope, this difficult operation in the face of a triumphant enemy was carried out with a deliberation and coolness equal to the gallantry with which the advance had been accomplished. The last men to leave the bloodstained banks of the Peiho, after having saved every wounded man that could be recovered, were the two gallant commanders, Commerell and Heath; and the severity of the enemy's fire upon this assaulting-party is best shown by the fact, that out of about six hundred men and officers, sixty-four were killed, and two hundred and fifty-two were wounded.

The management of the retreat devolved upon the able flag-captain, J. O. Willes—a most trying and anxious duty; for the enemy opened a perfect *feu-de-joie* from all sides, upon vessels and boats, and for a while threatened total destruction to the force. By 1.30 A.M. on the 26th the survivors of the forlorn-hope were embarked, and the process of dropping out the gunboats commenced, with, however, but very partial success. The scene was terribly grand; the night was dark, the sea and land veiled in gloom, except where the fire-balls of the enemy and the flash of his guns brought out the forts and shattered flotilla in striking relief; the turbid stream, pent up in its channel by the wreck of sunken vessels and the Chinese barriers, chafed and whirled angrily past the repulsed ships, bearing on its bosom the wreck of the combat and the corpses of the dead. The moans of the wounded, the shouts of officers, the frequent strokes of boats' oars, alternated with the roar of cannon and the exulting yells of the victorious garrison. But there was a still more thrilling sight—that on the decks of the Coromandel, where the gallant Admiral, and Captains Shadwell, Vansittart,* and Colonel Lemon, lay surrounded with their dying and wounded followers. Nothing that medical foresight could provide to alleviate mortal suffering was wanting; yet their agonies were terrible to contemplate. The deck was lighted up with every available candle and lanthorn, aided by which the surgical operations were being carried on as rapidly as possible. A pile of dead, covered with the flag for which they had fought so well, awaited decent interment on the morrow. The medical officers, after sharing in all the dangers and labours of the day, now called to renewed exertion on behalf of suffering humanity, were to be seen exerting themselves with a zeal and solicitude as remarkable as the magnificent bearing of the poor fellows who, with shattered limbs, awaited their turn for amputation: it was, indeed, a scene of epic grandeur and solemnity.

We could fill a volume with anecdotes of calm endurance and heroism, which were almost childlike in their simplicity—of the poor fore-topman who, mortally wounded, was laid by his kind commander upon the sofa in his cabin, and as his life-blood oozed away, modestly expressed his regret at "doing so much injury to such pretty cushions!"—of the old quartermaster, whose whole shoulder and ribs had been swept away by a round-shot, and during the few hours prior to death expressed it as his opinion, that "them Chinamen hit hardish," and had only one anxiety—"whether the Admiralty would pay his wife for the loss of his kit?" But we need not, we feel assured, dwell upon such traits to enlist the sympathy of our countrymen on behalf of the men who fought so well, yet lost the day at Taku.

One fact struck every one—and it is a fact of which Admiral Hope may well be proud—that from the lips of those shattered men and officers there arose no complaint of having been wantonly sacrificed or misled; and had it been thought so, the anguish of the moment would assuredly have wrung it from their lips, and yet have met with kindly pardon. On the contrary, though all acknowledged themselves thoroughly beaten in the fight, yet every mouth rang with praises of the leader who had set them such an example; and had Admiral Hope next day called for volunteers to renew the fight, desperate as such a measure might have been deemed, there was not one of the remnant of his force that would not again have cheerfully followed him. A repulse arising from the blunders of a leader never meets such sympathy. Officers and men knew all had been done as they themselves would have suggested, had they been consulted. The Admiral had exhibited foresight, audacity, and gallant perseverance. They were ready to follow such a man to the death. Had he turned back without testing the foe, and endeavouring to take the forts, every man's tongue would have railed at him, and all England would have stamped him an incompetent leader.

The survivors knew that they had been partially entrapped, and had had to fight far more than mere Chinamen; and if defeated, they could point to their sinking vessels, to a loss in killed and wounded of 434 officers and men out of 1100 combatants, and ask their countrymen if they

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* The gallant Vansittart died subsequently; and we have to lament the loss of another officer, Commander Arinne Wodehouse, H.M.S. Cormorant, who recently succumbed to a fever, brought on by the exposure and anxiety on that day.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM—NOWADAYS.

OH tell me not that distant seas
Roll wide between me and my lover;
For he, I'm sure, is at his ease—
And I'm in clover.

And don't tell me that foreign parts
Will ever make me, dear, forget him;
Nor will he take to breaking hearts,
Unless I let him.

He writes to me by every post,
And every post takes back my answer;
He writes of "muffins," sleighs, and frost—
I of my dancer.

So don't tell me that I must mope,
While he's in Canada recruiting;
He's neither Bishop, Saint, nor Pope,
And fond of shooting.

I wish you'd write to him some day,
How very badly I'm behaving,
He'd send back word at once to say
He thought you raving.

He likes my going to a ball,
And talking German with Lord Rowan;
D'you think that, out at Montreal,
He flirts with no one?

Ah! you don't know him. I must own
I've seen you flirt, my pretty cousin,
But Willy soon would flirt you down,
And sev'ral dozen.

Don't talk such sentimental stuff;
You preach as if I were a baby;
As Willy says, "I'm not a muff,"
Nor he "a gaby."

I know he's very fond of me—
I know I'm very fond of Willy;
And as to doubts and jealousy,
We're not so silly.

We both intend to have our fun,
And then to marry one another;
And, as the music is begun,
Pray no more bother.

H. D. W.

ANOTHER PLEASANT FRENCH BOOK.

There is something inexpressibly cheering in the contact of an honest mind. We are all, at times, depressed and saddened, by the spectacle of what seems the privileged dishonesty of trade, politics, and literature, which fills us with forebodings as to the future of our race; and yet, after giving utterance to such gloomy forebodings, our faith in human integrity, and our hopes for human progress, are revived, whenever we have direct experience of one cheering exception. Enlightened by that one example, we reflect that the world must have salt enough to keep it at least from putrefying. We know as a matter of fact, that a man can be a tradesman, yet not be "meek and much a liar;" that he can be a statesman, and yet care more for his country than his place; that he can be a critic, and speak the truth of friend or foe. If we interrogate our experience, we find that even a landlady at a lodging-house may have a scrupulous conscience. Our world is really not in the miserable plight we had, in our impatience, supposed. And this renewal of hope is strengthened when we compare our experience with that of our friends; each has abundant examples of integrity to record, as a set-off against the laxity which is, alas! also abundant.

Something of this invigorating influence we feel when we make the acquaintance of a French writer like M. Ernest Renan. French literature has brilliant qualities, and many charms; far be it from us to gainsay these qualities, or to speak with wholesale disrespect of a literature which boasts so many noble minds; but, without alluding to the profoundly vicious tendency of most of its light and popular works—most vicious when affecting a moral tone—we think it will be generally admitted that, with rare exceptions, French literature displays intellectual adroitness and passionate rhetoric, rather than sweet seriousness and depth of earnest feeling. It is brilliant; but there is more light than heat. Those who have real convictions are too apt to seek only the triumph of their cause without regard to the means. The brain seems more active than the heart. It is, and always has been, rare to find a man deeply impressed with the importance of Truth, merely as Truth; still rarer to find a man with that natural piety which inspires respect for the convictions of others, merely because they are the convictions of human souls, no matter how little they may agree with his own. This quality of mind, in all countries rare, is peculiarly rare in France. There seems to be something in the French mind essentially unfavourable to it, as, indeed, to all true liberty whatever; and that something we should call a passion for despotism and system. The readiness with which they submit to all regulations of authority, is only another aspect of that impatient desire they have to regulate everything—to systematise Life, Art, Literature, and Science. Servility is only despotism in abeyance.

We will not pursue this subject. We have no desire to draw up an indictment against the French nation, or its literature; the more so as we are aware of the injustice which inevitably mingles in such general charges. There are splendid exceptions, even in France, to general charges, even the most undeniable. M. Renan is an example and an exception. Without being the most noticeable of French writers, he is the last whose acquaintance we welcome, as that of one who helps us to a more charitable view of the French mind, vindicating the beauty and integrity which *must* exist among our neighbours. We are unacquainted with his previous writings, but the volume just issued, entitled *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, has given us such agreeable hours, that we hasten to introduce it to the notice of our readers. M. Renan is a man of various and solid erudition; and oriental scholars speak of him with great respect. In this volume we have the weight rather than the display, of a well-stored mind: the scholar is felt rather than seen. The Essays reveal a man of sensitive moral nature; sweetly serious, very much in earnest, and not at all in a passion; liberal, and pensive even to sadness. He writes with precision, and with finished grace. But the charm of the Essays is, so to speak, the breath of a serious soul which comes from them. His opinions will often seem paradoxes to the majority of his countrymen; and to our countrymen they will sometimes be far from acceptable. But every one must feel that these opinions are the genuine products of the writer's mind.

The contents of this volume are various. There is first an essay on the French Liberals, *àpropos* of M. de Sacy; then appreciations of Victor Cousin, Augustin Thierry, and de Lamennais; these are followed by two articles on Italy and its Revolutions, succeeded by brief but interesting notices of Procopius, *Les Séances de Hariri*, an Arabian fiction, and the old French comedy, *La Farce de Patelin*; then comes a review of *Creuzer's Autobiography*, and an article showing the true position of the French Academy as a centre of opposition; and the volume closes with two essays, typical enough of his general views—one a protest against the Great Exhibition as utterly without poetry or elevation, the other a protest in favour of the Celtic poetry. As it is impossible we should follow him in his various course, we will pick out a few of the passages which our pencil has marked for agreement or disagreement, and hold, as it were, a conversation with him and the reader, glancing at this page, and dwelling upon that.

It is evident that M. Renan is very far from swelling the somewhat boastful chorus in praise of "our wondrous Mother-age." It wears to his eyes none of that halo which dazzles so many. Its triumphs of Industry are to him triumphs of Industry, nothing more; and he regards them but as feeble compensations for the defeats of nobler aspirations. There is something of native melancholy, he admits, in his pessimism; but although he is tempted, at times, to envy those whose happier natures make them more satisfied with life, reflection renders him proud of his pessimism—"Si je le sentais s'amollir, le siècle restant le même, je rechercherais avidement quelle fibre s'est rélachée en mon cœur." There will perhaps be among our readers some of a similar disposition; and it is well at the outset to warn them that the writer of this article belongs to the more hopeful class. Without being optimists we shall oppose the pessimism of M. Renan with that freedom which the reader, if a pessimist, will assuredly use towards us. Not that we intend to deny that there is some truth in the accusations M. Renan brings. There is truth enough in them to make his complaints something more than the outpouring of a melancholy mind, yet not enough to damp the ardour of more hopeful minds. We admire the austere charms of Albrecht Dürer's grand figure of *Melancholia*; but we are not fascinated and subjugated by it, as M. Renan seems to be. He thinks the moral levity of our age is greatly owing to our life having become too easy and too gay: "Et si l'idéal de bien être materialiste que rèvent quelques réformateurs venait à se réaliser, le monde, privé de l'aiguillon de la souffrance, perdrait un des moyens que ont le plus contribué à faire l'homme un être intelligent et moral." True enough; but man, "born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward," is in little danger of falling from his high estate by creating a form of society, materialist or other, which will leave no place for suffering. That *oistros* we shall surely never lose. But if there be no real danger of our degenerating because we shall become too happy, there are other dangers against which M. Renan pressingly warns us; and these are the encroachments of Despotism and Materialism.

The spectacle of his unhappy country may well excite his alarm; and this the more keenly, because, while he cordially detests and despises the tyranny of the Empire, and the servile bigotry of the *parti prêtre*, he sees with fatal clearness that the Revolution of '89, which he formerly believed to be the synonym of liberty, carried in its bosom the poison which necessarily destroys all liberty. He renounces '89. He protests against its violence, its code founded on a materialist conception of property, its disdain of personal rights, its levelling tendency under the pretext of equality, and its disregard of liberal culture. On the dreary flat which the levelling passion has made of France, he sees but one fortress standing erect—the fortress of intelligence: "Les gens d'esprit sont la vraie noblesse de notre histoire." The chivalry of France, at least since the time of the Valois, has been only distinguished by bravery, elegance, and frivolity. It wanted seriousness and morality. It forgot the essential function of an aristocracy—the defence of its rights, which were to a great extent the rights of the whole kingdom, against the king. From the seventeenth century, all the duties of the nobility seemed resumed in one—to serve the king. It only understood its privileges as a mark of superiority over the bourgeoisie; its prerogative was a principle of contempt, not of true pride—a motive of servility and impertinence rather than a duty to be performed. The only protectors France has had have been the men of intelligence. They have resisted, they have kept alive the sacred fire. Even to this day it is only in this class that Louis Napoleon finds formidable enemies.

But although M. Renan looks to the aristocracy of intellect as the source of salvation for France, he is very far from sharing the opinions popular among that aristocracy. One fault of the Liberals has been, he says, the pretension of doing without *traditions*, and of forming society solely on a basis of logic. He deplores the loss of municipal institutions, and the provincial spirit of independence; he regards centralisation as a despotism and a curse. "L'erreur de l'école libérale est d'avoir trop cru qu'il est facile *de créer la liberté par la réflexion*, et de n'avoir pas vu qu'un établissement n'est solide que quand il a des racines historiques." The truth of this is becoming every year more evident. We are a part of the Past, as the blossom is of the root. Life is not a theorem which can be constructed; society is an organism which must *grow*. The *école libérale* commits the same mistake as has been so fatal to China: "Je veux dire cette fausse opinion que la meilleure société est celle qui est rationnellement organisée pour son plus grand bien." It seems a paradox to say that society should not be "organised for its good;" and yet a larger logic teaches us that just as organisms must *grow*, carrying with them the imperfections of hereditary tendencies, and cannot be constructed on "rational principles;" so also must society grow, developing itself from the past, good and evil together. M. Renan finely says, that the *école libérale*, in its rationalising scheme "oublia que le respect des individus et des droits existants est autant au-dessus du bonheur de tous qu'un intérêt moral surpasse un intérêt purement temporel." No one will dispute that many of the existing rights are indefensible on a logical view of the social fabric; but they are rights, and as rights ought to be sacred. Of the two political systems which divide the world, M. Renan says, France has preferred the one which is based on *abstract* right, to the one which is based on *established* right; because France is the "country of logic and generous ideas." Who would reproach her, since it is owing to this glorious fault that she achieved the splendour of her history and the sympathy of the world? Yet the nation which, in perfect sincerity, desired to achieve the liberty of the human race, was unable to found her own. Serfs purchasing their freedom penny by penny, and after centuries of effort becoming not the equals of their masters, but able to exist in their presence, have in modern times become more perfectly free, than the nation which even during the middle ages proclaimed the rights of man. Liberty bought or conquered bit by bit, has been more durable than liberty decreed. "En croyant fonder le droit abstrait, on fondait la servitude; tandis que les hauts barons d'Angleterre, fort peu généreux, fort peu éclairés, mais intraitables quand il s'agissait de leurs privilèges, ont en les défendant fondé la vraie liberté."

M. Renan selects the case of public instruction as one best fitted to show the evils of the principles adopted by the *école libérale*. England, Germany, and old France had provided for education by rich corporations almost independent of the State. France has now, according to her wont, endeavoured to solve the difficult problem "par l'administration." Every year each town of France receives from the bureau in the Rue de Grenelle, men of whom it knows nothing, and who are commissioned to educate children according to certain rules adopted in the Rue de Grenelle. Every school must have a library of fifteen hundred volumes; every school must contain the *same* works; no work can be used there without the authorisation of the Minister of the Interior. This "creation" has been immensely applauded; it has numerous admirers in our own country; and that it would be the best possible mode of educating a nation, if the Ministers of Public Instruction were always the wisest and the best of men, no one will dispute. Unluckily the hypothesis that the administrative power will always be in the hands of the wisest and best is one which will find few adherents. And if the Minister should happen to be bigoted, narrow-minded, servile, and opposed to the free culture and development of mankind, this system of public instruction will be one to raise a nation of slaves and bigots.

But we must not be seduced into political questions. We have indicated M. Renan's point of view, in which the majority of our readers will probably agree. It is more questionable whether they will equally agree with him in his protest against Industrialism, which, in common with many other writers, he stigmatises as Materialism. And first we would suggest that Materialism is a word which has been too much used and abused; indeed, serious men will do well in future to avoid altogether a term which is so equivocal, and carries with it such degrading connotations. There is an order of conceptions which relates to material things, and another order of conceptions which relates to things spiritual—the intellectual and moral sentiments. We are not aware that any one disputes the distinction; and if there is any one so absurd as to maintain that intelligence and morality are to be estimated by the degrees of perfection attained in Cotton and Machinery, this materialism, however ridiculous, would not be worse than a spiritualism which endeavoured to manufacture cotton or construct railways on transcendental principles. There are minds indifferent to the glories of art and literature, and passionately alive to the glories of industry. There are other minds indifferent to industry, and devoted to art. There may be, and indeed, in the present condition of Europe, there must be, more of the first than of the second; and from time to time an energetic protest in favour of the claims of the minority may be called for. But unless the admirers of industry are as indifferent to religion, morality, and science as they are to art and to philosophy, it is an abuse of language to call them materialists. The word materialism connotes a denial of things spiritual. A manufacturer may admit that he thinks material progress more beneficial than progress in art or philosophy; but even he would assert that unless the material benefit was followed by a corresponding moral benefit, it would scarcely be worth striving for.

Having premised thus much, let us hear M. Renan's complaints. He admits that at no previous period in the history of the world has there been such a clear-sighted theory of the universe and of humanity; that there is in some thousands of our contemporaries, more penetration, insight, real philosophy, and moral delicacy than in all the previous centuries together: but this rich culture is almost without influence. A gross materialism, which only estimates things according to their immediate utility, tends more and more to assume the direction of the world, and to cast into the shade all that only serves to content the taste for the beautiful, or pure curiosity. Domestic cares, with which society formerly occupied itself but little, have become our great affairs; and the masculine pursuits of our forefathers have given place to humbler efforts. Adopt what religion or philosophy you will, he continues, man is here below for an ideal, transcendental end, something superior to mere enjoyment and material interests. But does material progress contribute to bring us nearer to such an end? Has the world, since this transformation, become on the whole more intelligent, more honest, more anxious about liberty, more sensitive to what is noble and beautiful? That is the whole question.

Truly, that is the question; and while every one will agree with him that material progress can never be considered a compensation for moral decadence, the whole force of his philippic against our age rests on the assumption that there is this moral decadence. We may be permitted to doubt the truth of this assumption. Like Mr. Carlyle, and some other writers, M. Renan takes for granted that our superiority in industrial skill has been purchased by an inferiority in other directions. But we cannot think that a dispassionate survey of the condition of England—the first of industrial nations—detects an inferiority in intelligence, morality, love of liberty, or appreciation of noble life, as compared with previous centuries. There may be a tendency in some quarters to over-estimate the value of material progress. We think *there* is this tendency, and that it is vicious; but we have no fears that the nobler fibres of our life will cease to move us, or cease energetically to protest against such over-valuation. Look at industrial England, and ask whether the great ideas of Religion, Morality, Liberty, and Science, are banished from the minds of active men. M. Renan thinks that industry is good and honourable, but not noble. "L'utile n'ennoblit pas: cela seul ennoblit qui suppose dans l'homme une valeur intellectuelle et morale." Perhaps so; but does useful labour *exclude* noble life? That is the question. He considers that virtue, "genius, science, when disinterested and pursued with purely speculative aims, piety, and military greatness (!) ennoble life." But who will seriously aver that these are incompatible with industrial progress? It was a favourite topic with certain writers, that England had become enervated by a long peace, until the sudden illumination of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava revealed the folly of such declamation. And it has long been a stereotyped paragraph in French literature, that the English care only for "le *confortable*," interest themselves "aux petites choses bien plutôt qu' aux grandes idé.s at aux grandes passions." But is it the fact? Are we insensible to great ideas and great passions? Do we prefer comfort to freedom; do we neglect Religion, Morality, and Philosophy, for our mess of pottage? If we are not an artistic race, are we therefore materialist? If the English do not interest themselves in certain "great ideas," which to the French and German mind seem of pre-eminent importance, it is because the English, by temperament, no less than by education, see reason to question the value and the truth of these ideas; not because industrial activity has made them forget the nobler aims of life. The Englishman is as deeply interested in religious and philosophical questions as the Frenchman or the German; but he has little faith in the representative abstractions and the metaphysical methods which occupy his neighbours. We are reproached with being a nation of shopkeepers; the truth simply being that, *as* shopkeepers, we surpass other nations; and this superiority in industry is only *one* of the many evidences of our national power. Are we inferior as sailors, soldiers, thinkers, and writers? Is there a richer, nobler literature than our own? Are our men of science unworthy of a place beside their Continental rivals? Are our poets—in spite of our alleged unpoetical character—inferior to those of France and Germany? We have never been great in music, painting, or sculpture; but he is a bold man who will assert that, in other directions, this shopkeeping, comfort-loving, cleanly, prosaic England is inferior to any nation. In every department of Intellect we have been eminent. In the difficult art of self-government, uniting a deep the

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to be better, or wiser, or hap-
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ting on in life" has taken the
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we endeavour at least to *seem* to
By imitating some of the ex-
s of wealth, we try to cheat
into the belief that we are
than we are; and all in vain:
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in silks or muslins which a
s formerly would have been
wear; in vain are the new-
isian fashions rapidly imitated
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wn to be a servant, and not a
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ofessional man succeed in per-
his friends, by his dinners
in de maison, that he is "get-
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e success is but small, and the
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the Poetry of the Great
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convened its multitudes to-
ithout proposing to them an
. "Twice has Europe sent its
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lise, and to compare manu-
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grimage, no one has com-
hat something was missing."
undertakes to show that, in
ious history of the world,
the epochs which were great in art, were epochs in which the "comfortable" was unknown. Comfort excludes beauty. An English jug is certainly more adapted to its purpose than a Greek vase; but the Greek vase is a work of art, the English jug will never be more than a utensil. What then? If the utensil be intended for art, it is a failure; but if intended for use, it is a success. The only conclusion we can draw is, that art, appealing to other feelings than those appealed to by manufactures, should never enter into competition with use. It would be doubtless a painful thought, if probable, that art should ever be banished from life, and poetry give place to industrial energy; but while man continues to have an emotive, sensitive, aspiring soul, there is little fear lest poetry should die out. Art driven from Vases by the stern necessities of Life, will find some other mode of expressing itself.

M. Renan loves the past, and lingers fondly over every vestige which remains of the life that once was vigorous on earth. Our readers will probably share this feeling, this natural piety which links the present generations with the past. "Poetry and morality," he says, "are two different things; but they both presuppose that man is not the creature of a day, without ties which unite him to the infinite which precedes, and without responsibilities to the infinite which succeeds him. I confess it would be impossible for me to reside, or even to travel with pleasure, in a country where there were neither archives nor antiquities. That which gives interest and beauty to things, is the trace of man having passed there, loved there, suffered there." It seems to us, however, that M. Renan, like many others, in vindicating the claims of the past, forgets that the past itself was once a present; and if piety towards the generations that have been checks the too ready scorn or indifference which is sometimes felt and expressed for the days of old, the same piety towards the generations that are, and are to be, should check the tendency to flout and scorn our own age. Not that M. Renan is a narrow-minded worshipper of the past. "Do not let us too generously accord to the past," he says, "a moral force which has always been the appanage of but a few. Virtue diminishes or augments according as the imperceptible aristocracy in which human nobleness resides, finds or does not find an atmosphere in which to breathe and propagate." And this atmosphere, he thinks, is vitiated by industrial development. A fatal law of modern society condemns more and more the life of him who cannot produce what has a money value. The ideal of such a state is one in which every man should be a producer. "But who does not see that such a state, if it were ever constituted (which I do not believe possible), would render our planet uninhabitable for those whose duty precisely is that they should *not* sacrifice their internal liberty for a material advantage." As he disbelieves in the impossibility of such a condition of things, why sound the alarm? He might reply, that although the extreme case is impossible, it serves to show what is the *tendency* of an order of things, which, if unchecked, would lead to such results. And here we may remark on a very common fallacy, which vitiates the reasonings of all classes of men on almost every subject. There is no line of argument more common than that which consists in putting what is called "an extreme case," and from that concluding as to the value of any intermediate position. To show that alcohol and tobacco are poisonous, when drunk diluted in wine or spirits, and when smoked in pipe or cigar, experiments are cited in which concentrated alcohol, and the oil of tobacco, act as violent poisons. What is true of a large dose must, say these philosophers, be true in a minor degree of a small dose. It is all a question of degree. The difference between an arctic winter and a tropical summer is likewise only a difference of degree. The fall of a particle of brick-dust, and the fall of a brick-bat on your head, are differences of degree. There is, nevertheless, something more in the effect. No one thinks of blaming another whom he sees approaching a fire to warm himself, although the *tendency* of an approach to a fire is towards his being burnt to a cinder. "Do not go near that fire, however pleasant the warmth may be, because if you go too near you will be scorched." "But I have no intention of going too near." "Very true; I am only putting an extreme case, showing what the inevitable result of approaching a fire will be." This sounds very absurd, yet it is an exact parallel to arguments daily used. The extreme case is put as a logical development of certain conditions. But the logic halts, because those who put the extreme case omit the other half of the conditions; they take into consideration only the line of direction and the properties of fire, without also considering the changes of sensation which take place in the man as he approaches the fire. The very motive which brings a man near a fire—namely, his uneasy sensations—checks his further approach when the fire begins to scorch him. In like manner, the very motives which make men adopt certain modes of action will, on the whole, prevent their carrying those actions to the extreme, which would be injurious.

Let us apply this to the case put by M. Renan. Let us grant that the industrial element, if once it were supreme and universal, would banish from society all poetry, all liberty. Inasmuch as he admits that such an extreme case can never occur, he must believe that human beings have other feelings besides those appealed to by industrial success; and these feelings will not only demand their satisfaction, but warn us against a too precipitate industrial movement. His own eloquent protest should have furnished him with proof of this resistance of the poetical instinct. "Ferez vous de l'artiste un industriel produisant des statues ou des tableaux d'après la commande expresse ou supposée de l'acheteur? Mais n'est-ce pas supprimer du même coup le grand art?" This is one of those questions which require perfect explicitness in language, before they can be explicitly answered. It is quite clear that no good art can be produced "to order." Unless it be born and matured in the artist's own mind, it will be manufacture, not art—a *rifac-*

cimento of existing materials, not a vision of what is new. The purchaser of a picture, or a statue, may reasonably say, "I want a picture of a certain size, and in a certain style; can you paint me such?" If the artist can do so, he probably will; if not, the purchaser goes elsewhere; but wherever he finds the artist ready to meet his wishes, he can only stipulate for price, size, and style: he cannot interfere with the artist's originating. The love and vision out of which a work of art will issue, cannot be commanded—cannot even be willed by the artist himself. Thus, whether the artist find a purchaser for what has issued out of this love and vision, or whether no one but himself will ever prize it, the money, or no money, which may reward his labours, is a subsequent, and, as respects art, indifferent matter. The creation of art is not industrialism. The disposal of a work of art is. All the gold of California would be insufficient to buy a single poem, or a single picture, unless the poet and the painter had seen and suffered what their art expressed. All that industrialism can do to favour art, is by stimulating the artist to labour more; and all that it can do to deteriorate art, is by seducing the artist to become a rapid manufacturer.

Grant that art cannot be produced "to order," that the artist must first *be* an artist, and create because the faculties within him imperiously demand exercise, and the question of whether he shall be paid in money, becomes quite subsidiary. A brave strong man, beholding another struggling with flames or the waves, rushes to the rescue, because he is prompted by sympathy, not because the grateful man will perhaps reward that assistance in money. No sum of money will tempt the coward, or the unfeeling man. And if the consciousness that a large reward will follow, does mingle with the motives which urge a man to the rescue of his fellow—if it act as a stimulus, this is surely not a matter for regret. Yet M. Renan is apparently of those who would regret it. He seems to believe that the fact of an artist being paid tends to degrade art. He would pay professional and mercantile labour, but not the labour of science or art: "L'industrie rend à la société d'immenses services, mais des services qui, après tout, se payent par de l'argent. A chacun sa récompence: aux utiles selon la terre, la richesse, le bonheur dans le sens terrestre, toutes les benedictions de la terre; au génie, à la vertu, la gloire, la noblesse, la pauvreté." So true is this, he says, that the only "industriels qui aient vraiment forcé les portes du temple de la gloire sont ceux qui ont été persecutés ou méconnues. Il est souverainement inique que Jacquart n'ait pas été riche, et parcequ'il a vécu pauvre, la gloire lui à été justement décernée." Yet history has another story to tell. Stephenson was not poor; Watt was not poor. Shakespeare, Goethe, Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Rubens managed to secure their share of the good things of this life, without missing the reward of glory. In fact, as we before hinted, the artist produces his work because he is an artist; whether or not that work will be rewarded in hard cash and present renown, depends upon a variety of conditions; but paid and applauded, or unpaid and neglected, he will work on, if the noble impulse lives with him.

On the whole, therefore, we cannot agree in the somewhat gloomy view which M. Renan takes of our age and its industrial tendencies. We can understand how his meditative pensive spirit may be depressed by the spectacle of much that it contemplates, especially in France. We can sympathise with his protest against the political and moral lassitude, which would abdicate the nobler strivings in favour of a servile contentedness with some material advantages. We can even understand that such a voice of warning may not be without its effect. But our more hopeful minds refuse to accept his sombre descriptions. Sharing his repugnance at the idea of an industrial supremacy which would paralyse moral and intellectual vigour, we do not believe such a supremacy to be probable, we do not believe Europe likely to forego its birthright for the mess of pottage.

M. Renan is a great advocate for

Liberty, which means individual freedom; and, being a wise man, he has a profound distrust of that chimerical equality which nature has emphatically declared can never be. Individual energy, and individual character, are the born enemies of that mediocrity which aims at uniformity. So impressed is he with the value of individuality, that, although a Frenchman, and a distinguished writer, he actually protests against the supremacy of the French classics; and this not in the spirit of opposition which in 1880 founded the noisy *Ecole Romantique*, but in the spirit of catholic appreciation which an Englishman or German might display. "On ne peut refuser au dix-septième siècle le don spécial qui fait les littérateurs *classiques*, je veux dire une certaine combinaison de perfection dans la forme et de mesure (j'allais dire de médiocrité) dans la pensée, grace à laquelle une litterature devient l'ornement de toutes les mémoires et l'apanage des écoles; mais les limites qui conviennent aux écoles ne doivent pas être imposés à l'esprit humain." He is willing to admit the admirable qualities of style which distinguish these classics, and thinks that in all times they must be enjoyed by men of taste; but he doubts whether men can continue to have recourse to them for consolation, enlightenment, encouragement. We have outgrown the intellectual condition of the age which produced that literature; our horizon is widened, our insight deepened; our wants are altered, and our knowledge is more exact. "Il est difficile que la faveur du public qui lit, non par acquit de conscience, mais par besoin intime, s'attache indéfiniment à des livres où il y a peu de choses à apprendre sur les problèmes qui nous préoccupent, où notre sentiment moral et religieux est fréquemment blessé." This will seem very daring to the majority of Frenchmen. The idea of their "grands écrivains" no longer being held as the models of perfect literature, which moderns may amuse themselves in imitating, but can never equal, will be painful where it is not exasperating. There is in all nations a strong disposition to exalt the old writers at the expense of contemporaries; and the writers now reverenced as classics had in their day to suffer this injustice, and were invidiously compared with their predecessors. But this tendency, everywhere strong, is peculiarly strong in France, owing to that servility natural to the French mind which makes it peculiarly prone to worship established power, and to domineer over individuals. M. Renan would probably assign another cause; for he doubts whether the French mind, with all its brilliant external qualities, and its absence of moral and religious depth, be destined to anything higher than captivating the world by sonorous rhetoric, and astonishing it from time to time "par des brutales apparitions."

It is evident from what has been already cited, that M. Renan is not one of those Frenchmen who proclaim France the centre and the light of the universe. It is also evident in his articles on Victor Cousin and Lamennais, that he is not of those Frenchmen who care more for eloquence and felicity of phrase, than for truth and honesty. He is too good a writer not to love good writing; too serious a man not to despise the sacrifice of matter to form. In the estimate of Victor Cousin, which is written with exquisite courtesy, and evident admiration for that writer's oratorical ability, we see plainly enough how he has gauged the shallow and insincere mind of that celebrated professor. After speaking of Cousin's oratorical power, he adds with a sarcasm terrible in its truth:—"L'éloquence comme l'entendit M. Cousin a des exigences impérieuses. Toutes les doctrines ne sont pas également éloquentes; et je crois bien que plus d'une fois M. Cousin a du se laisser entrainer vers certaines opinions, autant par la considération des beaux développements aux quels elles prêtaient, que par des démonstrations purement scientifiques." He also gently ridicules M. Cousin for his claptrap patriotism in proclaiming Descartes the greatest of philosophers, and his philosophy "la philosophie Française." To his auditors it was doubtless tantamount to a demonstration of the truth of the philosophy, to say that it was peculiarly French. Majendie was wont to employ the same trick; and whenever he opposed a physiological theory, pronounced that it was not "la physiologie Française," which of course closed the question.

The article on Augustin Thierry will be read with great interest by all the admirers of that conscientious scholar and admirable man; whereas the article on Lamennais will probably irritate all the admirers of that writer who, according to M. Renan, was neither a philosopher, a politician, nor a savant, but an admirable poet, obedient to a Muse *sévère et toujours irritée*. The metaphors which he at first employed against liberal ideas were afterwards turned against kings and the Pope. His rhetoric had little variety; "l'enfer en faisait tous les frais." His rhetoric was that of the priests; he raised up a phantom which he called Satan, and which he made the representative of the evil he had to destroy; "puis il frappait de coups terribles et retentissants. Le souci de l'exactitude ne le préoccupait jamais."

In the article on Procopius, M. Renan once more discusses the vexed question of the authorship of that *chronique scandaleuse*, which one party believes Procopius wrote as a secret vengeance — a hypocrite's "aside"—and which another party stoutly maintains he never did write. The *Historia Arcana*, whether written by Procopius or not, must always remain a questionable source for historical students; even when a *chronique scandaleuse* contains some truth, it still remains scandalous, and the amount of truth is not ascertainable. There was doubtless something piquant and attractive to historians in the idea of Justinian, who had, till the commencement of the seventeenth century, made so majestic a figure in history, suddenly losing that prestige of panegyric, and finding a detractor, if not a detector. His name was attached to that code which gave legislation to Europe. And the Middle Ages had almost canonised him, no less than his courtesan Theodora. To discover that Cæsar is bald, will always delight the mass of mankind; to discover that a hero was a scoundrel, seems also agreeable to many. Justinian had been without a satirist and without a critic until 1620, when Alemanni discovered, among the manuscripts of the Vatican, the unpublished appendix, as it were, to the eight books of official eulogy which Procopius had written on the reign of Justinian. In this supplementary book the historian pretended to reveal the truth. In what he had previously written he was under the coercion of an official position, and in fear of a tyrant's vengeance. He spoke, therefore, with the same nice regard for truth as M. de Cassagnac or M. de Laguerrionière display when they speak of the acts and intentions of Louis Napoleon. But in this *Historia Arcana* he was resolved to unburthen his mind; a resolution which may some day occur to M. de Cassagnac, if a good chance presents itself. But Procopius does not deny the suspicion which must attach itself to all such tardy revelations. If he was an official liar, by his own confession, how can he be accredited as a veridical historian in his private character? If his panegyric was written under the pressure of servile motives, what guarantee have we that his accusation was not written under the pressure of motives equally base?

The picture presented of Justinian and Theodora in the *Secret History*, is that of two demons delighting in evil, not of two human beings. When writers like Montesquieu and Gibbon accord historical credit to such libels, they forget that the very exaggeration of the accusation robs it of value as testimony. It is more than probable that Justinian and Theodora were not saints; but it is certain they were not devils. If the only evidence we have of their infamy is what a secret pamphlet, the avowed product of a liar, can furnish, we are bound to treat that evidence as worthless. M. Renan justly remarks that love of evil for the sake of evil has never been sufficient to sustain a life, or to serve as a principle of government. Making every allowance for official flatteries, and separating the personal from the regal character of a sovereign, and admitting that bad men may perform actions which will give them a sort of false air of great men, it is impossible to believe that a monster could have left such a name in history as that of Justinian—impossible to admit that a reign so glorious by its administration, its legislation, and its policy, could have been the work of a Domitian, aided by a Messalina. It is true that execrable tyrants ruled Rome, and Rome still remained the mistress of the world. But here the case is quite different. Under Justinian, Rome did not preserve her acquired supremacy; she *revived* from an expiring condition, and once more seized the sceptre of the world.

Moreover, the general suspicion which must attach itself to all such secret and tardy revelations, becomes confirmed when the manner of the historian is examined. He delights in vague declamations without definite statements to warrant them; or he collects the absurd scandals current in Grecian cities, and among the idle gossips of the court and antechamber. Sometimes Justinian is an ass, at others an astute tyrant exercising prodigious intellectual activity. Then, again, as M. Renan notices, it is difficult to reconcile the accusations of infamous debauchery with the sobriety and indefatigable ardour for work which is not refused the tyrant.

What, then, is the truth about Justinian? We do not know; we never can know. There may be a foundation for the accusations of Procopius, but the exact amount of truth they contain can never be estimated. M. Renan thinks that the emperor was "un esprit serieux et appliqué, mais lourd et grossier." The performances of horses and ballets seem to have been his sole artistic pleasures. This, in a private person, would have been comparatively harmless; but the tastes of absolute monarchs are not indifferent matters: "il n'est pas permis à celui dont les préférences sont des lois d'avoir telle littérature qu'il lui plait." It was also a serious misfortune that the emperor had a passion for theological controversy, and shed torrents of blood about subtleties.

But we must not longer dwell on this subject, nor on M. Renan's charming pages. We commend the book to the meditation of all lovers of serious and delicate literature; a book in which they will find much that runs counter to their own opinions, but in which an honest, thoughtful, elevated mind is everywhere manifest. It is in many respects a protest; but such protests are needed. As M. Renan well says "À toutes les époques, il y a eu une basse littérature; mais le grand danger de notre siècle est que cette basse littérature, profitant de nos désastres, tend de plus en plus à prendre le premier rang."

POPULAR LITERATURE—PRIZE ESSAYS.

EVERYBODY knows the story of the pedlar selling cheap knives at a fair. "Selling them off!—selling them off! Who'll buy?—only a sixpence—here you air, sir,—another sold—they are made to sell—going cheap—sixpence each—nothing like them—warranted to sell, sir, warranted to sell—sold three hundred and twenty-three to-day; who'll buy?" It so happened that one of the purchasers, in the simplicity of his heart, returned to the pedlar with the information that the knife he had bought was worthless, and utterly incapable of mischief. He argued that the trader, having warranted the quality of the knife, ought now to return the money. "Wot did I say, sir?" was the reply. "Did I say they was warranted to cut? I said they was warranted to sell, and they 'ave sold. You got it cheap, and you can 'ang it on the mantelpiece, along o' the spotted chiney dog that stands there, I know, looking up everlasting at your grandmother's sampler. You must learn to spell your grandmother's sampler, my man, afore you ketch me giving back the money." To some people it will appear an awful heresy if we class prize essays among the ware in which our friend the pedlar delighted; but, in all soberness, there is a deception about them which ought to be laid bare. The object of writing a book is that it may be read; but the object of writing a prize essay is achieved in the mere fact that it is written. In truth, nobody does read a prize essay. The chief producers of this commodity are amateurs who have no notion of writing, and with infinite difficulty send forth an article which has the same relation to a genuine book that shoddy has to broadcloth. Now and then it is true that a practised hand competes for the prize, and produces something better than usual; while, as in the case of the Burnett Prizes, when the reward is sufficiently enticing, the successful works are considerably above the average, and well worthy of public recognition. But, as a general rule, prize essays must be considered the work of amateurs; and it is in connection with the system of amateur writing, which has of late sprung up among us, that they are chiefly interesting. It is in this aspect that we propose to examine the subject, in the first place; and then, in the second place, we may go on to answer a question that will naturally arise out of our examination,—namely this. How is it that the offer of prizes for intellectual labour has most signally failed? We can get prize oxen and prize pigs that come up to our expectations; but prize essays, prize poems, prize monuments, prize designs of every kind, are notoriously failures in this country, no matter how high we bid. For the Duke of Wellington's monument the offer was some £20,000, and we all know the disappointment which the exhibition of the designs created. Why, we may well ask, should success be casual and failure almost certain?

To begin with the subject of the amateurs, the circumstance that in these competitions the candidates are known, or at least are presumed to be known, only by certain mottoes written on the backs of sealed envelopes, which contain the real name and address, makes a grand opening for aspiring novices. They are invited to fight with visors down in a tournament where there is a chance of reaping honour, and no chance of being publicly discredited; and on these terms men who have never handled a sword in their lives are willing to enter the lists. The pleasant proposal meets the wishes of hundreds upon hundreds throughout the country, who, having a taste for reading, very naturally aspire to write. It is impossible to cultivate the taste for reading without also exciting this desire to write. Not only is it that we are imitative animals, and long to do what we admire—to play the game as well as to see it played; the fact is, that we never read satisfactorily until we learn to write; sooner or later we all find that our reading is of little avail to us until its results are something more than a passive memory—until they take some active shape. This is merely putting Bacon's remark into a different form. "Reading," said that philosopher, "maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not." When we speak of the *cacoëthes scribendi*, and laugh at the idea of every man in the country setting himself down to write, we ought to remember these pregnant remarks. A man never knows what he has read until he has either talked about it or written about it. Talking and writing are digestive processes which are absolutely essential to the mental constitution of the man who devours many books. But it is not every man that can talk. Talking implies, first of all, a readiness on the part of the speaker, and, next, a sympathetic listener. It is therefore, as a digestive process, the most difficult, if it is the most rapid in its operation. Writing is a different affair; a man may take his time to it, and he does not require a reader; he can be his own reader. It is an easier although more formal process of digestion than talking. It is in everybody's power; and everybody who reads much makes more or less use of it, because, as Bacon says in the above passage, if he does not write, then he ought to have extraordinary faculties to compensate for such neglect. It is in this view that we are to understand the complaint of a well-known author, that he was ignorant of a certain subject, and the means by which he was to dispel his ignorance—namely, by writing on it. It is in this view that the monitorial system of instruction has its great value—to the monitors it is the best sort of teaching. It is from the same point of view that Sir William Hamilton used to lament the decay of teaching as a part of the education of students at the universities. In the olden time it was necessary to the obtaining of a degree that the graduate should give evidence of his capacity as a teacher; and in the very titles of his degree, as magister and doctor, he was designated a teacher. A man never knows anything, Sir William used to say, until he has taught it in some way or other—it may be orally, it may be by writing a book. It is a grand truth, and points a fine moral. Knowledge is knowledge, say the philosophers; it is precious for its own sake, it is an end to itself. But nature says the opposite. Knowledge is not knowledge until we can use it; it is not ours until we have brought it under the command of the great social faculty, speech: we exist for society, and knowledge is null until we give it expression, and in so doing make it over to the social instinct.

Especially in our day is the discipline of the pen an essential part of study. The student nowadays not only reads much, he reads many things. The bounds of science have been so widened, the objects of intellectual interest have been so multiplied, that more than ever study has become discursive. In acquiring general information, we are apt to forego special knowledge, and in almost all the intellectual pursuits of the day there is a want of concentration. We skim the surface of things. There are so many pleasant dishes before us, that we nibble at each without getting a good meal from any. One way particularly we may indicate in which our modern literature is destructive to us, and requires the antidote which the habit of writing supplies. In one of the early chapters of his literary biography, Coleridge enumerates the various habits that destroy the memory, and among these he gives a very prominent place to the habit of reading newspapers. At first sight, it would seem as if he were making a broad statement out of his own particular experience; but on examining into the question, it will be found that he is quite right, and we may even extend his remark to periodical literature as a whole. The reason of it is not simply that in newspapers and periodicals we read much, and read lightly, passing from one article to another of the most opposite character with unconscionable rapidity; there is this also to be taken into account as perhaps the most ordinary fact connected with the exercise of memory, that it depends upon local associations. When the memory is very highly cultivated, it may to some extent dispense with these aids, but usually we remember what we read and learn by its place on the page. To the last hour of his existence, the old man knows the Greek verb only in association with the pages of that grammar which he first thumbed. Now the shifting columns of a newspaper do not supply this aid to memory. It is an aid which we get from books that remain always the same, and can be referred to again and again. But periodicals come and go so fast, and all so different, that it would require a very extraordinary faculty to be able to remember their contents by reference to their pages. Therefore the tangible form that literature takes in our day tends to weaken the memory, which is already too much loaded by the extension of our studies and the multiplication of books. The effort to write is nature's antidote. What we write may not be of use to anybody else, and perhaps ought never to be published, but it is of immense use to ourselves. The amateurs know this; they have a craving for the pen, and in one form or another go through the discipline which is essential to their mental culture. Ben Jonson used to say that he could repeat every line he had ever written; and every man who writes with care, weighing his words, and fully understanding why in each sentence he uses this term rather than that, so that the choice of diction depends on the nature of the discourse, and the nature of the discourse on the necessities of the subject, must have felt an approach to the same power. As it is more blessed to give than to receive, so in the mere act of expressing our thoughts we attain to a more perfect possession. There is not an editor in the kingdom who does not know what is the practical result of this natural craving for the pen, and perhaps the most amusing illustration of it, which is accessible to the public, is the correspondence which appears in the penny daily papers. Anybody who will take the trouble of looking at that correspondence will see how the popular mind is at work, striving to write, and longing for expression. In these voluntary effusions we can distinctly trace the hand of the incipient writer—the man who writes because he wants to write, and not because he has any special acquaintance with the subject he is going to discuss. He goes to work like the painter mentioned by Horace. He thinks he can paint a cypress tree; but, unfortunately, the great topic of the day is some tremendous debate in the House of Commons, and we can see nothing for the time but the well-filled benches of the Treasury and the Opposition. The correspondent of the penny paper has absolutely nothing to say of the debate, but he has a good deal to say about that cypress tree of his, and so he plants it in the floor of the House of Commons, and writes an astonishing letter calling attention to the fact. He has been caught by a number of little phrases and illustrations, such as "Nous avons changé tout cela," "Revenons à nos moutons," "Nihil humanum a me alienum puto," "πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης;" and for illustrations, Mahomet's coffin, the genius in the brass kettle, Macaulay's New Zealander, and a few more. These phrases and illustrations are bobbing up and down his mind, keeping him in a state of unrest until he can make use of them. If he can once make use of them he is satisfied, and they may go to sleep again in the recesses of his mind; but use them he must. He must do that cypress tree, and when he has done the cypress tree, he will try a yew, and then a hoak, and then a helm, and then a hash. He has heard an effective anecdote—he cannot resist the opportunity of telling it; and he works it up into a sort of cockade for Mr. Bright's beaver, or into a tin kettle to be tied to the tail of some bloated aristocrat—it does not matter who. It is perfectly evident in the letters that the writing is an end to itself.

It was to meet this want that there was lately published, if it does not still go on, an amateur magazine; and those societies, of whose organizations we had to give some account a few months back, play upon the same chord. They propose a subject for a prize essay, and endeavour to make the prizes as tempting and numerous as possible. They count upon receiving a great number of communications which will be of value, partly as a testimony from independent parties to the opinions of the society, but chiefly as a means of exciting an interest in these opinions among the class who are expected to contribute the essays. A prize is proposed on the advantages of a seventh day's rest, on the beauty of teetotalism, on the benefits of early rising, on the pleasure of swimming, on the best means of preventing the smoke nuisance. Persons who previously cared nothing for these subjects are induced for the sake of the prize to write upon it, and to advocate a particular view. For the rest of their lives they are committed to that view, and by the vanity of composition, if not by the force of conviction, become the apostles of a doctrine which they previously despised. They proselytise, and a little leaven, it is calculated, will ere long leaven the whole lump. If the essay be in itself as heavy as lead, it has at all events had the effect of making the writer of it a convert. A publisher wants a hymn for New-Year's Day. He offers a guinea prize for it to the public in general, and to Sunday-school teachers in particular. Sunday-school teachers are quite equal to the effort of writing hymns; and thousands of them set to work for the sake of the prospective guinea, and the fame that follows success. The publisher receives an infinite number of attempts, from which he selects one, advertising it with a flourish of trumpets. All the Sunday-school teachers in the realm are interested in the experiment, patronise the hymn largely, each hoping that in the next year he or she will be the successful candidate and the enterprising publisher makes a very handsome profit out of the transaction. In the prize poems proposed for the honour of Burns by the Crystal Palace Company, we see the system fully developed under a glass case. Not the most innocent among us can be mistaken as to the nature of the transaction. It was a first-rate method of collecting a crowd. But in kind, it is precisely on a par with the method pursued by some publishers to obtain a large circulation for their books. There has just now been produced in London a *Dictionary of Universal Information*, which is announced as the "cheapest and most valuable work ever produced." Though its information is universal, its cheapness unrivalled, and its value inconceivable, it is necessary to induce persons to buy it by giving to purchasers the advantages of a lottery. It is "a *complete* gazetteer of geography, with accurate and beautifully engraved maps;" "a *perfect* cyclopædia of history;" "a *comprehensive* compendium of biography;" "an *interesting* epitome of mythology;" "a *treasury* of biblical knowledge;" "a reliable chronological record," and so forth, the whole published for six shillings. But the attraction of the concern is supposed to be so very doubtful, that the publisher announces £10,000 worth of prizes to be given away to purchasers. To any person who will send to the publisher a list of 150 subscribers for this precious dictionary, a gold watch, valued at ten guineas, will be given. A gold watch, valued at five guineas, will be given to any one who will procure 75 subscribers. A silver watch, value three guineas, goes to any one obtaining 45 subscribers. A gold pencil-case, value two guineas, will be presented to the individual who can make up 30 subscribers; and, small by degrees, a silver pencil-case, half the value of the gold one, will fall to the lot of him who can muster 15. Here we see the prize system in all its naked deformity. It is nothing more than an ingenious method of investing a portion of the retail profit in prizes, and giving these instead of cash payments as a premium to canvassers who tramp the country to force their sales. In other publications of the same firm, the lottery system is judiciously mingled with the recognition of literary merit. We are told that the "*Englishwoman's Domestic Ma-*

gazine stands at the head of all periodicals for the interest of the tales and light literature, for the usefulness of many hundreds of recipes, and for the mass of general information which appear in its pages." So little faith, however, have the publishers in this announcement, that at the same time they advertise in large capitals "TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PRIZES GIVEN AWAY EVERY YEAR, VALUE FOUR HUNDRED GUINEAS." During a period of seven years, it is proclaimed that a sixty-guinea pianoforte, manufactured by So-and-so; fifty-four gold watches, manufactured by somebody else; one hundred and twenty-nine gold chains, by a third party; and a thousand guineas' worth of articles in jewellery, drapery, upholstery, silver and plated goods, books, stationery, dressing-cases, table cutlery, moderator lamps, stereoscopes, and stereoscopic views, supplied by certain establishments named (all of which, by the way, advertise regularly in this most generous of magazines), have been distributed among the purchasers of the periodical. All that is necessary to secure a chance in the distribution of gifts, is to send to the publishers certain numbered cheques, which appear with each issue of the magazine on the corner of the last page. One year of these cheques gives a chance; the prizes are distributed by ballot, and the names of the happy prize-holders are duly published in the magazine. But combined with this lottery system we have said there is a fine homage paid to literary aspirations. The prize of a handsome guinea volume is offered to any of the subscribers who will forward the best selection of quotations from the poets, on Jealousy, on Revenge, on Hope, or some such theme. The selections are criticised. "We duly received the very large number of quotations on Revenge forwarded to us by our fair subscribers. They display even a greater amount of care, attention, good taste, and discernment, than those on Hope." The publishers of other periodicals eschew the lottery system altogether, and profess to give prizes only for intellectual merit. Among these it is a favourite plain to publish difficult riddles, and award prizes, from a guinea downwards, to those who can discover the answer soonest; or, still more frequently, to hold out similar inducements to those who will invent tolerably severe enigmas. The publishers of one little annual, an almanac and pocket-book combined, which is called the *Ladies' Fashionable Repository*, in the volume for the ensuing year "renews his thanks to his kind friends for their welcome assistance, and has pleasure in awarding them the following books: To E. C. M., two copies for the best general answer; four copies to Fanny; three each to Coralie, Charlotte, Y. S. N., and Santillion; and one each to Z., Miranda, Gerty, and Fleurdelis; and we offer two additional copies to Fanny for some pretty original verses." Although we are not informed what are the volumes which are thus benignantly bestowed, we can imagine the sweet smile on Coralie's fair face; and who would not wish to share the rapture of that dear Fanny on receiving two additional copies? We may give that fine fellow Santillion's riddle as a specimen of the lot:—

> "A fusible metal,
> If backwards 'tis read,
> Will become what a table
> Is made of instead."

We rise a little in the scale when we come to *Young England's Illustrated Newspaper;* a periodical that, if not very brilliant, is at all events well intentioned. Its aim is the useful, and it abounds in biography, natural history, science, good advice, and riddles. It offers a prize of two guineas for an essay on teetotalism; a prize of one guinea for an essay on cruelty to animals, which is to have special reference to the horse, and particularly to horses aged; one guinea for an essay on machinery, and it is hoped that "our friends in Ireland who have been breaking the reaping-machines will try their hands for this prize;" lastly, a prize of one guinea for an essay on nursery-books—"the essay to consider *Cock Robin* and *Jack the Giant Killer*, and to answer the question, Are these nursery-books good or bad for little England?" What sort of interest the offer of such prizes excites we may see in the result of the competition for Mr. John Cassells' prizes. John Cassells has a soul greater than his inches, and has been deemed worthy of Lord Brougham's patronage. There was a time when in all the newspapers, and in conspicuous type at the end of all the magazines, we used to read a great deal of "John Cassells' Coffee," and it seemed as if the combination of John Cassells' coffee with John Cassells' cheap books was to regenerate the world. Somehow we have not lately heard anything of the coffee; but the cheap books are going on, and in so far as we have looked into them, we must do Mr. Cassells the justice to say, that his publications are not without merit. They do not pretend to be of a very high order; but at least they are the genuine berry, with but a slight admixture of chicory. His *Illustrated Family Paper* is in some respects well done, and seems to be the most meritorious of the penny serials. One of his schemes was to establish prizes for essays on various subjects, to be written by the working classes. The prizes vary from £2 to £5, and the subjects to be discussed were "Self Education," "Sanitary Reform," "The Advantages of Sunday," "Paternal Headship," "Physical Education," "Temperance," "Indiscreet Marriages," "Mechanics' Institutions," "Courtesy," "Labour and Relaxation." He got men of mark, such as Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, to become the judges of the result, and it turned out that about 550 papers were sent for adjudication — almost all of them written by men and women of the operative class. Among the prize-winners we find the names of a carpenter, a gun-engraver, a biscuit-baker, a shoemaker's wife, a plumber, a gardener, a boot-closer, a sempstress, a carpet-weaver, a china-painter, a shipsmith's wife, a clothier's cutter, and a compositor. The essays are said to be of fair merit in themselves, and to do considerable credit to the writers who have produced them under many disadvantages. The fact of so strong a competition among the working classes for petty prizes of £2 and £5 is remarkable enough. Of course, Mr. John Cassells will get his reward with the rest, in obtaining a large sale for these prize essays; but he has it also in knowing, that he has compelled hundreds of the working classes to think steadily and express themselves clearly upon certain subjects of great importance. Having written on these subjects they have laid in their minds the foundations of a correct understanding of them, which treble the labour spent in mere reading would never have supplied. Whether anybody will care to read the essays, except as literary curiosities, is a different question; and we can only think with pain of what Lords Brougham and John Russell must have endured in their labour of love.

That the essays of working men and women should not possess much originality, and should prove but a poor feast to the reader, we are quite prepared to hear; but it is not so evident why prize essays executed by a much more cultivated class should disappoint our expectations, and should be utterly unworthy of the extraordinary sale which these compositions command. Because they are prize essays, means are taken to insure a most extensive circulation for them, to which works of far higher pretensions never have a chance of attaining. What is the meaning of this? Why are prize essays so glittering on the surface, and so utterly worthless below it? Why are prize poems a mass of inanity, decked out in far-fetched metaphors and impossible personifications? Why is a prize picture something quite uninteresting—a conventional display of balanced lights and slanting lines, subdued tints and stage expressions? Why is a prize statue about the most unreal thing under the sun? Why has a prize monument never yet been produced that we can think of with pleasure; and why are all the competing designs so wonderfully like each other in their poverty, that they seem more like a repetition than a competition? Why is a prize play so notoriously bad, that managers have long since ceased to offer prizes for the inevitable damnation? It was only the other day that prizes were offered for an improved omnibus, and the result was a failure. The difficulty of answering such questions is the greater, because against these disheartening experiences we have to set the fact that, under a different system of civilisation, the emulation produced by the offer of prizes was eminently successful. Whenever a Greek drama was acted, it was a prize drama; and we are told that Æschylus won the honour so many times, that Sophocles in the end beat Æschylus, and that Euripides in like manner had his triumphs. Corinna, it will be remembered, won the prize for lyric verse, Pindar being her rival. Whether it be a fact or not about the poetical contest between Homer and Hesiod, and the prize of a tripod won by the latter, the tradition of such a contest is a voucher for the custom, and for the honour in which it was held. At the Pythian Games, prizes for music, and almost every species of artistic work, were just as common and as celebrated as the prizes for horse-races and foot-races; and to realise such a state of things in our time, we must imagine all the poets from Tennyson to Tupper, all the painters from Landseer to the weakest Pre-raphaelite brother, and all the musicians from Mario to Picco, assembled on Epsom Downs upon a Derby day, to contend for the honours of the occasion with Musjid and Promised Land, Umpire and Nutbourne. Why should that be possible in Greece which is impossible now? Why do we draw the line between jockeys who ride race-horses and poets who ride their Pegasus—offer prizes for the grosser animals, and produce results that have made English horses the first in the world, while the most magnificent offers cannot get a fit monument for the greatest Englishman of the present century? Why can we not obtain brilliant results from racing our hobbies?

Were we to consult Mr. Ruskin, he would tell us that competition has in itself a blighting influence. There is not much harm in it, so long as we have to do with such material things as horses and other cattle. You can get a prize horse, a prize canary, or a prize tulip, for money. The contest is a material one, and must be decided on the principles of commercial value. But in the products of mind we have to recognise a higher element. There is a moral worth in works of art which is independent of mercantile standards, and the attempt to produce such works from mercantile or merely emulative motives, must have a baneful reaction on the mind of the artist. Art in its higher forms is the expression of man's delight in the works of God; literature is the expression of his love for truth, and desire to propagate it. If we introduce the lower motives—if we work with the express object of obtaining either the highest amount of remuneration, or the highest rank of honour, we gag the nobler impulses; we in the end destroy them; and our work, wanting the inspiration, gradually becomes worthless. Undoubtedly there is a good deal to be said in favour of Mr. Ruskin's view. There was a time when it seemed to be a species of simony to take money for the inspirations of genius. Nobody would take the money who was not compelled to it, and there was a sort of degradation in the act. Nay, still, if money is raised into the supreme test of literary excellence, and if the pecuniary reward is made the chief object of pursuit, there must follow a certain hardening of the heart, which will in turn react upon the intellect and freeze its energies. At the same time, it does not appear that the principle of competition, as it exists among us, has a very baneful effect. The habit of competition, and the attractions of money, exist in full force, and always will exist, even where there is no definite system of offering prizes. An exhibition is opened; crowds of pictures are sent to it: the walls are covered with a spread of canvass that would satisfy the requirements of the British navy. Each work is placed there on the chance of obtaining a prize—not a prize fixed by certain selected judges, but a prize fixed by the artist himself—in one word, a price. Whoever will give him that price, gives him the prize which, according to his own estimate, he has merited.

This system of competition and prize-giving has always existed, and always will exist. In some cases it may be abused. Men may value filthy lucre too much; but in its due place it is a healthy system, and we cannot improve upon it. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and the habit of competition, which enters more or less into all pursuits, is a wholesome habit, that in the vast majority of cases supplies a stimulus to exertion, without in any way deteriorating the moral sense. We cannot think that prize essays, poems, and pictures, are bad, because they result from the degrading influences of competition and emulation—bad fruit from a bad tree; for it so happens that this tree of competition produces all the fruit that we have, and much of it is very good. Depend upon it, there must be something in the prize system, over and above the fact of competition, which makes it such a failure. What is that?

One way of stating the nature of this inherent defect would be by showing the difference between a contest of horses and a contest of poets, painters, or essayists. Let it be observed that the pace of two horses admits of absolute measurement. There is a standard to which we all give our assent. The race is won by a head, or a neck, or a length, or half a length. There can be no mistake as to the comparison, and if the rewards are tempting, we may be pretty certain that the best horses will run, and that the result may be accepted as a fair test of merit. If there were any dubiety about the test, we can well understand that the owners of the best horses would never allow their favourites to run. They would not expose themselves to the chance of being vanquished by inferior animals. Now, in any contest between painters or sculptors, poets or essayists, there is just that dubiety as to the standard of measurement in this country which would effectually prevent first-class men from competing. If it be retorted, that the same dubiety existed in ancient Greece and did not prevent first-rate men from contending for the honours, we must distinctly deny the fact. It has been very well said that whoever has seen but one work of Greek art has seen none, and whoever has seen all has seen but one. In Greek art, in Greek poems, in Greek prose, there is this uniformity. In the works of art that remain to us—in architecture, in statuary, in pottery—the uniformity of aim, we do not say of execution, is so palpable, that critics have again and again been tempted to the conclusion that all this perfection of form is the result of mathematical rules, and that by the accurate measurement of lines, angles, and curves, we may be able to reach the sources of that beauty which gives life to the pure Pentelic marble. For let it be supposed that this appearance of uniformity is the result of our ignorance. We go and look at a flock of sheep, and each sheep is alike to us; while the shepherd who is constantly with them sees a difference in each. It is not in this sense that Greek art has to us an appearance of uniformity. We can trace all the little differences between artist and artist; we can say, here is a peculiarity of this Olympiad, there is a peculiarity of another period; we know quite well the distinctions between the lyrical fire of Æschylus, the severer and more dramatic style of Sophocles, and the eloquent sentiment of Euripides. But in every department of artistic excellence we see the influence of a school; and the unity of aim and habit pronounced by a school give us a standard of measurement about which there can be little ambiguity. On a lesser scale we see something of the same sort in modern times. Compare French art and literature with English art and literature. Before the Exposition of 1855, Frenchmen had not much acquaintance with English art; and the remark which was universally elicited by the pictures sent then to Paris by English artists was an expression of surprise at their individuality. Every artist seemed to be standing on his own pedestal, and working out of his own head. There did not appear to be a school of English art in the same sense in which there is a school of French art. The utility of the English school consisted merely in this—that each worker had his own style, nd fought for his own hand. They ere similar only in their dissimiarity. The similarity of the French chool, on the other hand, is a enuine approximation of methods, theoretic uniformity of ideals. It as often been said that in politics he French democrat aims chiefly at quality, while the chief aim of Engshmen is liberty. It is a distinction hich is exhibited in art and literature as well as in politics. In nglish art and literature there is xtreme license of method, infinite ariety of aim, the most astonishing riginality of result. In French work, n the other hand, we are at once onscious of a certain monotony. One rench writer is exceedingly like another. What diversity exists is dislayed within very much narrower imits. One sees palpably the uniersal influence of school—of fixed tandards, of known rules, of accrelited models; and we can undertand that, in such a state of things, he prize system would be much nore successful than among us, who, n the full flush of our Protestantism, ave asserted the right of private udgment, and our contempt for auhority in no measured terms. The ation that has two or three dozen eligions, and only one sauce, is not ikely to have common standards in hilosophy, in literature, or in art. But wanting these common standrds, what faith can we have in our udges? We have faith in the force f truth; we have faith in the great public; we have faith in posterity; we have faith in the awards of time. But if there be any originality in us, we are extremely loth to stake our eputation on the verdict of any one nan, or of any two or three. The rtist, the poet, or the essayist, who has aimed at novelty, may very naurally say, "I am willing to take the award of time, and of the majority of my fellows; but exposing my work in a competition where my judges are to be, not the great public, but one, two, or three popes, elected for the time being, who have their own ways of looking at things, I run the risk of having my work discredited by their judgment, and by the fact of failure deprived of merit. The difference between myself and any three men selected to judge me may be so great as to constitute an absolute inability on their part to see what is in me. But lessen the chances of difference by increasing the number of judges—neutralise the differences altogether by giving me the whole British public for my judge, and then I will compete. I have no objection to your prizes, but I will win my prize by getting my price—by publishing my work, and taking the opinion of the public, not by sending it to three judges, with whose appointment I have had nothing to do, and abiding by their opinion."

It is chiefly for this reason that the offer of prizes does not and cannot, in our country, call forth the highest excellence. Upon no man's judgment can we pin our faith, if we have faith in ourselves. The scholar will have faith in his teacher, and when the amateur takes to writing essays, he has faith probably in those who are so enlightened as to offer him a prize; but any man who has risen above his models, and is capable of producing an original work, must have a certain assurance which amounts to a rebellion against the adverse judgment of individuals. The men who contend for prizes are, for the most part, men who have not emancipated themselves from the influence of models; and hence the dreary uniformity of prize works, which, as we have already indicated, are of little use to any but the competitors themselves. As the Russian prince danced all night, not because he was fond of dancing, or was in love with his partner in the dance, but because he wanted to perspire, prize essays are valuable, not because they are worth reading, or because their enormous distribution can do much good, but because they make their writers think and master their stores of knowledge.

MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC.

The literary public had hardly forgotten the impression made on it by Prescott's *History of Philip II.*, and by his able portraiture of that gloomy, conscientious, industrious, narrow-minded, and least amiable of monarchs, than it was recalled to the same period of history, and to a second portraiture of the same sovereign, by the pen of Mr. Motley. The Americans seem to have taken the history of Spain as their especial province, and they have dealt with it in a very masterly manner. No one will feel that Mr. Motley's book, even where it goes over ground lately trodden by his estimable predecessor, is in the least degree superfluous; but, in fact, it has a distinct and specific object—the narrative of the rise of the Dutch Republic—which is sufficient to give to it a plan and character of its own. A worthier subject no historian could choose, nor one which legitimately brings before him greater principles to discuss, or events more terrific, or a more striking and varied *dramatis personæ.*

An intelligent Englishman or American, who will probably think that he has little to learn on the rights of conscience, or the liberty of opinion, or the fundamental principles of good government, may be apt to conclude that the sole value, as well as the conspicuous merit, of Mr. Motley's book, lies in his spirited narrative of events, and his powerful delineations of the chief personages concerned in them. He will be perfectly correct in according his praise to the graphic manner in which the terrible sieges and battles and massacres which signalised the revolt of the Netherlands, and the uprise of the Dutch Republic, are here brought before him, and in admiring even still more the vivid pencil with which Mr. Motley has sketched for us the chief heroes in these transactions; he will be perfectly correct in applauding the insight into character, and the dramatic power, manifested by the author, and that perseverance with which—by means often of very laborious research—he has tracked out for us the dark policy, and revealed to us the treachery and dissimulation of the Spanish king: but he will have formed, we think, a very erroneous estimation of his own times, or of the lesson this history conveys, if he should pronounce the lesson to be trite or needless. For our own part, there is no history we should desire, at this present epoch, to be more generally perused by old and young, and by all classes of society, than that which relates the heroic and successful struggle of the United Provinces against the vast power of Spain, acting as the armed champion of a still greater power—the Catholic Church and its vast European hierarchy.

We all kindle as we read of the greatest battle for the rights of conscience and the human intellect which ever was delivered on the face of the earth; we all rejoice over the triumph which resulted in the establishment of that Republic of Holland, to which the whole of Europe, and England in an especial manner, owes so noble a debt; we all execrate that tyranny of Spain which would have crushed the spirit of Freedom and the love of truth; but we do not all of us perceive that the tyranny of Spain which we execrate, was but, in fact, one form of that tyranny of religious opinion which is at all times ready to display itself. We can estimate that tyranny when it displays itself in other minds, and in strange forms of religion, or in remote epochs of history; but to detect it in our own minds, or in our own epoch—to understand that a danger similar to that which other nations have passed through, may threaten those nations which now consider themselves the most advanced in Europe—and that the nineteenth century may have trials to undergo similar to those of the sixteenth—this is not so easy. It is, however, indisputably true. The great

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The Rise of the Dutch Republic; a History. By John Lothrop Motley. London: Routledge.

on which Mr. Motley's History
hes, and the stirring appeal it
es to that noblest but most down-
lden sentiment of the human mind
e love of truth, and liberty to
k the truth—was never more
ded amongst the wide family of
opean nations than it is at present.
nation said to itself, There shall
out one faith amongst us—if pos-
e, there shall not be a single dis-
tient from the Catholic faith upon
soil of Spain; and, moreover, the
endencies over which we rule, with
re or less of right or might, shall
as pure as ourselves from the guilt
l pollution of heresy. That na-
n was the most powerful then in
rope, and it partly succeeded in its
pose. It succeeded for itself, it
ed in some of its dependencies.
at is that nation now, with its
lime unity of a Catholic faith?
d ask of History what have been
greatest achievements that later
turies have left it to record, and
will point to those Seven United
ovinces, those dependencies that
oke and rebelled from the sublime
ity of faith—she will point to
lland, and to those who learnt of
lland, or learnt in the same school,
being the nations who have achiev-
most for humanity. When Philip
, on the abdication of the Em-
ror, entered upon his inauspicious
ign, his monarchy was the most
tensive, the most wealthy, she most
tent in Europe. His territories
mprised Spain, then in the first
nk of nations, not only for military
owess, but in its arts and com-
erce; the north and the south of
aly; the Netherlands—that is to
y, what is now Holland and Bel-
um, together with six departments
France; the conquests in the New
orld, Mexico and Peru; and seve-
l outlying possessions in Asia and
frica. In Spain itself the power of
e monarch was absolute; its great
ties still retained their wealth, but
ad resigned their liberties. The pro-
ince of Castille alone is computed
have contained more than six mil-
ons of inhabitants (greatly out-
umbering the population of the
hole of England at that time), and
have raised a revenue which, in
rench money, has been estimated at
ten millions of francs. The wealth of the great cities of the Netherlands is well known. Antwerp, with her hundred thousand inhabitants, rivalled Venice in the greatness of her commerce. Bruges alone could bring into the field ten thousand men. The same monarch had at his command the armies of Spain, the industry of Flanders, the arts of Italy, and the gold of Mexico and Peru.

What a different position does the monarchy of Spain now occupy? The great subject now agitated in every political circle is the regeneration or re-partition of Italy, and the voice of Spain is not heard in the matter. No one asks her opinion. She who ruled the peninsula as Austria has since ruled it, has not an inch of territory in it, nor the least influence. Two independent kingdoms, Holland and Belgium, have risen out of her rebellious provinces; the one has run a career of glory, and reposes under her laurels; the other, small State as she is, is heard of in the councils of Europe, heard of in the arts, in letters, in science. Spain herself has nothing left her but her pride, and her pride appeals always to the past. Of all her conquests in America nothing remains but the solitary and insecure island of Cuba, which the United States offer *to purchase of her*. And lookers-on think that Spain might be wise to wink at the insult, and take the purchase-money, for these Anglo-Americans have a new method of conquest which may prove irresistible—a method against which the laws of nations have made no provisions: their unrestrainable people may overflow into the island of Cuba; and thus, though the island may still be called Spanish, the *Cubans* may have become American, and an annexation must inevitably take place.

What is the cause of this so remarkable a destiny? Let M. Guizot answer the question. The French translation of Mr. Motley's work is ushered in by an introduction from the pen of that noble veteran in the ranks both of literature and politics. After observing that the best histories of Spain have been written by Americans, he continues thus: "These historians of both European and Transatlantic Spain are themselves neither Spaniards nor Catholic. They belong to another race—they profess another religion—they speak another language. Washington Irving, Prescott, Motley, Ticknor, are the children of Protestant England. It is this race which now bears sway in that hemisphere, discovered and conquered some four centuries ago by Catholic Spain. The very history of Spain, like its domination in the New World, has fallen into the hands of strangers and heretics." Nor is this, he proceeds to observe, any isolated fact or any fanciful sport of destiny; it is but in perfect harmony with the whole current of events. Then, taking a masterly survey of that declension of Spain to which we have briefly alluded, he adds: "The fate of Spain, its political degradation, the stagnation of its literature, its nullity in science and the arts, and all that constitutes the manifold progress of a great society, is but the legitimate result of the policy it pursued in the sixteenth century. The government of Spain, in its zeal for the Catholic faith, *struck at the intellectual life of the nation.*" This is the answer to be given to our question, and we prefer to use the words of M. Guizot, that the truth may have all the weight it can derive from the authority of one distinguished as much for his calm, temperate, mature judgment, as for his learning and philosophic habits of thought. In Spain, an absolute monarch, boastful of his piety, sustained and clamorously applauded by a superstitious mob, crushed and destroyed the rising spirit of inquiry. The Catholic faith triumphed, and the nation sunk. The mental life died down. Henceforward sloth and ignorance are varied only by outbursts of democratic violence and vulgar infidelity, which again are hushed up into the old ignorant superstition, and the old contented sloth.

It is not that Spain remained nominally Catholic; it is that she was not allowed to think—this was the malady under which she sunk. It was the repressive policy which was pursued that proved fatal to her. M. Guizot remarks that the sixteenth century was the critical age of our modern Europe the epoch at which they the character that has re them. This may be true pears to us that the age w ing through at this prese hardly less critical. Will the sive policy attain generally out Europe a triumph who will be felt for centuries to c will liberty of thought grow grand characteristic of the E nations? This is the questio ourselves. Let it be remember this policy of repression may effectually pursued, though not assume precisely the s that it did in Catholic Spa pleased Philip and his priests upon the trembling heretic, him over with painted dev painted flames, and then burn that real hell-fire which they kindled upon the earth. It was they laid the spirit of inquiry. emperors and priests in the teenth century may accompli same feat by methods less re to humanity. The means used be less cruel, but it will be the s disastrous triumph. Spain lab successfully at the grand proj dear to priesthoods—she establi in her own dominions the unity the Church—she banished all speculative thought. All was sa factorily settled. And who felt least want of philosophy? The st peasant and the dissolute noble could both pass their lives exceeding well without a single reflection beyond their labours or their pleasures. How happy should all be that they have *not* to think upon dark perplexing themes—only to live on in the light the Church throws upon them. It seems a beneficent result. But the mental life which would have been developing itself here and there in a heresy and a doubt, was the same mental energy which would have animated the citizen and the scholar, the physician and the merchant, in their several toils, studies, and enterprises. You have quieted your patient by an opiate that has stupified him, or perhaps he alternates between stupor and delirium.

It was, moreover, the monkish type of Christianity which prevailed and was rendered predominant in Spain. The secular intellect was not allowed o interpenetrate it, purify and exalt t, or, at all events, render it a fit servant to secular purposes and a mundane prosperity. This monkish form of piety held human life in contempt, set a stigma upon earthly prosperity, made renunciation and resignation the sole virtues of the elevated man. Useful enough where evils are without a remedy; and no doubt it acted as a beneficent counterpoise to the violent passions of Goths and Scythians, and the other barbarians who overthrew the Roman empire, or who were found living in it; but it is a form of piety antagonistic to those vigorous efforts, to that persevering and hopeful industry, which is the source of all our modern progress. The Christianity which has been allowed to advance or modify itself with the general intelligence of the day, lends its aid to every effort to remedy evils; is heard amongst us demanding sanatory measures; is seen resolutely *withholding* the charitable gift that tends to make want perpetual by allying it to sloth. The monkish Christianity of the middle ages set up for its standard of excellence the man who endured all evils complacently, whether remediable or not; who suffered with inexhaustible patience; whose charitable gift was but another form of the virtue of renunciation: if it *increased* the poverty of the world, was there not wider scope for the exercise of patience and resignation? Was it not his own standard of piety to sit smiling serene amidst dirt, and vermin, and starvation? Where this monkish type of Christianity keeps its hold, as it did in Spain, sloth and ignorance have one permanent ally; and (what is worth considering) the finer spirits, and the most conscientious of men, are, under such a state of religious opinion, carried off from the real service of mankind, and that real service loses its due honour, its due applause, and its due place in the human conscience. When, therefore, we further remember what type of Christianity it was that Spain resolved to preserve intact, we cannot be surprised at the little energy and mental life it thereafter displayed. Such a people, saying amongst themselves, "There shall, if possible, be no heretic amongst us," have pronounced their own sentence. They have struck as with "mace petrific," and the society is immovable.

But we must forego, or postpone for the present, any further prosecution of these tempting generalities, and look at the work before us, and endeavour to convey some idea of its nature, and of its literary merits. Mr. Motley has no hesitations, makes few compromises. He does not write like one who is alternately an advocate for both parties; but as a fair, honest, downright advocate of that party and of those men who, he is convinced, deserve his admiration. He writes like a lover of liberty, but without any undue partiality, that we have observed, to democratic institutions. Whether the portraits presented to us are always, and in all respects, minutely faithful, who would venture to say? They are, in our estimation, fair and truthful in the main; and they are always life-like, always drawn in a very masterly manner. The vivid picture he leaves behind of the chief actors in his period of history, is one of the striking characteristics of the book. Those who rather shrink from the prospect of having to read over again of the atrocities of the Inquisition, and of the sieges and massacres to which such atrocities conducted—who feel no desire to have again revived in their minds such scenes as the slaughter of Antwerp, or the sack of Zutphen, or the terrible sieges of Haarlem and Leyden, will find the narrative agreeably relieved by this vivid portraiture of men and manners.

Mr. Motley is an artist who hides no blemish, physical or moral—who spares no delinquency, conceals no weakness—who is regardless of the *ideal*, looks to the actual and real. His predecessor, Mr. Prescott, though entitled to the praise of extensive and original research, had always a lingering attachment and strong bias towards what may be described as the romance of history. His charming narratives of the Spanish conquests of Mexico and Peru reveal this tendency—reveal, at least, that he leant rather to historic faith than to historic doubt. We read on delighted; we live, verily, in a new world, amongst his Mexicans and Peruvians; but we close the book with an uneasy suspicion that much exaggeration, and some fable, have been admitted into the place of history, and that the new world we have been moving in, is partly the world of imagination—of Spanish imagination or credulity. And in his portraiture of Philip II., able though it is, and faithful in the main, we trace a touch, a manner more poetic than truthful. The Spanish hat and plume, and the mystery of a Spanish palace, are allowed to throw a certain grace and dignity over the features and bearing of a man who was as narrow-minded as our James II.—who had the bigotry of a monk without his self-denial—whose conscience, trained by priests for their own work, and for the service of the Church, knew nothing of truth or justice as between man and man—whose best virtue was the mechanical industry of a clerk, and whose greatest talent was to trick and deceive, and play the game of dissimulation even with the very tools he used for his treachery. Mr. Motley has no respect for Spanish or regal dignity; he delights to push up the hat and plume, and show what sort of eye and forehead are really there to meet the light. No illusion remains to us after our author has passed his examination. The Philip of the poets—of Alfieri and of Schiller—dwindles down to the quite ordinary man—placed, however, in the quite extraordinary position. A slave of the Church, his religion never kindled one generous thought, or excited to a single virtue; it could not always restrain his kingly ambition any more than it could regulate his private morals; but it was obeyed with fidelity and zeal when it taught him to tyrannise over his subjects, and put heretics to death—it made him one of the most terrible potentates that have existed on the face of the earth.

But it is the emancipation of the Netherlands from the grasp of this unworthy monarch that is the theme of Mr. Motley's book; and therefore, if he has a tyrant and a bigot on the one side of his canvass, supported by a Cardinal Granvelle and a Duke of Alva, he has also his patriot and liberator, in the brighter part of his picture, in the person of William of Orange, named the Silent and the Wise. William of Orange is the hero of the book. On him Mr. Motley expends a perhaps unchecked enthusiasm. A cool impartial critic may, indeed, suspect that the lights and shadows are thrown throughout the work with too strong a contrast; but we know that the indignation and the admiration are both, upon the whole, well bestowed. It is a very wholesome indignation, and a very profitable admiration, that we are called upon to sympathise with. Nothing is more easy than to suggest, and even to prove, that "black's not so very black, nor white so very white;" nowhere can praise or blame be weighed out to the very scruple; it must suffice us if we feel we can honestly applaud and rightfully condemn; and it is a good thing, at times, to have both these sentiments kindled within us, and to detest and admire cordially, and with the full energy of our souls.

Our author's style is bold, vigorous, full of power; but we should desert our critical function if we did not add that it is sometimes intemperate, and that in the earlier pages there is an apparent effort, a straining after effect, and (in his topographical descriptions) a certain semi-poetic or fanciful diction that appears to us out of place. Abusive epithets are sometimes scattered with an injudicious prodigality. We might instance the description of our own Queen Mary, of disastrous memory, to be found in the first volume, page 123; but we have no wish to dwell on what are only casual blemishes. And these errors of taste and judgment appear to us to be chiefly at the commencement of the work. To discharge ourselves at once of all the critical venom we have on this occasion to distil, we must add that, vigorous as his narrative generally is, our author is also capable, at times, of being tedious and prolix. He is not quite master of that art which gives to all portions of his subject a fair and sufficient attention, and no more than what is ufficient. On the motives and views of some of his leading characters—n his elaborate defences of his great hero against imputations that had been raised against him—he is more engthy than seems necessary, at least o the impatient reader; while the ame impatient reader would gladly have received, on some other topics, a little more information than is accorded to him. He would probably wish to know a little more of the tate of public opinion, political and religious, in the several cities of the Netherlands. Mr. Motley, of course, does not overlook the great movement of Protestantism; but how far the several cities partook of it, and what had been the career of public opinion n each, he might perhaps have more minutely informed us. One wants to see these burghers and citizens a ittle more distinctly. We cannot expect that the historian should produce for us the same individual porraits as he does of kings and princes. We know very well that the burghers of Antwerp and of Ghent have left no letters behind them, laid up in royal archives, fated to come to light and reveal the secret springs of action. But from the literature of the time, the preaching of the time, and from characteristic incidents of the time, something more might have been extracted, we think, to enable us to represent to ourselves the burghers and the populace of this period. We have the motives and conduct of a few leading nobles anaysed and described; but when a city tself is brought upon the field, in all the tumult of rebellion, or the heroic endurance of the utmost afflictions of a siege, we are not prepared for this display of energy, except by such general knowledge as every reader brings with him of this period of European history. The revolt of the Netherlands, as related here, opens with a patriotic movement, or an effort for independence, amongst the nobility. But these nobles were in personal character (though their political position was different) very much what our Cavaliers were in the time of Charles I. They were a high-spirited race, attached to their order, who, if they arrayed themselves on the side of the people, did so only in animosity to the Spanish court. To secure their own privileges, not to sustain any great cause of civil or religious liberty, was their real object. Of these nobles Egmont was the leader and the type. Appease them by acquiescence to their personal claims, even cajole or flatter them, and these bold, turbulent, wine-bibbing spirits were easily controlled. Philip II., if he had been really the skilful governor—even the mere crafty statesman—he was reputed to be, would have found no difficulty in dealing with these pleasure-loving nobles. Flattery and some personal favours, and a share of confidence and esteem, had proved sufficient to win Count Egmont, who had returned from his visit to Spain a very sufficient royalist. The execution of the Count by a monarch who up to the last had treated him as a friend, was as great a blunder as it was a crime. The King was destroying a good Catholic, and a very loyal gentleman, who, if he loved popularity too much to be a complete and faithful servant of the Spanish crown, would at all events have proved a cause of division and embarrassment to the patriot party. It was not till these gay nobles had in a measure left the scene, that the real strength of the resistance to Spain manifested itself. That stubborn resistance was to be found in the burgher class, in the Protestant citizen who had learnt by woeful experience that the rights of conscience, the liberty to be of that religion which had won his conviction, could be only sustained by the maintenance of his civil rights. Amongst this class, as amongst our own Puritans, religion and liberty went hand in hand. Nor is it possible to say, at every period of the struggle, whether Protestantism or patriotism was in the ascendant; they were, in fact, inseparable, or became so as the contest advanced. Now the growth of public opinion in this class; the progress that the new religion had made in the several cities, or in the country at large; the tone of political sentiment, and how far it had assumed a republican cast—these subjects are not treated with that fulness and discrimination we might have expected. The people have been in some measure overlooked by an historian devoted to the cause of the people. The archives of a court have been sedulously examined to track out the treacherous and wily course of a king or a minister; but the archives of the public, the literature of the time, or whatever remains of spoken or acted thought amongst the people, have not been ransacked with equal zeal to determine the state and condition of public opinion. A minister, or a regent, or a general, is introduced to us with all his distinctive characteristics, and we are prepared to follow and appreciate his conduct; but a great city is sometimes brought suddenly before us in its highest state of turbulent or enthusiastic action, without any preparation to warn the reader or to explain to him this particular outburst of passion or of heroism.

But if our historian has more especially devoted himself to portray the chief actors in his great drama, it is fit that we should follow him to his chosen field; and our limited object, in these few pages, will be to draw attention to his masterly delineation of some of these personages, as of the King, the Regent, the Cardinal Granvelle, Alva, Egmont, and Orange. One pleasant peculiarity distinguishes his historical portraits; he never forgets the personal appearance of the man, his features, his stature, or any trick of gesture, but introduces these in such a manner that they accompany us throughout the history. As we have intimated already, there is nothing of the courtier in the descriptions he gives. If there is a deformity of person, a weakness or a vice, a blemish, physical or moral, it is set down with frank, unmitigated distinctness. We have a striking specimen of his graphic power near the commencement of the work, where he introduces to us the Emperor Charles V. and his court as they are seen arrayed in all their pomp and state, on that celebrated day when the Emperor retired from the cares of government, and resigned to his son Philip the largest and the most powerful of the kingdoms of Europe. From this point we may as well take up the thread of Mr. Motley's History, so far as we can follow it, as from any other.

On the 25th day of October 1555, the city of Brussels was the scene of a grand *spectacle* or ceremonial, such as is rarely exhibited in the theatre of the world. It was one of those occasions, indeed, when the real events of life assume a theatrical aspect, and take upon themselves the studied arrangement of the stage. They seem to mimic what is itself a mimicry of life, and to outrival the fictitious passions and the mock heroism of the theatre, and whereas the stage exclaims, Behold a real court! the imperial court might say, Behold another stage. This grand ceremonial affords a very appropriate opening to Mr. Motley's narrative:—

"Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the student of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped, as if by premeditated design, upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall for ever upon the mightiest Emperor since Charlemagne, and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not having yet won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight mustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy—such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count Horn, too, with bold, sullen face and fan-shaped beard—a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man; the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanour—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius—crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small brisk man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round, tumid, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard. Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favourite, Ruy Gomez, or, as he was familiarly called 'Re y Gomez' (King and Gomez), a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure; while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange.

"Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes, in part, it will be our duty to narrate: how many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom!—some to perish on public scaffolds; some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle field—nearly all, sooner or later, to be laid in bloody graves!"[*]

Conspicuous above all was, of course, the aged Emperor himself. Not that he was old according to the number of his years, but his strenuous and active life—strenuous, yet self-indulgent, and occupied to the full with war and business and pleasure—had given him the appearance of old age. He, his son, and the Queen of Hungary, stood as central figures in the scene, while the several governors of the provinces, the great councillors, and the Knights of the Golden Fleece, were artistically arranged before him. The personal description which our author gives of the now infirm and toil-worn Emperor is by no means flattering; yet we see the wreck of what, setting aside all the prestige of rank and power, was—mind and body—one of the most remarkable of men:—

"He was about the middle height, and had been athletic and well-proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favourite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure and every privation, except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light colour, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was grey, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline, but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for deformity. The under-lip—a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county—was heavy and hanging, the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking—occupations to which he was always much addicted—were becoming daily more arduous in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity."

But though this catalogue of features may be correct—and Mr. Motley cites his authority for each item as he proceeds—the impression which the retiring Emperor made on the august assembly before him, was fully equal to the occasion. That halo of divinity which is said to surround a sovereign, prevented them, we presume, from seeing these personal defects; they saw, in fact, with the mind's eye, and saw before them the man with whose name all Europe, for the last age, had rung from side to side; they saw him descending from the throne he had so long filled, to the pious retreat of the cloister; and there was, we are assured, one universal weeping, and every cheek was bedewed with tears. Old generals, veteran diplomatists, Knights of the Fleece, all broke into tears, as the Emperor, in his oration, glanced at the past, and bade farewell to the toils and state of government;—"there being," said the English envoy, Sir John Mason, "in mine opinion, not one man in the whole assembly that, during the time of a good piece of this oration, poured not out abundantly tears, some more, some less."

Mr. Motley is very hard upon this weeping. He asks what signal benefits had his subjects, especially his Netherlanders, received from this monarch, that they should so bewail his retirement? "What was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands, that they should weep for him?" He had spent their money in wars and conquests in which they were utterly unconcerned; he had infringed their old municipal privileges; he had persecuted many on account of their new religion, and had shown his determination to coerce them by the Inquisition. Mr. Motley cannot find a rational cause for all this weeping. He forgets that a rational cause is not indispensable on such occasions. Some one sentiment prevails at the moment; it is aggravated in each by the participation of numbers; it acts as a panic does in the field of battle, and people find themselves shouting or weeping, they scarcely know why. It does not follow that these weeping Netherlanders were quite oblivious of their own interests, or were peculiarly servile: they were simply carried away by the loyal sentiment of the hour. Much the same thing occurs daily amongst ourselves. We will not risk any imputation on our own loyalty by asking whether those crowds who throng the streets, or cluster about a railway, when our Queen is to pass, know why it is they are bawling as if with the full intention of splitting their own throats. We will take an illustration of a quite social, not political nature. An actor has been nightly before the public; the public has now praised and now abused the actor, and the actor has often abused the unreasonable public. By-and-by this actor, sometimes praised and sometimes abused, and to us altogether personally indifferent, assembles his last audience, and bids them farewell. There is not a dry eye, we are told, in pit or boxes. Next morning, pit and boxes, and the retiring actor himself, are laughing at the wondrous enthusiasm and tenderness that had seized upon them. And doubtless every one of these Netherlanders, from the Knight of the Fleece to the simplest burgher who was present at the great ceremony, wondered the next morning how or why it was that his cheek had been wet like the rest.

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[*] Vol. i. p. 91.

Charles's persecution of the Protestants is the crime which, in our historian's opinion, ought not to have been forgiven him even at this affecting moment. We will not stay to ask what proportion of the assembly shared in the Protestant faith, which at this epoch was not likely to be embraced by many of those who were entitled to be present at this august ceremony; but we stop to observe, that Mr. Motley deals rather severely with the old Emperor when he denies to him that excuse, so readily accorded to his son, that he acted in accordance with his sense of religious duty when he used the power placed in his hands in the extirpation of heresy. It is quite true that he was not always consistent, not always faithful to the Church; that the ordinary motives of political ambition could at times triumph over this sense of duty, just as the ordinary motives of cupidity or pleasure can triumph at times, in each one of us, over what we nevertheless deem to be a religious or moral obligation; but because *the monarch* was stronger in Charles than the *churchman*, it does not follow that he was not, up to the measure of his capacity for such sentiments, a very faithful and sincere son of the Church. The man whose armies sacked Rome, who laid his sacrilegious hands, as Mr. Motley reminds us, on Christ's vicegerent, and kept the infallible head of the Church a prisoner to serve his own political ends, was manifestly capable of being carried away by the peculiar temptations of his high imperial position. But, in the absence of such temptations, he might very sincerely regard it as his especial duty to protect the Catholic faith, and preserve the unity of the Church. And why should the historian throw any doubts or aspersions on that personal piety of which he made profession? In Charles, as in so many others, it was a piety that had a very limited influence on moral action; it displayed itself chiefly in ritual, in prayer, in fasting, and the like; there was more of superstition in it than religion, but as a superstition it was apparently held with perfect sincerity. "No man," says Mr. Motley, "could have been more observant of religious rites. He heard mass daily; he listened to a sermon every Sunday and holiday; he confessed and received the sacrament four times a year; he was sometimes to be seen in his tent, at midnight, on his knees before a crucifix, with eyes and hands uplifted; *he ate no meat in Lent*, and used extraordinary diligence to discover and to punish any man, whether courtier, or plebeian, who failed to fast during the whole forty days." Why should Mr. Motley cruelly add, that "he was too good a politician not to know the value of broad phylacteries and long prayers?" Is every one who knows the value of orthodox behaviour to be therefore twitted with hypocrisy? If it be really true that "he ate no meat in Lent," he gave a very notable proof of his sincerity, for the appetite of Charles V. was enormous, and he was accustomed at other times to indulge it without stint. He seems, indeed, to have had a craving, preternatural appetite, amounting to a disease, such as might well have obtained from his confessor an especial exemption in this matter of fasting.

Very marvellous is the account here given us of the gastronomical exploits of the Emperor. Captain Dalgetty was a child to him. Mr. Stirling, in his *Cloister Life of Charles V.*, had revealed to us that the monastic seclusion of the ex-emperor did not imply a monastic regimen, or what is generally understood as such. Mr. Motley has given us a programme of the day's performance while his appetite was in its full vigour. Never was such dietary. "He breakfasted at five on a fowl seethed in milk, and dressed with sugar and spices; after this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first, soon after vespers, and the second time at midnight, or one o'clock, which meal was perhaps the most solid of the four. After meals he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine."

To return to our grand ceremonial of abdication. The second person in the scene was the son, Philip, to whom he was about to resign the far greater part of his power and territory—all but the empire of Germany, which he had been unable to relinquish in his favour. Let us hear Mr. Motley's description of the gloomy monarch, so great a favourite of tragic poets:—

"The son, Philip II., was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. 'His body,' says his professed panegyrist, Cabrera, 'was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted.' The same wholesale admirer adds, that 'his aspect was so reverend, that rustics, who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration. In face he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanour in public was still, silent—almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness, which he had occasionally endeavoured to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry."

Was there ever such an incongruous combination presented to the imagination of the reader! This downward look and stooping posture is *partly* the reserve and haughtiness of a Spanish king, and partly a contrite bending of the body, produced by a schoolboy's love of pastry! Other indulgences, not quite so innocent, our most orthodox of princes seems to have permitted himself. What a medley we have here!—"He was most strict in religious observances, as regular at mass, sermons, and vespers as a monk—much more, it was thought by many good Catholics, than was becoming to his rank and age. Besides several friars, who preached regularly for his instruction, he had daily discussions with others on abstruse theological points. He consulted his confessor most minutely as to all the actions of life, inquiring anxiously whether this proceeding or that were likely to burden his conscience. He was grossly licentious. It was his chief amusement to issue forth at night disguised, that he might indulge himself in the common haunts of vice. This was his solace at Brussels in the midst of the gravest affairs of state."

This prince, when he quits Brussels and enters into his kingdom of Spain, solemnises his entry by an *auto-da-fé*, at which he utters the pious sentiment, that he would rather cease to reign than reign over heretics, and declares that he "would carry the wood to burn his own son," if his own son proved a deserter from the faith. A strange production it is to contemplate!—this of the conscience of a Christian prince, as educated by a Catholic priesthood. Where the duty borders upon crime—where, to the secular mind, it is an act of cruelty and injustice, there the conscience is inflexible; in the simple moralities of temperance and of truth, it is but a silken rein which the priest touches from time to time, merely to show that he holds it, and holds it laxly.

The dissimulation of Philip, and how completely the deception of others entered into his idea of good government, is well known; but Mr. Motley has been able, by comparing together the preserved letters of this monarch, to display the working of this high order of *statesmanship* in a clearer light than it has perhaps ever been placed before. We thread the petty labyrinth which the secluded monarch found it his greatest delight to plan; we are introduced into the very study of the king; we see him forming his plot, preparing his contradictory letters—*these* to be read aloud at the council-board, *those* to be kept secret. Arrangements are made that the Regent of the Netherlands, or her minister, shall write certain letters, which are to receive from him certain answers—letters and answers both mere fictions to disguise the real nature of the transaction. Dissimulation, indeed, is the order of the day. His ministers all practise it upon him, as he upon his ministers. He deceives every one. Though always in the leading strings of some man more able than himself, though taking his assistance, and conscious of the need of it, he always kept some secret from his most confidential adviser, and was always prepared to dismiss him the moment that his services became needless. One good quality deserves mentioning—the king and his ministers were all *hard-working men*. It is no Eastern court, where the sultan consults only his own pleasure, and leaves all to the vizier, and the vizier occasionally hangs or *squeezes* a pacha, and then takes his pleasure also. No English minister works harder than the favourites of Philip. He himself delighted in the use of the pen, and sate whole hours at the desk. Mr. Motley says—

"His mental capacity in general was not very highly esteemed. His talents were, in truth, very much below mediocrity. His mind was incredibly small. A petty passion for contemptible details characterised him from his youth, and as long as he lived, he could neither learn to generalise, nor understand that one man, however diligent, could not be minutely acquainted with all the public and private affairs of fifty millions of other men. He was a glutton of work. He was born to write despatches, and to scrawl comments upon those which he received. He often remained at the council-board four or five hours at a time, and he lived in his cabinet. He gave audiences to ambassadors and deputies very willingly, listening attentively to all that was said to him, and answering in monosyllables. He spoke no tongue but Spanish, and was sufficiently sparing of that, but he was indefatigable with his pen. He hated to converse; but he could write a letter eighteen pages long when his correspondent was in the next room, and when the subject was, perhaps, one which a man of talent could have settled with six words."

The favourite, Ruy Gomez de Silva, was a prodigy of industry. This nobleman had been brought up with the king, and when a boy (so the story runs) had struck Philip, and been condemned to death for so sacrilegious a blow. Philip had thrown himself at his father's feet, and implored and obtained the forgiveness of the culprit. In after life, a more probable cause is assigned for the endurance of their friendship—the complacency which he exhibited towards the King, as the husband of the celebrated Princess Eboli. Ruy Gomez and his occupations are thus described:—

> "At the present moment he occupied the three posts of valet, state councillor, and finance minister. He dressed and undressed his master, read or talked him to sleep, called him in the morning, admitted those who were to have private audiences, and superintended all the arrangements of the household. The rest of the day was devoted to the enormous correspondence and affairs of administration which devolved upon him as first minister of state and treasury. He was very ignorant. He had no experience or acquirement in the arts either of war or peace, and his early education had been limited. Like his master, he spoke no tongue but Spanish, and he had no literature. He had prepossessing manners, a fluent tongue, a winning and benevolent disposition. His natural capacity for affairs was considerable; and his tact was so perfect that he could converse face to face with statesmen, doctors, and generals, upon campaigns, theology, or jurisprudence, without betraying any remarkable deficiency. He was very industrious, endeavouring to make up by hard study for his lack of general knowledge. At the same time, by the King's desire, he appeared constantly at the frequent banquets, masquerades, tourneys, and festivities, for which Brussels at that epoch was remarkable. It was no wonder that his cheek was pale, and that he seemed dying of overwork."

Equally industrious, and far more accomplished, indeed one of the most accomplished and learned men of his time, was Cardinal Granvelle, who long held what we may describe as the position of prime minister to the Duchess of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands. The Regent was assisted by a council of state, and three of this council formed the *consulta* by whose advice she was to be especially guided. Of these three, Granvelle was the chief; in fact, he and the *consulta* were said to be the same thing; he *was* the *consulta*. The Cardinal was a man of learning; could write and speak well, and that in several languages; but that which stands out so conspicuously in the history is the admirable tact with which, for a long time, he governed the Regent and guided the King. Principles of his own, we venture to think, he had none—unless the determination to uphold that authority of churchman and of minister, in which he shared so largely, be called a principle—but he very dextrously assumed the views of the King, and threw his own ability, so to speak, into the mind and opinions of his sovereign. When we see him removed from the court, he lives and speaks like an epicurean philosopher; when he writes to the King, he is an alarmist for the faith, superstitious, and a persecutor. His contempt for the multitude was, no doubt, sincere enough; and this sincere contempt led him, as it has led many others, to uphold, without scruple of conscience, whatever power or authority was in the ascendant. Such men cannot, at least, be said to violate any generous conviction, for they have none. They can have no reverence for kings or cardinals—they know them too well; but they have still less reverence for any other human beings. Granvelle was well born, of an obscure but noble family in Burgundy, and his father had been a minister—"held office," as we should say, in the Court of the Emperor Charles. At the age of twenty, we are told he spoke seven languages with perfect facility, and his acquaintance with civil and ecclesiastical laws was something prodigious.

"He was ready-witted," continues Mr. Motley, "smooth and fluent of tongue, fertile in expedients, courageous, resolute. He thoroughly understood the art of managing men, particularly his superiors. He knew how to govern under the appearance of obeying. In his intercourse with the King, he coloured himself, as it were, with the King's character. He was not himself, but Philip; not the sullen, hesitating, confused Philip, however, but Philip endowed with eloquence, readiness, facility. The King ever found himself anticipated with the most delicate obsequiousness, and beheld his struggling ideas changed into winged words without ceasing to be his own. No flattery could be more adroit. He would write letters forty pages long to the King, and send off another courier on the same day with two or three additional despatches of identical date. Such prolixity enchanted the King. The painstaking monarch toiled, pen in hand, after his wonderful minister, in vain. Philip was only fit to be the bishop's clerk, yet he imagined himself to be the directing and governing power. . . . . His industry was enormous. He could write fifty letters a-day with his own hand. He could dictate to half-a-dozen amanuenses at once, on as many different subjects, in as many different languages, and send them all away exhausted."

Of which last story we have our own opinion; but there can be no doubt of the consummate skill with which, for some time, he directed the affairs of the Netherlands. Consummate skill! but shut out from a wiser statesmanship by his priestly contempt for the opinions of an unlearned class. He could not see that—as a mere problem of political forces—it was not only the King he had to direct, and the Duchess to control, and the Flemish nobility to resist and to counterplot,—he had some account to give of this burgher spirit awakening to its liberties, and above all, to the liberty of conscience. Had he measured this force? At the first superficial glance at the man's history, you would say that, at all events, he was a sufficient alarmist, an unhesitating persecutor. He piously writes to his very pious sovereign,—"For the love of God and the service of the holy religion, put your royal hand valiantly to the work, otherwise we have only to exclaim, 'Help, Lord, for we perish!'" Thus he runs with his torch before the man who, he knows, will and can travel but on the one road on which he pretends to guide him. He has appreciation enough of the movement going on around him to abuse and execrate, to punish and vilify it; but if he had rightly estimated its strength, such a man as Granvelle would have respected it *for its mere strength*, and held a very different language towards it.

The Prince of Orange and Count Egmont were members of the state council. Of course they chafed under the rule of the Cardinal, and were in open hostility to the policy he pursued. At length a determined effort was made by the patriot party to drive him out of the Netherlands. Orange, Egmont, and Horn united in a letter to the King, in which they represented that it was absolutely necessary for the peace and salvation of the provinces (which they were doing their utmost to quiet) that the Cardinal should be recalled. The Cardinal was prepared, at all events, for the attack. "He wrote to the King *the day before the letter was written, and many weeks before it was sent, to apprise him that it was coming, and to instruct him as to the answer he was to make*."

This storm broke over. But it was in vain that the Cardinal had not only the ear of the King, but also held his pen—it was in vain that he represented the Flemish nobility as riotous and ambitious voluptuaries—(one of them even eating meat in Lent!)—as spendthrifts so encumbered with debt that they sought a season of anarchy to rid them of their obligations: it became evident, even at the Spanish court, that the Cardinal, with all his diplomatic skill, had not sufficient power to make head against his opponents. There must be concession, or force of another kind must be employed—the sword, and not the pen. And now having resolved on the recall of the Cardinal, all the *finesse* and petty hypocrisy of the King had a fair field for their exercise. Orange and Egmont and the people of the Netherlands should never have it to say that he, the King, had dismissed his faithful servant in consideration of their opinion or their wishes. That he would think of the matter, is the most conciliating answer he gives to them. Nay, the Cardinal himself should never know that he was in reality dismissed. His recall should appear to the minister himself as a temporary departure, counselled by the emergencies of the moment; to all others this temporary absence from the Netherlands should seem the voluntary and spontaneous act of the Cardinal.

Had not the Cardinal a mother, living in some remote district? And must not so benevolent and tender-hearted a Cardinal be desirous, after a long interval, of visiting his aged parent? The Cardinal shall in a letter, which may be seen or heard of all men, solicit of the Regent, or the King, permission to retire for a space from the cares of government; and the King or the Regent shall, with much regret, yield to the claims of filial affection, and of a constituion requiring repose. This shall be the aspect of the transaction to the world at large. The Cardinal receives his *private letter. He* has now the pen put into his hands, and is instructed what to write. In his correspondence with the King, he had frequently implored his majesty—Heaven knows with what sincerity!—not to scruple at sacrificing him or his interests for what might be deemed the public welfare. To this brief retirement how then could he object? He writes, requesting very submissively a leave of absence—it is publicly and blandly granted him. He retires to his country-seat, there to indite most contented letters on the charms of a philosophical retreat, and pine in secret for the return of power.

The Cardinal seems to have believed, or tried to believe, that it was the King's intention to reinstate him after a brief interval. The public, in general, though mystified by this prearranged correspondence, concluded that the Cardinal never would return, and great was their joy at his departure. Even the Duchess was glad to be liberated from a minister who had grown too powerful and domineering. The young nobility were in extacies. "Brederode and Count Hoogstraaten were standing together, looking from a window of a house near the gate of Caudenberg, to feast their eyes with the spectacle of their enemy's retreat. As soon as the Cardinal had passed through the gate on his way to Namur, the first stage of his journey, they rushed into the street, got both upon one horse, Hoogstraaten, who alone had boots on his legs, taking the saddle, and Brederode the croup, and galloped after the Cardinal with the exultation of schoolboys."

After some interval, the Duke of Alva succeeded to the Cardinal, and those who rejoiced most in the departure of that wily minister might have wished his return; for Alva united in himself all the craft and subtlety that the court of Philip could teach, with a cruelty and hardness of nature seldom learned in camps. But we are not attracted to this man—his lineaments are well known, and are not attractive; consummate general as he was, his moral qualities are those we associate with a Grand Inquisitor, not a great Captain. And his range of thought must have been very limited; for when he had succeeded in quelling all resistance by his arms, he undid his own work, and kindled against himself the wrath of every citizen, Catholic or Protestant, by the absurdest system of taxation that ever entered into the head of the merest dragoon to establish. Amongst other taxes he imposed, this stands out conspicuous—ten per cent of the value of every article of merchandise *to be paid as often as it should be sold.* Had he designed to put down commerce as well as heresy, he could not have framed a better system of finance. Imagine every tradesman and merchant, in the thriving cities of Flanders, being compelled to keep an account of every sale they made in the course of the day, in order that they might deduct from their profits this ten per cent to the government. It was monstrous; it was impracticable. His coadjutors in the Council of State remonstrated with him, but in vain; a like tax he had imposed on his own little town of Alva, and why should it not be equally feasible in the great commercial cities of the Netherlands? But commerce was better able to protect itself than heresy, and it raised such a storm about the general's ears that he at length seemed very willing to escape from these Flemish citizens; and Philip, who had no other resource than to appoint new men—being utterly incapacitated for the reception of new ideas—was equally willing to recall him.

It is time we turn to the opposite and patriot camp. Amongst the brave, jovial, gallant, rich, but thoughtless nobility of Flanders, there was one man of earnest purpose, keen insight, heroic perseverance, whose mind expanded as events developed themselves, who finally devoted himself to the cause of the people—of freedom civil and religious—the Prince of Orange. He too, as we first catch sight of him, is the magnificent nobleman, sumptuous, munificent, of generous nature, and a lover of justice, and withal as profoundly versed as Philip himself in what *he* called the art of government—but not apparently possessed by any great principle of action. As, however, his own life matures, and as the crisis of public affairs approaches, he takes upon himself the full solemnity of the times; he becomes the worthy leader of that great movement, which is agitating, in a vague and distracted manner, all classes of the community: he devotes himself till death to a great cause. His son is seized, and detained by the court of Spain as a hostage; his vast revenues are spent in the levying of troops to resist the Duke of Alva, and bribes of princely wealth are held out to him; but he is pledged to his work, and sacrifices all, parental affection, and finally life itself, to his great cause.

His early education was more adapted to develop his talents than his moral nature, but it was evidently preparing him for the great task he was to accomplish. At an early age he entered as page into the service of Charles V., and the Emperor, recognizing the ability and discretion of his prince-page (for he had already come into possession of his title and estates), delighted to have him frequently in his presence, and retained him even when the greatest affairs were discussed with his ministers, or when he gave audiences of the most confidential kind. The youth grew up with a knowledge of men and things that is rarely acquired. At an age when most men are gazing in foolish wonder at the spectacle of courts and governments, he had been introduced behind the scenes, and understood what men were, and what their real motives, and how common a flesh and blood hides beneath the velvet and the ermine. Nor did the Emperor trust his shrewd and silent observer in the cabinet only; he trusted him also in the field. Before the Prince was twenty-one, he was appointed, during the absence of the Duke of Savoy, to be general-in-chief of the army on the French frontier. After the Emperor's death he was equally trusted by Philip, being employed to negotiate the peace with France. He was one of the hostages selected by Henry of France for the due fulfilment of the treaty.

It was at this period that the incident occurred which is said to have procured him the name of the "Silent." He and Henry, while hunting in the wood of Vincennes, found themselves together, separated from the rest of the company: and the French King, concluding that the envoy of Philip was privy to all his designs, began to open his mind on the great scheme which he was then secretly framing with his brother of Spain. The two zealous monarchs were solemnly to pledge themselves for the extirpation of heresy in their several kingdoms, and that by the decisive process of a massacre of the heretics, "that accursed vermin." The French King proceeded to discuss the details of this most religious plot. The Prince was silent, and kept his countenance; and earned his name of "Silent," from the manner in which he received this blundering confidence of the King. The story wears an apocryphal air. The Prince of Orange was not yet a Protestant, and the confidence, therefore, was not so strangely misplaced; and a nickname is not given from a transaction, which at the time is known only to a few persons, for the Prince of Orange would not talk of this. But if Henry of France did make this indiscreet revelation, we may be sure that Orange would not fail to reflect upon it at an after period, when he was engaged in the conflict with Philip. It was a lesson, if he needed one, of what kind of "holy alliance" the Christian sovereigns of his epoch were capable of forming.

As Stadtholder of Holland, Friesland, and Utrecht, it fell upon him to carry out the policy of the Spanish monarch in his treatment of heretics: he received secret instructions to enforce the edicts against all the sectaries without distinction, and with the utmost rigour. From a mere sense of humanity and justice, he was far less severe than Philip required; still he gave orders to enforce conformity with the ancient Church. He was rich, powerful, young; a luxurious and princely life lay before him. His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. "Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family." It was a daily banquet in his household, and the generous host of winning manner and address, was beloved and honoured by all. It was not at this period of life, that he was disposed o regard the sectaries with any other feeling than that of compassion, mingled probably with some degree of contempt.

But, while mingling with all the festivities suitable to his age and rank, he evidently kept his head clear, and his heart free from any of the malignant passions of the time. All parties trusted him. The Protestants looked for justice at his hands; he Duchess-regent knew that she had in him a friend to order and good government, and had recourse from time to time to his mediation with the cities she had provoked almost beyond endurance. He endeavoured to moderate his own party when he saw their proceedings assuming an insurrectionary character. When Brederode, at the head of a numerous procession, presented what was called the *Request* to the Duchess, it was the presence of Orange that prevented the circumstance from eading to serious disturbance. It was this Request, as our readers may remember, that gave rise to the famous name of *The Beggars*, which the young nobility chose to assume for themselves. The Councillor Berlaymont is reported to have said to the Duchess, pointing to the multitude that accompanied this petition:—"What, madam! is it possible that your highness can entertain fears of these beggars?" (*gueux*). At a magnificent repast that took place shortly after, over which Brederode presided, that far too boisterous champion of liberty, repeating the offensive expression of Councillor Berlaymont, exclaimed, "They call us Beggars! Let us accept the name; we will contend with this Inquisition till we all wear the beggar's sack!" He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet and a large wooden bowl, such as were worn and used by professional mendicants, and slinging the wallet round his neck, and filling the bowl with wine, he lifted the ungainly goblet with both his hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the beggars!" (*Vivent les gueux!*) he cried, as he wiped his beard and set down the bowl. "Then," says Mr. Motley, "for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles, rose the famous cry which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field." Amidst shouts of laughter and applause Brederode threw the wallet round the neck of his nearest neighbour, and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest in turn took the knapsack, and, pushing aside the gold and silver plate before him, filled the capacious wooden bowl, and drank *the beggars!* The new shibboleth was invented. While the tumult was at its height, the Prince of Orange with some other nobles entered the apartment. He was immediately surrounded by the "beggars," these bacchanalian patriots, and compelled to drink their toast, though, in the confusion of the scene, its meaning was still unexplained to him. He drank a cup of wine with them, but used his influence to prevail upon them to break up their dangerous festivities.

On every occasion he is seen to be the friend of order and authority, so long as these do not violate the most palpable claims of justice and humanity. It is astonishing how the country began to look upon this man, as if their hope lay with him. Thus it is in disastrous times; if the multitude will, by their fidelity to the greatest amongst them, make *him strong*, they find a pillar of strength on which they themselves can lean. Antwerp is in a state bordering on insurrection. The preachers of the new faith are forbidden the churches, the chapels, the public rooms, the public streets—are driven from the city; the people encamp without the walls, and listen to their preachers there. The sermon, we may be sure, is none the less stirring for being listened to in a half-rebellious spirit; nor is the city quieted because it takes its intoxicating draught of spiritual enthusiasm without the walls. What can the presence of one man do, who brings with him neither arms to terrify, nor power to revoke the destructive and fanatic measures of the King? Yet the whole city of Antwerp calls for the Prince of Orange. And the Duchess entreats him to use his mediatorial influence. He goes, and is received as a saviour. Some brief period of peace follows, but the insane resolution of the Spanish monarch cannot be shaken. Only through war, and war of the most terrible kind, can peace finally be secured.

Not only between Protestant and Catholic, but between Lutheran and Calvinist, he has to act as mediator. The true principle of toleration seems to be embraced by no one—certainly by no party or sect. He does embrace it, contends for it against friend and foe. At a second visit to Antwerp, it falls on him to prevent a civil war between Lutheran and Calvinist.

The storm rages higher, and Orange erects himself to meet it. The pupil of Charles V. knows well what manner of men he has to deal with; no simulation or hypocrisy of the Spanish court can deceive him; to him it is clear as day that there can be no amity with the King except by relinquishing entirely all freedom, civil and religious. He casts in his lot with the people. His friend Count Egmont still hoped to combine loyalty with patriotism. Very touching, indeed, is the parting that now takes place between the two friends. Orange in vain tries to open the eyes of Egmont to the true character of the King of Spain. Loyal and generous himself, he cannot believe that Philip, who treated him so courteously and hospitably during that visit, so unfortunate for his own fame and honour, which he paid the court at Madrid, means his ruin and destruction. Alva has now come upon the scene. Orange knows well that both he and Egmont are proscribed men. But Egmont is fatally deluded. "Alas! Egmont," said the Prince, "the King's clemency, of which you boast, will destroy you: would that I might be deceived; but I foresee too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy so soon as they have passed over it to invade the country." With these words he concluded his vain appeal to awaken the Count from his fatal security. "Then, as if persuaded that he was looking upon his friend for the last time, William of Orange threw his arms around Egmont, and held him for a moment in a close embrace. Tears fell from the eyes of both at this parting moment; and then, the brief scene of simple and lofty pathos terminated, Egmont and Orange separated from each other, never to meet again on earth."

The "bridge" was very little used; its destruction seemed the main thing that was plotted. Philip wrote to the Count in the most friendly strain *after* the commission had been given to Alva to arrest him and the other nobles of his party. Thus, in spite of many admonitions—some of them even from Spaniards—the unhappy Count was lured to his destruction. Alva was enabled very dexterously to accomplish his arrest. He had, however, the mortification to find that the man whom above all others it was necessary for him to capture, had escaped. The ex-minister, the Cardinal, on hearing that Orange had not been seized, said very truly, "That if Orange had escaped, they had taken nobody, and that his capture would have been more valuable than that of every man in the Netherlands."

The contest had now become earnest indeed. It was no longer a weak woman who held the regency; it was the most consummate general and the most inflexible man that Philip could have selected who now held the Netherlands under a military despotism. Orange declared war against this tyrant, levied troops in Germany, expended all his resources to bring an army into the field; but through the masterly generalship and Fabian tactics of Alva, he was doomed to see the season pass, and his troops disband, without effecting anything. The Prince of Orange gains no victories in the open field. Hardly any great man has accomplished so much with so few successes. But perseverance through adversity, through defeat, through calumny and slander, met with its reward. He trusted always to his sacred cause, and felt that he and it must be under the providence of God. And this is the place to mention that he had now embraced, with a sober and sincere zeal, the Reformed faith; thus arming himself completely for the great task committed to him. We have no account here of the gradual steps of his conversion. Mr. Motley very judiciously observes that the real incidents of his life, and not religious controversy, led, in all probability, to the change. Feeling the necessity for he support of religion, and feeling his need at a time when two forms of Christianity presented themselves for his selection, he preferred the Proestant. A Catholic may suggest hat he chose the religion of that party with which his own fortunes were henceforth to be bound up—that his was, in fact, a political conversion; but his after life, and the tenor of his private correspondence, prove him to have become sincerely and zealously pious. To us the choice seems very natural: he who had seen so much of priests—though perhaps of the higher and not the more spiritual order—was not likely (if he could adopt another) to select that form of Christianity in which a priesthood stands between the human soul and its God. He would prefer the theology which led him at once into communion with God and Christ, to that which put a priestly confessor beside him to dog his footsteps every moment of his life. One thing is indisputable, and highly to his glory;—both for Catholics and Protestants, for Lutherans and Calvinists, he claimed liberty of thought, freedom of worship, the full and manly enunciation of every sincere conviction. He was misunderstood even by his own party; his noble sense of justice was often traduced as lukewarmness and irreligion. Peter Dathenus, a fiery zealot who for some time exerted an overbearing influence from the pulpit of Ghent, denounced him as "an atheist in heart,—as a man who knew no God but state expediency, which was the idol of his worship." And a far more temperate Protestant, St. Aldegonde, seemed incapable of comprehending that there was any necessity to preach toleration to those of the Reformed faith; he evidently cannot understand that "religious peace" at which the Prince was aiming, that mutual forbearance, that freedom of restraint *for all* in matters purely religious. "The Prince," he says complainingly, in one of his letters—and the complaint remains an honour to his misapprehended leader—"The Prince has uttered reproaches to me that our clergy are striving to obtain a mastery over consciences. He praised lately the saying of a monk, who was not long here, that our pot had not gone to the fire as often as that of our antagonists, but that, when the time came, it would be black enough. In short, the Prince fears that after a few centuries the clerical tyranny on both sides will stand in this respect on the same footing."

The Prince of Orange lived to see Holland and Zealand obtain, through many trials and the fiercest struggle, their independence; and had just accepted some modified sovereignty of these provinces, under the title of Count, when his assassination took place. We regret to find how conspicuous a part his old opponent, Cardinal Granvelle, plays in this transaction. It is he, it seems, who whispered into the King's ear the expediency of removing the Prince by the assassination. He couples the advice with a base calumny against the courage of the man whose life was one constant exposure to danger. He was in favour of publicly setting a price upon his head—offering a reward of thirty or forty thousand crowns to any one who would deliver up the Prince dead or alive; and he added, "as the Prince of Orange is a vile coward, fear alone will throw him into confusion." Thus writes, thus counsels, the priest; and the King, who was not difficult to persuade on such an occasion, accordingly published what is called his "ban," in which, after enumerating the offences of Orange, after banishing and putting him out of the pale of law, he continues thus: "And if any one of our subjects, or any stranger, should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him, immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; *and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valour.*" Thus, says Mr. Motley, by Cardinal Granvelle and by Philip, a price was set upon the head of the foremost man of his age, as if he had been a savage beast, and admission into the ranks of Spain's haughty nobility was made the additional bribe to tempt the assassin.

Balthazar Gérard, the miserable

creature who executed this royal ban, had been already led by his fanaticism to believe that the murder of the arch-rebel and arch-heretic, as he thought the Prince, would be a work of supereminent piety. If now, wealth and nobility in this world were to be added to the highest honours in the next, why should he any longer delay to strike? On the one hand there was the imminent risk of being captured after the blow was struck, or the shot fired, and being put to a most cruel death; but, on the other hand, there was a great prize to be gained, and there was every satisfaction that an orthodox Catholic could require for his conscience. His King commanded—his confessor approved. When he confided his scheme to the regent of the Jesuit college, "that dignitary expressed high approbation of the plan, gave Gérard his blessing, and promised him that, if his life should be sacrificed in achieving his purpose, he should be enrolled amongst the martyrs." Under a false name and character he contrived to gain admission into the house of the Prince of Orange, who was then residing in the little town of Delft. He represented himself as a Protestant, and the son of a Protestant who had suffered death for his religion. "A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meagre, mean-visaged, muddy-complexioned, and altogether a man of no account." His appearance had so little prepossessed the then Regent of the Netherlands, the Prince of Parma (who had advanced money to villains of all nations, who had spent it and done nothing), that he refused to lend him any assistance, and he was absolutely so poor that he received as charity from William of Orange the means of purchasing the pistols by which the assassination was to be committed. With money thus procured, he bought a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price. On the following day, it is said that the soldier stabbed himself to the heart and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

The shot was fired as the Prince was passing from the dining-room to his own private apartments. Three balls entered his body. He expired in a few minutes. "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" were the last words he uttered.

Thus expired a man who may justly be called Great; for the title is then most legitimately applied when one in a high station, or endowed with great powers, devotes himself to a noble cause. The miserable assassin, with his meagre frame and contemptible appearance, had, at all events, that species of courage or endurance which we find in perfection in the wild Indian. He had almost made his escape; he had reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish and fell. This led to his capture. From that moment he was calm as a martyred saint, supporting every species of torture that could be devised with an equanimity so surprising that it was thought unaccountable, except on the ground of witchcraft and sorcery. He was clothed, therefore, "in the shirt of an hospital patient," that being a charm against sorcery, and tortured anew; but even in the shirt he manifested the same apparent impassiveness to pain.

To pass in review a history of the Revolt of the Netherlands, without dwelling at all on the many terrible sieges and massacres that distinguished it, seems a strange omission; it would be an omission still less justifiable if we were to quit Mr. Motley's work without giving any idea of the spirited and powerful manner in which he has described the horrors of this civil war. Does the reader remember the siege of Leyden? Probably he does, yet not so vividly but that he will read the account of it in these volumes with keen interest.

We instance the siege of Leyden, not only from the quite peculiar circumstances that attended it, but because, happily, it does not end in one of those fearful massacres, where ruelty, lust, and brutality, take their most exaggerated form, and of which we necessarily have to read here till we recoil from the page. We abridge Mr. Motley's account.

"Leyden was now destined to pass hrough a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherands. Placed in the midst of broad and ruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from he bottom of the sea, it was fringed with miling villages, blooming gardens, fruitul orchards. The ancient, and, at last, lecrepit Rhine, flowing languidly towards its sandy bed,* had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation in the centre of the city rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as the work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England. Surrounded by fruit-trees, and overgrown in the centre by oaks, it afforded from its mouldering battlements a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighbouring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land."

This fair city was completely invested by the Spanish army under Valdez. The Prince of Orange had no troops which could encounter the enemy with the least chance of success. There was no possible way of throwing provisions into the town. Famine must exterminate the inhabitants, unless the sea, which was twenty miles distant, could be brought up to the walls of the city! The sea, bearing the Dutch fleet to their assistance through those meadows and outlying villages, was their only hope. Such was the plan of the Prince of Orange, and such the desperate expedient that the States of Holland were willing to sanction. Rather let the whole land be sunk than the nation be enslaved! But the Prince of Orange lay ill of a fever in Rotterdam, and the work went on slowly, and to many the expedient seemed altogether wild and visionary. "Go up to the tower, ye Beggars!" was the taunting cry of some in the city who were the opponents of the Prince,—"Go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief?" And day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing of relief by God and man.

But the Prince recovered from his illness, and the necessary preparations were vigorously resumed. Admiral Boissot got his vessels together, with eight hundred veteran sailors —the "sea-beggars"—renowned far and wide for their nautical skill and ferocious courage; he also collected good store of provisions for the starving city. The dykes were destroyed, and the flotilla made its way fifteen miles up the country to the strong dyke called the Land-scheiding; and there it was arrested. Between this and Leyden were several other dykes; and, moreover, the Spaniards were encamped there, or lodged in forts. The Land-scheiding, however, was vigorously seized on by the Dutch, was broken through in several places, and the fleet sailed on. Then came another dyke, the "Green-way," and that was seized and opened, and the fleet still passed inland. But now the sea, which had thus far borne them on, diffused itself under an adverse wind, and became too shallow for the ships.

"Meantime the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days. They knew that the wind was unfavourable; and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. The daily mortality was frightful. . . . . The pestilence now stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves. There stood the burgomaster—a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in a language which has been almost literally preserved—'What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hand, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive!"

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* The reader may observe here (if he cares to notice it) an instance of that poetical or metaphorical style by which we have ventured to intimate Mr. Motley does not improve his descriptions. If he would take a hint from us, he would avoid all indulgence in poetic fancy, and let his eloquence be under the sole inspiration and guidance of strong feelings and strong facts.

But the wind rose, and the sea with it, and at a fortunate conjuncture, a panic dispersed their enemies, and the relieving fleet *sailed into the city!* The quays were lined with the famishing population, and from every vessel bread was thrown amongst the crowd. Some choked themselves to death with the food thus suddenly presented to them. By the spontaneous movement of the multitude, or as a measure wisely ordained to calm the over-excitement of the moment, all the inhabitants, the magistrates and citizens, the sailors and the soldiers, repaired to the great church, there to bend in humble gratitude before the King of kings. Thousands of voices raised the thanksgiving hymn; but the universal emotion became too full for utterance—the hymn was abruptly suspended, and the multitude wept like children.

Surely no people ever won its freedom through greater efforts, sufferings, and sacrifices than the United Provinces of the Netherlands. God forbid that any European nation should again pass through so terrible an ordeal; still it is instructive, and it stirs the heart to learn what men *can* do and suffer in a righteous cause.

With the death of Orange terminates the first instalment which Mr. Motley has given us of his history. The remaining portion will treat more especially of the acts and the career of the Dutch Republic. That will be the fit occasion to offer some remarks on the "place in history" of this famous republic; for all Europe, and England especially, owes a great debt to Holland. We are accustomed, and with justice, to say at the present epoch, that England teaches practically, to the rest of Europe, how far the pure government of equal laws can be established without interference of arbitrary power. There was a time when England learned this lesson of Holland;—not to mention that it was a stadtholder of Holland who came to our liberation at a time when we could not have borne a republic, and when we should have looked in vain to any other quarter for a liberal sovereign. No other quarter in Europe could have grown or educated the man we wanted. We shall expect with much interest the remaining volumes of Mr. Motley's History.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—ITS PURPOSE AND MANAGEMENT.

The management of the National Gallery has long been the chosen subject for abuse. Sometimes the outcry is raised that pictures have been flayed and destroyed under the murderous hand of cleaners and restorers—sometimes that mere copies have been imposed upon the Trustees in the place of originals; and then, again, that the public money has been squandered in the purchase of a class of works more calculated to corrupt than to improve the public taste. Such charges are but too easily made in the matter of picture-dealing, in which the dealer is often the designing knave—the purchaser, it may be, a too credulous dupe—the general public, in great measure, incompetent judges—and even the accomplished and qualified few a court of doubtful appeal, constituted possibly of opinions the most diversified. It were, then, almost vain to presume to adjudicate on these much vexed questions, which even parliamentary committees have failed to solve, save by that oblivion which notoriously shrouds all subjects committed to "Blue-book" custody.

Pictures have an existence only less painfully sensitive than that of the artist-painter himself. You can scarcely in a studio venture to compliment an artist on his work, in the dread of wounding the delicacy of his nature; and you can surely scarcely venture to hang his picture in any gallery, from fear that an oblivious shadow or some appalling light may mar a cherished beauty. But these are evils merely of the passing hour. Think then, O gentle reader, of the accumulated injuries heaped in the lapse of centuries upon works by Raphael which have been taken from panel and transferred to canvas—upon pictures by Correggio, roughly scoured and then repainted—upon paintings by Titian, skinned and scraped, and then reglazed. Ponder, we say, on the delicate sensitive existence of a picture—those lines so lovingly traced by the hand of Raphael, lines upon which the spirit-world of beauty intones its gentlest harmonies—think, too, of those lustrous hues of radiant glory, tempered by the cool of grateful shade, which in Titian seem to exult in all the life and fulness of voluptuous pleasure; and then raise your lamentations over the ravages of time—rain pouring in by skylight—heat and cold, with fever and with chill, racking each delicate member—ravages but rendered still more fatal by restorations which man comes mercilessly to inflict. Is it a wonder, then, that from every gallery in Europe the outcry is raised against the havoc which time and man have thus committed? In Madrid, Ford tells us that the pictures have been absolutely flayed and massacred. In Dresden, likewise, it is but too evident that the great Correggios have suffered violence. In the Pitti of Florence, the palace-like polish of well-kept surface can only be maintained by doctoring reparations. In the far-famed Tribune, in the same city, we have been ourselves asked to expose the system which now, under the plea of restorations, threatens the great masterpieces with still further destruction. Thus it can easily be understood that there is scarcely a picture in Europe over which Raphael once lovingly doted—scarcely a work in which the great masters have poured out the fulness of their spirit, or apportioned with costless pains a priceless labour—that has not been marred or massacred either by time or the hand of man.

These considerations must certainly materially affect the character and quality of any national gallery which is now attempted to be formed. The great works of which we have spoken as injured, and sometimes all but destroyed, are still justly deemed such priceless treasures as to be withheld from our reach. They never come into the market, and cannot be bought at any price. The managers of our National Gallery are then necessarily, in their selection, reduced to a class of works, it may be, hid in convents or held in private hands, the history and pedigree of which are probably somewhat doubtful. The great masters, it is well known, were aided by numerous scholars, and hence it is that countless works are found not only in Italy but throughout Europe, which presume to bear the master's name, but which were, in fact, executed only by his pupils. We are told that a scholar of Raphael made a copy of one of his master's works, which even Raphael himself mistook for an original. Let us, then, for a moment look at the difficulties which beset the formation of any national gallery. In the first place, the great and important pictures are now proverbially difficult to obtain. In the next place, it is not always possible to determine whether any given work has been executed by master or scholars. And then, again, a once original picture may have been so injured by time, and so far repainted by restorers, as to leave little or nothing of the master's hand. Such, indeed, are the difficulties which beset the purchase of pictures, such the snares deliberately cast with the purpose to entrap, that even the most wary and the best informed must occasionally be deceived. It may, therefore, be matter even of surprise that, in the lengthened history of our National Gallery, more errors have not been committed. Without going into the details of any given charge, we may, in the very necessity of the case, almost take it for granted that some unwise purchases have occasionally been made. We would say, however, let these be forgotten in the remembrance of the great and invaluable works which of late years have been wisely secured, forming at length for this country a National Gallery of pictures worthy of its name and purpose. We have, for example, secured one of the largest and choicest works of Paul Veronese. We have become the fortunate possessors of a Perugino, which, for purity of spirit and beauty of colour, is scarcely surpassed in Europe. We have purchased, moreover, in Florence a series of early Italian pictures, which gives to our Gallery that historic basis which is essential to accurate knowledge and study. The authorities, then, for these and other services may safely, we think, appeal to the grand general result, against any minor errors which may have been laid to their charge.

The difficulties in the formation of a national gallery are, as we have seen, so great, the possibilities of error so many, that it is scarcely surprising that the authorities intrusted with the management, should have been made the victims of constant and inveterate attack. It is most easy for Mr. Coningham in the House of Commons to denounce certain works as "villanous." It certainly is not difficult for any connoisseur, even the most shallow, to write an anonymous letter to the *Times* designating some recent purchase as a wretched daub. And all this, and much more, is easy and tempting, affording a ready road to noisy notoriety, because both hearers and readers in the House, and beyond its doors, are self-endowed with a capacity to judge of all matters relating to pictures and the fine arts just in proportion to the extent of their ignorance. It was once well said by Mr. Labouchere that the House of Commons never appears to less advantage than when it sets itself to discuss the merits of a picture. And a late Chancellor of the Exchequer, the present Secretary for the Home Office, stated in his place in Parliament, that he had learned by experience that there was scarcely a duty more difficult to discharge than that of buying pictures for the National Gallery. for himself, he declared that he would infinitely rather negotiate a loan for ten millions sterling, than he would undertake to purchase a single picture." On these occasions, when the wisdom of the House of Commons condescends to discuss the merits of the fine arts in general, and the management of the National Gallery in particular, Lord Elcho usually leads the attack, and wins the House by ready wit and pleasant laughter; often, it may be feared, at the expense of better reason. Mr. Coningham follows, quotes his friend Morris Moore, and relies greatly on obscure pamphlets published in Berlin against Dr. Waagen. Dr. Waagen, indeed with Sir Charles Eastlake, and especially Mr. Mundler, the late travelling agent, are the unfortunate objects of abuse. Finally, at the end of a noisy debate victory is purchased upon terms which can only be regarded as disastrously fatal to the victors themselves. A false appeal has been made to prejudice both within the House and beyond its doors, and votes and public opinion may be then but too readily secured upon those purely democratic principles, under which overwhelming ignorance always constitutes a numerical majority. But the victory, we again repeat, is fatal and humiliating to the victors themselves. True lovers of art, we venture to say, are amazed. Responsible Ministers stand aghast, finding their wisely-matured plans of public administration overturned by the capricious blast of popular prejudice. But what matter can it be to financial reformers, ballot-box mongers, and the Manchester school of cheap cotton, what fate befalls the arts of their country, or whether, indeed, in London there be a National Gallery at all?

It is but right that the representatives of the people should keep jealous guard over the public purse. It is but fitting that the public press, ever eager in the people's service, should expose any casual error into which a public servant may have fallen. An officer of high integrity and intelligence would rejoice in the subjection to such surveillance. The authorities of the National Gallery have, however, this grave ground of complaint, that not only their casual errors, but likewise their signal services, have equally been laid to their charge. It is this injustice which has especially, to our minds, prejudiced the cause of their opponents, and induced us to claim on their behalf at least fair-play. Whatever work the authorities may have selected for purchase, their opponents have thought fit systematically to condemn. In Venice, for example, was a great picture, towards which every traveller invariably directed his gondola, as it passed the Pisani Palace on the Grand Canal. Tradition attached to the work a pleasing story. Its great painter, Paul Veronese, having been hospitably entertained by the Pisani family, the artist executed by stealth this very work, and left it in concealment as an acknowledgment for the hospitality he had received. And here, in a large room of this Venetian palace overlooking the Grand Canal, has this sumptuous work, by the most gorgeous of Italian painters, been long the admiration of all travellers, the envy of every royal collector. Goethe, towards the close of last century, in his well-known letters from Italy, tells us that he "paid a visit to the palace Pisani Moretta, for the sake of a charming picture by Paul Veronese." He relates the story of the picture's origin, and then proceeds: "Certainly, it well deserves to have had a singular birth, for it serves as an example of all the peculiar merits of this master. The great skill with which the artist usually distributes his light and shade, and at the same time contrasts his local colours, producing a delightful harmony, yet without monotony, is in this picture most strikingly evident. The work, besides, is in excellent preservation, and stands before us almost with the freshness of yesterday." The King of Prussia desired to obtain this great prize, but failed. And Sir Charles Eastlake, tells us, that "within the last thirty years, sovereigns, public bodies, and opulent individuals, have in vain endeavoured to secure it." The authorities of our own National Gallery were, however, more successful. Yet will it be credited that this picture, even in Venice deemed a masterpiece of one of her greatest painters, no sooner reached the shores of England than it was hooted with even more than usual abuse by the constituted opponents of the Gallery? By some it was hinted, that instead of an original work we had obtained but an indifferent copy! Others gave it as their opinion, that this painting, for which the nation had paid nearly £14,000, would not fetch at London auction more than £2000!! And finally, Lord Elcho, who aspires to be the leader of these discontented *dilettanti*, having given in the House of Commons to both these charges the force of further reiteration, fitly concludes a speech bordering upon the grotesque by objecting to pay an enormous price "for a second-rate picture by a second-rate master!!" We need scarcely say in conclusion, that by criticism such as this honourable members condemn themselves. The unmeasured exaggeration of the attack almost constitutes a defence. A picture which in Venice has been deemed by all the world a grand masterpiece, may certainly, when brought to London, hold itself superior to noisy clamour. Works carefully collected in Florence as gems of rarest masters, may assuredly stand indifferent to a praise or censure little worthy of the areopagus of any modern Athens. In spite, however, of all this prejudiced opposition, we rejoice to say that the National Gallery now at length impartially represents all tastes, however diversified; all wants, however opposite; includes all schools, all nationalities, all climates, religions, and tongues; and thus has attained to that universality which may well defy the noise of party, or the narrowness of sect.

Let us now further inquire for what purpose a national gallery should be founded—let us determine what class of pictures should be purchased by a nation wishing to promote among its people the knowledge and the culture of the arts. Now, it is evident that two somewhat distinct principles may guide the selection of appropriate works, and determine the character and intent of the nation's central gallery of instruction. On the one hand, it is probable that public opinion may with some plausibility decide that a national gallery, as a guide and standard of public taste, forming an essential part of a great central school or academy of art, should exclusively consist of master works, which are themselves standards of excellence. But opposed to this plausible notion, there has been long a growing opinion that even a gallery thus constituted would be far from complete and satisfactory. It has been felt that the greatest pictures and painters have been in great measure historic products, belonging, no less than poets and poems, statesmen and laws, to the times in which they have been cast. Great events have been for the most part foreshadowed, great men have had their antecedents, and grand revolutions their forebodings. The Reformation of Luther was the revolt which followed upon long years of doubt and discontent, the great French Revolution but the last volcanic outburst of internal fires. And we need scarcely insist on the obvious proposition, that in order rightly to estimate such historic characters and phenomena, it is needful to understand the historic periods out of which they have arisen—to trace admitted facts back to their efficient causes in preceding centuries, and again forward to their ultimate results in all succeeding times. Now it has been rightly felt that in these respects the arts form no exception to other branches of knowledge. In art, no less than in philosophy, science, or politics, it has been found impossible wholly to isolate any one master or epoch. A Luther, a Ba or a Newton, it is admitted, must be studied through the age in which they lived. And so, in like manner, Raphael or Michael Angelo, together with the great works proceeding from their hands, can be rightly estimated only by a comprehensive review of the times out of which they have arisen, of the masters who were their contemporaries, of the early sculptors and painters who form their historic ancestry, and even those later men who are known as their degenerate descendants. Hence then, it will be understood why it has been deemed needful that a national gallery should consist of works forming a historic series of progressive development, leading from the earlier periods of comparative immaturity down to those great masters whose supreme creations constitute for art the last glory and perfection. The student, we again repeat, can alone understand the genius of Raphael in its simplicity yet maturity, when brought into comparison and contrast with all the inchoate crudity which went before and all the showy ostentation which followed after. The student must be taught by failure, no less than by success. He must know how some men have fallen from lack of genius others from want of opportunity. He must be able to find, on the walls of the public gallery, pictures painted in all times, even the most degraded—pictures nevertheless justly prized because they teach an important lesson—show the deepest depth to which the arts had fallen—and hence tell of that progressive labour of ages, that noble achievement of genius, by which art at length became divine, and accomplished for man its highest mission.

Some of the most important and instructive among the galleries of Europe ane chiefly valuable by virtue of that historic selection and arrangement for the advantages of which we are now contending. In the Uffizi, and the Belle Arte in Florence, the traveller or student may trace the great Florentine school of painting, from its first rise with Cimabue in the thirteenth century, to its grand consummation with Fra Bartolomeo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo in the fourteenth and fifteenth. The gallery at Siena, in like manner, is specially important as containing the earlier works of that eminently spiritual school, into which some of the greatest Italian masters were subsequently baptised. In Germany, the gallery at Munich likewise is chiefly prized for the unrivalled Boisseree Collection of early German works, extending from Meister Wilhelm of Cologne, in the fourteenth century, down to the more recent pictures of Albert Durer and Holbein, a series through which can be traced the history and development of transalpine art, in all the individuality of its detail and the grotesqueness of its character. Finally, in Berlin it is well known that, under the direction of Dr. Waagen, a gallery has been collected and arranged preëminently historic in its basis—assigning to each work its chronological position—a gallery in which, therefore, may be traced the rise and the progress of pictorial art, and the laws which govern its development. In the face, then, of all objectors, we insist that our own National Gallery should be formed upon the same broad foundations, that so it may secure for the people of this country the like sound and comprehensive instruction.

We have urged that art, like science, philosophy, and other branches of knowledge, can only be mastered and fully understood through the records of its history and the development of its chronology. The full-flowing river, which bears the commerce of the world, must be traced back to its first precarious source; we must know what clouds have nurtured it in infancy, what streams have fed it on its way, what lands have been watered by its floods; and then, whether it be the Nile giving fertility to Egypt, or the Danube bearing the commerce of Central Europe, we can say this river we have made our own, we understand its ways and wanderings, we know its position and value in the map of nations, the part it has taken in the physical mutations of our globe. And not less needful is it to trace the full tide of art which sweeps through sunny tracts of civilisation, or spreads fertility and flowery fragrance in blissful valleys, back to the bleak barren mountains of its first precarious origin. We know, in short, through our own repeated experience, that it is impossible rightly to appreciate the true greatness of the Italian masters, until we have traced the river of the arts to its earliest source, walked day after day along its banks, marked its erratic course, the rude obstacles checking its career, and the broad channels it has worn for its way. Hence, we would recommend that the student should enter our National Gallery with this same definite purpose. He cannot, it is true, pursue the proposed investigation to completion; some links in the great chain of succession will be wanting; some tracts in the wide territories of art are as yet not marked in our still incompleted chart. These deficiencies it has been the anxious care of the authorities to supply. But in the mean time, nevertheless, the entire field of history is open before him; he may grope in the darkness of the darkest ages, or bask, as in the works of Titian and Veronese, in the golden sunshine of civilization.

We will now give a few examples of the instruction to be derived from the mode of study we have ventured to recommend. The pictures in the "Lombardi-Baldi" collection of early Italian masters will furnish us with materials. Let us begin at the very beginning, and at once turn to perhaps the most ungainly work ever painted, "The Virgin and Child," with accessory pictures from lives of the saints, signed "Margarit de Aritio me fecit." We learn from Mr. Wornum's instructive catalogue that this painter, Margaritone, was born at Arezzo in the year 1236, and that this picture "is on every account the most characteristic and important" of his works. Four years later, in the neighbouring city of Florence, was born Cimabue, commonly regarded as the father of Italian art. It is therefore most fitting and fortunate that the National Gallery should possess, as in "The Madonna and Child enthroned," some example of a master who, like his contemporary Margaritone, boldly sought to emancipate the arts from the fetters of Byzantine bondage. Then, again, in a neighbouring and rival republic, was born in the self-same century the painter Duccio of Siena, a man scarcely less celebrated than his great contemporary Cimabue in Florence, each loving alike the freedom of nature rather than the bondage of tradition. The picture, then, by Duccio, "The Madonna and Child, with Angels and Saints," however strange and unalluring to our more educated eyes, serves, as the two preceding works, for a historic landmark in the history of art. It is true that to the mere artist hungering for the feast of beauty, to the mere picture-maker searching out materials for his trade, such paintings can bring but little pleasure or assistance. Yet to the student who regards art as one of the appointed languages by which thought obtains expression—one of the ordained means by which man speaks to man—and even God, we would venture to say, at times and through appointed agents, grants a visual revelation; even such works as these are pregnant with instruction. They tell of the indestructibility of art—indestructible as the primal faculties in man. Man may fall into the barbarism of the dark ages; the arts, as here, may sink into the depth of debasement; outraged nature may have long fled the artist's studio, and yet art, endowed with the immortality which inheres in the essential in human nature, still lives on, ministers still to the glory of the church—still aids in the worship of the sanctuary. In looking at these three pictures by Margaritone, Cimabue, and Duccio, repulsive though they be, let it be remembered that we have already entered on the period of the revival, for a light had then dawned which made at least the darkness visible. Dreary and desolate is the surrounding tract, yet have we reached the fountain-head, whence flowed that exulting and abounding river which watered with fertility and spread with civilisation the beauteous land of Italy. These three pictures may now in London provoke a smile and excite derision, yet works such as these were once borne in exultation through the streets of Florence and Siena. They were once regarded as the triumphs of genius, the dearest tributes to religion; and now to us, after the lapse of five centuries, they serve in our own National Gallery to mark the commencement of that epoch which was at length crowned by a Leonardo and a Raphael. They are indeed the first rude germs of that organic growth which, commencing here at a point far beneath nature, at length, through successive stages of development, sought to transcend nature.

We have seen that up to this point little progress had been made. The career of Cimabue in Florence, of Duccio in Siena, was but a stumbling in the dark, and we shall find that the transition from darkness to light, from early dawn to meridian day, was not a question of hours, but of ages. Margaritone was born in 1236; Cimabue only four years later; Duccio still belongs to the same century. Between these early men and the birth of Raphael there rolled more than two hundred years. Already the great cities of Italy had attained to wealth and power; the republics of Venice, Pisa, and Genoa had sent their fleets to aid in the first crusade; Dante had given to Italian poetry its glory; Hildebrand had achieved for the Church a proud dominion; and yet the plastic and pictorial arts, of slower growth than commerce, poetry, or priestly dominion, were still, in the thirteenth century, but struggling into light, passing by slow stages of development from infancy to manhood. Giotto, with Gaddi and Orcagna belonging to his school, formed the first important epoch in this progressive development; and works by each of these great masters are now found on the walls of our National Gallery. The war, we now see, had fairly set in between nature and tradition. It was nature which henceforth was to endow with truth, enrich with beauty, and animate with life. An injured and an outraged nature at length came to teach those truths of man's bodily structure — the anatomy of limb, the symmetry of proportion, which had been so blindly violated; to show those truths, moreover, of the outward world—those laws of vision and perspective, those facts of earth and phenomena of sky — of which the earlier artists had been so darkly ignorant. It was Nature, too, who came with softened step and gentle mien to win the artist to the charm of beauty, to give to art all the poetry and loveliness of earth, all the promise and the blessedness of heaven. It was Nature who at length came with all the ardour of rapturous youth to breathe into the artist's work the breath of impulsive life, so that at length art became a living soul animating a healthful body. Thus is it that the historic development of art was analogous to a growth in nature — a growth of slow degrees and successive stages, progressive from the ruder germ to the maturity of the perfected work. Thus is it that the study of art is analogous to the study of nature, the observation of the mode and process whereby art became a second nature, a second creation, shadowing forth the truth and the beauty of that wider and more universal creation which came from the hand of God.

But the process of growth, though sure and constant, was slow and protracted. In the works of Giotto, Gaddi, and Orcagna, as seen in the National Gallery, the student must be content to mark merely the first rudimentary germs of future maturity. He must be content to trace the first feeble motions of life animating the cold and deathlike limbs, the first faint glimmer of intelligence and love gleaming upon features long stricken with stupefaction. But the hem of the garment has been touched, and the deathlike shroud moves as with Lazarus awaking. Mark those hands clasped in worship, as if some unaccustomed revelation had aroused to life limbs long stricken with paralysis. Mark, too, those up-gazing eyes fixed in ecstasy — those parted lips panting with gasping breath, as if the vision of heavenly glory had awakened long-slumbering powers to expectant life and beatitude. Thus to the observant student may be found in these early works the first rude germs of art's future greatness —a greatness and a goodness which nature came to give.

But art in its earlier stages is specially finite, while nature in all her multifarious manifestations is all but infinite. Nature is infinitely vast, infinitely minute, infinite in its relations, material and even spiritual. Human nature, again, is scarcely less boundless — boundless in its destiny through time, infinite in variety of manifestation, material and spiritual. Hence it was found impossible that an art finite in its powers could embrace the infinitude of this boundless nature, thus multifarious in her forms and manifestations. Therefore the history of art soon became divided into divers schools each taking to itself some special aspect of outward or of human nature to which it might give preponderating import. Now, humanity itself has two great aspects — the material and the spiritual; and hence we find, as by an almost necessary consequence, that there speedily arose two distinct schools of art—the material and the spiritual—corresponding in typical form and mental manifestation to these two great divisions in human nature. Thus, again, we see that art may be regarded as a reflex of humanity. The artist, by a necessary intuition, takes from the infinity of nature that which reflects himself;—the spiritual-minded, the spiritual in form, in character, and in life; the carnally-minded, the gross, the animal, and the material. Thus philosophy, theology, and art, all alike point to the same grand divisions of the material and the spiritual — elements which too often war the one against the other, not less in the field of art than in the conflict of the world.

Enter, then, the National Gallery as itself a little world—the microcosm of the greater world without—a pictorial history, upon the antique pages of which are emblazoned the aspirations and passions, the virtues and the vices, which have redeemed and enthralled mankind. But this full evolution of man's entire nature is to be found only in the complete range of art, through the progression and decline of successive centuries. The decline of art is naturally the manifestation of man's passions and vices; its rise the expression of man's aspirations and virtues. The birth of Christian art, indeed, was like to the first creation in Eden — spotless and free from the taint of sin. Hence do we find that the earliest pictures belong to that spiritual school in which the soul communes with Heaven, even as the first man talked with God. The paintings of the earliest Christian masters seem, indeed, once more to reconcile man with God, and to bring earth again into communion with Heaven. Of this earlier school "The Coronation of the Virgin," by Orcagna, in our National Gallery, may be taken as an example. Mark in the upward and earnest gaze of saints kneeling in adoration, in the ecstatic rapture of angels making melody on harps, that striving for spiritual expression, that fervent outpouring of thanksgiving and praise, which in these early works seemed designedly to exalt the soul, even through the annihilation of mere flesh and blood. Again, in the early work "Christ on the Cross," by Segna, a master belonging to the spiritual school of Siena, we find in the attenuated and pain stricken form of the Saviour this same subjection of the body to the dominion of the soul. In like manner, in the small "Ecce Homo" by Niccolo Alunno, Christ crowned with thorns, the hands crossed upon the breast, do we find a manifestation even to excess of that spiritual monasticism which sought to exalt religion in the mortification of the flesh. In this head of Christ we find almost an intentional want of drawing, a falling about of the nerveless features, giving to painful excess the aspect of physical prostration, an utter powerlessness and abandonment, a state of nothingness and emptiness approaching to physical dissolution, as if the cup of anguish had been to the last drop drained, and yet the resigned words spoken, "Thy will be done." After thus following this act of austere spiritualism as she walks through the dark valley, led by the hand of death rather than guided by the angel of the resurrection, it is some consolation to turn to Angelico, the blessed and the blissful, who leaves the cerements of the grave for the rainbow garments of the skies. "The Adoration of the Magi" is of his usual spiritual purity — colours dipped in heaven, faces beauteous and holy, as if spotless angels again walked the earth. This, too, is an art which is now gone for ever — gone that simplicity of faith, that intensity of worship, that oblivion of self, that visits of angels; for men now eat greedily of the tree of knowledge where once they communed face to face with God. We desire not again for art, even were it possible, this spotless Eden. She has tasted both for good and for evil of the tree of knowledge; she has exchanged the solitude for the crowd, is now a secular denizen of the wide and busy world, and therefore this ecstatic art of the recluse and the devotee is gone for ever. And just because it is gone do we the more rejoice that Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Mündler have rescued for our instruction the series of those early works to which we have now claimed attention. What a prize, for example, have they won in the purchase of that masterpiece by Benozzo Gozzoli, "The Virgin and Child enthroned,"—angels with extended wings, saints in adoration, with a foreground of lilies, roses, and birds! Let it be remembered too, not without reverence, that these works, which we now idly gaze on, have been approached on bended knee; that these same forms to our eyes so unwonted, have, as altar-pieces wafted by incense, attended by song, given to the worship of the multitude a beauteous poetry and a visual reality.

The opposing school of materialism was fitly inaugurated by Fra Filippo Lippi, a painter whose life of profligate adventure brought scandal upon his fraternity and art. It is a point of curious study to trace the according relation between the depravity of this painter's life and the sensuality which unconsciously intrudes into his religious art. He was manifestly a man of extraordinary powers. On comparing the works of this painter in the National Gallery with the neighbouring productions of Cimabue, and even of Giotto and Orcagna, it will be seen how great had been the advance made in all that belonged to the materialism of art. The drapery is well cast, details and accessories are fully elaborated, and the entire work evinces a manly study of actual nature. But, on the other hand, the spirituality of earlier and even of later times is wanting. Even angels have lost their habitually refined and elongated features, and are now chubby and fat cheeked. The straight tapering nose has become the debased worldly pug; and instead of the languishing almond eyes shadowed by pendant eyelids, we find the round, wide-awake, gaping orbs, into which tears never flooded, before whose staring gaze visions never ventured.

Our Gallery contains other examples of this early naturalism, which, in its lower forms, necessarily took on the aspect of debased materialism. Fra Filippo Lippi had a son, Fillippino, who inherited the father's vigour, together with somewhat of his coarseness. "The Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome and St. Dominic," is an important work by this somewhat rare master. The landscape in which the figures are set serves as a contrast to that spiritual school where no storms rend the tranquil sky, where no rude blasts buffet the growth of gentle trees, or blight the beauty of fairest flowers, blossoming in the path of blissful saints. In this more tumultuous landscape we find nature darkly draped in somewhat savage and repulsive grandeur. A lion and a bear are roaring and growling at the mouth of a distant cave; and St. Jerome himself, with stone in hand ready to dash against his breast, is shaggy and dishevelled, less of the saint than of the wild man of the desert and the woods. The whole picture, indeed, as usual with this school, seeks for marked character at the expense of beauty—character for the most part uncouth, and often even grotesque and repulsive. Botticelli, Cosimo Rosselli, Paolo Uccello, and Pollajuolo, all belong to this same materialistic style—a manner well exemplified in two large and important pictures now fortunately belonging to our National Gallery; the one, "The Battle of Saint Egidio," by Paolo Uccello; the other, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Pollajuolo. It is said that Uccello was versed in geometry, and that he studied perspective with passionate ardour. Certain it is, that this great battle-piece, among the most important of his works, signally exemplifies the realistic, positive tendencies which had now taken possession of art. The lances, armour, and accessories are all elaborated to minute detail; the splintered arms lying on the ground are painted up to realistic deception; a dead knight, with feet turned towards the spectator, is a bold attempt at difficult foreshortening; and the picture throughout, necessarily destitute of spiritual refinement, is in all points secular and worldly. Thus seeing in nature nothing more subtle or inward than her material aspect, finding no spell even in the outer forms of physical beauty, these men, almost of necessity, fell victims to the grotesque, caricatured that nature which they professed to imitate, and, in ignoring her higher expression, did violence to her actual form.

The two great schools, the material and the spiritual, which we have hitherto placed in opposition, are manifestly but partial and one sided. Each is but half of a greater whole, which, when united, implies the perfect man, and consequently makes the completed art. Accordingly, we soon fortunately arrive at those more matured epochs when art was enabled to embrace the wide circuit of a many-sided humanity, when the body, no longer a mean and despised prison-house, was glorified as the temple for the soul's worship. The sound body was now found, even for art, to be the only condition to the sane mind,—a body in which all the members, without schism or division, should perform their healthful functions; a body so harmoniously fashioned, so happily balanced, as to be at peace within itself, subdued and subordinated, moreover, to a higher ministration, perfect in itself, yet subordinated to a still higher perfection, its wondrous functions but willing instruments to the soul's movings, its matchless symmetry but the reflection of mental harmonies, the entire fabric an instrument of volition, a mirror of expression, a tabernacle specially built for the spirit's dwelling. In this perfected ideal do we find the union of schools spiritual and material, the perfection of humanity, and by consequence the ideal of Christian art—an ideal which all true artists have sought after, and some few have happily found. Artists there have been blessed with that equipoise of nature, which as a reflex of higher harmonies revealed itself through the unities of a well-balanced art. We see even, on the walls of our National Gallery, works by Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino, Leonardo, and others, in which outward physical form is, as it were, inspired by spiritual expression, in which even hard intellect is softened by emotion, literal truth adorned by subtle, sensitive beauty. It was thus, in the union of all natures, physical and mental, inward and outward, human and divine, that art found its full fruition. The greatest artists became great just in proportion as they gave to a hitherto partial and finite art these wide and infinite relations. It was the supreme glory of Raphael, the reward of a well-balanced nature, the good fortune, moreover, of having lived at a happy epoch, that he united in his greatest works the hitherto divided elements. He lived at that culminating point when, on the one side, spiritualism had already, in Siena, Florence, and Umbria, reached its utmost purity and beauty; and when, on the other hand, naturalism in the school of Mantegna, and the materialistic masters of Central Italy, had attained to accuracy and vigour. He came endowed with a nature happily balanced between these two extremes, and hence it became, as we have said, his special mission to blend into one these hitherto antagonistic elements, to rear to art the outer temple of the body, spotless and undefiled, and then to enshrine within the tabernacle the animating soul as an indwelling deity. Our National Gallery, unfortunately, does not enable the student fully to realize the greatness of this artist's genius. "The Vision of a Knight," an early work: "St. Katherine," belonging to his second period; and the "Portrait of Julius II.," fail adequately to show the high service which Raphael conferred upon that art which under his hands, emphatically became divine. In Florence, Rome, and other Italian cities, we can, however, fully analyse his more complex works back to those essential elements out of which we have seen they took their historic origin. In his earlier pictures belonging to his father's school of Umbria, and to the manner of his master Perugino, we naturally find predominant the hard severity and the attenuated purity of the antecedent spiritual masters. Then, again, with the vigour and independence of growing manhood, the frailty of a spiritual existence became clothed in forms more highly developed; his characters grew fitted for the fulfilment of every healthful function, suited to the enjoyment of this present world, yet aspiring to a life beyond. Here then, we find, in some few favoured works, that perfect balance of body and of soul, that entire harmony between forms and functions, bodily and mental, which constitute a completed humanity, and therefore, as we have said, a perfect art. But, alas! we have found a perfection which is seen but once, and then departs. Even Raphael himself, in unguarded moments, fell away. He lost at times the finely-adjusted balance which made his genius perhaps the most harmonious and complete which art had yet known; and thus, in some few later works, he fell over toward that physical materialism which, as by brute force, but too often subjugates the finer motions of the spirit. We are not among those who believe in the fall of Raphael. At moments, indeed, he faltered, wavering between two opinions; and these partial failings but serve to show how frail is the thread which, in art no less than in nature, unites the soul with the body; how easy it is to sever the cord of life which in art as in nature binds the higher world of spirit and the lower materialism of earth into one beauteous creation.

We have dwelt upon the genius and works of Raphael, because they may be taken as the culminating point in the history of art—because they serve perhaps as the best illustration of that ideal perfection which we would make the ultimate test and criterion of all subordinate excellence. We have now endeavoured to show in what manner our National Gallery of historic pictures, some of which are necessarily all but repulsive, may illustrate and establish great generic truths which lie at the basis of all sound criticism, and are even essential to all high enjoyment. Our space has permitted us to give only some general hints and indications, which the reader, we hope, may carry out for himself to completion. In a more detailed and extended survey of the varied schools he will be able still further to apply and to illustrate those fundamental principles which we have but vaguely indicated. The closer examination of the schools of outward materialism will lead him, for example, to discriminate between masters and works holding among themselves a very varied rank and dignity. The works of Michael Angelo, for instance, as may be somewhat seen from the grand masterpiece in our National Gallery by one of his scholars, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," are doubtless material. In looking at his vast creations, we feel ourselves under the tyranny of a colossal humanity, physical, organic, and material, even to the utmost pitch of the sublime. We feel that all which is gentle and lovely has been driven out from those gladiatorial monsters which, as rude rocks or impending mountains, frown upon the loveliness of nature. And yet, in the midst of all this, we are conscious of the presence of a mighty mind and a resistless will dwelling and heaving beneath the giant mass. Thus, if the works of Michael Angelo are material, the materialism is at least informed by no less gigantic mind. Passing on to the pictures by Rubens, of whom there are many grand examples in our National Gallery, we are still in the very midst of a material art,—a materialism, however, to which mind adds little dignity. Then, again, coming to the school of Venice, we shall find it needful to draw still further distinctions, as the unconsciousness of matter grows sensitive under kindling mind and emotion. On closer examination we shall find that the school of Venice, like, indeed, to other schools, is the mingling and the intermingling of things material and spiritual, which, as shade and sunshine, play the one around the other, Tintoretto, it is well known, designedly formed himself upon the noble manner of Michael Angelo—a manner, or rather perhaps a mannerism, specially the exponent of genius. Titian, again, though he loved to revel in the intoxication of passion, and sometimes even sank into the grossest of materialism, knew well how to inform the tenement of clay with that dignity and high expression which noble minds alone can give. Lastly, the materialism of Veronese is of a somewhat different character—a materialism little redeemed by mental expression. It is true, we are often in the presence of a queenlike beauty, which proudly commands our worship as by conscious and innate dignity. But again, too frequently the nobility of man, and even the beauty of woman are overlaid and eclipsed by the mere ostentation of princely apparel and the material grandeur of worthless wealth. These and other aspects of materialism the reader may, with little difficulty, work out for himself in our own National Gallery, or indeed in any other of the great European collections. Then, again, under the generic head of schools spiritual, the student will soon find himself making subordinate divisions corresponding to the fundamental faculties and divisions in the mind of man. The Intellect, the Emotions, and possibly also the Will, the three great divisions of the metaphysicians, may at once give him a threefold classification. He will find, for example, that the German schools of art, in the austerity of the features and the shrewdness of the expression, are for the most part the product of the cold, dry intellect. The Italian masters, on the contrary, more sensitive and impulsive, painted their greatest works under the spell of the emotions. Then, again, there are painters of dashing, daring purpose—Salvator in his landscapes, and sometimes Velasquez in his figures, who handled the brush with the same resolute will with which they would have wielded a sceptre or used a sword. Thus we have attempted to show that the two fundamental classifications of spiritualism and materialism, with their varying shades and subordinate divisions, will embrace all schools of art, as they include all phases of mind.

We dwell upon these considerations with the greater ardour, because we feel that the National Gallery, now so rich in resources, may become for every cultured mind a feast of intense and refined enjoyment. With what interest may be traced out the subtle relations between outward form and inward thought! How wondrous does it seem that certain lines and curves should possess a spiritual meaning, and then, again, that other forms, rugged, and rudely jagged, and torn, and inharmoniously cast, should be as the natural symbols for mental deformity and moral obliquity. Think then, too, of the natural expression inherent to pictorial light and shade—that light and sunshine which come from heaven, the symbol of the inner light which lightens the soul—and that shade and darkness which shroud things evil as with the oblivious veil of night. Then come as for a banquet to the sumptuous feast of colour; the spiritual school of art clad in all the rainbow purity of the sky; voluptuous materialism decked and bedizened in all the dazzling glitter[*] and ostentatious pomp of earth. Thus again do we find that art is the language of thought—that every form and tone and colour in art, no less than in nature, has its ordained expression, taking rank according to the nobility of the thought or emotion of which it stands as the symbol.

The National Gallery, we thus see, may be made not only an Academy of Art, but also a School of Philosophy. It can, indeed, be easily shown that the fundmental principles lying at the root of Mental Philosophy are no less the basis of an Art Philosophy. "Consciousness" is the admitted groundwork of all Mental Philosophy, and "consciousness" is no less the ultimate and simple element out of which the Philosophy of Art must be evolved. A picture, indeed, is a visible and tabulated "consciousness," the expression of the artist's mind in a visible and outward form. We take, for example, a picture, and say, Here is a mental manifestation; and, as such, at once we submit it to the same analysis as mental consciouseness itself. The consciousness of metaphysicians, we know, is divided into the "subjective" and the "objective," the "ego" and the "non ego." And what, in short, is the division which we have already adopted into art spiritual and material, but these same essential distinctions of the mental philosopher! What is spiritualism in art, but the outpouring of the artist's soul or self: the "ego" of the man, in its subjective individuality, clothing itself in outward or objective pictorial form, according to that law whereby every spirit seeks and finds for itself a fitting body to inhabit? And what is materialism in art but a kind of artistic atheism, the banishing of the Creator from His work; what but the undue preponderance of the outer or objective world, the "non ego" of the metaphysician silencing the still small voice of the artist's soul? Let the student of art, then, given to metyphysics, or desirous to build up for himself somewhat of an art-philosophy, deliberately take his seat in front of any one of the many great works in our National Gallery. Let him say to himself, This picture is a tabular and pictorial expression of the artists "consciousness;" and accordingly it may be resolved as consciousness itself—as that conscious thought and emotion which dwell within his own breast—to essential elements, analysed as the product of fundamental faculties, criticised and classified according to the dignity and worth of that thought or consciousness of which it is the visible manifestation. Those forms, lines, colours, for example, all come from the artist's consciousness. But are they, it may be further asked, the direct product and echo of the artist's conscious self?—do they thus reflect hues and harmonies from the spirit world?—or are they, on the other hand, wholly foreign from the artist's soul, the mere attributes of physical objective matter, and nothing more? Thus forms, lines, colours, may be but the artist's consciousness of an outward existence the most mean—the plebeian form of a stool, for example, lying in the foreground of a Dutch picture, the lines in an orchard to hang clothes, the colour of a carpet on the floor of an ante-room, or, on the other hand, they may be the notes and keys upon which the soul rings its changes and its harmonies, the pulsations and the throbbings, the heaving and the moaning of that great heart which is, as it were, the soul of nature. Thus, as we have said, pictorial art is the revelation of a consciousness rendered visible, and, as such is a corollary to mental philosophy.

As a contrast to this line of speculation, which is only one among many others into which we might have entered, let us for a few moments indulge in a review somewhat more scenic. Instead of a pictorial mental philosophy, the National Gallery may be taken as an illustrated physical geography, or as an illuminated chart of national wealth and civilisation. In the study of the schools and the chronology of art, let the student follow the current of contemporary history, trace the conflux or the conflict of races, mark the barriers which mountains raise to intercourse, track the high-roads which rivers and seas open to commerce. Let him feel the sovereignty of the sun in southern latitudes kindling the imagination and the passions to ardour and excess, and not less the ice-bound dominion of the north nerving to energy and to enterprise. He should trace, we say, these powers in their physical operation, and dedermine the relation between these agencies and those schools of art which have been fostered in sunshine or stunted by frost; which have been planted by commerce, fed by the riches of fertility, or starved in a sterile land of hardship or of penury. In travelling through Europe towards the south, we have all come upon those Alpine barriers which divide nations and races, confound tongues, separate zones and climates; and in descending from those snowy heights into sunny Italy, we entered on a new world, and with the brighter light of day dawned a more dazzling genius. Let the stranger-traveller, walking through the rooms of our National Gallery, thus in imagination pass the Alpine barriers which separate the England of his home and Germany, his cognate fatherland, from the sunny genius of artistic Italy. Let him revel an hour in the beatitude of the south—give loose to his imagination in all the fire-fly flittings of an Italian summer, seating himself before the golden lustre of Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne"—or sunning himself in the sparkling sunshine of lustrous Veronese. He has truly crossed the Alps, and walks in the florid fields of Italy, fertile in corn and wine, and fervent in rapturous rites and ecstatic orgies of Ceres and of Bacchus. The tongue of the peasant is florid in the metaphor of words, the pencil of the painter sports in the play of fancy; and Italy, in days of old rich in commerce and in wealth, surrendered herself to luxury, and sought from art enjoyment. Even foreigners felt her spell, and genius, cradled in northern cold, kindled into fire warmed by the sun of Italy. The serene and sunny landscapes of Claude—the more tumultuous mountain-lands of Gaspar Poussin—the bacchanals by Nicholas—even the glowing glories of Rubens—all of whom rank by order of birth among transalpine artists—owe their poetry, their beauty, and their sunshine to the land of Italy. Claude, as may be well seen by pictures in our National Gallery, seems wholly forgetful of his parentage and birthplace in Lorraine, and to have bathed and basked in the golden light of setting suns, to have grown languid in the fervent heat, and imaginative in the dreamlike spell of Italian life and clime. Gaspar Poussin, by parentage a Frenchman, in like manner shows the innate sympathy between the rapture and romance of artistic genius and the glowing intensity of a southern sun. His landscapes, of which our Gallery may well boast of its grand examples, are known to have been inspired by the Campagna of Rome, the fastnesses of the Apennines, the rock-built towns of Etruria, or the ruined temples of Tivoli. Nicholas Poussin, a Norman by birth, joined in the same southern migration, and found for his genius in Italy a fitting sphere. "The Nursing of Bacchus," "A Bacchanalian Festival," "A Bacchanalian Dance," and "Venus Asleep surprised by Satyrs," all in our National Gallery, belong to that order of subjects which can only be successfully painted in those classic lands and sunny climes where ruined temples strew the land, where marble gods and goddesses may still be seen as once when worshipped—where indeed the traveller even to this present day may surprise Venus as she sleeps, or Diana as she bathes. Again, in the great pictures by Titian, Veronese, Correggio, and others, all to be found on the walls of our National Gallery, we may read as in a mirror a consummated history when the arts had no longer to maintain in rigid abstemious virtue a hard and precarious struggle for existence, but, clothed in purple and decked in sumptuous splendour, they began to minister to luxury, and even, it may be, to pander to excess. As a noble example of this resplendent art, turn to "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander," by Paul Veronese, the last great spoil which the wealth of England has won from the downcast poverty of Italy. In the illuminated splendour of the colour, in the richness of princely robes, the glitter of regal gems, think of the priceless spoils poured in from the exhaustless East, of the sumptuous feast whereof monarchs partook—think, too, of the glories of sunset skies lighting every cloud with burning fire, gilding each wave with dazzling gold—and then look at this work by Veronese as the illuminated banner of Venice in her glory and her pride.

As a contrast, let the student-tourist through our National Gallery recross the Alps into Northern Europe. The climate suffers change—the imaginative Italian is supplanted by the heavy prosaic German peasant—the liquid sounds of the music-loving south are transmuted into the harsh guttural of a rugged tongue, and, as part of the same mutation, the art of the people has suffered a revulsion. We are now in the land of Holbein, and others of kindred school. Look at the heads, for they assuredly arrest attention. The women are no fairy sprites or emotional daughters of love and devotion, but inveterate and confirmed German *fraus*, given to domestic duties and home comforts, useful rather than ornamental, conscientious, truthful, and matter-of-fact. The men, in like manner, are not the imaginative, sensitive, emotional beings of the south, but hard, practical, matter-of-fact, well-to-do mortals, with common sense and the rights of private judgment planted in the brow, keen shrewdness in the penetrating eye, a certain plebeian plodding in the nose, decision in the determined set of the mouth, with hard lines cutting into features, as if the frost of many winters and the corroding cares of the business-world had plowed deep furrows across the front of youth. Contrast, we say, this German school—some remarkable examples of which, in its earlier stages, may be found in our National Gallery—with the imaginative, subtle, and beauteous creations of the south, and then trace back these diverse manifestations to originating causes in the contrast of race, of character, of climate, and civilisation—elements, in short, which constitute the distinct individuality of a nation.

Thus did we attempt to show how a gallery of pictures may be studied as an illustrated chart of mental philosophy; and now have we seen how the great schools of art follow in the landmarks which divide climates and races and language—how they reflect the civilisation and the history of which they are in turn the cause and the effect, and thus how they are the epitome of man's progression, the mirror of a people's life, the chronicle of a nation's deeds. To enable the student to further elaborate these conclusions, little more is needed than the admirable catalogue of the Gallery prepared by Mr. Wornum, whose contributions to the literature of art sufficiently attest his fitness for present duties. In the concise, yet comprehensive, sketch given of each painter, the dates will supply the chronology of art; the birthplace, the geographic distribution; the parentage and master, the associated school; and thus, with that general historic knowledge implied in a good education, may the student wander from room to room, build up, as we have shown, an art philosophy, or lay down a pictorial chart of national history and progressive civilisation.

In conclusion, we fear that in discoursing on the purposes and uses of the National Gallery, we have but imperfectly accomplished the object we had in view. Our remarks have been perhaps at once too abstruse and too superficial; too lengthened, and yet assuredly but too curtailed. We have but vaguely and imperfectly indicated certain broad truths and lines of thought, which would require much further elaboration for completion. We have wished, however, to lay special stress upon this one idea, that a national collection of pictures should embrace works extending through all times, representing all schools and countries. A private gallery may exhibit the individual and circumscribed tastes of a private collector; but a national collection must be as wide and diversified as the tastes and the wants of the nation at large. It must be for art what the library of the British Museum is for literature, complete in all the departments of knowledge. It must be for art what the British Museum is for natural science, replete as an organic whole, where the first rudimentary germs in animated nature may be traced through all the successive stages of development up to their full and final maturity. Thus have we attempted to show how art, both in its mental and material relations, may be wrought into the symmetry, if not into the accuracy of a science. A gallery of art, complete in all its departments, constitutes, moreover, a court of final appeal; is as a verdict handed in from past ages; is as the summing-up of all evidence and past experience into one collective judgment and decision. We have seen that in such a gallery the general public and the casual student may find the recreation elevated by instruction. It is manifest, again, that in such a gallery the critic may determine most points of controversy; that disputed questions between schools naturalistic and ideal, between art pagan and Christian, between epochs pre-Raphaelite and post-Raphaelite, will here meet with their authoritative decision. Here, too, among the solemn teachings and warnings of the great departed, may the artist of modern times correct the partial bias of the passing moment; rise superior to the fleeting fashion of the hour, and form for himself a style not the result of casual or local accident, but the growth of a world-wide experience. A national gallery thus formed is therefore an academy for the artist, a school for the critic, a pleasing and profitable exhibition for the general public, and as such best secures a wise instruction, a healthful art, and for the people at large, the diffusion of a correct taste.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE—PART X.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE WATCHERS.

On the evening preceding the day on which he was to answer Sir Godfrey's summons at Huntingdon, Abbot Martin was closeted until late in the night with the treasurer, in the little stone chamber which that functionary occupied in right of his office, and where the records of the house were kept. Once more he had the accounts of the brotherhood laid before him, and spent more time and pains than he had hitherto done in endeavouring to master their complicated details, and to place in a clearer point of view the present state of their revenues and liabilities. The employment was not a pleasant one, least of all to one of the abbot's temperament; nor were its results satisfactory. But he manfully went through his ungenial task; and though at last he laid the rolls aside with a heavy sigh, it was partly an expression of relief, and he spoke a cheerful word or two to his subordinate at parting.

The night was bright and cold, and feeling restless and heated with long sitting and labour of an unaccustomed kind, the abbot, instead of seeking his own chamber at once, ascended the broad flight of steps which led to the river-terrace, and paced slowly along its extent, gazing thoughtfully into the moonlight that played on the broad stream below. The thoughts which now crowded on his heart had little to do with the fortunes of Rivelsby. He who walked there was no longer the grave Benedictine, the ruler of a peaceful house of recluses. He lived again amidst the stirring scenes of his earlier manhood, when the world had for him all its best to offer. He did not feel the cold breeze that swept up over the marshy meadows of the Ouse, or see the dank mists that rose below him. For him, the moon shone on the waters of the Bisagno, and the night air came loaded with the perfumes of the south. He was walking once more, in spirit, under a trellis of Italian vines, and listening to the gentle tones of a voice which had long been hushed in its last silence. He saw again before him that face of calm and gentle beauty in which the blue Saxon eye lighted with its soft radiance all the rich hues of southern loveliness; and it seemed to him now, as it had seemed before, that its glance met his own with a half conscious meaning. The intoxicating dream which comes but once in life was his—in memory—still. It must surely have been so! he could not have been self-deceived; though the jealous pride of the old Genoese nobility had taken alarm at the pretensions of a foreign adventurer, who had little besides his sword, and had buried her from his sight and his search—still, he felt in this heart a stronger assurance than ever that Giulia Camaldoni loved, or would have loved him.

He had been so absorbed in his own meditations, that, still as the night was, he either did not hear, or did not notice, the cautious movement of oars upon the river. Nor did the closing of the postern-gate, which led down from the terrace to the river entrance in the outer wall, reach the abbot's ear, so noiselessly was it effected. But he was startled back into a sudden recollection of the present, when he saw, as he turned in his walk, the figure of one of the brethren appear suddenly from the postern steps, and cross the terrace rapidly toward the broader flight which from a point nearly opposite communicated with the cloister. The monk, whoever he was, turned his head in the direction of the abbot as he passed across, stopped for an instant and seemed to hesitate, and then, drawing his cowl over his head and quickening his steps, disappeared into the quadrangle below. The moonlight was so clear and strong, and shone so full upon the face as it was turned towards the abbot, that in spite of the puzzling uniformity of the monastic habit, he felt convinced that he had recognised the gait and the features of the prior. His first natural impulse was to stop and question him, and his lips actually pronounced the name. Not so loud, however, as to make it certain that the other heard him; if he did, it had not the effect of recalling him. The steps died away in the distance before the abbot had fully recovered himself; and it was then for the first time that he caught the sound of oars upon the water. It was more distinct, indeed, than it had been at first, as if the rowers, as they got further from the abbey walls, cared less to betray their movements. Looking from the battlements, he saw distinctly a small boat, containing two or three persons, come out from the shadow of the bank under which it had hitherto kept, and make its way down the river. He turned, and descended into the quadrangle; there all was still and calm, as became a religious house within an hour of midnight. Massive and solemn, some hidden deep in shadow, some clothed with light as with a frost-work of silver, the fretted pinnacles and stately arches reposed under the full moon. So was it, perhaps, with the souls that slept within; on some, the darkness of unrepented sin, the shadow of evil passions, hung with a heavier and deeper gloom because of the holy beams around them; others, though weather-worn and tempest-stricken, like those old towers, had caught there something of the brightness of heaven.

But the abbot had no time now for such reflections. What he had just seen filled his mind with a new source of disquiet. It was evident that the person, whoever it was, who had just entered by the postern-gate, had either been absent from the monastery on some secret errand, or had been holding rendezvous at that late hour with some parties who wished their visit to pass unobserved. He hesitated whether he should proceed at once to the chamber where the prior slept at the end of the long dormitory, and ascertain, if possible, whether his suspicions of the identity of the person were correct; and if so, whether there might not still be some reasonable explanation to offer. On consideration, however, he determined to defer any inquiry of that nature, at all events, until the morrow. He glanced once more round the vast range of buildings, where all was dark and silent, and passed through the archway into the smaller court, where lay his own apartments. Besides the little lamp which burnt continually in his own chamber, and the dim gleam from the quarter where the sacrist lay, or rather watched, ready to awaken the brethren for the midnight office, he saw a light also in the room now occupied by his guest Waryn Foliot. He had a longing at that moment — though he chided himself for it as a weakness—for the tones of some kindly human voice. He had missed, beyond what he himself could have thought possible but two months back, the daily companionship of the little Giulio, who was still under Gaston's faithful charge at Morton Grange; and Waryn, who had been to him almost as a son in his boyish days, still retained a hold of the same nature on his affections. It might have been a weakness in his own character—it might have been the freshness of a simple heart—but Abbot Martin always felt most happy and unrestrained in the company of the young. He felt, too, that in Foliot, young as he was, he could, if need were, repose a confidence which he would hesitate to risk in many of his own household. Without any very definite purpose, then, he bent his steps at once towards Waryn's chamber.

Having knocked gently at the door, the abbot entered, and found the occupant seated at a table covered with parchments and materials for writing. Waryn rose, and received his visitor with a smile in which some natural surprise was apparent.

"What!" said the abbot, "at your studies so late, young friend!"

"I am studying men rather than books, at present, father," replied Waryn, answering with some little embarrassment; "I have business here which the lord legate has done me the grace to put into my hands. These letters which you see are of some importance,—pardon me that I borrow of the night for it."

"William of Ely knows how to choose his friends," said the abbot; "I wish well that King Richard had half his discretion in that point."

"I would he had a score of such stout friends in this realm as the bishop of Ely," said Foliot; "he were a match for all his enemies then. But there is false dealing everywhere—falsest of all are they of his own blood. Have you any suspicion, my good lord, that the Earl of Morton has any friends in this house of Rivelsby?"

The abbot started, and hesitated for a moment or two before he answered. He bethought himself, almost involuntarily, of what he had just witnessed on the river-terrace.

"No," said he at last, "I have no cause to think so." But he spoke with an embarrassment that could not escape Foliot's observation.

"Pardon me, my dear lord," said he, "if I seem to wrong your venerable brotherhood by such an inquiry. But Prince John will leave no stone unturned to overthrow the bishop's power by any means he may; and he has abettors in many quarters where they should least be looked for. There are those who think our gallant King Richard will scarce return alive from Palestine, and are ready to buy them favour at any price with the king that shall be. I know there are faults in the lord legate; but no man can gainsay him as a bold and upright governor, and loyal to the high trust he bears. God forbid we should fall under the hands of the Earl of Morton!"

Certain expressions which the prior had let fall in conversation touching the rival claims to power on the part of the king's brother and the bishop of Ely, came into the abbot's mind irresistibly; he tried to banish the thought as an unworthy one, but still it would return. And now, when he was about to leave his house—he knew not for how long—under the prior's absolute government, it seemed to him like an imperative duty to ascertain, if possible, how far he might trust his loyalty to the king. That he bore little good-will to himself, as his superior, Abbot Martin was well aware; but that was only a personal matter, which he was too honestly proud to resent; it made him even more careful lest he should judge him harshly in the more important question.

"I trust I am not wont to be suspicious," said he; "St. Mary forgive me if I wrong any man! but yet"—he was uncertain even now whether he should go on.

Waryn made no remark when the abbot stopped abruptly, but there was a look of anxious intelligence which made it evident that he had not made the inquiry lightly. Yielding partly to the conviction that he was acting wisely, and partly, perhaps, to his own confiding disposition, Abbot Martin told his listener briefly what he had seen that evening, and that he still retained his belief that it was the prior who had passed him. At the same time he explained that he had, until now, connected the nocturnal visit in his own mind with some of the emissaries of Sir Godfrey.

Foliot only gravely smiled in reply, as from the parchments before him he selected one containing a list of names, which he handed to the abbot. The name to which his finger pointed was that of the prior of Rivelsby.

"And who are these?" asked the abbot with some astonishment, as he glanced over the roll which he held and read some other names there which were familiar to him. "You will not surely tell me that they have any part in the plot you spoke of?"

"There is but too good proof of it, I fear," replied Foliot, gravely; "I have that here," he continued, laying his hand upon a folded document which he singled from the rest, "which some of them at least will find it hard to reconcile with their allegiance to the king."

"And the bishop," said the abbot "what course will he take upon this?'

"He waits his time; but his measures are taken; and if the men of England have no mind to change their king, these hunters after power will find the chase a dangerous one."

"It seems to me scarcely prudent," said Abbot Martin, "if it be as you say, to leave the guiding of this house in such hands even for a short space; albeit, as St. Mary knows, we can be of little help to the bishop's cause or he Earl of Morton's. Yet it must eeds be, according to our rule, that Prior Hugh should supply my place n my absence."

"Let it be so," said Foliot; "better, for the present, that these men think themselves undetected; let the evil come to a head, and the remedy is easier."

"You will remain here to await the lord legate?" said the abbot. "I much mistrust the Knight of Ladysmede, Waryn, and I am not over-confident that he may not make a pretext to keep me as a hostage, as it were, for this child Giulio. I would gladly leave some one behind me here whom I might safely trust to prevent the lord-bishop's being deceived by evil whisperers."

"You will give me leave, father, to ride with you to Huntingdon to-morrow? You have good counsellors in your own house, I know well, but I might chance to do you some poor service. It should have been my father's office, if he were here, and I must pray you to look on me as his substitute. Sir Godfrey must not think that the abbot of Rivelsby lacks honest friends."

"I thank you, son Waryn, from my heart," said the abbot, warmly; "it is what I should have wished, loth as I am to embroil others in my quarrel. I accept your escort readily—the more so because I propose to take with me none of my house but what are absolutely needful.—A good night, then, for we set forth at day-break."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE PILGRIM.

The slumbers of Rivelsby, scant and brief at all times under the strictness of the Benedictine rule, were fated to be unusually disturbed that night. Scarcely had the abbot shut himself in his chamber, and thrown himself on his pallet-bed, to think rather than to sleep, when Peter the porter, who knew but few cares, and was blessed with a very quiet conscience, was roused from a very comfortable slumber by a loud and repeated summons at the gate. Peter was exempted, by reason of his age and office, from the harassing duties of the midnight service; and it was seldom indeed that he was called upon to open the abbey gates at such an unreasonable hour. He was sleeping, too, even sounder than usual; for there had been a *caritas*, or extraordinary distribution of beer, that evening, in commemoration of a departed abbot, who had chosen that mode of having his good deeds kept in remembrance; and two shares of the legacy had found their way to the porter's lodgings—one for Peter himself, and one for his deputy. Now it chanced that the deputy was not at his post that evening, having received permission to pay a visit to his relations; and Peter, having to perform as it were a double duty in his absence, very fairly considered this double portion of the perquisites to be included. The knocking at the gate might even have continued longer, had not the boy who lay always in his chamber, and acted as his general servant (for Peter was an official of some dignity), heard it at last, though possessed of a strong boyish capacity for sleep, and awakened his master with some difficulty. It was long before the old man could shake off his memento of the hospitable abbot sufficiently to understand that he was wanted at the gate; and when he did proceed there, it was in no very intelligent or amiable mood.

The key at that time was deposited, according to custom, with the cellarer of the abbey, so that there was no opening the gate without that officer's permission, even had Peter been so inclined. He flung open the little wicket, through the bars of which a visitor could be seen and questioned, and saw two figures standing in the shadow. Peter had it in his heart to abuse them roundly, but he could not be sure what their rank or their business might be. He put on, therefore, a tone as little objurgatory as could be expected of him under such circumstances.

"Now who are ye, friends, and what may be your errand here at this hour?"

A strong gleam of moonlight shot upon the face of one of the figures, as he moved out a little from the shadow, and Peter shut the wicket with a howl of terror. It was indeed a remarkable object which his eyes had rested on. A black face it seemed, with keen bright eyes, and white locks streaming down; and on its head——Peter's imagination filled up the rest of the picture. There was one very like it on the walls of the ante-chapel of St. Michael. He staggered backwards against the boy, who had run out at the old man's cry. A low sound of chuckling laughter outside did not serve to reassure either of them; the old monk tried to say a Paternoster, but he could not remember the words.

"Peter—uncle Peter!" said a voice outside the gate, which he thought he recognised. But he replied only by a low groan.

"It is I am here, Peter; open the gate, in our Lady's name!"

The boy, more courageous or more curious, opened the wicket again, and looked out. Peter had covered his eyes with his hand, but he listened while the boy again inquired the visitors' business. Either he did not see the fearful visage which had presented itself to the porter, or he had stronger nerves. Again a laughing voice without was heard in reply.

"'Tis unconscionable to disturb ye, uncle Peter, but I bring ye here one of your own flock that is in tribulation."

"What!" said the porter, recovering from his alarm a little, and letting his suppressed wrath find vent now on a safe object; "is it thou, graceless varlet? What fool's trick is here? and who hast got with thee? If that shameless young Rupert hath been brawling with Hob Miller again, let him lie abroad all night, and do thou keep him company: 'tis a crying disgrace, and a scandal to the brotherhood.

"Hold, hold!" said the other, laughing; "do not waste a wholesome chiding which may serve the poor brother for another time. I have no brawler here, uncle; 'tis but a poor monk from foreign parts, if I guess rightly, who has more need of pity than hard words."

"And how has he fallen into such worshipful company, Master Peter," said the porter, who had [illegible] recognised the familiar voice. The hunter had been often sent to the abbey, in Sir Miles's time, with presents of choice game and fish for the abbot, and had drunk many a [illegible] from the abbey cellars in the [illegible] chamber where Peter sat, who [illegible] kept him there to hear what news was stirring in the neighbourhood. So intimate had he been with the old man in those days, that he had been accustomed to address him by the familiar term "uncle," though no such relationship existed between them. But Picot had never been sent to the abbey on such friendly errands since the present lord had been in possession at Ladysmede.

"He might chance to fall into worse company than mine, uncle," said the hunter; "and I would have brought him to a better place if I could have found one; but he is [illegible] to lie at your gates here like a dog, I suppose, when he gets half-drowned in the river, because your [illegible] yonder chooses to let the little foot-bridge lie out of repair — well for him that I chanced to be passing — I was on the watch for a wolf hard by."

"What the plague made him seek to cross that way?" said Peter; "the bridge has been down these three years."

"How should I know? ask him yourself," said Picot, testily—"and I wish you joy of the answer."

"Who are you, friend, and what has befallen you?" inquired the porter, eyeing the stranger cautiously, as well as he could through the wicket. He wore, as far as could be discerned, something of a monastic costume, but his face still seemed, as far as Peter's hazy eyes could make it out, to have something strange about its features and complexion. Peter could have fancied he looked like a negro.

"Ask him again," said Picot; "he did not hear you."

Peter repeated his question, but there came only a shake of the head from the stranger in reply. But he made the sign of the cross upon his breast (whereby Peter was much comforted), and laid his finger on his lips.

"Is he dumb?" asked the porter n astonishment;

Picot chuckled for an instant at the old man's perplexity. "I reckon so," said he, "for that is all the conversation we have had on the road."

The stranger had drawn from his breast a small parchment roll, which he handed to Peter through the wicket.

"Ay," said the hunter, as he marked the action; "he offered that to me, poor soul, as we came along; but that is a way of talking I never could master."

The official received the scroll, and looked at it in the moonlight as carefully as if he were reading every letter. The light was not in fault, for that matter; the broadest sunshine could not have taught old Peter the mysterious art, of which he knew as little as the hunter. He did not choose to confess the fact, however, and rolled up the parchment with a little grunt, which might have been taken as an expression either of doubt or satisfaction, but in either case seemed to imply that he had made himself perfectly master of its contents.

"Wait there a while," said he to Picot, "I must with this to our cellarer; he will give orders for this stranger's admission, if it is to be so."

The old man hobbled off to awaken the custodian of the abbey keys, not much to that officer's gratification, for he was but newly appointed to his office, and rejoicing in the immunity which it gave him from some of the more rigid observances of the rule, and had not calculated upon such interruptions as belonging to his new dignity. He rose, however, and spelt out the stranger's credentials by the light which the porter carried.

"He has a vow upon him," said the cellarer, when he had made out the sense; "he hath bound himself to make a pilgrimage to three shrines in each of the lands of Christendom, and to cover his face and speak no word till it be accomplished. We must give him shelter, brother Peter, for here is the Abbot of Walsingham's mark and seal attached — he hath come last from thence. He is marvellous late upon his road."

The porter explained the accident which, by Picot's account, had befallen him.

"Humph!" said the cellarer, as he gave the keys, and bestowed himself to sleep again, "a man should travel by daylight."

With this not very gracious order for the traveller's admission, the old porter returned to the gate. He started again, as he admitted him inside, and observed his appearance more closely. In the long gown, lank and dripping as it was with the waters of the Ouse, and the girdle of rope, there was nothing remarkable; but the upper part of his face, down to the lips, was covered with a vizard of black stuff, through which a pair of keen dark eyes looked out with an unnatural expression; while a beard of flowing white hair, by way of contrast, reached nearly to his girdle. If Peter had seen such an applicant for admission at the gate alone, in the moonlight, he would have had a strange tale for the brotherhood the next morning. Even now he looked with very considerable awe and mistrust at the strange guest whom he had admitted. Picot, after assuring his old friend of the traveller's harmlessness, went his way from the gate laughing heartily, and Peter, still keeping as much as possible at a respectful distance, led the pilgrim to a lodging for the night.

Long before daybreak, Abbot Martin had completed the preparations for his journey. He had determined that none of the brethren should accompany him to Huntingdon, excepting his chaplain Wolfert and the treasurer of the house. Foliot was to form one of the party, and the rest of his escort were as few as might serve for the decent maintenance of his dignity. Early as it was, the convent was all astir; and as he descended into the court attended by his chaplains, the cellarer came to report to him the arrival of their pilgrim-guest. He listened to the announcement which the official brought with some uneasiness, though he was careful not to betray it by word or look; for the circumstance itself was by no means so uncommon, except as to the hour at which the stranger made his appearance, as to call for any special remark or inquiry. For a moment he hesitated whether he should see and examine the new-comer for himself; but time was now precious, and as he looked at the scroll which the cellarer put into his hands, and recognised the well-known seal of his friend the Abbot of Walsingham, he felt that the occurrences of the past night were threatening to make him over-suspicious. Merely giving brief directions, therefore, for the pilgrim's hospitable entertainment so long as he should see fit to remain, and for every furtherance to be given him in the performance of his vow, he moved towards the spot where his escort and horses were awaiting him.

The monks were gathered in the courts and cloisters in little parties, finding in the superior's journey to Huntingdon on such an errand a topic of more than ordinary excitement. Most of them were selfishly more concerned for the interests of their house, which they held to be imperilled by the unscrupulous enemy whom the abbot had provoked, than for any personal risk which he himself might be incurring. Some, however, saw his departure with unfeigned regret, and more than one felt a misgiving that he was leaving enemies behind him not less dangerous than those whom he was going to meet. There was a general move towards the gateway by which he was to pass, and some who pressed to the front fell on their knees to ask his blessing, and to bid him God-speed.

"I thank you, my children," said the abbot, in a broken voice—he was easily moved by any show of affection—"I thank you all; I trust to return to you in peace, and speedily."

"Stay with us, my good lord," said the sacrist abruptly; "there is evil before you—let us meet it here together."

"Stay with your children, father," said one of the older monks; "there is no trusting these men of violence—they hewed down St. Thomas at his own altar."

"And did not his blood cry against the king from the ground? But fear not, my children," he continued, smiling in his old cheery fashion, though it was but to hide a stronger emotion which their honest affection called forth—"I am no saint, to be worthy of such a martyrdom. I were more fit to die in harness; never man struck me, altar or no altar, but he might chance to get as good as he gave. Farewell, and be of good cheer; God and St Mary have you in their holy keeping!"

CHAPTER XXIX.—JUSTICE AND HER ASSESSORS.

The court was set in the county-hall at Huntingdon. There, as justiciary for the king, sat Sir Hugh Bardolph, who had little pretension in his own person to represent justice, except that he was nearly blind. He was a sworn companion of the Knight of Ladysmede, had fought by his side in many a fray, and sat with him at many a deep carousal. But sword and wine-cup trembled alike now in the half-palsied hand, though it was the excesses of a wild youth and manhood, rather than the advances of age, which had affected those strong nerves, and given him the aspect of an almost worn-out man. By his side sat Sir Godfrey himself, with a sterner countenance than his wont, and a restless look that showed he was under some strong excitement. At a table in front sat scriveners and notaries, and others who held some inferior office under the great majesty of law. A strong force of pikemen and halberdiers occupied the immediate space around, and the rest of the hall was thinly filled by the idler spirits amongst the citizens. Sir Nicholas le Hardi was present there, but he was seated apart at some distance behind Sir Godfrey, and took no part in the proceedings. Some two or three plaints of minor importance had already been heard and judgments given, which had the single recommendation of being rapid and decisive, though they were guided less by the rights of the case than by the preconceived opinions or the supposed interests of Sir Godfrey and his friend the justiciary. The morning was fast wearing on, and as yet there was no appearance of the answering party in the more important cause for which the present court—by an exercise of authority somewhat arbitrary even for the elastic justice of those days—had been purposely summoned. More than once, when some stir about the open doors betokened the entrance or the exit of some of the careless audience, Sir Godfrey had turned his eyes anxiously in that direction, and addressed some impatient remark to the judge at his side, who appeared inclined to take advantage of his cushioned chair to sleep off the exhaustion consequent on his official duties (following so close upon certain convivialities of the previous evening); for he merely yawned and stretched himself in reply to his friend, and seemed to take no very lively interest in the proceedings.

At last Sir Godfrey rose from his seat, and leaning over the rail in front of the raised dais, addressed his chamberlain, Gundred, who had found a place for himself amongst the humbler officials below.

"The abbot took no objection to the summons, you say?"

"None," replied Gundred; "he did but remark, as he read it, that the time was short, but that he desired neither favour nor delay."

"He will not come!" said the Knight; "my life on it, we shall not see him here to-day!"

"We will proceed against him as contumacious," said the justiciary, who seemed anxious to get his duties over as soon as possible.

"By your pardon, worshipful knights," said Gundred, "I incline to think the lord abbot will be here anon; he is one to make his words good, as I have heard those who know him say, and as I judge myself from his bearing."

The Knight of Ladysmede resumed his seat, and conferred for a few moments, in a low voice, with the justiciary. There was whispering throughout the hall as the news of the expected issue between such powerful disputants flew rapidly from mouth to mouth; for up to that moment the real object of the sitting of the court had been unknown, even to the lower officials themselves. But the hum of voices suddenly ceased, as a rapid trampling of many footsteps was heard without the doors, and an eager throng of townsmen crowded into the hall, filling it in a very few moments, and jostling each other in their eagerness to secure a favourable position.

"There comes some one now," said Sir Godfrey, scowling down upon the crowd; "for here is all Huntingdon broken loose upon us. How now, knaves! will ye be still there? or would ye have me drive ye back to your shop-boards again? Go forward there towards the door, Baldwin," he continued to the esquire who stood behind him, "and clear a passage; and clap me up two or three of the most active of these new-comers if they cumber the approach to the court."

All eyes were turned by this time towards the great folding-doors, which were swaying to and fro as the halberdiers who were stationed there tried to throw them back and secure them. High over the heads of those who still thronged the entrance, and whom the guard were vainly struggling to force aside, rose the limbs of a tall gilded cross, giving token of the approach of some high officer of the Church.

"Room, there!" shouted Sir Godfrey, rising with some dignity—"Room for the lord abbot of Rivelsby!"

The esquire made his way towards the spot where the holy symbol was displayed, and with some difficulty formed a double line of halberdiers, through which the abbot and his party slowly made their way up the hall to the foot of the table. The crowd of citizens, indeed, fell back with long-accustomed awe and respect before the reverend procession, but their closely-packed array made such a movement easier in intention than in act. For no sooner had the abbot's arrival in their town become known, and some exaggerated rumour of the coming trial been circulated, than shops were closed and streets deserted, and half the population of Huntingdon rushed on before the Benedictines to the county-hall.

Preceded by his chaplain bearing

the cross, and leaning his hand lightly upon the shoulder of young Foliot, who walked by his side, Abbot Martin passed through the barrier which fenced off the crowd from the officials of the court. A chair of state had been placed for him near the foot of the long table, and, in deference to his acknowledged rank, Sir Hugh Bardolph himself rose from his seat as he approached, and removed for a moment the cap of rich fur which covered his head, as, with what he intended for a graceful dignity, he prayed the abbot to be seated. Sir Godfrey also courteously acknowledged his opponent's presence, and greeted Waryn Foliot with a somewhat haughty and careless nod.

"You answer to the style and title of Martin, abbot of Rivelsby?" said the justiciary, after some formal preliminaries had been gone through.

"I hold that office—in most unworthy hands."

The registrar of the court then, at the bidding of the justiciary, read the writ of summons, and the formal charge made by Sir Godfrey against the abbot for the abduction of the child.

"And how say you then, my lord abbot, touching this plaint of Sir Godfrey de Burgh?"

"I am clear of all wrong in this matter, in the sight of God and man—I have done nought herein against the law of this realm, or against the law of Heaven," said the abbot in a firm voice.

"Say you so? Here be nine knights, or holders of knights' fees within the county, good men and true, who shall be sworn upon the Gospels to a true finding.—Alan de la Wyke, Richard Fitz-Alf, Walter de Hanneby, William de Zouche, Geoffrey de la Mare, Pagan Fitz-Urse——"

"The three last are neither of knightly rank nor holders of knights' fees," broke in Wolfert the chaplain, who, standing by his superior's side, had been scanning the jury of knights as each rose in answer to his name, and holding some brief communication with Waryn Foliot meanwhile—"they may not lawfully be sworn in the cause, nor will the lord abbot be well advised to plead before them."

Sir Godfrey de Burgh turned purple with rage at the young chaplain's interruption, and swore an oath at him between his teeth, which would have intimidated many a wiser and better man. But an overweening conceit of one's self is nearer akin to moral courage than men are wont to give it credit for; and Wolfert—confident in his legal knowledge, zealous in defence of his superior's rights and with nothing of the coward in his nature—met the knight's angry glance with a calm self-complacency which made Waryn Foliot bite his lip to conceal an involuntary smile. The chaplain was prepared to maintain a point of law, or a point of divinity, where he believed himself to be in the right—and that was always—against all the sheriffs and royal justiciaries in the realm; and would have made, in any cause, a highly conscientious and disagreeable martyr.

Sir Godfrey had half risen to speak in reply to the bold challenge of the ecclesiastical lawyer, but had stooped to confer for a moment with his friend the justice, when Abbot Martin, motioning to his chaplain to be silent, rose to his feet and addressed himself to Sir Hugh Bardolph in a calm clear voice, which was heard distinctly through the crowded hall, which hushed itself into silence as he spoke.

"I do not care, my lord justice, to take exception to any of these knights and gentlemen present as my jurors, be they who they may," and he cast a look of dignified contempt upon one or two of those nearest him, whom he had already recognised as inferior vassals of Ladysmede, and men of no good report; "I have not come here this day because I recognise Sir Godfrey's summons as valid—for I might plead, and you in your justice would admit, the too short notice allowed me, and the manifest abuse of his impleading me here in his own court. But I rather wave all that I might urge for myself on these points, because I am willing to acknowledge that I may have done the knight some wrong, and because I am ready here to answer it publicly. I have under my safe keeping—but not at Rivelsby—the boy of whom Sir Godfrey claims, as I now learn, the wardship. That I took him from Ladysmede by force or fraud—that I used any art or device to carry or tempt him thence—or that I received him knowingly in contravention of any right that Sir Godfrey hath, is not true. But it is true that I have removed the lad to a place of safety; known to none others at Rivelsby—and for so doing, if I have overstepped the law therein, I must abide the issue."

"You admit that you have him in your keeping?" exclaimed Sir Godfrey, eagerly—"render him up to me at once, as to his lawful guardian, my lord abbot, and I acquit you here of all wrong intent. So let us part friends; you have forced me already upon that which I had no mind to."

"It will be needed firstly," replied the abbot, "that I be satisfied of your claim to the disposal of him."

"I have those present who will prove that, if it be required," said Sir Godfrey, his brow clouding again. "But I say once more, Abbot Martin, let us part friends. Let my word suffice you in this matter, as yours does me. You have been led by evil counsellors herein against your own better judgment—give no longer heed to them. Say that you will send the boy back to Ladysmede, and I will only thank you for his gentle entreatment in the cloister of St. Mary."

"I have not said," replied the abbot, firmly, "that in any case I would send him back to Ladysmede. I said I was prepared to abide the issue of what I had done, if in anywise it should prove to be in contempt of your rights or of the laws of England. But, saving your presence, my lord justice, I stand here upon my privilege as abbot of St. Mary's. I may not, without offence to the Knight of Ladysmede, question the rights which he has here asserted over this boy. But if I have done any wrong in this matter, I will answer for it only to my lord the king. We produce here the charter granted to our house by the royal martyr Edmund, in which he specially forbids the abbot of St. Mary's to answer upon trial before any one but himself."

The treasurer of Rivelsby, at a sign from his superior, took carefully from its silken bag the precious parchment, yellow with age, and handed it into the registrar at the table. Sir Godfrey looked in the justiciary's face, as if for counsel in this new stage of affairs; but there was little answer to be read in its helpless and puzzled expression. Sir Hugh roused himself, however, at last, to bid the official read it. Meanwhile he and de Burgh conferred together in low whispers.

"We do not question this, as a matter of ancient privilege, lord abbot," said Sir Hugh, when the reading was concluded, and the registrar had handed up to him the document; "but we hold all such exemptions worthless under the common law of this realm, as settled after the Conquest. These Saxon charters are worth nought, as against a king's writ."

"Here is the confirmation of St. Edmund's *privilegium* under the sign-manual of the Conqueror himself," said the treasurer, producing a second parchment instantly, as if prepared for the difficulty.

The registrar carefully examined the second document, and after reading its brief contents aloud, pronounced it good. The two knights, while he was thus employed, again conferred together, and it appeared as if Sir Godfrey was urging some point against the views of the justiciary.

"His Majesty King Richard is not within the realm at present," said the latter, after a pause of hesitation; "and justice would suffer if we were to permit such plea as has now been made to stand in the way of Sir Godfrey's right. If it were any question of the privileges of the house of St. Mary, saints forbid that we should meddle in it to the minishing of the lord abbot's privilege, or to the dignity of the king; but here is an admitted wrong maintained upon the person of this good knight's ward, which may hardly wait its remedy until the king return from Palestine."

"It shall not, by heaven!" broke

in Sir Godfrey, no longer able to restrain his passion. "I were thrice a fool to suffer it. Once again, lord abbot, will you deliver up the boy?"

"I will not, into your hands," replied the abbot, with a flushing cheek and a less calm tone than he had used hitherto. "I have heard that his life were not safe with you—and though I know not in what relation he stands to you, or how he should be so unhappy as to call forth your malice, while I now look upon you, I might well believe it!"

"Hear ye this, knights and gentlemen?" said de Burgh; "this churchman is not content with boasting him of this bold meddling between me and mine, but he dares me defiance here in mine one court, and flings murder in my face! Charters of privilege, forsooth! a charter from heaven should not screen him!"

Bardolph would have interfered to calm his friend's stormy outbreak; but dé Bugh waved him aside, and would not listen.

"He shall purge his contumacy, or Rivelsby shall lack an abbot for a while! Ho there, a guard! to the castle with him!"

There was great excitement throughout the hall, and murmurs were heard from the lower end unfavourable to the violent course which the sheriff seemed determined to pursue; for the Benedictines were generally popular amongst the citizens.

The abbot sat down again, calm and collected, and the flush upon his features faded into a stern paleness. But Foliot stepped to the front, trembling with suppressed excitement and indignation, and with a hoarse voice bespoke the attention of the justiciary.

"Sir Hugh Bardolph," said he, when he could find an utterance—and the murmuring cries amongst the auditory sank gradually into silence as he began to speak—"most worshipful lord justice, you will not suffer the law to be thus forced in your court and in your presence; you will not refuse the lord abbot's appeal to the king? Sir Godfrey de Burgh, I charge you have a care how you overstep your office; will ye lay violent hands on a mitred servant of Holy Church?"

"Who is this brawler that throws himself thus among us?" cried Sir Godfrey, with a furious glance at Waryn, while his companion on the seat of justice looked helplessly from one to the other, and still endeavoured by whispered words and questions, to moderate the Knight's violence. "Take him hence, some of you knaves there, and bestow him with the churchmen, since the company likes him so well. What! do boys come hither to teach us how to acquit ourselves of the king's commission?"

Two or three of the halberdiers in the immediate neighbourhood stepped forward to lay hold on Waryn Foliot—none had ventured as yet to lift a hand upon the churchman.

"Hold!" said he leaping upon the table in front of him, before the men could make good their grasp: "hear me yet, my lord justice. If the reverend abbot will forego his demand to plead before his majesty in person, will ye grant him, as is his undoubted right, wager of battle upon this issue with the Knight of Ladysmede?"

His words reached to the farther extremity of the crowded building, and the alternative they conveyed was attractive to the popular taste. The half-suppressed murmurs now burst into enthusiastic shouts.

"Wager of battle! wager of battle!" cried the men of Huntingdon. "A right bold defiance! God assoil the abbot!"

Sir Hugh Bardolph turned pale where he sat. Above the tumult of cries rose the tones of Sir Godfrey's sounding voice.

"Clear me forth this rabble! stand to your pikes, men! and you, Bagot le Noir"—he spoke to the constable of Huntingdon Castle, who sat behind him—"I give you custody of the abbot of St. Mary's in the king's name—look to your prisoner?"

Still Foliot maintained his ground, and drawing his mailed glove from his hand, waved it aloft as he renewed his challenge on the abbot's behalf.

"Bear me witness, all ye that are here present! I claim for the lord abbot appeal of battle against Sir

Godfrey de Burgh of Ladysmede, and here I claim to appear as his champion in this quarrel—so heaven defend the right!"

There was an answering shout from the lower end of the hall, where, safely screened from the observation of the sheriff and his party, the citizens ventured to give free voice to their feelings. Even some of the more reputable knights who formed Sir Godfrey's panel of friendly jurors, murmured their approval of Foliot's challenge. Gundred, indeed, had sprung upon the table, and laid his hand upon the challenger's shoulder, as if to remove him by force, in obedience to his lord's order; but Waryn grasped him by the throat, and forced him backwards over the edge, amongst the discomfited notaries; and the low cries of disapproval, which were heard from some even of Sir Godfrey's party, did not encourage either him or others to repeat the attempt. The abbot, at the first moment of his young champion's spirited appeal, had listened with a gratified pride and irresistible sympathy. The Knight of Ladysmede might have read, in his compressed lips and flashing eye, a defiance as bold as Waryn's own, which proved how little the vows of the monk had tempered the mettle of the soldier. But now he rose, and as Waryn turned his glowing face round, as if to see if there were any amongst the spectators who cheered him so readily, who would have the spirit to support his demand for justice, he met the superior's deprecating glance and upraised hand, and heard him gently entreating him to forbear. But at that moment both he and Sir Godfrey had caught sight of a movement amidst the spectators below, which at once arrested general attention.

Sir Godfrey's men, using the staves of their halberts, were attempting, or making show of attempt, in compliance with his order, to clear the lower end of the hall of some of the most noisy of the partisans of the abbot's cause, and were forcing them towards the doorway, when loud shouts were heard without, and a counter-rush took place, which bore the halberdiers back, unprepared as they were for any but a passive resistance. The first impression upon the minds of all at the upper end of the court was, that this was a sudden outburst of popular feeling, and that the men of Huntingdon had risen in defence of the liberties of the Church, and were bent on rescuing the Benedictines from the officials of the law. In another moment, however, a blare of trumpets was heard at the doors, and a knight in rich armour, preceded by two marshalmen, before whose authoritative movements even the men of Ladysmede gave way, was seen approaching the seat of justice; whilst, as the tumultuous cries of the townsmen died away, there ran a subdued murmur through the court, passed on from man to man, until it reached the acute ears of Wolfert, who whispered to his superior—"the lord legate — William of Ely — in good time."

It was indeed the arrival of that powerful prelate, which Sir Guy Treherne, the tall and handsome young knight who held the post of lord-marshal in his retinue, now came to announce to the assembled court. It produced very discordant effects upon those who heard it. Sir Godfrey, as he bowed low in acknowledgment of the high dignity whom the young knight represented, played restlessly with his sword-hilt, and looked round and exchanged a glance of startled intelligence with Le Hardi, who now for the first time came forward for an instant, and whispered a few words in his friend's ear. The justiciary shook himself in his robes, and put on a new air of dignity, which contrasted favourably with his previous hesitating and uneasy demeanour. The expression which passed over his countenance was that of a man delivered from an unpleasant dilemma. Waryn Foliot leapt to the floor, and grasped the abbot's hand with a face of radiant congratulation. The abbot replied only by a quiet smile; the other two Benedictines still preserved, as they had throughout, the calm and impassive demeanour which proved how well they had profited by their early monastic training.

There was little difficulty now in clearing a passage, crowded as was the hall. Pikemen and men-at-arms, churlish mechanic and curious citizen, fell back alike before the tall marshalmen who ushered the viceroy of England. Followed by a small but brilliant retinue of knights and gentlemen, William Longchamp walked, with the hurried but not ungraceful step which was habitual to him, towards the raised tribunal which the knights left vacant for him, as they rose to do him honourable welcome. Briefly but graciously recognising the abbot as he passed, the legate returned the salutions of Sir Godfrey and his fellow-knights with as brief and careless courtesy as if he had been a prince born in the purple. Many a man then present burned with hate and jealousy as he noted the prelate's supercilious bearing, and longed to pluck from his pride of place the peasant's son, who bore himself haughtier than any Norman king; but there was scarce one of his bitterest opponents who did not recognise in his heart, in that commanding glance and determined cast of features, one of those who are rulers of Nature's election, and who make or mar high fortunes for themselves.

"You hold a court in eyre here today, Sir Hugh Bardolph," said the legate, when his brief salutations were concluded; "and the lord abbot of Rivelsby is impleaded here,—is it not so?"

The judiciary, with some little embarrassment, replied in the affirmative.

"So have I learned but just now, on my journey hither. Our liege King Richard hath an active servant in you, brother, who will suffer no mischief to grow for lack of speedy remedy. For this setting is o' the sudden, as I take it?"

"There were matters of emergency, my lord, touching the peace of the county, as it seemed to me," said Bardolph, by no means at his ease under the legate's questioning eye.

"Well,—justice overtakes the wicked, they say, even when she limps. Woe be to them, Sir Hugh, when she comes hot-foot upon their track, as is the good fashion of Huntingdon! But what makes my lord abbot here before ye, as though he were a misdemeanant? We have rumours, indeed, of some evil counsels in these parts against the king's honour — but we have no traitors at Rivelsby, I surely think; how say you, Sir Godfrey de Burgh? I trust you would pledge yourself for the loyalty of that house, true friends and neighbours that ye are, as readily as for your own?"

The justiciary was very willing to leave to his friend the task of replying to the legate's rapid attack of half-bantering interrogation, which was the more embarrassing, as he had sufficient private reasons for fearing that there might be an earnest meaning under cover of the jest — a double reading, of which he feared to betray his own consciousness.

Sir Godfrey was either less conscious or bolder-hearted. He explained to the bishop, as shortly as he might, and with an honesty of tone which was natural to him, and often stood him in good stead, the wrong which he held himself to have sustained at the hands of the abbot. His tale was plausible enough, without any actual misrepresentation of the facts; and Longchamp listened as if he heard it now for the first time.

"And what saith the abbot in answer?" he asked, when his informant had concluded.

"He stands upon an ancient charter, which entitles him to plead only before the king in person. These churchmen would set themselves above all laws," said Sir Godfrey, either forgetting or disregarding the presence in which he spoke.

"We had something to do with the making of them," said Longchamp, who was never angered by a bold word; "he who makes locks can make his own keys. If this charter be valid, my lord abbot," he continued, addressing himself to where the churchmen sat below, "I see nothing for it but that Sir Godfrey and yourself should both take the cross, and go seek his majesty over sea."

There was a suppressed laugh amongst the bystanders at the legate's suggestion. But it died at once in a hush of eager attention, when the abbot rose and spoke.

"I may not, without sin, forego the ancient right of mine house," said he, addressing the legate; "but I shall do no wrong—and, I trow well, shall suffer none—if I submit myself to the judgment of your holiness as the king's vicegerent. I am ready to answer for this before you, my lord legate, when and where you shall direct."

Sir Godfrey de Burgh did not seem pleasantly affected as he listened to Abbot Martin's speech. The interposition of the bishop of Ely was the last thing he would have desired; but the proceedings of the day had been such a manifest outrage upon all right and justice, that he did not venture to make any attempt to uphold them before Longchamp, and was content to accept for the moment any solution which would obviate too strict an inquiry into what had already passed. After a brief whispered consultation with Bardolph, during which the keen eye of Longchamp never left his face, he professed his readiness to submit his complaint against the abbot to the legate's decision.

"This claim of privilege on the abbot's part has come upon me by surprise," said he, "and I doubt if it could be maintained; but I am well content to go for judgment to your holiness, so please you to appoint time and place."

"No time or place so well as the present," answered Longchamp; "*bis dat qui cito dat*—the very soul of justice is that it be speedy—have we not said so? So, by your good leave, Sir Godfrey, we will sit even here, and now. I shall have the advantage here of Sir Hugh Bardolph's wisdom and longer experience, and if that were not enough, there is my good lord and brother of Durham within call. St. Martin! we have law enough amongst us to hang every rogue in England!"

"Be it as your holiness will," said de Burgh, with a surly impatience which he could not repress; "but it grows late upon us who have sat here since morning."

"That reminds me well," said Longchamp, coolly, "that I have ridden hard these four hours. Bid them seek me a crust and cup of wine—there is no dependence on justice when she is dry. Who is this child, my lord abbot, whom you are accused of harbouring to the sore displeasure, as it seems, of the worthy Knight of Ladysmede?"

It was now the abbot's turn to speak with some embarrassment.

"He is, as I believe, the child of one long dead — one who was well known to me in other lands and other days. It is true that I saw the boy once, by chance, in Sir Godfrey's household; except it were for that, I know of no claim that Knight hath either of blood or wardship: I verily believe he hath none that will bear inquiry."

"Sir Godfrey will doubtless give us satisfaction on this head," said the prelate, turning to de Burgh; "it is pleasant to see such a Christian rivalry for the care of the orphan; but it needs almost a Solomon to sit in judgment here betwixt ye. What say you, Sir Godfrey—how came you the protector of the fatherless?"

"He is not fatherless," replied de Burgh; "his father is a stout knight, who still lives to do the king good service, and who gave him into my charge abroad some four years since. I did not learn his true parentage, indeed, until of late, though I might have shrewdly guessed it. I claim the rightful wardship of him while his father is absent with the king."

"Speak me no riddles, in our Lady's name," said Longchamp: "I have short time or patience to read them — what is this knight's name of whom you speak?"

"He is present here himself," replied de Burgh—"your holiness may have his own word, an it please you."

"Let him stand forth then, and claim his own, if so it be," said the legate—"so we may make an end of this business."

De Burgh turned to where Sir Nicholas sat behind him. Slowly, and with seeming reluctance, the Crusader rose to answer his appeal, and leaned forwards towards the legate, over whose face there shot a rapid glance of sudden intelligence as he turned his eyes upon this new party in the suit. Le Hardi spoke as if with effort, in a low and hurried voice.

"He is my child, as I have full reason to believe," he said; "the Knight of Ladysmede says true."

There was a cry from a corner of the hall, close behind the seat occupied by those who had been summoned as jurors;—a woman's cry, so sharp and piercing that all eyes and ears were turned in the direction from which it came. In another instant, in spite of Giacomo's efforts to hold her back, Isola had sprung forward into view, and throwing back the veil in which she had hitherto so closely wrapped, struggled towards the foot of the tribunal. All gave way to her, and Giacomo finding all his attempts to calm her impatiently rejected, and serving only to draw upon himself an attention which he did not desire, let go his hold, and fell back amongst the crowd of astonished bystanders.

"My child!" she exclaimed wildly flushed, and panting with excitement —"my child!—Nicholas le Hardi, you said it was my child!—where is he?"

Sir Nicholas staggered forwards, and clutched Sir Godfrey's shoulder as though he would have fallen but for such support. He gazed with dilated eyeballs on the face and figure before him, and moved his lips as though he were speaking. No words would come. He dashed his hand across his eyes, as if to clear his vision, while Sir Godfrey gazed at his strange looks and gestures with undisguised astonishment.

"My child!" still cried Isola — "tell me" — she turned imploringly from the Crusader to the abbot, and clutched his robe — "tell me — you have hidden him—where is he?"

The abbot was even more startled than Sir Godfrey; but in the burning eyes and wild address he thought he saw and heard the ravings of a disordered mind. He laid his hand kindly on her head, and tried to calm her with gentle tones and words. She threw herself from him impatiently, and renewed her agonised appeal to Sir Nicholas. William Longchamp looked from one to the other, but even his keen glance could read no explanation.

"Oh!" — continued Isola, beseechingly, as she fell on her knees upon the floor, and looked into Le Hardi's face, which was still turned upon her with a sort of fascination—"hear me! —I forgive all—you have done me no wrong—you did not mean evil by me—I know it! I will unsay all—all! only give me back my child! You say he lives—cruel, cruel! they told me he had died. Only let me see him, and I will trouble you no more!"

"We have a new claimant here, my lord abbot, if I understand rightly," said Longchamp, addressing the superior of Rivelsby; "what say you to this?"

"Poor soul!" said Abbot Martin —"some bitter wrong hath driven her mad!"

Not for an instant did he connect her in his thoughts with Giulio's story; but his countenance had gathered an indignant sternness as he looked on Sir Nicholas's ghastly face. Giacomo had been watching it intently also, with one of his old evil smiles. But he had now moved closer to the abbot's side, and was trying to raise Isola and draw her back.

"Peace, Isola, peace," he gently whispered in her ear; "you have no child—will you not believe me?"

"Believe you?" she said, as she looked wildly in his face—"no, no—I have believed too long—you heard him say he was alive."

"By my soul," said the legate, "we have one here, at least, I think, who will speak the truth, if she be but permitted. How now, fellow?—leave her alone!" he continued, addressing Giacomo; "dost hear me?—and do thou stand forward, woman, and answer me, fearing the face of no man, as you look for the king's justice, and shall have it"—he tried to moderate his rough voice into somewhat of a gentle tone—"is yonder knight, whom they call Sir Nicholas le Hardi, lover or leman of thine?"

"He is my wedded husband, as truly as Holy Church could make him so," said Isola, with indignant passion.

"I am not," said Le Hardi, who

had by this time recovered something of his self-possession — "she lies before you all."

The tone was violent, but it lacked the firmness of truth. Longchamp looked at him with one long gaze of contempt, and turned away to listen to Isola.

"What did I say?" she cried, clasping her hands, and stretching them imploringly towards Le Hardi —"God forgive me, I will unsay it —I will humble myself as you will —only give me back the child!"

"Alas! she will go wild, poor heart!" said Giacomo aside to the abbot—"her child died long ago. I had not foreseen all that would come of it, or I would surely have spared her this!"

Sir Godfrey de Burgh had been regarding his friend with a sort of stupid amazement. The latter part of the scene which was taking place was as utterly incomprehensible to him as to any of the strangers present; for of Isola's existence he had been up to that moment ignorant. But now, when she last spoke, he appealed to Le Hardi for some explanation. He was answered by little more than a muttered curse. For once, the ready tongue of the Crusader failed him. "She is mad!" were the only audible words. But he felt, as he gathered courage to look around the hall, and saw the questioning glances that were bent on him—when he marked the derisive smile, and could almost catch the ribald jest that rose to the lips of some of Sir Godfrey's company — that he was losing ground even in their estimation. Above all, the stern contempt of Longchamp, which had cowed him for the moment, now stirred all the best and worst that was in him. He had been shaken from his habitual cautious self-possession; the dead had risen, as he thought, against him, and the horror had scarce yet left him. But that had been only an imaginary phantasy—for the living he would be a match even now. A bold stroke should recover him yet; and straight he nerved himself to make it.

"Hear me, my lord legate!" he said, in a determined voice. Longchamp half-turned himself, and threw upon him a look of intenser scorn, if it could be, for an instant.

"Hear you! I have heard you, and I know you! False to woman as to man! Tear the cross from your shoulder, Sir Nicholas, lest it burn into your flesh, and brand you for a felon and a traitor!"

"Now, by the Holy Sepulchre, Sir Prelate," said Le Hardi, stung almost into madness, "you shall rue those words! I fling back traitor in your teeth—you have lorded it all too long over this realm and people; there is a reckoning at hand—men can bear such insolence no longer; I hurl defiance at you, for myself and for the liberties of England!"

He tossed his mailed gauntlet with such force towards the legate, as he spoke, that, had it not been arrested by the hand of a knight who stood between them, it would have struck Longchamp on the breast. The latter's eyes flashed fire, and he half-rose with an oath; but he checked himself in time, and sat down with a scornful laugh. There was a broken murmur of applause from some of those who had accompanied Sir Godfrey, but as Longchamp looked round upon them with a stern inquiring gaze, either fear or curiosity kept them silent. More than one of the legate's retinue sprang forward to resent the Crusader's insult, but he waved them back.

"I am no knight, Sir Nicholas le Hardi," said he, "to prove your courage, and no hangman to do your last office fittingly; but mark me—when the day of reckoning comes, I will find both!"

Some of the more prudent of Sir Godfrey's party had closed round Le Hardi, and led him, almost by force to the back of the hall. Sir Hugh Bardolph, especially, had listened to his outburst with a face of eager alarm, and was the most active in endeavouring to restrain him. There were those present who were ready to endorse every word of the knight's defiance; but their plans were not yet ripened, and such a premature exposure threatened ruin to them all. None knew it better than the Crusader himself; but for once his temper, goaded almost to madness, had betrayed his prudence. Yet he had gained one point; he had succeeded in diverting the interest of his friends there from his own personal matters to considerations of overwhelming importance to themselves.

"My good brother of Rivelsby," said the legate, when the disturbance had subsided, addressing Abbot Martin in his calmest voice; "we are all in some strange error here, I think. There is more in this than we shall unravel at this moment; and I will have this poor lady's tale from her own mouth, in your presence, somewhat more privately—when she shall be better able to speak. As for this boy—I would fain see him for myself (he should be a jewel of some price, so many seek to have the setting of him)—he is not at Rivelsby, you said? Let him be brought there at once. Sir Godfrey de Burgh, our purpose is to visit St. Mary's to-morrow: if it will please you to attend us there, you shall have justice in full measure for yourself and for Sir Nicholas le Hardi. Fare you well. We lie at Huntingdon to-night—if you be not better provided of a lodging, my lord abbot, to such hospitality as our poor quarters here can afford I bid you heartily welcome."

De Burgh scarcely waited for the legate to finish speaking. "My lord," said he, fiercely, "I will carry my cause elsewhere. You churchmen hold all together, and a plain man may look long for justice at your hands. The good prince the Earl of Morton will do me right—let the Abbot of Rivelsby look to it."

"I care no jot for Prince John," said Longchamp, as he rose to leave the hall. "Woe betide his gracious majesty if he has no surer friends than they of his own household!"

Giacomo had succeeded in partially calming Isola's agitation, and withdrawing her from the front of the crowd; but not unnoticed by Abbot Martin, who had watched her with an earnest attention. At a word from him, Foliot had quietly followed them in their retreat. The marshalmen cleared a passage again for the legate's exit, and he proceeded, accompanied by the Benedictine, towards his hostel in the town, leaving behind him ample materials for wonder and dispute amongst the citizens of Huntingdon, who, as soon as he was out of hearing, gathered into little knots, and relieved themselves by noisy discussion of the day's proceedings. Some among them echoed the cry, which was beginning then to rise in many quarters of England, that to be drained of their money to gratify one king's warlike fancies abroad, and maintain a second in lavish state at home, was more than peaceful traders like themselves could bear; and one or two strangers might have been seen moving from group to group, who were loudest in their protests against the Norman prelate's grasping assumption. But the majority of the townsmen were not especially inclined to espouse a cause of which Sir Godfrey of Ladysmede, and the knights his friends, presented themselves as the champions; and, on the whole, the haughty legate had left a favourable impression upon many who had seen him that day for the first time. Too much accustomed themselves to be treated by their feudal lords with supercilious insolence, they secretly rejoiced to see them repaid in their own coin; and justice wore at least an honester, if not a gentler look, in the bishop of Ely than in Sir Hugh Bardolph.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE ESQUIRE'S STORY.

Sir Nicholas le Hardi spoke no word to his esquire, as he mounted at the gate of the Hall to return to his own quarters. He broke impatiently from the friends who surrounded him, with brief promise to be present at their council in the evening—for he had come to Huntingdon on more important business than Sir Godfrey's; and without further communication even with the Knight of Ladysmede, who looked after him with a questioning gaze of astonishment, rode straight away. But when Dubois had followed him to his chamber, and they were alone together, he turned round upon the Gascon with a face of ominous meaning. The esquire confronted his master with his usual quiet self-possession, though he knew well that the storm on that troubled countenance had been gathering to fall upon him.

"You have lied to me foully, Dubois," he said, slowly.

"I have lied in your service, my lord, for some years past."

"Do you mock me, sirrah!" said the knight; "will you stand there to brave out your treachery?"

"Treachery!" said the Gascon, with a slight ironical emphasis; "I scarcely take your meaning, Sir Nicholas, I fear."

"You told me," said Le Hardi, with suppressed passion, though his eye wandered under Dubois's quiet gaze—"you told me she was dead."

"I spoke as I then believed," replied the esquire. "You offered me gold, if you could be rid of one you hated. I promised you it should be done: I found it done to my hands, as I thought—and I told you, you were safe."

"Curse on your word-splitting," said the Crusader; "I say again, you have deceived me wilfully—you told me she was dead."

"I was deceived myself," said Dubois, quietly—"I know it now. If you have patience enough to listen, I will tell you how. I followed her back to Genoa, by your direction, after you left her: there, for a while, I lost all trace of her, though I was certain she had not quitted the place. The cloister folk knew me too well, and would tell me nothing. At last I followed one day by some chance a funeral procession to the chapel of San Giorgio, where the Camaldoni bury; and as I stood there by the open grave, I was told it was for a young signora of that house, who had fled from her convent with an English knight, and had died broken-hearted. What need had I to ask more?"

"Fool and dupe!" exclaimed the knight, "if nothing worse! Was this, then, the tale you brought me? It was scarce worth purchase at the price, even if it had been true as gospel—two hundred good gold bezants, was it not?"

"And an oath of everlasting gratitude," said Dubois, with a perceptible sneer. "You were liberal, Sir Nicholas; it was service well paid, I grant, as it fell out; but for that which you would have put me on, the price would have been all too little."

"But why not have told me this? why leave me to think——"

"I told you she was dead, and you were safe; I spoke honestly enough. I believed myself discharged of what I had undertaken—easily, I confess—that was my own good fortune. I had no commission from you, I think, to murder?"

"Murder!" repeated Sir Nicholas, paling at the word; "how dare you speak to me thus?" But there was a quiet defiance in the esquire's eye which the knight inwardly confessed and trembled at, disguise it as he would by bold words. He threw himself into a seat that stood at hand, unable to control the storm of conflicting passions.

"You have been worse than false to me," he said, in a hoarse voice more of suffering than anger; "why not have told me all?"

"It would have lowered the value of my intelligence, I fear," replied Dubois, composedly, "if I had told more than was needful. You asked me no questions, remember."

"So!" said the Crusader, rising again, and striding towards him with such a sudden and fierce movement that even the Gascon's stubborn nerves were shaken, and for the first time his own face changed for a moment under the terrible expression of his master's eye, and he drew back a step as in preparation for a personal struggle. But Sir Nicholas only grasped the arm which the esquire raised involuntarily by an instinct of self-defence, and flung it from him—even those iron muscles might have shown the mark of his gripe—"So!" he cried, "for three long years, for your own base profit, you have left this heavy burden on my soul, knowing that by one word you could remove it! Short-sighted, selfish fool! could you not guess that I would have given twice the bribe for which you would sell your salvation, to have been assured that that blood lay not at my door!"

"I thought my lord," said Dubois,

recovering his self-command, and speaking in a tone of surprise, either real or admirably assumed; "I surely thought it had been the lady's life, and not her death, that was the burden?"

"Both!" said Sir Nicholas, flashing upon him a bitter look. "I have to thank you for inflicting both upon me. I did believe," he continued, with an evil laugh, "the devil had been a fairer paymaster; I have done much of his work, it seems, without the wages—ay, have borne all the punishment, and been cheated even of the sin, and have had the profit snatched from me at the last; whilst thou—thou must be the fiend's especial favourite, Dubois—hast enjoyed all the profit, and been excused the work!"

"You are pleased to jest, Sir Nicholas; but you wrong me."

"I doubt if that were possible, my excellent friend," said the knight, who was schooling himself into forbearance; his prudence warned him to avoid, if possible, an open rupture with Dubois, who seemed on his part to bear his master's anger, whether deserved or not, with commendable patience.

"Tell me," said Le Hardi, looking once more into his follower's imperturbable countenance, "can one buy truth and honesty for a few moments, and at what price?"

"They are scarce and dear," said the Gascon, "and I do not boast to have a larger stock of them than my betters. But I owe you a service, Sir Knight, having received payment already under an error (for an error it was, I repeat, and how I was led into it I have yet to learn); I have some gratitude, too, for old kindness, though you may haply doubt it—let that pass. I will let you have the truth cheap, for the nonce, Sir Nicholas, without fee or reward—even in thanks. I promise. You will not believe me the more, if I call all the gods, heathen and Christian, to witness. You may not always have so fair an offer—we poor esquires cannot afford to trade on such terms constantly as a rule of our guild."

"You knew that Isola Camaldoni was alive, and here in England—and you spoke of it to others?—falsest of all in that."

"I did not know it, and I could not speak of it. I had heard that she was living, and that was all. I never saw her face until to-day in the hall."

"I told you I had seen her," said Sir Nicholas. If the smile with which he accompanied the words was meant to show that he scorned the phantoms of his own imagination, it was very unsuccessful in its effect. "I was right—the dead never come back."

"Perhaps not," said Dubois; "at least not at more inconvenient seasons than the living. I watched, at all hours, at the basket-maker's hut you wot of; but I cannot fancy she was ever there. But I will tell you honestly, I did suspect she was sheltered at Willan's Hope, for I heard they had a foreign guest there. But I could not get to see her; I did you in that matter as honest service as I could."

"Curses on such ill-fortune!" said the knight; "this should have come either earlier or later. But I will win that game yet. Now as to this child, Dubois—is she raving, or what means it?"

"Which child?" said the Gascon, with half a smile.

"*Her* child," said Le Hardi, colouring; "is he living too? what does it mean?"

"Your child is dead, Sir Nicholas; you have the evidence of others besides mine. If you had seen fit to warn me that it suited your purpose and Sir Godfrey's that he should come to life again, I would have honestly told you there was a living obstacle in the way. You deign me but a half confidence, Sir Nicholas, yet you expect from me an undivided service."

"Fool that I have been," said Le Hardi, replying rather to his own thoughts than to the esquire's remark, "to mix myself with a hot-headed blunderer like him of Ladysmede! He is no match for the abbot, far less for William Longchamp. I should have had more wit than to have shown myself in court to-day—I might have sworn all would go wrong. What brought the legate there, I would like to know?"

"He is on his way to Rivelsby," said Dubois.

"I know it," said the Crusader, shortly. "What following hath he here with him, did I hear you say?"

"Some eight hundred men in all," said the esquire.

The knight's manner was as though he would have liked to have asked further questions, but he did not.

"Enough," he said, with one of his unpleasant smiles; "I have had as fair measure of truth, I take it, for one bargain, as I could look for; it were unreasonable of me to ask more. Remember, I sup this evening with Sir Hugh Bardolph, in the Nether-gate."

Dubois left the chamber with as unmoved a face as he had entered it. His master looked after him as he withdrew, with a gloomy smile. "I thought," he muttered to himself, "that man had been bound to me by as strong a bond as hell could forge; I am not altogether sorry, I think, to find it snapped on the sudden—a mere web of horrible fancies. It shall be long, I promise me, before I trust any man so far again."

He repaired at the appointed hour to the evening banquet at the house of the justiciary; but it was not Dubois who accompanied him to the place of meeting. He had not long arrived, however, before the Gascon, having taken a shorter cut through the by-streets and lanes of Huntingdon, mingled in the dusk amongst the attendants there.

THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPIRE.

If the Emperor of France is accessible to ordinary sources of amusement, and reads the English journals as their writers generally flatter themselves that he does, we can fancy, as he sits alone in his cabinet, a grim smile occasionally flitting across his features, when he lights on speculations as to his policy, motives, and conduct, such as our plain-speaking and much-speaking countrymen so abundantly indulge in. If Olympus trembled at the nod of Jupiter, the god may have been supposed indifferent to the great effect of so small a cause; but a mere man, with the usual leaven of vanity in his nature, cannot but feel flattered at seeing that a few words of his, published in an official paper, the more unintelligible the better, or some dark innuendo in answer to an address, can raise or depress the price of stock — overwhelm with joy or sorrow the bulls and the bears of the Exchange—create a panic or a jubilee throughout the length and breadth of Europe. That the Third Napoleon has obtained by his policy a position in the councils of Europe no less important than that which his uncle gained by sheer force of arms, is a patent fact, and one which few, now that the eighth year of his full power verges on completion, would be inclined to gainsay. It is, we fear, no less true that the position in which England stood at the head of the nations after the last great war, and which apparently was maintained until the despotic reaction from the revolutions of 1848, has been gradually undermined, and that at the present time France is looked upon by the European commonwealth as its most powerful member for good or evil. Undeniably the moral position of England is as high as ever relatively to the rest of the nations; though, speaking absolutely, and in reference to her former self, she has not gained in this respect at all in proportion to her intellectual and material progress, and this we can only attribute to the long lease of her destinies to an unpatriotic party. It is doubtless a subject for regret, though scarcely for any deeper feeling, that the *hegemony* of Europe (to borrow an expression from Mr. Grote) should have been transferred for a season from the nation whose foreign policy is, on the whole, conservative, to the nation whose foreign policy is revolutionary; and such a change is not likely to create general confidence, or to assist the happiness by duplicity, fearing to create against itself, by a more open policy, the irresistible opposition from abroad which was fatal to the sway of Napoleon I.

It is common in France and elsewhere to speak of the first empire and the second, as if their natures were separate and distinct—as if the first were a lion and the second a lamb; and this even in official quarters: while, with singular logical inconsistency, the Imperialists derive the legal claims of the second empire from the first, and its representative potentate assumes the title, not of the second, but of the third Napoleon.

The man himself has said, giving utterance, we think, rather to his wish than to his belief, "L'empire c'est la paix." In the enthusiasm of the moment he was probably unaware that the proposition contradicted itself. Empire in its ancient classic meaning was simply and absolutely military command. The emperors of Rome possessed that title in virtue of being commanders-in-chief of all the forces of Rome, and the justification of their power on moral grounds rested on the assumption that the anarchy into which the republic had fallen by the destruction of all hereditary distinctions, demanded a continual promulgation of martial law, with an irresponsible general to enforce it. That this state of things was looked upon at first as provisional, is shown by the fact that, on one or two occasions after the death of a tyrannical emperor, the senate made a feeble attempt to restore the republic, but the growing preponderance of the military caste now rendered all such attempts worse than nugatory, until in process of time the utmost that patriots dared hope for was to secure a liberal and indulgent master, who was at the same time firm and popular with the soldiers. The title was assumed by Charlemagne, in medieval Europe, from the analogy of its functions with those of the older emperors. Even in modern times it has always been indissolubly connected with military supremacy. The Emperors of Germany were the commanders-in-chief of the federal contingents, rather than the kings of the country over which their sway extended. The Emperors of Russia were so called from the essentially military nature of a barbaric chieftainship, though more properly distinguished under the Tartar title of Tsars. Napoleon I., as the commander-in-chief of the forces of the French Republic, and to flatter the conceit of the nation, which, aping the old Romans,

> "Would have brooked
> The eternal devil to hold his state in
> Rome
> More easily than a king,"

assumed the title of Emperor, repudiating all claims to sovereignty but those of might and popular election, which, as understood in the sense of universal suffrage, is nothing more than an expression of the brutal will of the masses. If Louis Napoleon had honestly recognised the same principle in assuming the purple, he would have been more consistent; but Europe would probably have taken alarm, and unanimously have refused to acknowledge him, and he might have hoped that his political capacity, by taking advantage of circumstances, would enable him to overrule the nature of his position, and realise his *dictum*, by making himself in process of time—if not in name, at least in fact—the lawful constitutional king of France. It is indeed probable, that had the Emperor been free to follow the bent of his aspirations, he would have been satisfied with securing and enjoying his position by peaceful triumphs, by rebuilding and adorning Paris, and making her, if at a lavish expense, the cynosure of cities, by reciprocating the free trade and industrial exhibitions of England, and thus creating a new bond of harmony between neighbors; but the nature of things did not allow of such a desirable solution. The story of Peter Schlemihl, who sold his shadow for limitless wealth, is somewhat *apropos* of the Emperor's position. Peter wished, after he had obtained the wealth, to live virtuously upon it, but the nature of his compact with evil forbade it, and involved the necessary addition of misery. Had Louis Napoleon ascended the throne in a legal and constitutional manner he might have been allowed to reign in peace and tranquillity, and become, as we give him full credit for wishing to be, a benefactor to France and his kind. But divine Nemesis, or rather Providence, forbids that power unjustly gained should be securely enjoyed. The French Empire was inaugurated, not merely by the destruction of a constitution, which, whatever may have been its shortlived merits, the Emperor had solemnly sworn to observe, but by the outrage of natural equity in a pretended appeal to the sense of the nation. The *coup d'état* may or may not have been a crime in its author deserving utmost retribution, but the appeal to universal suffrage was a crime in the eyes of a patriot of a far deeper dye, since, while the former only set aside existing powers by overt violence, the latter inflicted the death-blow on liberty, law, and order in France. An appeal to universal suffrage is not an appeal to the sense of the nation, but a call to its worst elements to revolt against its better. To show the truth of this position, we have only to look at the application of the same principle in another case—the administration of justice. The murder of Count Anviti at Parma has just raised a cry of horror in Italy and Europe, not because the man appeared undeserving of punishment, but because he was done to death by universal suffrage, or, in Transatlantic language, "killed by Lynch law." Universal suffrage, as applied to the election of an Emperor, is no more than Lynch law applied to the most important function of a state—the choice of its governor. Its exercise in this way is undoubtedly better than that universal suffrage should attempt to govern by itself; and, indeed, it shows some delicacy and modesty in the French mob that it is conscious of its own unfitness for government, and possesses the organ of reverance sufficiently to bow down before the echo of a mighty name, instead of lending its ears, as a matter of course, to the loudest and vulgarest stump-orator of the day, which would undoubtedly be the case were universal suffrage ever to gain the upper hand in England. Fortunately, even in the wildest vagaries of French sans-culotism there is ever an eccentric *arrière pensée* of good taste. And thus in France universal suffrage has had the good taste to choose a governor instead of attempting to govern of itself. But that it has chosen Louis Napoleon, a man of unquestionable genius and ability, is due to accident or Providence rather than to the principle of election. The name was elected, and not the man; and sober people were agreeably surprised after the election by finding that the name had a man appended. But, though universal suffrage, in choosing its governor, has appeared to abdicate its own right to govern, or has in reality done so, it has by no means abdicated its right to interfere with the functions of government, and hamper its attempts to do good in every possible direction. Thus, it appears to us that the tyranny of French Imperialism is not the tyranny of the man, but of the mob. The Emperor is a far less free agent than is generally imagined in England, where the superincumbent weight of the constitution above the disturbing elements, like a large stone placed on a brood of snakes (to borrow a comparison of General Napier), allows them to wriggle their tails from under it, but cannot be moved by the strength of their heads and bodies. The same tyranny which in England finds its utmost expression in builders' strikes, injurious to individuals but impotent against the State, is in France a Manichean god of evil, wrestling with good in the highest places, and filling all society with the terror of its shadow. All good men in France know that the Red spectre, though apparently exorcised, is still rampant, going about seeking whom he may devour, and all good men in France tremble accordingly, The English press, in its leading organs, has, we think, borne too hard on the Emperor personally—has represented France at large as groaning under his sway, whereas his sway is popular with the majority of Frenchmen; and it is only the minority who suffer—a minority, it is true, comprising nearly all the honesty, intellect, and virtue of France. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the strictures of the English press on the Emperor should excite umbrage in France, for the conscience of France knows that the blame lies rather with the country at large than with him. Even if this were not the case, a high-spirited people do not like to be spoken of and sympathised with as the slaves of an irresponsible master, and consider such sympathy, as proceeding from a foreign nation who are not remarkable for cosmopolite feeling, as a somewhat equivocal compliment. The fact that England has preserved the constitutional freedom that France has lost, would naturally enhance the bitterness of such a feeling. But, supposing that the Empire represents the preponderance of those classes in French society which are most antagonistic to British traditions and principles, and which are now flushed with complete success over the better elements of their own nation, it is natural enough that they should feel indignant at those who show that their despotism is bounded by their frontier, and refuse to bow down to the golden image that they have set up. We believe that such a view of the Emperor's position, as we have assumed, *a priori*, is corroborated by a review of the facts of the case, and the history, now stretching over some years, of the Imperial policy of France. It appears to throw light on much that would be otherwise contradictory and inexplicable. The Emperor's acts and professions have failed to correspond with each other, not so much because he vacillates or capriciously changes his purposes, or because he speaks deceit deliberately—a course which must inevitably lead to the world being undeceived in the end—as because his intentions are overruled or modified by the presence of forces in the background which prevent him from carrying out his private aspirations, and which he can only afford to despise at the immediate sacrifice of his position. Be it remembered, from first to last, that the French Empire is the incarnation of universal suffrage. By the notorious prosecution of M. de Montalembert, the French government proclaimed its absolute identification with that principle. M. de Montalembert was accused of blasphemy, not against God and the king, but against universal suffrage! The failure of the prosecution, in deference, we believe, to the private wishes of the Emperor, proves that there is yet some hope for France, and that the Emperor makes occasional efforts to free himself from the shackles that bind him.

In one view of the case, France is worse off than Naples, suffering under the casual sway of a legitimate tyrant; in another view, she may be congratulated that she possesses a man in many respect so admirable as Louis Napoleon, as a representative of the principle of evil over good, of all that is worst and vilest and most anarchical in human society—over all that is purest, noblest, best—and, as it were, commissioned by Heaven to take the lead in it. Had the Emperor perished by the hand of Orsini and his confederates, his death might not impossibly have led to a state of things in France, to which the present regime might appear one of great social happiness, and the powers of mischief which are now guided, if they cannot be entirely controlled, by his able hands, might have broken loose on the world like a deluge, as they threatened to do when they were early suppressed in 1848 by a four days' war in the streets of Paris. We cannot but suspect that Louis Napelon's promises, or rather political propositions, often embody his aspirations as a man; his shortcomings and deviations in action represent the amount of modification they suffer under the deep and dark tyranny which is its sovereign's taskmaster. It is a lamentable fact, and one which must stagger the devout believer in continuous human progress, that the moral character of the French nation has for many years past been undergoing a palpable deterioration. In the first great Revolution, all the old historic landmarks of society perished. The fate of royalty and aristocracy, as by law established, was shared by the legitimate democracy of municipal freedom. The fusion, or rather confusion, of all social elements in a centralisation without parallel in history—a state of things for which the ancient languages do not possess a name, because the ancients had no experience of the thing—having supervened, liberty appeared to have passed away with Astræa from the earth. All the common bonds of men, which unite them in idea, but still with marvellous strength, were dissolved in the first Revolution; even the old territorial divisions, lest they should suggest provincial feelings, were changed, and the provinces were cut up into departments. If the Revolution could have done it, it would no doubt have annihilated the geographical features of the common country, lest they should bring back local associations; it would have destroyed all pre-existing family ties and records of consanguinity, as it did its best to destroy those of its own time by nullifying marriage. The Restoration only succeeded in restoring in a partial degree, and most superficially, what the Revolution had destroyed; the Revolution of 1830 only adjourned the evil day; and that of 1848 proved that France had grown no wiser from the sufferings of the Reign of Terror, by recognising the same fatal principles of which the tyranny of Robespierre was only the consistent sequel. The same power that set up Robespierre has set up Louis Napoleon; if he is a better man than Robespierre, no credit is due to France in the blindness of her selection. This power that has thus gained the mastery over one of the finest regions of Europe or the world, was unknown as we have observed, to the ancients. The Greeks named a government by the mob an Ochlocracy. But this ochlocracy does not represent the extent of the evil. The slave population were excluded from the widest democracy of the Greeks, as they are from the democracy of America. But in the French Revolution, the element which corresponds to a slave population—the element of ignorance and brute force and mere numbers—obtained the supremacy, and has more or less influenced the destinies of France up to the present time, when not its common sense but its vanity, not its prudence but its passion, was overruled to the choice of an irresponsible ruler, who was really, as it has since appeared, the fittest man for the position. Such a result—it is scarcely enough considered in England—was a political *pis-aller*. Twice had the restoration of constitutional royalty been attempted, and twice failed: in 1830, because Charles X. and his advisers ignored the Revolution, and thought that the King might still govern by divine right; in 1848, because the new dynasty had not taken sufficient root in the affections of the people, and, lacking the energy to rule by force, it lacked the age to rule by prescription. After Louis Philippe's fall there was no chance for royalty. A time may come when the French people may tire of military tyranny, as the English people did in the days of Richard Cromwell, and welcome back the grandson of the Citizen King; and that time will be an European jubilee; but is far distant yet. The life of the Empire, the very breath of its existence, we may say, depends on the necessity of constantly expressing the will of the numerical majority, and endorsing its supremacy over the virtue and intelligence of the country. In vain did the first Napoleon, feeling his weakness from want of the support of the Past, endeavour to create a new nobility of the sword. Such an aristocracy had no root in history; and its continued life depended henceforward on its preserving the purely military character which it had at first. We know as a truism, that a constitution cannot be made in a day, any more than a forest of timber trees can be extemporised. The real trees of liberty which have added new rings of growth to their barks with every generation, once cut down, no others can be planted in their places which will stand, though, as at the Revolution of 1848, cockades are hung on their branches, and wretched priests are borne in the arms of the mob to bless them. Municipal democracy, which was a time-honoured institution in France, was merged at the Revolution in a network of petty official despotisms, radiating from the Parisian centre, and exaggerating its colours by reflection. That local self-government and provincial independence, which in England are kept up by an unpaid magistracy, whose very errors point to their freedom from central influence, has come to be represented in France by an organisation of officials, who are in a descending series the slaves of slaves, and whose administrative errors are all on one side, a miserable subservience to the government which pays them. Thus it is that one of the most troublesome officers of the central power is watching over the officious zeal of its subordinates, to prevent their compromising it in the public opinion of the world. It is very intelligible how the liberty and well-being of France is permanently jeopardised by the influences which are paramount within her; but she is also, in her present condition, emphatically dangerous to all the rest of the civilised world, especially to her nearest neighbors, for much the same reasons. This is not because the helm of state is in the hand of that one shrewd, taciturn, and inscrutable man, so much as because the forces which he is obliged to respect are anarchical, and resolve themselves into those two which are most inimical to human progress and human happiness, sometimes acting in concert, sometimes separately, sometimes at peace with each other, sometimes antagonistic, but always ready to conspire against God, and goodness, and freedom—brute violence on the one hand, and brutal superstition on the other. Accidentally, they are more dangerous when cloaked in the purple robe of Imperialism, than when patent in their natural ugliness; for the expression of their impulses, which would put the world on its guard by being boldly and openly uttered, moulded into form in the secresy of the Imperial bosom, now surprises it by unexpected action, against which it has had no time to provide. In most of the Emperor's deeds, up to the present point of his career, we think we can trace this twofold influence acting upon him behind the scenes: in most of what he has seemingly intended to do, but was prevented from doing, we can to a certain degree take the measure of his private morality and individual aspiration after good. We hesitate, while some do not, to brand the Emperor with the name of unprincipled. Generally speaking, an unprincipled man is one who stands out from his age and nation on a bad eminence—one whose morality falls below the average of that of his times. Neither does it quite amount to a deliberate satanic preference of evil to good. The unprincipled man, in the popular sense of the word, is below the sympathy of the society in which he moves. French society, judging by what immediately preceded his time, has certainly no right to call Louis Napoleon unprincipled. If it had, the *coup-d'etat* would have been impossible; the military authorities instead of doing his bidding, would have laughed him to scorn, and simply put him under arrest, as they did before at Boulogne, when matters were not quite so ripe. Nothing but a state of anarchy could have allowed the military authorities to act as they did, and the fact that his orders were obeyed on the occasion, must always furnish the Emperor's defenders with a ground of justification. Finding France without law, he saw that some determined will must take her by the hand, and he saw, at the same time, that his private object of ambition coincided with his assuming the character of saviour of France. The means which he took as necessary to gain his ends, though morally unjustifiable, do not appear to have particularly revolted the public conscience in France, however they may have been judged by a select minority of the French nation. And the vulgar conscience of France on these points coincides with the conscience of that Church of which the majority of Frenchmen declare themselves members — a Church which cannot recognise the immutable principles of justice and honesty except as subordinate to its own narrow and exclusive religious system. To do evil that good may come, is justifiable according to Jesuit morality: and it being once assumed that to deliver France from anarchy was good, Napoleon was justified by the moral sense of Catholicism in breaking his oath to the constitution, overthrowing by violence the established authorities, and enacting on the persons of political Protestants a political Saint Bartholomew. With all the faults of Protestant countries, we may safely say that the public conscience would have rendered such a course of proceeding in them impossible. In Ireland a similar ultramontane standard has often reconciled cold-blooded and cowardly murder to the conscience of a peasantry who are exemplary in their domestic relations, and generally honest in petty dealings. The masses in France are either superstitious or atheistic. Imperial wrong-doing has been prompted or supported by the perverted conscience of superstition, or the negative conscience of atheism. Atheism and brute-violence find their perfect embodiment in an army, whose constitution is offensive rather than defensive; in which the officers are raised from the ranks, and taught to look for promotion to the prosecution of successful campaigns; who are removed as far as possible from sympathy with the non-military population; an army of whom it may be said, as of the levies of Wallenstein, "The service alone is house and home to them."* That this army may be wrapt up in its own interests, marriage is discouraged among its members, as it is forbidden to the priesthood; and as the priests are to the Church, so is the army to the centralised democratic Imperialism, the blind instrument of insensate violence and unintellectual will. Of course, in speaking of classes, there must be many exceptions—and some bright exceptions will occur to many of our readers in their own experience of French military men—but nowhere can we find a stronger contrast to the high-born chevalier of ancient times, the soul of honour, gallantry, and courtesy, than in the ignorant, insolent, vulgar, and narrow-minded typical French colonel of the present day, who has no ideas above the routine of the parade-ground, no conversation but of the barrack, no relaxations but the coarse enjoyments of a plebeian voluptuary, no hopes or aspirations but those of a fortunate freebooter, no courage or honour but those common to all professional gladiators. Compared with such a character, in what bright relief stands out, in spite of all private errors and military shortcomings, the average British officer! He looks on war as a public duty, not as a source of private gain, or merely as furnishing a career for the satisfaction of private vanity: he comports himself becomingly in his station, without direct reference to promotion or distinction; though by no means insensible to all honourable advantages, because to do less would be to forfeit the character of a British gentleman; and he is at all times ready to lay aside the sword and become a civilian, considering Peace as the proper end of War, and the normal condition of a civilised creature. He is a soldier because, and when, he is wanted; a country gentleman, a sportsman, a farmer, or a politician, because he likes it. Thus the Great Duke himself, after conquering the greatest Captain of modern times, retired to improve his estate at Strathfieldsaye, and gave his advice as a minister of the Crown as quietly, naturally, and unostentatiously as if he had never commanded an army, or even a company. Whatever objections the system of promotion by purchase lies open to, it is evident that the character of the army gains by its being officered by men to whom professional employment is not a necessary of life, and when military qualities spring naturally from the feelings of a high-bred gentleman. Professional apathy and incapacity, those rocks upon which we have too often split, may be guarded against by the State requiring a higher standard of competency, of which zeal for the service will be the natural product. The British officer, as he stands now, or soon will stand, will give an example to those under him of other estimable qualities besides conduct in the field, where he has hitherto been unimpeachable, and supply to the national army a lasting leaven of chivalrous high-mindedness and loyal obedience, which may be a preservative against pedantry, and prevent it from becoming the ready instrument of the worst passions or prejudices of mankind. If we turn to the French army, it is rather in the officers than the private soldiers that we find professional exaggeration and the barbaric complexion of a purely military caste. The feelings of the conscript probably represent generally those of the French lower orders, and in the individual those of the class from which he is drawn. He may have entered the army against his will, and be detained in it against his taste. His heart, in spite of the laurels forced on his brows, may remain true to the rustic homestead and the Jeanette that he has left behind him. The officer is differently circumstanced, even if compelled to join at first: he is certainly not an officer on compulsion, after he has entered upon the career as a matter of taste, received a purely military education, and been brought up from a child in a military atmosphere, as completely as were the janizaries who formed the body-guard of the medieval sultans, and were at last destroyed by Mahmoud as an intolerable nuisance. That the French army, as best represented by its officers, was becoming unusually insolent and unmanageable before the late Austrian war, was shown sufficiently by that disgraceful duel in which a number of swordsmen had conspired, by successive challenges if necessary, to kill or maim the unfortunate journalist who had dared to insinuate a doubt of the perfect good-breeding of the *sous-lieutenants* of the French army. Thus, as the Empire finds its expression, on the one hand, in the very embodiment of brute violence, a licentious democratic *soldatesca;* so, on the other hand, we recognise the second head of the hydra in the Romish priesthood, embodying the ignorant prejudices of the small peasant-proprietors of France. Here it may be said that extremes meet, and the Empire is the collective result of the anarchic and reactionary principles. These agencies pull its policy in opposite directions, and its outward actions represent the temporary ascendancy of one or the other principle. The Imperial head is in the condition of a servant who tries to serve two masters, and is obliged to bear in his own person, in the eyes of the world, the inconsistencies and vagaries of both. He represents universal suffrage, the combined voice of millions of unsavory breaths, and he must square his policy so as to please as well as he can two contradictory interests, taking care, in common phrase, not to fall between two stools. The license of the towns represented in the military, and the ignorance of the country represented in the priesthood, have each their separate views to be consulted; and the present Government of France must try to coax each in turn, and steer the middle passage between the Scylla of ultra-democracy and the Charybdis of ultramontanism—one threatening to wreck, and the other to engulf. The position of the Emperor would generally be considered by no means the most enviable in the world. A commonplace legitimate crown has quite thorns enough interwoven with its jewels: how must it be with a crown worn on such a tenure? The inconsistencies and apparent perfidies of the Imperial policy become, if not excusable, at all events explainable, by a reference to these concealed springs of action. To live in his peculiar position for a single day, and sleep in his bed at night after it, seems to us to prove him to possess a much more than ordinary modicum of both physical and psychical intrepidity. We are inclined to think, on the whole, that more may be said for him as a man than has been said by those who have no interest in being his friends or his enemies; while against France as a nation (and a nation must be accountable for its dominant classes) much may be alleged which has been kept in the background by the English press, from motives, we think mistaken, of international amity, or because, perhaps, where blame is to be laid, it is always the easier and readier course to make an individual the scapegoat. As regards ourselves, we think it may be said, that although our relations with France have been more precarious than during the reign of Louis Philippe, the personal influence of the Emperor has been constantly employed to moderate anti-English excitement. The political situation of France is uncomfortable within and dangerous without; but that is no fault of his; he found it so; and the most sensible course for the neighbours of France is to give him every chance (for apparently there is none besides him who can overcome the difficulty), by a fair and impartial criticism of his acts and intentions, and perfect loyalty in dealing with him; but at the same time "to keep their powder dry." If the Emperor had been personally disposed to pick a quarrel with England, he could not have had a better opportunity than was given him by the Indian mutiny —an opportunity not likely to occur again. If he quarrels with us, he will be forced into the qdarrel. On the other hand, as long as the force behind him exists, we are never safe. One of our special enemies, the ultramontane party, he has already shown a disposition to throw over by threatening to withdraw his troops from Rome. If he has time he may feel himself sufficiently strong in general popularity to rid himself of the undue influence of the army also. But just for the present a new danger arises from the incipient coolness between the Government and the priesthood — namely, that it will find the support of the army, which is not given for nothing, more necessary than ever. It is high time that we should get over the idea of Louis Napoleon's omnipotence within the limits of France. It is of no use to launch tirades against him, and put on our war-paint when he uses one sort of expression, and then, when he uses another, incline to disarm and lie down to sleep in his lap. The Emperor is not dangerous — the Empire is so. If there is danger, as some think, to England's supremacy, her independence, even her political existence, that danger is not in the character of the ruler, but in the unalterable nature of those anarchic elements which, since the Revolution of 1848, have been rampant in France. To the Emperor himself, we verily believe that Europe could not do a more friendly act than to band itself in a defensive alliance as against France, not allowing the army to break out again as it did against Austria, and forcing its superabundant energies into some African or Asiatic safety-valve. Most provoking to French military cupidity is that rich plunder-store of England, never properly protected by its own people, who, nevertheless, are as free in their remarks on foreigners as if they bristled with bayonets. Louis Napoleon knows well that England's teeth meet when they do bite, and he would vastly perfer any other enterprise to one against our shores. It would be an act of kindness to him personally if we would make any such enterprise simply impossible. Unfortunately, the English people do not sufficiently take the measure of the danger; guided themselves by practical consideration in the main, they cannot understand how another nation can be impelled by motives almost entirely sentimental. Yet the fact is, that utterly ruinous as a war with England would be to France, even were she victorious, a great number of Frenchmen besides the soldiers speak of it as an event very likely to come off. More blest in climate and soil than almost any European nation, abounding in corn and wine and oil, they envy us, as the Roman did Caractacus, our poor cottages in Britain. It is just the propensity that the heir of ten thousand a-year has sometimes felt to stake his all at the gambling-table. No nation can be conceived with more natural capacity for happiness than the French. But the French are sentimental to an extent that other nations can hardly imagine. The Russians, we believe, have already forgotten and forgiven Sebastopol; but the French rake up against us old obsolete victories, and want their revenge, or if not revenge, at least the satisfaction of a gentleman, forgetting that there is an equal chance, to judge by the histories they quote, that they may never get it if they try. It is a great pity that we cannot divine some method of according the desired satisfaction without the terrible sacrifices of war. If single combats are out of date, each party might try which could build the largest steamer, and race together across the Atlantic, and agree that the victorious nation should be accounted of superior prowess to the other. We do not believe that French vindictiveness against England amounts to much more than this kind of rivalry, except among a few old barbarians, who are the remnants of the first Empire. In fact, the *amour propre* of the French might have found some consolation in the results of the Crimean campaign, especially as French writers try to persuade their countrymen that the French did all the work, and got all the glory, while the English were rather in the way than otherwise. England has every motive to keep on good terms with France; she knows that France has very reasonable motives to be on good terms with her; she knows that a war would be ruinous to both parties, and therefore she cannot think a war with France possible. But she forgets that a people who are ready at any moment, for sheer love of a new sensation, to upset and set up a government, with all its complicated machinery, although from habit the process seems to become easier each time, like the setting of a repeatedly dislocated limb—is ready at any time, with equal want of forethought, to go to war, "for an idea"—she forgets that France is not ashamed of the notion, but glories in it when proceeding from the mouth of her Emperor; and even when no national antipathy intrudes, she forgets that there are hundreds of French *militaires* who would think no more of sacking the Bank of England than a schoolboy would of robbing the orchard of a testy old gentleman, to whom, except for his testiness, he had no personal objection. Were the English people to consider all this, and not to measure the feelings and motives of their neighbours so much as they do by their own, we should then have perfect national security, cast from us this disgraceful chronic panic of invasion, and confer the greatest possible boon on the Emperor of France, whether he loves us or not. Even now we are persuaded that he would deliberate very long before giving way to a war-mania directed against England. The last business was evidently forced upon him by the condition of the army. They wanted work, and were getting as mischievous as most ill-hands do under such circumstances. He looked about to see where he could best fight with a moral certainty of success. He found Austria without friends, and with very little character or credit, and he pounced on Austria accordingly. But as soon as he found that the area of the war was likely to extend itself, that the Germans were making a national affair of it, he huddled up the peace of Villafranca. He had strengthened himself with the army by a display which was always expected of him of personal courage, and of military skill, which was not so certainly expected; he gained some large victories, and he wished to tempt fortune no longer. And we do not see why the Emperor should not have been perfectly sincere in his reasons for concluding the war. He may possibly have kept in the background the fear of losing his influence with the clergy if he threw overboard the Pope too suddenly, by enlisting his revolted subjects in the Italian war. Those critics of his conduct who say that he knew all the reasons for the peace before he began the war, are doubtless correct as to the fact. He probably did know that the Germans would in time lash themselves to fury; but he knew that they would take their time, and give him first time enough for Majenta and Solferino. If these successes would satisfy the army, well; if not, he must go on. But the army, if not satisfied, was flattered. The summer was unusually hot. And we reckon that, although a vapouring young officer is said to have broken his sword over a table in a café at Milan when he heard of the Peace, the army which had been under fire had nearly had enough of it, for the Austrians fought like battered bull-dogs, and, although uniformly beaten, inflicted with the same uniformity nearly as much punishment as they received. All that the Emperor had to do was to satisfy the army, and he did it. Grand fêtes at Paris concluded the programme, as usual. He is strong with the army—strong enough to snub the ultramontane priests, in which work we may cry God speed him! If Louis Napoleon can only pluck up the moral courage to leave the Pope to his own devices, he will be the greatest benefactor to his kind in this age. As surely as swimming pigs cut their own throats, will the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli sink in the flood of popular indignation when left to float by themselves. The destruction of the spiritual power of Rome is almost too good to hope for, but the destruction of the temporal would be something. But let not the Evangelical Alliance jump to the conclusion that Italy, or France either, would become Protestant. No southern people will ever be Protestant, in our sense of the word, on a large scale; they cannot understand a religion of intellect and feeling without its suggestive symbolism; but it is not too much to hope that Catholic Christendom will break up into independent national churches, perhaps acknowledging, in the Emperor's rather humorous expression, the honorary supremacy of the Pope—that the more manly and spirited of the clergy will add the sacrament of Matrimony to that of Orders, and then woe to the centralised despotism of Rome. The first Napoleon was strong enough to oppress and bully the Papacy. Louis Napoleon has hit upon the happy expedient of the honorary supremacy of the Italian Confederation, and if the leaven works, good may come of it in many ways. But this is a business from which, from the nature of the case, we are entirely excluded for the present. The Emperor's conduct in the great Italian question will be judged by what has yet to come. He has as yet done not much more than lift his hand to see which way the wind was blowing. If the Italians deserve freedom he will not hinder them. In any case, he has done the roughest part of the work in cracking the shell of Austrian rule, and they may justly be grateful. As to his naval armaments, the sooner we place ourselves in a position to ask him what he means by them the better. It is the Empire, and not the Emperor which is the mortal and irreconcilable enemy of all the world. The mind of the Emperor may ultimately, if he is properly supported and properly checked, be enabled to triumph over the spirit of the Empire. If he is shut out from foreign war by a stern European combination of well-armed nations, he *must* grant liberal institutions to France to insure himself against the discontent of an unemployed army, and thus become, in fact, a constitutional king. If he cannot manage this, his dynasty will not, in all probability, outlast the present generation; and then we may well ask, What next? Mere curiosity would be a sufficient motive to his contemporaries for desiring to outlive him.

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* "Der Dienst allein ist ihnen Haus und Heimath."

FLEETS AND NAVIES—ENGLAND.

PART III.

MAN is and must be ever the real muscle of war, the motive force, the aggressive and defending agent. Mechanism may have become a great power; money has been, and will be to the end of time, the feeding source of war; the national spirit is the heart-system from which its vitality flows; but on the nature and supply of men must depend the military standard of a people. A country may possess the faculty of raising machines and accumulating material of any kind and to any extent; it may have coffers full and flowing, resources ample and enduring, yet, if it have not men, or, having them, cannot command their use or organise them for efficiency, its might for war would be a nullity. Fleets without navies, armies without soldiers, are the illusions which have again and again, throughout the history of the world, brought overthrow and destruction on powers, dynasties and nations. This may seem a truism, but it is one which is forcing itself on England and her people as a very unpleasant and difficult problem.

Roused to a trial of strength and comparison, we find that we could outbuild the world, could produce material and find engines of war faster and better than any or all of the great maritime powers; we find that our resources are greater and more elastic; we find also that we have men, a body of citizens the most numerous and best seamen in the world; yet we cannot apply or utilise them for war service. We decline to compel them; we fail to lure them; they are like the stream of Tantalus, ever before us, ever beyond us. The wisdom of the past and the experience of the present have brought forward their suggestions, have proffered the lures of bounties, increased pay, increased comfort, pensions, and promotions; and yet the seaman is not lured, or if lured, is hardly retained. It would seem that in all these suggestions—and many of them are wise and good—the seaman has been considered as being still the reckless unstable fellow of the old wars, who won his money in toil and blood, and spent it in dissipation; who put watches in frying-pans and ate five-pound notes between slices of bread-and-butter; whose vices and after needs made him ever roving and changeful; and that it has been thought necessary to legislate for him, as though in these long years he had been at a standstill, and never progressed either in character or feeling with his time. Now, those who know him best know that the seaman of to-day is no more like the tar of old tradition than our present English gentleman is like the squire of the last century. No vocation has perhaps changed so much. He is no longer now thriftless and recklese. He has begun to be calculating, almost provident, and ever in thought and project seeks to get some hold on the future. We believe that his rejection of the lures held out, proceeds not from his undervaluation of them, but from his want of faith in those who proffer them. He suspects that the things promised to-day will be withdrawn to-morrow, keeps aloof and refuses to be tempted by such fleeting good. Make him a permanency—let him feel himself a fixture, not removable by a freak of politics, a change of Ministry, or a scratch of the pen—let him be assured that for so many years he will have bread and service — that in his old age he will have provision against starvation or the union, and we believe that he will come willingly to the lure, and that it will be easy then to bind him fast by his own interests and his own heart-strings. Man can only be fixed by giving him a home. The nomades

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See art. "Fleets and Navies—England," in our September Number.

of old, when they built or found themselves houses and cities, became settled peoples; so with these nomades of the seas—these men who enrol themselves under any flag for wage—give them homes—let them take root—give hostages to fortune—let them see an assured present for themselves and a future for their children in a standing navy, and we believe that we should thereby establish a permanency of man-power sufficient for defence, equal to any possible need, and which should, besides, contain the elements of self-expansion. The study of this question forces on us another instance of the great fact that the crimes and shortcomings of nations ever come back on them, like stones thrown up to heaven. In our last great war, for purposes of expediency we made the sailor reckless and vicious; to make him more our own, we strove to keep him poor; to keep him poor, to drive him back to his flag, we encouraged him in a recklessness and rapidity of vice which should soonest place him at the mercy of the crimp; we kept the thought or feeling of home dark within him. And now the greatest difficulties we meet with in managing or retaining him are his vice and unsettledness.

It is to be hoped that when we try to remove the one, we shall also strive to correct the other. The one is a national duty, the other a national necessity, and there is betwixt them the link which ever binds the duties of a people with their interests.

This man-difficulty has more than once in this present century brought England to a crisis. More than once from this difficulty her destiny as a nation, her naval supremacy, have hung by a thread. Sir C. Napier, in his evidence before the Commission for Manning the Navy, gives one instance. He states—and every one who remembers that crisis must feel how true the statement is—"that in 1841, when France and England were on bad terms in consequence of the Syrian affair, the French withdrew their fleet from ours, and collected at Toulon about 20 sail of the line. We had in the Mediterranean 13 or 14 sail of the line, and by great exertions we increased our fleet to 16 sail of the line. The French ships were full of men. Ships of the same size as our own had about 700 and 800 men; we had about 600. I looked upon that," he says, "as a very dangerous position in which we were. Exertions were made in England to man two or three line-of-battle ships which were lying at Spithead, and they remained from five to seven months before they were manned; "so that we were, with a large French fleet in the Mediterranean, on bad terms with France, with a large Turkish and Egyptian fleet of about 25 sail of the line, and a great political question going on. Now, if the French had sailed from Toulon with their 20 sail of the line while we were scattered over the Mediterranean, and had made a junction with the Egyptian fleet of about 25 sail more, it is quite evident that we could not have maintained our post. We must have collected our ships and withdrawn from the coast of Syria."

"Or had they sailed from Toulon with evil intentions, they would have arrived in this country five or six weeks before we could have collected our fleet. I think the country was never in greater danger than it was then. We had no power of getting men. The ships lay at Spithead for four or five months; and had the enemy appeared off there, or in the Channel, or had come to Cherbourg, they would have commanded the Channel, and done what they thought proper."

Here was a real crisis—it was no panic, no exaggeration of alarm, but a real positive danger threatening the might of England; and the man-difficulty had caused it.

The revelations of bureaux have since disclosed that the question of peace or war was poised in the balances. The caprice of a minister or the will of a monarch might have turned the scale, and England have been put on a trial of life or death.

Our old naval prestige and the peace-policy of a sovereign saved us then. It was not the interest of the existing dynasty to institute war as a policy in France; and even then cabinets hesitated to challenge a naval power which had proved so terrible.

other instance when the peril was just as imminent, and our impotency to meet it equally patent. In the year 1850, in consequence of differences on the Greek question, the nation was brought to the verge of a war with France and Russia united, and at that time "by no efforts could five sail of the line, adequately manned, have been collected in the Channel to protect the British shores from invasion. On the other hand, the Russians had 25 sail of the line, constantly manned and equipped, in the Baltic, and 15 in the Euxine, and France had 58,000 men ready to man 20 sail of the line, and as many frigates and war-steamers, to join in the crusade. And the danger was averted by no other means but abandonment by Great Britain of the pretensions she had in so heedless a manner advanced."

There were other occasions when the dignity and safety of the country were imperilled by this same man-difficulty; but surely these should be enough for warning—enough to give the past a meaning to the present.

Is this man-difficulty less now than it was then? or is it possible to suppose, that were the like danger to arise now, it would be averted by any hesitation in the policy of our enemy; or that if a design were once formed against our supremacy, any submission could save us from the fate of weakness and unpreparedness?

It is not less, perhaps, in the fact of getting men, but it is less in the fact that we are addressing ourselves earnestly to solve it. It still remains, however, the great problem of our time—the great moot-point of our naval destiny. Every man has some pet theory for its solution. Professional chiefs, mercantile men, statesmen, demagogues, the great Church hierarchs even are all perfectly convinced that they are able to devise a plan for manning the navy. And yet, strange to say, spite of the multitude of council, the question is still an open one. The designs and plans are probably all clever and ingenious — many seemingly feasible; but there is one objection to all: the seamen will not assent to them. mariner. The State may pass its decrees and issue its plans, yet the knot will remain as great a tangle as ever, unless the seaman sees with the eyes, and reasons with the reasons, of the State. Until he adopts and recognises them, the decrees will remain a dead letter, the plans be never more than abortions. The offer of the State may be supposed to be best embodied in the "Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the best means of Manning the Navy," as all the suggestions therein advanced have been either directly or indirectly adopted. These Commissioners were chosen from different classes, all supposed, from circumstances or experience, to be interested in and well acquainted with the subject; and their recommendations were based on the evidences of the first men both in the naval and merchant service. Their recommendations, therefore, as they have been ratified by the State, may be considered as representing the views and ideas of the country in respect to the solving of the great questions—How can we get men for our fleets? How can we retain them? How can we provide reserves for emergencies? How can we make the supply certain and permanent? By discussing the principles and details of the system proposed by the State to overcome the man-difficulty, we shall see wherein it meets and wherein it fails to meet the great national need, and thereby judge whether it is sufficient as a final measure, or what yet remains to attain the great end—manning the navy.

The Commissioners divide their inquiry, and their report of suggestions, into two parts. The first includes "the mode in which her Majesty's ships are manned in time of peace; the condition of the seamen; and whether any alterations could be introduced by which the service might be rendered more popular. The second, the mode in which the fleet has heretofore been manned in time of war; the means which exist for that purpose; the character and extent of the reserves on which reliance can be placed; what measures it is now desirable to adopt; and the means by which the services of the merchant seamen and the seafaring population of the United Kingdom could be rendered more readily available."

Their deliberations were based on the report of a former Commission, which had sat in 1852, and had already treated most of these subjects *in extenso*. Previous to that period, "the practice was to enter volunteers for particular ships, nominally for five years, but practically for the period during which the ship remained in commission." In fact, the seaman was a perfectly free agent in the engagement; he entered on board any ship he chose, was bound to remain under her pendant until she was paid off, and then again became free. The service had no farther hold upon him; he went whither he would; re-entered in our own ships, tried a cruise in the merchant service; or, if unable to "obtain readmission to the service, sought employment under a foreign flag;" and thus, "men who had been trained at great trouble and expense, and had been brought to a state of the highest efficiency, were suddenly dismissed; and when sought for her Majesty's ships, were not to be procured." To meet this standing evil and difficulty the 1852 Commission proposed "a continuous service system, by which seamen were induced for certain advantages to engage themselves to serve continuously for a period of ten years." This was adopted, and, after a trial of five or six years' operation, was found to produce "the beneficial results of securing to the country a body of well-trained and efficient seamen, whose attachment to the service is the best security for the performance of their duty."

The Commission of 1859, after examining the results and working of this system, arrived at the conclusion, "that it was sufficient to maintain the ordinary peace establishment of the navy at whatever constant force her Majesty and the Parliament might determine," and recommended its extension. This was a first recognition of the organisation of a permanent navy. As a second step, it was proposed that this force of continuous service would be best and most surely fed by the introduction of boys; and that, therefore, the 2000 boys who now entered the service annually should all pass through the Government training-ships, instead of the 500 who now have that advantage.

To facilitate the manning of ships for the relief of foreign stations, and avoid the expense and trouble involved in the delay in completing the crews of such ships, and to provide for the exigency of a sudden armament, it was farther proposed by the Commission that a reserve of 4000 seamen should be retained in the home ports. They also advised that the pay of seamen-gunners should be increased by 1d. per day; that five years' service with them should count as six towards a pension; that the pension should only be payable to them in the United Kingdom or Channel Islands; and that "of the 4000 men retained in the home ports, 1000 should always be seamen-gunners."

These formed the sum total of the measures which, in the opinion of the Commission, "were needed to place the peace establishment of the navy on a firm and satisfactory basis." These expedients were deemed sufficient to place the man-power on a proper footing in point of numbers during a peace. It remained to consider the best means by which it could be duly and regularly fed and kept at the required strength. Though the Commission assert that there is no difficulty in doing this, yet there is also a confession that "her Majesty's service is not so popular as it should be with the great body of the mercantile marine, and that there is a disinclination in the minds of a large portion of the merchant seamen to enter the navy, which is chiefly to be traced to an ignorance of the usages of the service, and of the advantages which it offers to the seamen."

To remove these objections — to make the service more popular — to open the stream of the man-supply into the Royal Navy, it was recommended that certain arrangements should be introduced in regard to improving the condition, and raising the standing and character of the seamen.

These arrangements comprise an alteration "in the condition of the hulks in which the men are lodged whilst their ships are fitting out, and improvements in their lighting, ventilation, warming, and other arrangements, upon which the health and comfort of the men so much depend" —an increase in the allowance of provisions—the issue of bedding and mess utensils to the men on entering, by the Government, to enable them to commence their service free from debt—a gratuitous supply of a suit of clothes to every man on his first entering for ten years' continuous service—the payment of wages whilst the ship was fitting out—an alteration in the system of allotments—the extension of the privilege of badge-money, for good conduct, to petty officers—the grant of a higher grade of rank to warrant-officers, and of a pension to their widows—the promotion of warrant-officers, or any seaman in her Majesty's navy, to the quarter-deck, in the case of very signal and extraordinary services.

Having framed these suggestions, the Commission closes this part of the subject with the conclusion, that their adoption "will render the service more popular, and tend to effect the object in view, namely, the speedy and efficient manning of her Majesty's ships."

A good and sufficient conclusion, truly, if it be proven by results.

Thus we have before us the whole plan of the State for manning the navy, and keeping it manned, in time of peace. There can be no objection to any of the propositions; they are all good, all commendable, all pregnant with benefit to the seaman and efficiency to the navy; but the doubt is, whether they are sufficient in themselves, without the operation of some other principle which should give them due action, to fulfil the required purpose. The principles on which they are based have all been partially tried already, and though productive of certain good results, have never justified the conclusion, that their expansion and extension alone would insure the one great end. The plan of continuous service, of increased advantages in personal pay, comfort, and promotion, has already been offered on a smaller scale to the seaman, without making the service much more popular in his eyes; and it can scarcely be hoped that its enlargement alone will at once overcome his disinclination, and give the State the preference in the man-market.

The continuous service was the germ of a permanent organisation—was beginning to expand—was beginning to be understood, and to have a popular action. In the Russian war there were 24,000 serving under its conditions; and there can be little doubt that an experience of its advantages, present and prospective, would have given it a wider and more extended operation, until its effect would have been almost that of a standing navy, and the State would have found itself possessed not only of a control over its seamen, but of a power of completing and even extending their number. The non-continuous-service men would have seen its working, have witnessed the privileges enjoyed by their comrades, and have gradually comprehended that these more than counterbalanced their own liberty of choice and action on leaving their ships. The most popular condition of the system was its permanency, or, at any rate, the fact of its becoming so was the only one which could have much benefited the State. It was the interest of the State that the seaman should see in it a certainty not only of present benefit, but of future and prospective good—that he might feel a vested right in the service—that he had a property in it. If he had no security in its permanency, it was nothing to him; the present advantages were not sufficient to tempt or allure; it was the assurance that the engagement betwixt him and the State was binding—that his years of service were an investment for after-life, which could alone induce him to prefer it to his old off-and-on custom of entering for a commission only. Unfortunately, his confidence in this permanency was broken by one of those acts which have tended ever to place mistrust betwixt the seaman and the

State, and which have mainly created and aggravated the man-difficulty. After the war there was a reduction, and continuous-service seamen were offered a free discharge; 2200 were paid off, with the understanding that on re-entry, their previous service would not count towards pension, and that they must begin *de novo*. This was denied by officials to be a breach of faith; but it had, at any rate, all the appearance and effects of such, and must, and did, shake the trust of the seaman in the permanency of the benefits to himself which the system offered. These reductions have been ever the curse of the navy; they have ever deteriorated its efficiency, demoralised its character, broken its organisation, and, worst of all, have inspired the seaman with a distrust of the faith of his rulers. Neither have they been successful as economical schemes. They are ever the most costly of political projects. Undertaken under some pressure of opinion, of financial urgency, of deference to demagogical cries, they are necessarily carried out hastily, and in the manner which will tell most immediately on the balance-sheets of estimates. There is no time for saving by a judicious curtailment of expenses, by an investigation of extravagant expenditure in departments: the sum must be struck off at once; therefore so many ships must be paid off, so many seamen discharged, that the expenses of their maintenance may not appear in the coming budget. Unfortunately for the projectors, fortunately for the nation, these reductions have ever been followed by emergencies: men have been no sooner dispersed than they have been required again; but the same men were not to be found—the trained, disciplined men who had been so summarily dismissed, had carried their skill and their experience to other markets, and their places were to be filled by sweeping from the highways and byways, by grass-combers, along-shore men, coasters, raw material, who were to be manufactured into seamen at the expense of the State, and perhaps even enticed by high bounty. A due inquiry into these reductions would show, we believe, that it would have been cheaper to have retained each of these men at the cost of his weight in gold, rather than have dismissed him. Nor did the evil end with losing the man; with him went ever somewhat of the old spirit and the old character he had inherited, of the old traditions he had received. After the peace-policy panic, which sent 2000 or 3000 men recklessly adrift on their own resources in the years 1844–45, it was found, when the crews were again embodied, that their general character and tone had very much changed; that the old man-of-war's man had disappeared, or remained only like a red Indian among the clearings; that the old habits were becoming obsolete; that the dare-devilism, the reckless smartness of the past, was yielding to a cautious, calculating consideration of how much work should be done for so much pay; that the old yarns and the old forebitters, the old sea-ditties, had been superseded by the slang of the cadger's haunt and the songs of the cage and the prison; and that even crime had lost its daring character, and descended to the petty-larceny-speaking-style of the tramp and vagabond. Had this lasted long, the old naval character of England might have been infected with a degeneracy which would have ended in death. Luckily there was leaven enough left, life enough left in the system, to modify the evil, though it will be long ere the service entirely recover from the effects of this demoralisation. "The evil that men do lives after them;" and the evil which these statesmen did, who counselled such reductions, will live after their names and memories are extinct, to trouble and perplex their nation.

These reductions were like the old medical operation of letting out so many ounces of blood, instead of correcting by gentler remedies the disease of the constitution.

The act of 1857 doubtless gave a shock to the continuous service system, and will retard its extension and diminish its influence in popularising the service, unless there be given to it such a law of permanency as shall restore confidence in its operations, and give assurance to those who accept it that the benefit derivable from it shall be inalienable.

The Commissioners express their faith in its capacity to maintain, on a proper footing, the peace establishment of the navy; yet it would appear by the evidence of competent witnesses, that it does not possess the power of expanding the peace establishment to a war one. Admiral Milne states in his evidence, that at that time, out of 32,500 seamen, about 21,392 were continuous-service men, and boys who were, we suppose, to become such, and that he does not consider the number, with a parliamentary vote of 52,000 men, should ever be allowed to exceed from 27,000 to 28,000, in order to allow for bandsmen, stewards, &c., and to give ships abroad the power of entering men to fill up the vacancies made by invalids, &c. And he adds further, in answer to an inquiry whether, if 5000 continuous-service men were wanted to-morrow, it would be possible to raise them? "that if the vote were increased even by 2000 men, a difficulty arises, as there are never 2000 men idle and doing nothing, waiting to come into the navy." It would therefore seem that it is not considered fit to be the sole system of the navy, and must be mixed up with that of voluntary recruitment and others; that it does not furnish more than two-thirds of the adults required to complete the complements of our ships at the home ports and on foreign stations in time of peace; and that it could not be relied on as a source of supply in case of emergency. One end, however, it answers most fully—that of retaining in and linking to the service the best and most worthy men—a great end indeed, and one which proves that the principle is good, and requires only expansion and adaptation to give it an organisation and development which shall secure numbers as well as merit. Its success in this particular determines that it contains the elements of that popularity so essential to the manning of the navy, and that it must be the basis of any future scheme for that purpose. Such a system, however, to be adequate, must either have within itself the power of self-support, or have certain channels of reinforcement by which it can be fed and maintained. It cannot be left dependent on voluntary recruitment, which may often be diverted by circumstances, emergencies, or better offers in other quarters. The Commission thinks that one such channel exists in the entry of boys. For the last twelve years, upwards of 2000 boys have been annually entered, "a number which would go far, on the usual peace establishment of the navy for that period, to replace the vacancies caused by deaths, invalidings, pensions, casual discharges, &c." It appears, however, on evidence, that the casualties among 38,000 men (deducting boys) amount to 2716 yearly; whilst the advance of boys to men's ratings does not give a supply of more than 1400 or 1500. And as the 2000 boys would be required to fill up the gaps in the existing number of that class afloat (5895), as well as feed the drain on the main body, it could not be calculated on as a sufficient source of supply. The suggestion, that the whole of this number, instead of the moiety of 500, should pass through the Government training-ships for instruction, is another good and advancing step towards the attachment of the seamen to the State. The Committee of 1852 reported that experience had taught them, "that men who had been received into the service as boys, become, from early habits and associations, more attached, and adhere more closely to the service than those entered at a more advanced age, and that they eventually constitute, from their superior education and training, the most valuable part of the crews of her Majesty's ships." In this respect the experience of the French agrees with our own; they echo our conclusions, and achieve similar results. It seems, therefore, strange that we do not strive to enlarge such a feeding source. Why not quadruple the number?—instead of 2000, why not have 8000? The great difficulty of non-popularity would not meet us here. Parents would be glad to send forth their children on such advantageous terms; there would be no lack of candidates. It is the made seaman, the manufactured article, who will seek and find his own market, that it is so difficult to obtain. An early and certain provision, an education and a calling without any demand on their resources or responsibility, would be a great temptation to parents. The service would be always popular to boys. Here the State might pick and choose. It might not only get as many as it required, but get the best. It might nurture them after its own model. Six, eight, ten thousand boys thus entered, trained, and fed, cultured morally and physically under Government superintendence, would suffice at least to keep up the continuous-service men to the number of 27.000, if each boy, in return for the benefit he had received from the State, were required to insure his services for a certain number of years —nor would it be too much to ask in return for education and training. Thus would be secured the elements of a healthy, taught body, self-supporting and superior to any other in efficiency. There would be expense in this, doubtless; but the expense would be repaid by certainty and efficiency; in the £ *s. d.* point of view even would be compensated by there being no need for bounties; by the decrease in crime—a costly item in military expenditure is crime, though economists seldom regard or calculate on it; by the decrease in desertions, in sickness, and invalidings; by having better men, healthier men, more valuable men. These are considerations which seldom enter into the calculations of financiers: that a rogue or scamp costs thrice as much as a good man—a weakly, sickly one twice as much as a healthy one. A man is to them a man—an item—representing so much expenditure; so that he stands in due order and makes up the figure, it matters little what class he comes from; yet it would show a difference which would astonish their statistics were they to compare the results, the balances, of the career and service of a man thus early taken by the State, and one entered by haphazard, without knowledge of his antecedents, his stamen, or capacity. It would appear, we believe, that two good healthy men could be kept and maintained at the cost of one broken-down, debauched, or irregular one; so that this increase in the boys' system would be not only the surest source, but the cheapest in facts, if not in figures, for manning the navy. The next recommendation was the reserve of 4000 seamen. This was good, too, very good; yet why so limited? Why depart from the original suggestion made by the Committee of 1852, "that her Majesty's navy should be maintained at such numerical force in commission, as, independently of the Channel squadron, will admit of 10,000 seamen and boys being retained in England for the protection of the ports and coasts of the United Kingdom"? Surely this was not more than enough for the conservation of our supremacy, not more than the country would have willingly maintained; yet the Commissioners curtailed this to 4000, and substituted for a defensive reserve one which was merely an expedient for the speedy and economical relief of ships on stations.

Ten thousand seamen at home—ten thousand continuous-service men, able-bodied, skilled gunners, organised, ready! What a vision of defence does this conjure up! How calmly might we contemplate the naval preparations of other countries, had we at command such a force, with which, in the moment of danger, we might at once man a fleet sufficient, in conjunction with the Channel squadron, to meet the first blow of a war, the first onset of a danger, and yet leave a nucleus on which our reserves might form to man a second or a third which would issue forth from our harbours in reinforcement to assert the might, the inexhaustible might, of England! And why not? Is not England entitled to such assurance of defence? Is she not capable of affording and maintaining it?

Such an assurance she must have, and will have, perhaps in a more permanent and enlarged form; but defence has become a national will, and must be accomplished. Accomplished thus in a permanently organised body, or a standing navy, we believe that it would cost less, infinitely less, with infinitely larger return than the present system, shifting and thriftless, with its changes and vicissitudes, its reductions and augmentations, its costly experiments and unsatisfactory results.

The inducements which are to popularise this plan have been enumerated, and they are all improvements in the seaman's wellbeing, to which he is fairly entitled. And there are still others, alterations and amendments in the system of his discipline and drill, though nothing akin even to severity or oppression is to be complained of in either, which, without affecting the necessary order and efficiency, might render his life in a man-of-war less irksome, more pleasant and happy. But the experience of the past will tell us that added personal comfort, better treatment, higher pay, the prospect of future and life-long advantages, have not had a commensurate influence on the mind of the seaman—have not acted as such things usually do betwixt employers and employed, in giving the masters the selection of their men, instead of leaving to the men the selection of their masters. Those who remember the old system, and what the sailor's life was under it—those who saw the remnant, even the retreating shadow, of the brutality and ruffianism to which he had been subjected — whoever tenanted the ships in which he lived, amid damp, foul air, closeness, darkness—who saw him eating weevilled biscuit, salt-horse, as he called the junk, and measly pork, with the sole consolation of good rum, and plenty of it, and wearing bad clothes, purchased at a high price, and who knew how, when, with rheumatism in his bones and scurvy in his blood, or fever in his veins, sickness fell upon him, he was treated, purged like a horse, or bled like an ox, by the coarse, ignorant men who represented the medical profession in those days, whose ignorance cloaked itself under brutality, who had one treatment for all diseases, and prescribed for each man, as he passed out from inspection, according to the old tradition, two pills and a dose of salts—how, when exhausted by violent remedies, he was sent forth again to his work, without rest, without restoratives—will wonder that the great change which has taken place in his condition, and which has been gradually and continually taking place for years, has not given popularity to a service which offers such advantages. In respect of personal comfort, the position of the seaman is now superior to that of his class generally. Ships well ventilated — so well ventilated that all foulness is driven out—large and roomy, cleansed to a fault, well lit by day by the free admission of God's light, well lit by night for the prevention of crime and the general convenience, afford a home such as those who go down to the sea in ships never enjoyed before: provisions of the best kind, and of a more varied character, corrective to meet the effects of climate, supply a most sufficient and healthy aliment: a discipline just and clement in its general operations effuses order in the community; a judicious consideration, as a rule (and the hardship is that there should be an exception), regulates the work, and the rest and the recreation: last of all, if the seaman be sick, or weakly, or hurt, he comes under the care and control at once of medical officers of a new school, intelligent and considerate, who are furnished with all the medicines necessary for his cure, and who are able to determine the time and the means required for the restitution of health; and he comes under the operation of a system which allows and furnishes every nourishment and comfort for the restoration of his health.

In all respects, the condition of the man-of-war's man is superior to that of the generality of merchant seamen. In pay, the mercantile service must ever be the highest bidder, but the advantage in this respect is more than counterbalanced by frequent loss of time betwixt the voyages, and by the absence of the great contingent and prospective benefits enjoyed by the Queen's man, of furlough with continued pay, of hospitals, pensions, and claims for his children. Of all homes afloat, the man-of-war presents the greatest union of physical and moral well-being. The order, regularity, cleanliness, all conduce to the comfort, are all recognised by the seaman as elements of wellbeing to a community; nor do we think that the drills, or routine, or the punishments are objections which would outweigh them. Yet, strange to say, the naval service is not the popular one with the seafaring class; and it is doubtful whether the improvement proposed in the seaman's condition, great as it is, will make it so; at any rate, the improvement was one due to him, and should have been granted rather to justice than expediency. It is the knowledge that all such concessions are yielded at times and emergencies when he is in especial demand, and not as a recognition of his claims on the care and provision of the State, which nullifies their effect on the seaman, and implants in his mind a suspicion of their reality and continuance. We have made distrust a principle with him in his dealings with the State, and must reap the fruits thereof. It is evident that, until we confirm his confidence in the offers made to him, by some act which shall bear the stamp of sincerity and earnestness, these offers can have only the consequences of half measures, or, worse than that, of measures intended as lures and traps.

We believe, therefore, that this scheme for manning the navy in peace, good as it is in theory, perfect as it may seem on paper, cannot be accepted as final or sufficient, unless it be based on some ulterior measure, which shall give it permanence of operation, and impress its due value on the mind of the seaman. Even were it perfect, it is only a peace measure; provides only for the needs of a peace establishment, possesses no one element of expansion, and could not answer the demand of the country for the power of defence—the power of maintaining its naval supremacy.

The Commissioners than proceed to determine the second part of their inquiry, and enter on the great and important question — "the mode of manning the fleet on an emergency." The power now possessed by the State for this purpose consists in an embargo, prohibiting merchant-ships from going to sea; the grant of a bounty inviting seamen to enter her Majesty's service; a proclamation, compulsorily requiring the service of seafaring men in classes, according to age, or generally. Impressment, however, in any shape, compulsory service under any condition, has been abandoned as not only impracticable but inexpedient, under the altered circumstances of the times. It would also be ineffective to the great end, as "the improvements in gunnery have effected a complete revolution in naval warfare, and have rendered it absolutely necessary that our vessels should, in any future war, be manned not by a promiscuous collection of untrained men, such as impressment formerly provided, but by seamen who are practised gunners." This objection would apply equally against any except standing reserves. "The French system, too, by which every seafaring man is liable to serve on board a ship of war during a term of years, and is bound to come forward when required, could not be successfully applied to this country, where the relative proportion between the merchant seamen and the navy is so different." The plan of resorting to a ballot was also justly rejected as one which would be both unfair and inefficient in its working, and the Commissioners arrived at the conclusion that force, directly or indirectly applied—compulsion under any phase of action—would be a false principle, and inimical to the end in view, and that the country must depend on the reserves over which it has a legal control, and those which it can obtain on the voluntary principle.

The standing reserves, those which are immediately available, are the marines on shore, the Coast-Guard, the Naval Coast Volunteers, and a small body of short-service pensioners. "The marines (says the Commission) are a useful and efficient body of men, second to none in the service of the State; they are excellent troops, both as artillerymen and infantry, and are at the same time capable of performing many of the deck duties of a ship of war. There is ordinarily a reserve of 6000 marines in the home ports, and we think that this force might, with great advantage to the State, and without impairing its efficiency, be increased by 5000 men. There is, however, a limit beyond which they cannot be conveniently increased, for it is necessary to their efficiency that they should spend a large portion of their time afloat." Here we have the first component of our reserve—a body of soldiers well trained and able, many of them experienced in the usages, duties, and discipline of a man-of-war, all ready at a few hours' notice to be transported on board ships, and at once to enter on their part in the organisation; for the detachments always contain a great proportion of old soldiers, who of themselves shape and order the recruit element. This is, of course, a certain resource. It was thought expedient that this body should be increased by 5000, so that this portion of the reserve should furnish 11 000. This recommendation was partially carried out; an addition of 2000 was voted, was raised in two or three months, and many of the number have been already thoroughly trained, and are serving afloat. Thus, then, we have a corps always at hand, thoroughly serviceable, readily trained, and easily raised. The man-difficulty meets us not here. It would seem, therefore, reasonable, if we cannot get seamen and can get marines, that we ought to seize on the material which we can command, and increase the proportions of the latter force in the naval system. There are two objections offered to this — that if the strength of this body were raised beyond a certain limit, the intervals betwixt the terms of service afloat would be so long that the men would lose much of the efficiency which they had attained through use and experience of ship life and duties,—and that an increase of this body would tend to a decrease of seamen.

The first objection might readily be overcome by increasing the strength of detachments afloat; or by attaching a certain number to the gunboats at the different ports in which they might be exercised during certain months, and the young hands thus learned to get their sea legs, and the old ones to keep theirs. However, usually, a man is seldom more than a year or at most two years on shore, and it is not likely that, during that time, or even the longer period which the proposed increase would entail, a marine who had been some years afloat would lose the habitude of sea life. Of late, men who had not been more than four or five months on shore after service in the Crimea and in China, were again embarked; and it has happened, and it is to be supposed that it will always happen, that the various calls of the service, and the national exigency, will curtail so much the shore portion of his career, that there will be no danger of the sea experiences being forgotten or obliterated.

The second objection is one inspired in naval chiefs by a jealous fear for the interests of their class. All men naturally cling to their own class, and believe it to be the foremost and most fitting for all purposes. Naval chiefs love their blue-jackets naturally, lean to them, trust in them; they know them to be precious and costly material, and look suspiciously on any measure which may reduce their sale. They grudge a single blue-jacket, even though the blue-jacket should represent a poor wretch who is not worth his salt. They would be right, undoubtedly right, if seamen-numbers meant seamen-strength; but it is well known to all who have had experiences of a man-of-war, that there are always many men on the ship's books, classed formerly as landsmen, now perhaps as second-class ordinary, who are not and never can be made seamen; who merely swell the muster-books, cumber the decks, consume victuals, plague drill-instructors, employ the police, and are of little or no use whatever. In fact, as we once heard an old salt say, they are nondescript—neither hog, dog, nor devil. Now, such men might well be replaced by marines, without danger to the seaman-supply or seamen-efficiency. We are no advocates of the theory that the changes which steam and the improvement in arms have made in naval warfare will make seamanship a dead letter, and that ships ought for the future so be manned chiefly, if not entirely, by artillerymen. We repudiate it altogether. Seamanship must be ever the life-principle of our navy; it is that which gave us supremacy—it is that which must maintain it.

It may be true that, in future naval battles, one broadside will decide the issue, but it is seamanship which will determine who shall give that broadside. The ship which shall have the most seamanship, will, we believe, always gain the opportunity of the first and most effective fire. Manœuvre will be a greater power than ever—and manœuvre demands seamanship and seamen.

This seamanship, however, depends on quality, not numbers; and we believe that, though the great revolutions in naval war require the same, if not a greater amount of skill than before, the actual number of sailors — rated sailors, blue-jackets — need not, and should not, be in the same proportion as heretofore. It will never be safe to reduce the complements of the ships, but it will be expedient that the crews should be composed entirely of seamen, real seamen, with boys of course, and soldiers or artillerymen.

The intermediate class, which is of no real use, and never was—for the chiefs of the old war tell us that they did their gallant deeds with a handful of men, and that the rest were mere dead-weights, which have been introduced and fostered by the expediency plan of reductions and consequent increases, when a man was a man, so that he would make up the numbers to be cited in a debate, and when the numerical force of our crews was a mockery of their real seamen-strength,—should be altogether exploded, and their places filled by marines—the greatest proportion of the complement being, of course, seamen. There is another reason for the increase of detachments of marines, and a weighty one too. There would be thus in every fleet or squadron a body of trained soldiers—equal in number to that which could ever be well spared from ships for the purpose—available in all cases of debarkation for warlike operations, whilst the seamen would be left to their proper sphere — the managing the ships, boats, and guns.

General Sir C. Napier long long ago delivered a warning of the evil which would ensue from the mixture of the sailor-element with the military in land operations; he foresaw and foretold how the difference of habits, character, and experiences of the two services must inevitably clash, producing confusion and disaster, and how impossible it would be for the officers of one service to make dispositions for the other without insuring blunders and incurring failures. This warning has since been stamped in the bloody characters of Petropaulovski and the Peiho. These and many another failure should long since have doomed the system. Even England, with all her fame and all her traditions, cannot afford to feed prejudices and class assumptions by loss, slaughter, and defeat. It has been found once and again that we have held even savages too cheap—that we have given them too little credit for military science. The New Zealand Paus and the Peiho forts were melancholy evidences of this. The presence of a military force in a fleet or squadron sufficient for all landings and coast-attacks, which, though dispersed through the different ships, should be capable of perfect organisation under its own chief, aided by a fitting staff, which should contain the proper proportion of field artillery, and be provided with all the fitting material of war, would obviate all these difficulties, would prevent confusion and casualties, and would assign to each branch of the service its own duties and its own fitting sphere of action.

When the marines were ordered to be landed in Syria, it was found that only one or two detachments were furnished with water-bottles, and the coopers of the fleet had to supply the deficiency as they best could. On many subsequent occasions, when marines had been landed (except when brigaded with troops of the line), it has always seemed enough if each man had his musket, ammunition, knapsack, and three days' grub; any further provision for contingencies was considered superfluous; the necessity of staff-organisation was wholly ignored.

We have stated that we believe that the crews of the ship should be composed of real seamen and soldiers, who are also artillerymen, and capable of performing many seaman-duties; that the increase of the sol dier element would thrust out and abolish from the naval system a class which is weakening to its efficiency, without in any way diminishing its real strength in seamanship; and that this soldier-force should be adequate to the sole conduct of any land operations which might be projected. To carry out such an arrangement, the marine corps should never be allowed to fall below the strength of 20,000 men, as proposed by the Commission; and until a system of obtaining and retaining seamen, both for the peace establishment and the reserve be devised, it would be advisable to increase the numbers by 3000 or more. However, whatever may be their exact numerical force, the marines on shore must be accepted as a real and valuable item in the reserve for national defence.

The same may be said with equal justice of the next component of the reserve, the Coast-Guard. This force is composed of experienced and tried seamen, chiefly men-of-war's men who have served seven years at sea (and this seven is to be increased to ten); men matured in strength, adept in exercises, inured to discipline, and subject to a regular organisation. The numbers voted for this force were 9000; but of these the officer in command of it states that there are only about 6000, including officers and boys who may be considered as "fleet men"—men able and capable of being transferred from the Coast-Guard at once to a man-of-war. These men are dispersed along the coasts as required for the protection of the revenue, but are attached to different ships stationed at the different ports in the districts, into whose organisation they could be at once admitted. It is calculated that eighteen hours would be the longest time required for the assemblage of any portion of this force, fully armed and equipped; so that in twenty-four hours from the time a summons was despatched, 6000 men would be assembled on board their respective district-ships, ready for transfer, dispersion, or service in their own vessels. There are eleven such ships —nine block-ships, and two frigates —none of which are considered serviceable or efficient. It was proposed by the Comptroller of the Coast Guard that these vessels should be replaced by good and efficient ships, complete in every respect of equipment and armament, so that, when manned by the men attached to them, they would form a fleet of eleven ships of the line, which might rendezvous at Spithead in three days. This proposition seemed so sound and so judicious, that it is strange it was not at once adopted. It was stated that the ships thus employed would not deteriorate so much as in ordinary. Thus the Channel fleet in the very shortest time in which danger could be apprehended, might be doubled by a reinforcement equal to joining it at once, if the emergency were urgent. If there were more time for preparation, the crews might be divided, one-half being sent to form the nucleus of another fleet, whilst their places were filled, according to Sir Charles Napier's plan, by marines and ordinaries.

The regulations for the concentration of this force appear to be very perfect and the organisation of it to be very good. The efficiency of the men is undoubted. They proved themselves in the Russian war: about 100 were embarked in each of the liners in the Baltic fleet. At first, commanding officers barked at their comparative slowness and want of smartness, and their comrades laughed at their coddling habits, and the care they took to guard against cold, catarrhs, and rheumatics, by swathing themselves in woollens, wrapping their throats in flannel, and making frequent applications to the doctor; but in time their trustworthiness and practice began to tell. They furnished crews for the boats, no one of which ever ran, or got drunk, and thus relieved them of all anxiety as to their coming and going; they had ever in their ranks men of intelligence and experience, ready and fit to be appointed on emergencies to places of trust and responsibility; and they seldom if ever appeared in the roll of culprits, or appeared in the punishment-lists. During two years of service, out of the hundred Coast-Guard men embarked in one ship, only one was ever brought up for punishment.

These facts are striking. Why was it that these men were superior to the temptations, the vice, and the crime which affected their brethren? Were they superior in education, in moral culture, in class? They were men of the same type and the same class. The great cause was the stake they had in the homes which they had left behind them. The future was worth too much to them to be risked on a chance-throw of pleasure, vice, or temper.

It is proposed to increase this force to 12,000 men, and a valuable reserve it would be; but it must be remembered that it is formed of men who have served ten years in the navy, and that therefore every man gained to the reserve is one lost to the effective serving body. And it is hard to see how this increase can be made without subtracting from the seamen now afloat, and thus aggravating the man-difficulty. In constitution, however, it is undoubtedly practical, and in effectiveness unexceptionable.

The next component deserves no such judgment. This is "a body of men enrolled under special conditions, entitled the Naval Coast Volunteers." "These are not seamen in the true acceptation of the term, but boatmen, fishermen, and along-shore men. They are tolerable gunners, and would be useful for coast defence, or for service in port; but they know little of the duties of a seaman on deck, and many of them are not capable of going aloft. But the most serious objection to them is the limit of distance (namely 100 leagues) to which they can be carried from the shore; so that the operation of a fleet might be seriously impeded by having a few naval coast volunteers on board some of the ships composing it." This contingent amounts, according to the evidence, to nearly 7000 men, who are enrolled for five years, and receive a bounty of £6 for that period. In return they are required to undergo annually a drill of twenty-eight days in the district coast-guard ships, during which time they are treated, in respect of pay and allowance, as able seamen, and "are liable to be called upon, in case of war or emergency, to serve in the fleet." The expenditure entailed is £22,000.

The result would seem a very commensurate one for such a sum. The command of so many able se
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enough. But, like all or most
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men in the home ports, of a reserve force of 11,000 marines, of 12,000 Coast-Guard men, and of the short-service pensioners and the Naval Coast Volunteers, amounting altogether to 30,000 men, allowing for a certain proportion of the Coast-Guard who would be retained as a staff and nucleus "to bring forward with rapidity detachments of volunteers as they arrived, to discipline pensioners, enlist men for the navy, and create new reserves." Of these, the seamen and marines would be available on the instant, the Coast Guard in two or three days, the short-service pensioners in a few weeks.

This has the look of a formidable reserve. It is, however, as yet, partly a paper force. A great portion of it does not exist, and another portion might not be available to the extent anticipated. Of the components, there are only two (for the Coast Volunteers are given over as useless) which could be increased or formed without subtracting from the vital acting force of the navy; those are the reserve seamen and the marines.

And this is the main objection of the scheme,—that it opens few resources which would not exhaust the main-springs of the system. The men to form the reserve must be drawn from the best and worthiest of those serving afloat; and the question would be, in which position they are the most valuable. In the present stage of the man-difficulty, there could be no doubt that the policy would be to induce such men to re-enter or re-enlist, and have their full services; if they declined such terms, of course it would be expedient to have some hold upon them.

Such is the standing reserve, and it would go far to meet the first outbreak of a war; but the difficulty would still remain, "how to provide for the rapidly-growing demands of a continued contest, how to man the ships which must be successively put in commission, in order to maintain the navy at a war standard."

This is the great question, the key to the man difficulty. "The problem to be solved is, how far it may be of the kingdom a volunteer force of seamen, all trained in gunnery, who could be relied upon to come forward when their services were required." It seemed, indeed, both strange and hard that the country should possess such vast resources of seamen, and yet not be able to depend or rely on a sufficiency for national need and national defence; but the extraordinary exigencies and the varied demands of our commerce, its extent and its continuity, have heretofore rendered it difficult to establish a system which would give the State this advantage, and yet not interfere with the pursuits or the privileges of trade.

The Commission, after considering a great variety of schemes, determined on a plan which appeared to them best suited to attain that object. That plan, however, has now been matured into an Act, and we can study it best in the form in which it appears, as a part and a law of our naval system. The Government has decided on constituting a volunteer reserve force from the mercantile marine of 80,000 men.

"These volunteers must be British subjects, must be free from infirmity, be not more than thirty-five years of age, and within the ten years previous to their joining the Reserve have been five years at sea, one year of that time as an able seaman."

These are the qualifications required. The terms of service are—"That each volunteer must attend drill for twenty-eight days during the year, and he may do it, so far as the convenience of the public service will permit, at a time and place most convenient to himself; but he cannot in any case take less than seven days' drill at a time; that he shall not, without special permission, proceed on a voyage which will occupy more than six months; that he must appear before some shipping-master once in every six months, unless he has leave to be abroad longer, and must also report every change of residence or employment; that in order to obtain a pension he must continue in the Reserve as long as he is physically competent to serve; and he must also have been in the force fifteen years if engaged above thirty, or twenty years if engaged under thirty, the time of actual service in the fleet counting double; that volunteers may be called upon for actual service in the navy by Royal Proclamation, though it is intended to exercise this power only when an emergency requires a sudden increase in the naval force of the country; that a volunteer may, in the first instance, be called out for three years if there is actual war; and if he is then serving in one of her Majesty's ships, he may be required to serve for two years longer, but for the additional two years he will receive 2d. a-day additional pay; that volunteers, when on drill or actual service, will be subject to naval discipline; that a volunteer who fails to fulfil the obligations of the Reserve, will forfeit his claim to retainer and pension; and if he fails to join when called out for actual service, may be treated as a straggler or deserter from the navy."

Such are the obligations of the Reserve; and they are certainly not onerous, nor more than commensurate with the advantages offered. The advantages are—that a volunteer will at once receive an annual payment or retainer of £6, payable quarterly; that he will, if he fulfils the conditions and is in the Reserve the requisite time, receive a pension of not less than £12 a-year, whenever he becomes incapacitated from earning a livelihood, or at sixty years of age, if not previously incapacitated; that he may elect either to take the whole pension himself, or to take a smaller pension for himself during his life, and to allow his wife a pension after his death for the remainder of her life; that he will not, on account of belonging to the Reserve, forfeit any interest in any friendly or benefit society; that his expenses to and from the place of drill will, when necessary, be provided; that he will during drill receive, in addition to the retaining fee, the same pay, victualling, and allowance as a seaman of the fleet; that he will, if called out on actual service, receive the same pay, allowances, and victuals, and have the same prospect of promotion and prize-money as a continuous-service seaman of the fleet, and he will, on joining, receive the same clothing, bedding, and mess-traps; that he will, if wounded or injured in actual service, receive the same pension as a seaman of the navy of the same rating; that he will be eligible for Greenwich Hospital and the Coast-Guard service; that he may quit the Reserve, if not at the time called out for actual service, at the end of every five years; that he may also quit it, when not called out, on paying back the retainers he has received, or without payment, if he passes an examination as master or master's mate, and obtains *bonâ fide* employment as master or mate.

This offer of the State is not only just—it is generous. The retaining-fee is equal to one-fourth of a merchant seaman's annual pay, and is the same as a Naval Coast Volunteer will receive for five years; and the demand made on him in return involves a very trifling sacrifice of time or service, especially as he may perform his drill in broken periods of seven days. The pension, too, is granted on the most liberal and advantageous terms; and the voluntary principle is so thoroughly acknowledged, that he may at any time free himself from his obligations on very reasonable conditions.

Such a proposal ought—so fair and so advantageous is it—to meet with a ready response; and we believe it must and will be appreciated. As to the advantages it offers, we cannot object or demur; they are such as are worthy of a great State, in making a demand on the persons and services of certain of its citizens for national defence; but we must express our doubts as to the results. The fourth qualification would appear to raise a difficulty—the requirement of five years' previous service, one as A.B., will limit the range of choice, and confine it to those who, from being certain of advancement in their own service, may be most indifferent. This, especially as the Reserve must necessarily be limited almost entirely to the short voyage men, will probably create a difficulty in obtaining the necessary number. The drill, too, is too short to admit of that efficiency which a man called upon to serve in these times of practised gunnery should possess, and which would be still further decreased by the system of broken periods. It is supposed that twenty-eight days will be as much time as could conveniently be exacted from a merchant-seaman, without great detriment to his interests; but it is also supposed that every seaman is on shore and out of employ for about three months in the year. Why not, then, give him the option of serving that time, or any portion of it, in a training-ship or man-of-war? Many, instead of slopping and loafing about the seaports, casting about for a meal or a bed, would be glad of such a provision and maintenance, and would be rendering themselves more efficient members of the Reserve.

Allowing, however, that the required numbers are raised—that the organisation is made, and the whole system brought into fair working order—we have still to ask how those men, or how many of them, will be available at a sudden summons? How many of the 30,000 would be forthcoming, or could be depended on at any instant? The obligation that each volunteer should report himself every six months, insures his not being long absent; but it would be entirely a matter of accident whether he would be present when required. It might be that, when the need arose, two-thirds of the force would be in the home ports, or it might also happen that the same proportion would be absent; at any rate, it could never be fairly calculated that more than one-half would be available. Even thus we believe that we overstate the actual dependence.

However, even with these objections, it is the best plan for a volunteer force yet enacted; it will at any rate give us some hold on the merchant seamen, and, by familiarising them with the navy, will no doubt popularise that service, and open a wide field for recruitment; and as it is only the last reserve, we may accept it as a worthy addition to the national defences. The Commission further provided for the future maintenance of this force, and their recommendation was one which would have given it a certain permanency. They thought that, though it must be first constituted of adults carefully selected from the merchant service, it must be supplied and fed by boys. They acknowledge, throughout, the principle, that every force which is to be permanent and reliable must have a certain feeding source; and they wisely recommend, in all instances, that this source should consist of boys chosen, trained, and educated for the purpose. In this case they propose "that school-ships should be established in all the principal commercial ports, capable of accommodating from 100 to 200 boarders in each ship, 100 of whom should be supported by the State; that these boys should be carefully chosen; and that they should receive not only instruction for the merchant service, but also certain instructions in gunnery; that the schools should be open to day scholars, children residing at the ports; and that, at the expiration of the training, a certain number (limited, however) should have the option of entering the Royal Navy, the remainder being taken as apprentices by the shipowners, who, in return for the education given, would be required to subscribe to a certain fund in favour of the boys thus received. It is thought that, at the close of the apprenticeship, the habits acquired, the inducements of pay, and promised pension, would draw the sailor at once into the body of volunteers." Why not make it compulsory, at any rate on those who receive their education and maintenance gratis from the State? It would not be any severe exaction from the others in return for the advantages given, and would insure a certain feeding source.

This part of the plan, like the other, will have a great effect in cementing the union betwixt the two services, and in creating a kindly feeling which, after some years' working and trial, would no doubt popularise the naval service and annul the man-difficulty.

The Commissioners, in closing their labours, arrive at the conclusion that, by the means proposed, there would be placed at the disposal of the country, inclusive of the standing and the volunteer force, a body of 60,000 men available for defence. These are, however, paper figures, and any calculation which based a dependence on much more than one-half that number, would be illusory and dangerous. It must be allowed, however, that this Report contains sound and valuable suggestions—has added to our knowledge of the service—has produced most profitable investigation—has already led to great and worthy improvements; but it shrinks from the only real alternative left us —a standing navy.

These plans and propositions are all good in themselves—good as auxiliaries; but they are all uncertain, all dependent on casualties and circumstances; and the safety, the glory of England, cannot be trusted to ropes of sand.

Suppose these propositions all carried out—these plans successful—all productive of the promised result. An invasion is threatened; war is imminent. We have our Channel fleet, fully manned, of ten or twelve sail; and, according to the Comptroller of the Coast Guard, we could, from that force and the Naval Coast Volunteers, man ten or eleven more, making allowance for the boys and marines who would be sent to complete the crews. Thus we should have a fleet equal, but not more than equal, to going forth to meet the first burst of a war, and thus we have at once used up almost all our standing reserve; for the reserve of seamen would be nearly absorbed in manning the additional frigates and gunboats required, and a great proportion of the marines on shore would be also disposed of. Then what have we left? The volunteer force; but these could not of themselves be trusted to form a fleet; there must be a large nucleus left of trained men to effect their organisation. This would effect large reductions in the fleet, and the vacant places must be filled by incapables, or left void. Our standing reserves are not more than enough—not enough—to insure the country a fleet of twenty sail, inclusive of the Channel squadron, with the proper proportion of frigates and gunboats, to enter on the first onset, or meet the first attack. Do our naval annals tell us that we could trust to less? Supposing this first fleet started, we have to form the second. There is a certain number of reserve seamen, of Coast-Guard men, retained for the purpose; some short-service men join; the volunteers are scattered in all parts; they have to come from distant stations; in a week they may be assembled, and this amalgamated force is organised for the manning of this second fleet. This, however, cannot be done at once, and yet this is all we could depend upon, did the first fleet meet with a reverse or disaster. Were the Channel the scene of action, the reinforcement would be required in a day or two. Could it with the present resources and appliances be ready?

England must have fuller and better assurance of defence than this. She should have a standing body of seamen, which would suffice at once, and on the instant, to increase the Channel fleet to the required strength, without drawing on a single reserve, and should also furnish a nucleus on which the reserves might form. Thus a powerful fleet might go forth at once to challenge the danger; a second, almost equally efficient, manned by the Coast-Guard, Coast Volunteers, and marines, would be ready immediately to reinforce; and there would remain the Volunteers, formed and organised as trained seamen, to constitute the third fleet, the last reserve, the last resource of naval might and naval defence.

To trust the existence, the glory, the defence of England, to less than this, would be a national crime; and this security can only be attained by the constitution of a standing navy, which should not only suffice for a peace establishment, but be capable of supplying a force of seamen numerous and efficient enough to satisfy the nation that it held the power of an instant and powerful war-development. On what principles this standing navy should be constituted, we must discuss hereafter.

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CROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL,

nstitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak poor. Being in the circulation it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal in- n. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to ren unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, ill visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

affects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the , liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the sur- eruptions or sores. This foul corruption which genders in the blood, depresses the energies , so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by ders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in ystem. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly e scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, ed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

e quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infec- and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medi- we supply in

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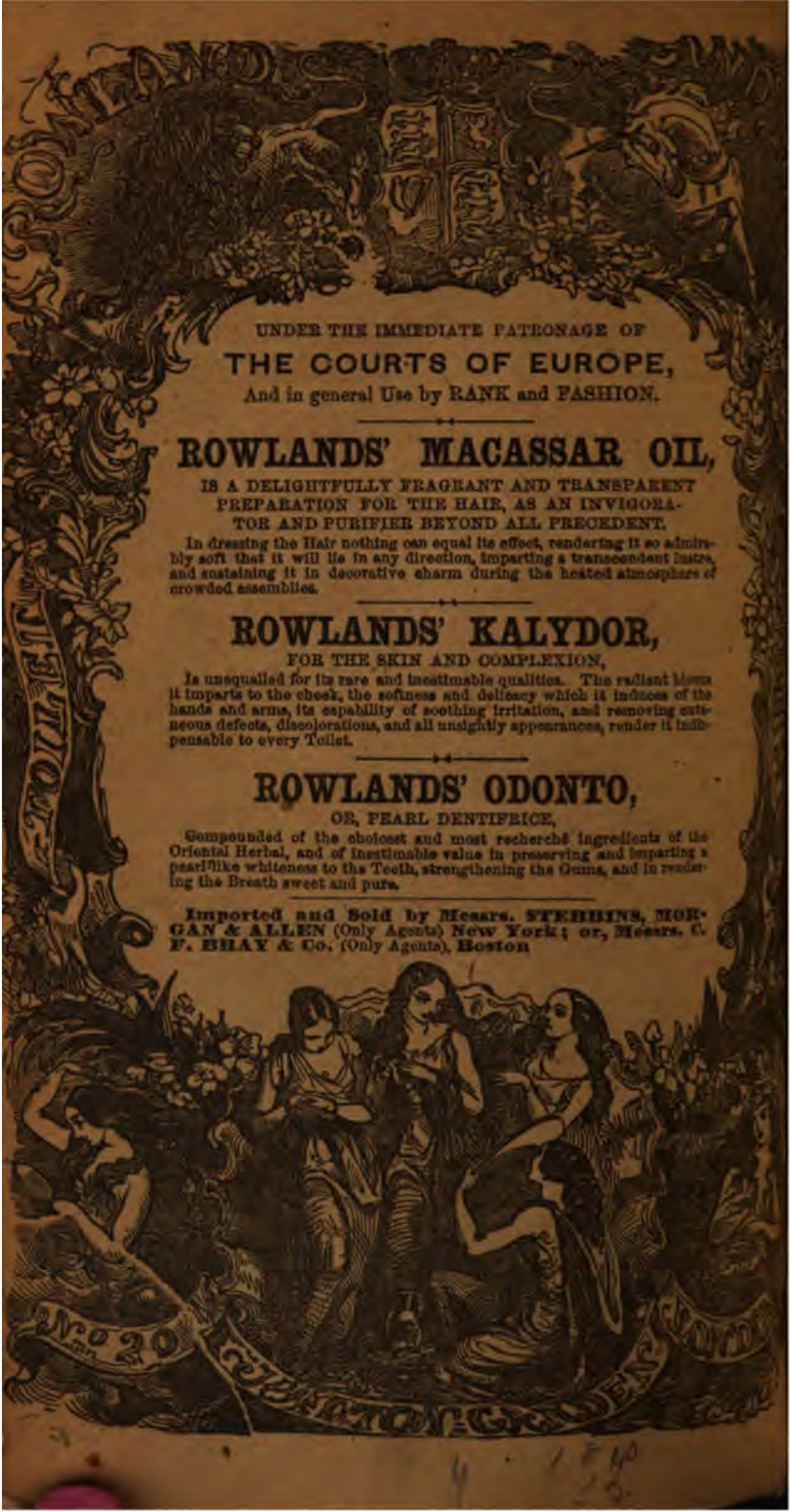

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